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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO EVERYTHING THE NAME IMPLIES

❧

VOLUME X.

JANUARY, 1899, TO JUNE, 1899

❧

G. O. SHIELDS (Coquina), Editor and Manager

❧

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1899

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NUMBER 1

JANUARY, 1899

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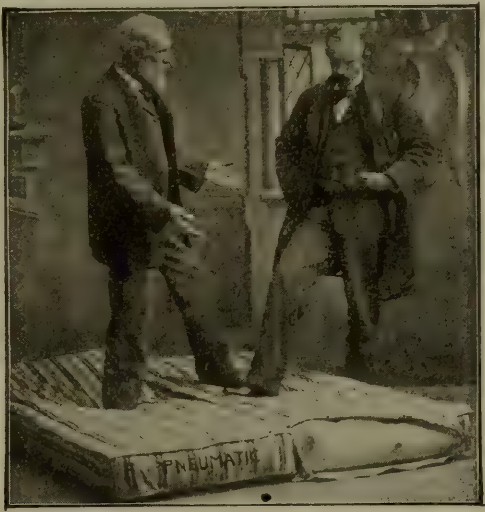

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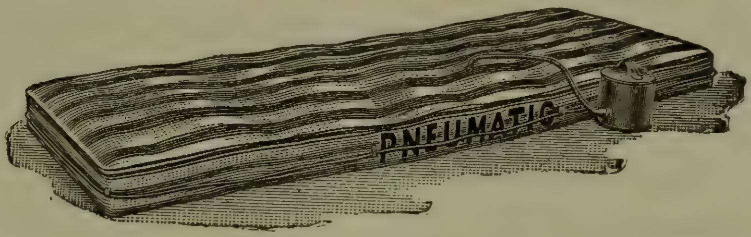

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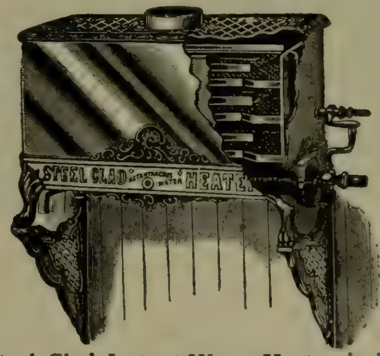

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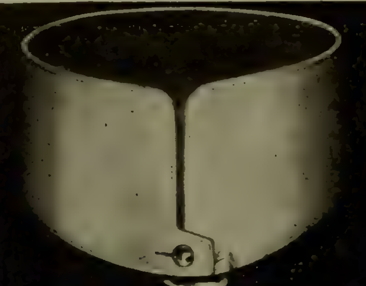

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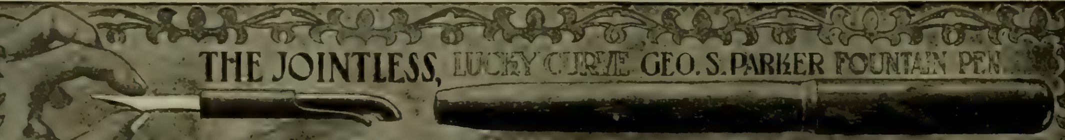

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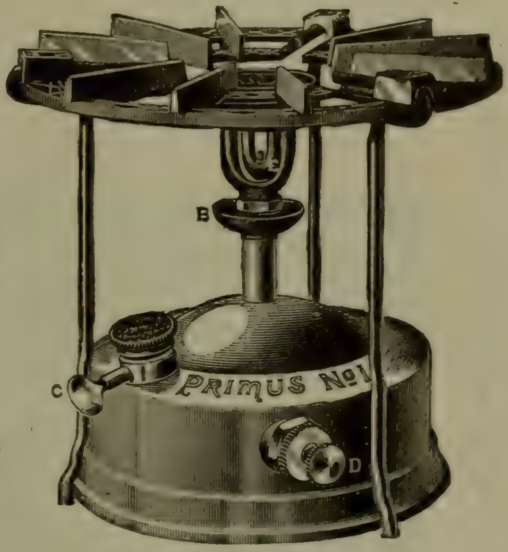

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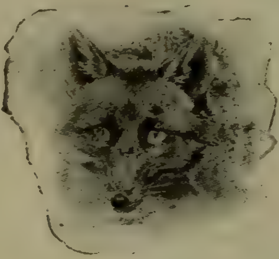

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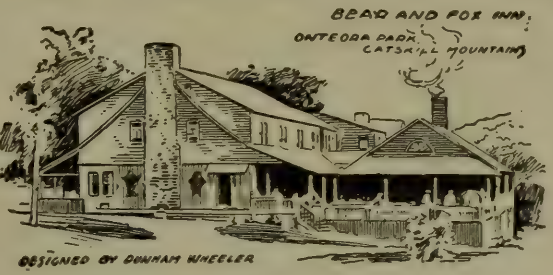

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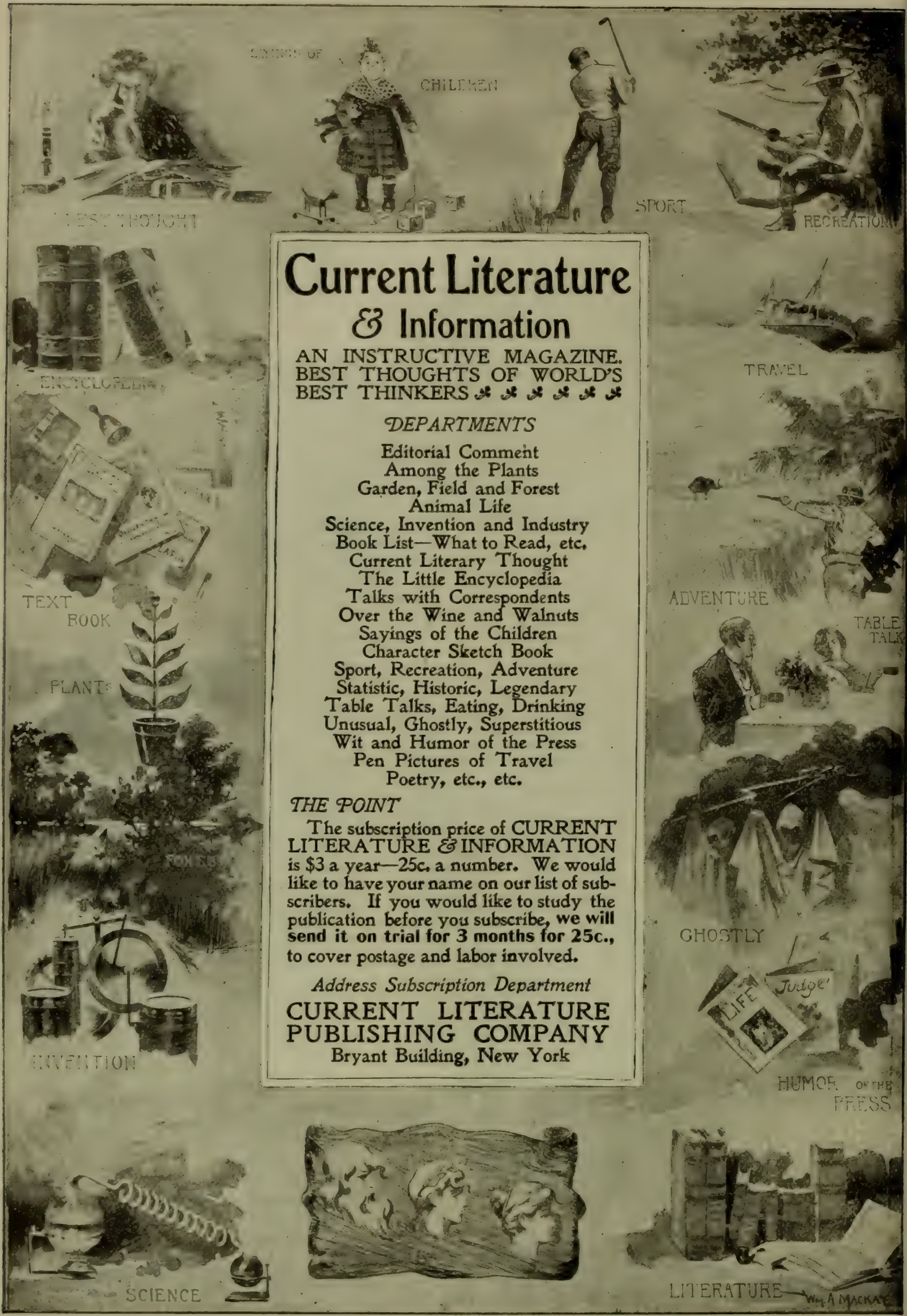

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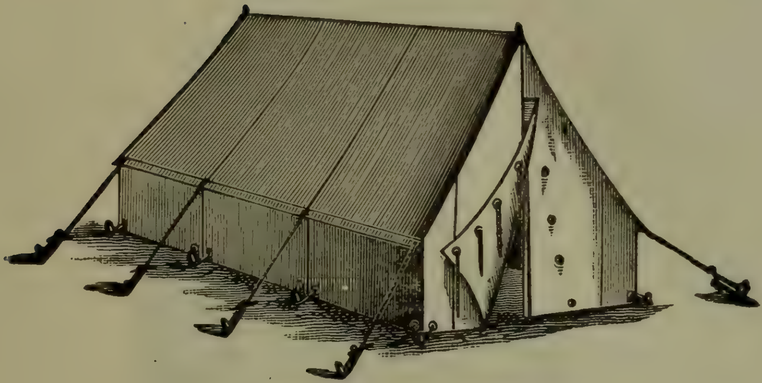

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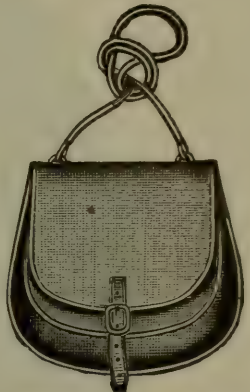

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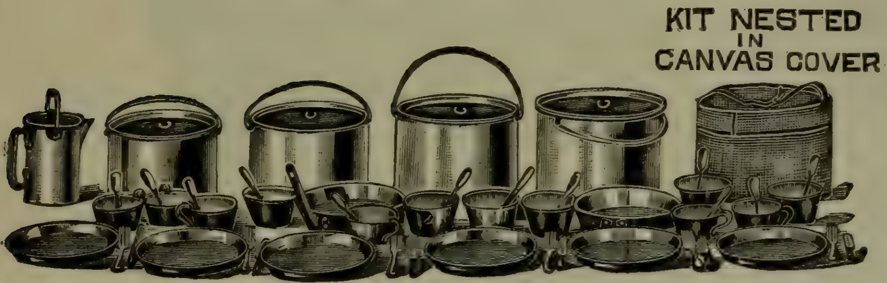
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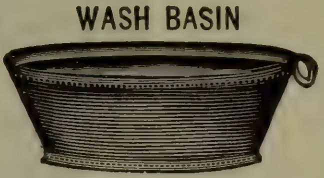

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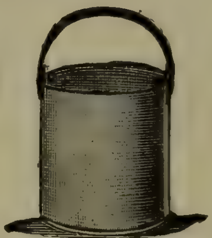

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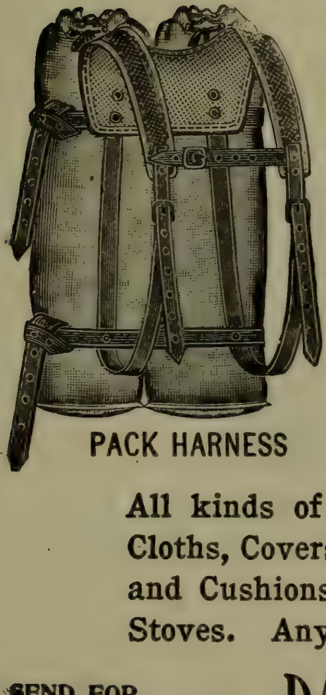

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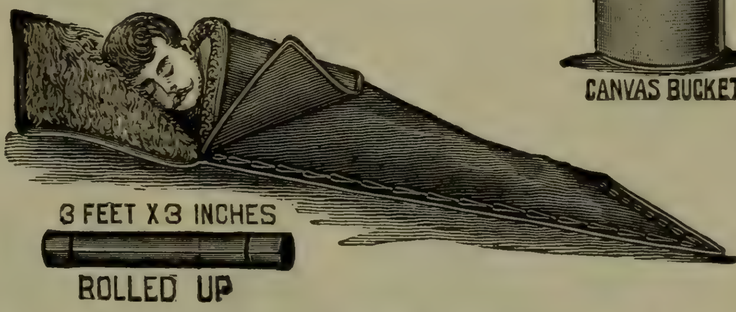
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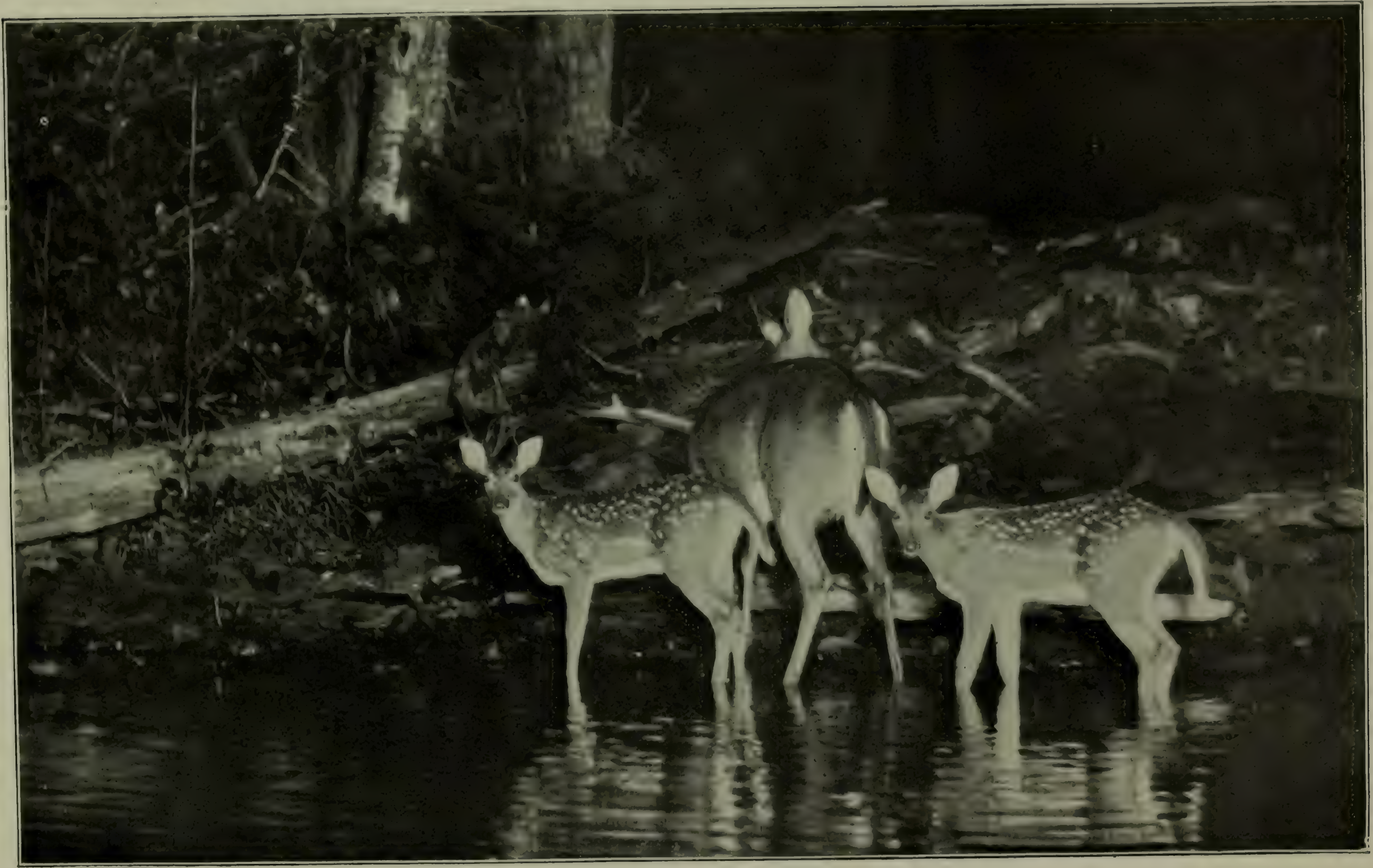

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A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

One of RECREATION's series of flash-light photographs made near Lake Superior.

RECREATION.

Volume X. JANUARY, 1899. Number 1.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

PHOTOGRAPHING WILD GAME AT NIGHT.

E. D. H.

Many a sportsman has found it difficult to defend himself against the charge of cruelty in killing game. The question is a broad and a deep one and I shall not go into a discussion of it here. Certain it is there has been a marked change of public sentiment on this subject within the past few years. Thousands of men who have always made a practice of killing everything they could find when out with a gun, whether needed for food or not, have learned that this is unsportsmanlike and have quit it. Thousands of these same men now take, in addition to a rifle or a gun, a camera on all hunting trips, and many of them, after killing a reasonable amount of game, leave their guns in camp and hunt with their cameras.

A Pittsburgh lawyer has devised an attachment for a camera which greatly facilitates this modern kind of hunting. It consists of a flash-light machine, which can readily be attached to any camera and which may be carried on the bow of a boat or tied up to a tree and left there over night. In the first case, the hunter sits in the bow of the boat, with a bull's eye lamp in his hand, while his guide sits in the stern and paddles him about the lake or river. When these men see a pair of eyes shining the guide carefully, silently and skillfully propels the boat toward the game, until within a few feet of it. Then the bull's eye lamp is turned away, the magnesium powder is exploded and the shutter of the camera is released automatically.

The result is usually a badly frightened deer, or other animal. In several cases which the inventor recounts, the deer have been so blinded and so panic-stricken that they have plunged into the water and one or 2 of them have come near leaping into the boat. One old buck, after making a desperate plunge forward, turned and started into the woods, but was so blinded he ran with great force against a tree and was thrown on his back. Then he got up and by that time had recovered his sight and other senses sufficiently to find his way through the woods.

The inventor has not yet tried this camera on larger game, but intends to make a trip to the Rocky mountains next summer, when he will experiment with it on elk, antelope, bear, etc. From the work already done on deer and smaller animals, we may confidently expect some startling results from his trip.

There can be no comparison between the trophies to be gathered from the 2 kinds of hunting. If you kill a deer and have his head mounted you and your friends can all admire it; but there must always be a pang of regret when you think of having destroyed so noble an animal. When you show the head to your lady friends they will ask you if you don't think it wrong to kill so beautiful an animal.

As I have said, you will find it difficult to defend yourself against this mild accusation. Of course you will say game animals were made to kill and to eat. The kind hearted woman will reply,

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TAKING A NIP.

Flash-light photograph made in Northern Michigan.

"But how can you experience any fun in killing an animal for food?" You will say,

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A MIDNIGHT INTRUSION.

Flash-light photograph made in Northern Michigan.

"The sport is not in the mere killing, but in the hunting."

Then, if that is where the fun comes in, why not hunt more with the camera and less with the gun? At least, after having killed your camp meat, then you should leave your gun in camp and hunt with your camera. After having killed enough game, you are likely to see many fine specimens of birds and mammals that you would like to add to your collection. To do so is to waste the game and to destroy life, for the mere sake of hoarding up treasures.

You will certainly agree with me that a fine photograph of a big buck, or of a live grouse or quail, or of a flock of ducks, is in any event as rich a trophy and as valuable a keepsake as the mounted head or skin of one of these specimens. In fact, the picture is much more valuable and may be much more highly prized, because the creature that wore the skin may be still alive to grace the landscape. If you kill the bird or animal for the purpose of saving his head or his skin, then you have ended his career; you have cut off that much from next year's crop of birds or mammals; you have to this extent contributed to making the forest a dreary waste; you have to this extent curtailed the pleasures of your friends and of posterity.

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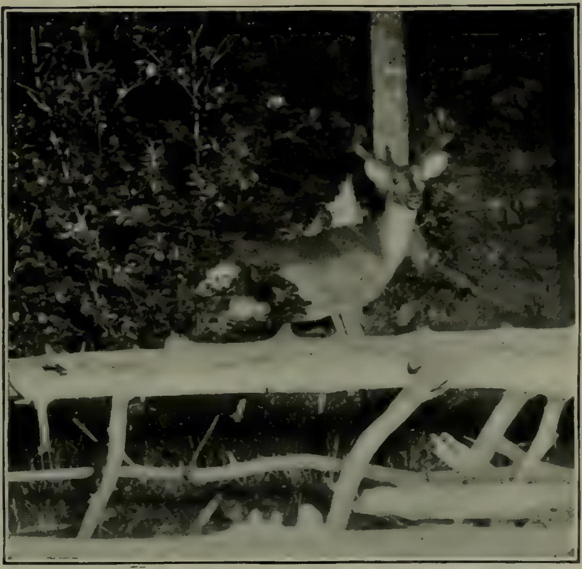
STARTLED.

Flash-light photograph made on Whitefish river, Mich.

The fondness for killing things for the mere sport of killing, which many of us experience, is a relic of barbarism, and fortunately is being gradually weeded out of us. The ranks of the camera hunters are increasing every year among the higher class of sportsmen, and the ranks of the men who hunt only for the sake of killing are gradually decreasing. The thirst for blood comes from the cruel side of our natures, while the love of the beautiful—the love of art—comes from the ideal side.



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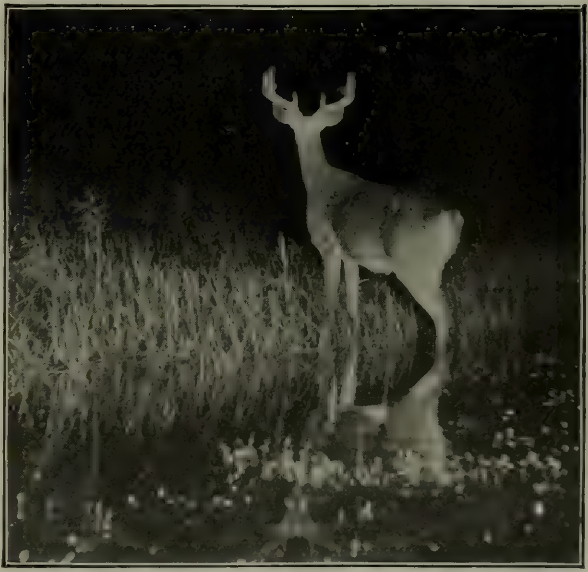
"WHAT DID I HEAR?"

Day-light photograph of live wild deer, made in Alger County, Mich.

To photograph an animal or a bird alive and in his wild state requires even more skill than to stalk him or to wait for him on a pass and kill him. A photograph of such a creature may always be regarded as a higher test of skill than a mounted head or skin. Any man with a moderate degree of patience and of skill in the use of fire arms may kill game; but the man who possesses the artistic skill and the patience and the enthusiasm necessary to stealthily approach a bird or animal within photographic range, or to wait for him to get near enough to place his image on the sensitive plate, is indeed the highest type of sportsman.

Please do not understand me as advocating the entire prohibition of the use of gunpowder in hunting. I love the smell of it as well as any living man. I love the excitement of the chase as well as anyone could love it. I appreciate all the benefits in the way of robust health, hard muscles and good appetite which come from such sport; yet, at the same time I am anxious to inculcate in the minds of sportsmen the necessity of preserving a reasonable supply of all birds and mammals, in order that the woods, the waters and the mountains may always be as attractive to sportsmen and to naturalists as they are to-day. As I have repeatedly said, this cannot be, unless radical and vigorous measures are taken to check the terrible destruction that is now going on. One way of doing this and of still allowing sportsmen to enjoy all the pleasures of the chase, is to substitute the camera for the rifle and the gun, as soon as each man shall have taken sufficient game for camp use.



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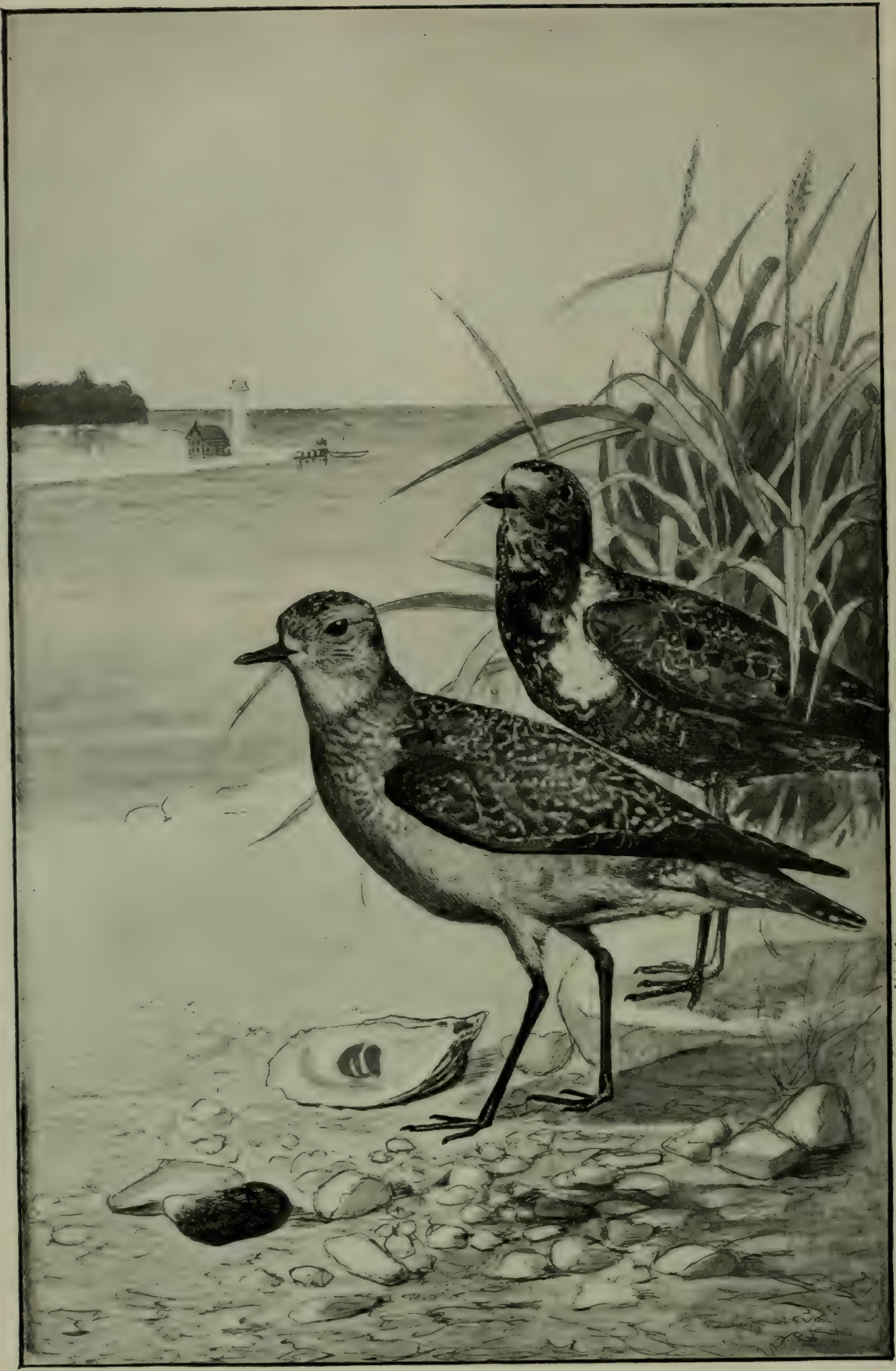
"I WONDER WHAT THAT WAS?"

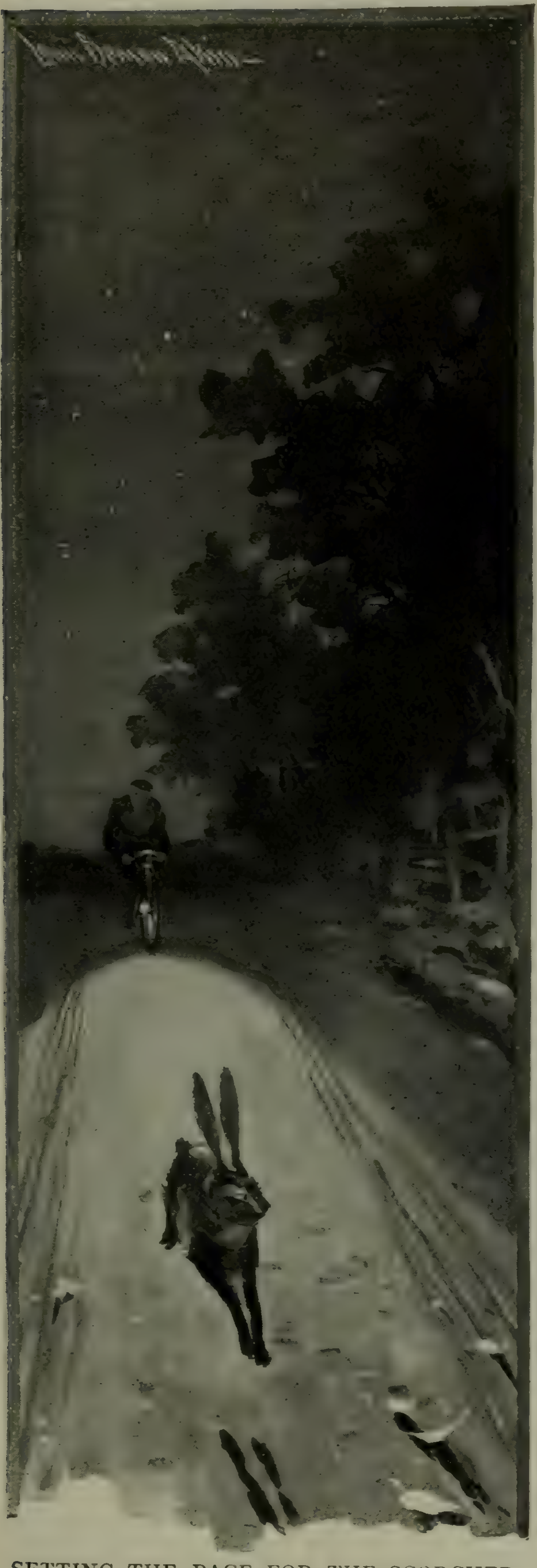
Flash-light photograph of live wild deer on Whitefish Lake, Mich.



GOLDEN PLOVER, *CHARADRIUS DOMINICUS.*

A RABBIT CHASE ON A BICYCLE.

FRANKLIN L. PAYNE.



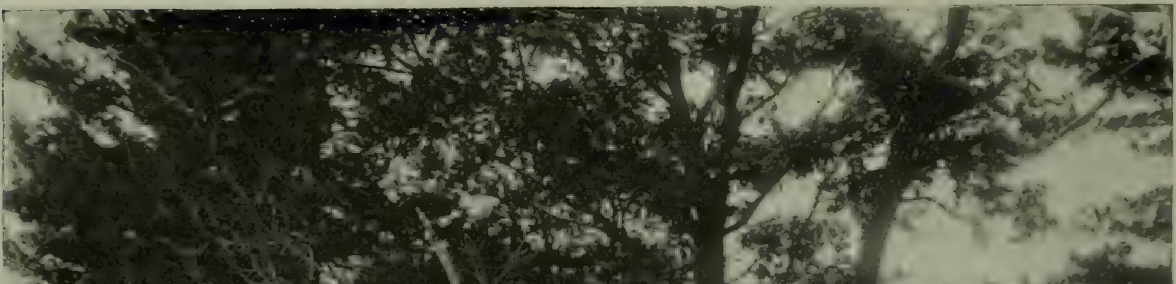
SETTING THE PACE FOR THE SCORCHER.

Fox chasing delights Englishmen, and in some parts of America it is popular; but in other parts, especially in the West, it is considered slow. Everything must "go" to suit a Western man, and in this respect the jack rabbit fills the bill. Chasing jack rabbits with greyhounds is a favorite sport among ranchmen, and good dogs are a necessity if one would secure any game. There is no slow torture, as in the long, relentless chase by a pack of fox-hounds. It is always a quick, snappy race, where speed alone counts.

One evening while taking a leisurely spin over a country road, I encountered one of these jacks in a running mood, and we had lively sport for a short time. My wheel has an 87½ gear, and I think my machine the best there is, of course. It was made to order, by a standard bicycle company, and consequently just suits me. I had on one of the new acetylene lamps, which gave a powerful light, and this was the cause of the sport. I was taking it easy when Mr. Jack made his appearance in the road ahead. He stopped and stared at the light in wonder. Apparently he could not understand it. The absence of noise must have caused him to think it some new variety of lightning bug.

He waited until I was within 4 or 5 yards of him before he moved. Then he only scampered up the road a short distance, stopped and gazed in wonder at the light. The natural impulse was to push him up a little, so I put on more steam. He did likewise. He stopped about a dozen times, going a little farther and faster each time. It began to be great sport, out there in the country, with no one about, and no noise save the pur-r-r-r of the tires on the road, and the click of the cyclometer, neither loud enough to attract attention. The jack was ambling up the road, looking over his shoulder with one eye, still stopping occasionally, but not for long. I don't think I yelled, but there was a strong impulse to do so. I could feel a broad smile spreading across my face, and the wind began humming "A Hot Time" in my ears, allegretto and crescendo. The jack was no longer stopping often, but those wondering ears, straight up, and that bright eye in sight just over his whiskers were so funny, I could hardly keep from laughing aloud. I knew that would scare him away.

The road was as smooth as asphalt, and was lined with a thick growth of sunflowers on either side. A recent shower had settled the dust and made an excellent path for a race. The jack was about 30 yards away, had quit his teeter-board gait, and was running straight ahead, keeping up an even lope. But those ears of his must come down, and he be made to slide out at that great gait of his which is such a surprise to a green dog who thinks he can run. I was getting nearer, but those ears still stayed up in spite of me. In the light of the lamp he showed as plain as in daylight. I was gaining. He was about 18 or 20 yards away; then not more than 12. How I wished I had a fishing rod to reach him with. I didn't see any road under him. That had long since disappeared into a brown looking sheet like a swift, noiseless waterfall. Those ears! Up they stood, defying me. I was still gaining. His eye looked a little scared: he ducked his head; but those ears came up again, in spite of me. That black tail stood up straight, like a union jack standing straight out under a stiff breeze above the stern of a yacht. Whisk! Down went the ears. Ziz-s-s-t! He shot out of the road into the sunflowers at the side as slick as a piece of wet soap. Whew! I had no idea I was going so fast. I was tearing along the road like a shell from a 13 inch gun. The click of my cyclometer sounded like a slat drawn along a picket fence by a boy going swimming. My breath —what there was of it—was jerking like a nervous woman in a hurry. The pace must have been a surprise to mosquitoes and other beasts of prey which I suppose I passed in the road. It was altogether too hot to be continued. Visions of deep ruts and doctors' bills began to be mingled with those of mud holes and wagons. My pace slackened to normal, and I finally reached home. Not till then did I discover my clothing was wet through with perspiration. I was soon telling of my experience, between brow moppings, and forgot the degree Reaumer that my blood had attained. The next morning I had a 13 inch cold.



This cut was published in the Detroit Sunday News-Tribune of August 28th, with the following caption:

"A DAY'S FISHING IN McGREGOR BAY.

Some 450 pounds of fish, consisting of bass, pickerel and muscalonge, caught by the Georgian Bay party."

The story accompanying the picture was written by Mr. J. H. Hoffner of Detroit, who states that his friends who appear with him in the photo are George Huntington and Frank S. Clark. These men have evidently not yet learned that they are regarded as fish hogs by all the decent sportsmen in the country, but it is hoped they will be thoroughly aware of that fact when they see their picture in RECREATION.

SCOWING ON THE YUKON.

HARRY L. SUYDAM.

On the 4th of July Doc and I and our dog, Sharkey, parted from our friends at Camp Peacock and pushed off from shore on a 6 log raft. We soon struck the swift current of the Yukon and were on our way to Dawson, 60 miles below. The wind was blowing smartly and we had to do considerable sweeping to keep our craft from running on the rocky shores. Early in the evening I heard the splash of oars behind us. Looking around I saw a boat with 3 men in it pulling swiftly for the shore. When the boat touched shore the man in the bow jumped out and dropping on one knee began shooting in our direction. I was not a little surprised. While taking my rifle from its case Doc discovered a moose's head sticking out of the water about 500 yards behind us and on a line with the boat. Resting my rifle barrel on my war sack I tried to steady myself, but the raft was dancing on the waves. I fired, and the moose's head dropped over on one side. Doc said,

PHOTO BY CURTIS, SEATTLE, WASH.

LAPLAND REINDEER IN ALASKA.

" Drop the rifle and take the sweep, for we will have to get out of this current and into the one where the moose is."

This led around an island half a mile down the river. We had no easy task, for the raft was water logged, the sweeps were long and clumsy and we had no room to work. The man who had been shooting had jumped into the boat and was shooting from the bow, every shot striking 5 to 10 feet from the moose. The other 2 men were rowing. The moose had just enough life in him to keep afloat and the men were gaining fast. Doc said,

" No use; we are running on a bar and will have to sweep back."

Taking up my rifle I took another shot. This dropped the moose's head so only his horns could be seen and I thought he would sink. The boat was but 50 feet behind the moose and the man in the bow shot twice at it, which I understood to be a bluff. As the boat came alongside the moose the man

PHOTO BY CURTIS, SEATTLE, WASH.

ON THE SKAGUAY TRAIL.

grabbed the horns and they proceeded to tow the beast to shore. I shouted, "That's my moose." They pretended they couldn't hear me, but I could see them smile for they knew we couldn't make a landing. The mountains were perpendicular on our side of the river, while they had a sloping bank to land on. I was mad enough to shoot the men, but consoled myself with the hope that we would see them when they got into Dawson.

Soon after this we passed Indian river, where a number of prospectors were camped. About one a.m. we saw signs, and knew from what we had been told that we were near Dawson. We were on the wrong side of the river and had to work desperately to get to the other shore or we would land many miles beyond. For an hour we fought the swift current like fiends, and as we turned a sharp bank, we saw many boats tied to the shore. After bumping into several of them, waking up the occupants and receiving their blessings, we managed to make fast to a boat. This camp proved to be Klondike City, better known as Lousetown. Dawson was just across the Klondike river. Many people were in the streets as they had just been celebrating Independence, a privilege they made up their minds to take so suddenly that the mounted police were almost paralyzed. We learned that about 2 hours before we landed some men came out of their tent and blazed away with their guns. This started every camp for miles around. Every man in this country has a revolver and many have shotgun and rifle also. The dogs that were lying around the camps started a terrible stampede, running like mad and howling at the same time. A number jumped into the river. Some were pulled out but several were drowned. We made a trip around the city and then spread our blankets on our little raft. We were soon asleep, for the mosquitoes were not bad and we were very tired and hungry. We had had nothing to eat but some hard tack since noon the day before.

PHOTO BY CURTIS, SEATTLE, WASH.

PROSPECTOR'S CACHE ON SUMMIT OF WHITE PASS, ALASKA.

When we awoke we pushed out in the river again and made a landing off the bank at Dawson, where boats lined the shore 5 and 6 deep. Going to a restaurant in a tent and having some warm beans and coffee and sour dough bread, for which we paid $2 a cover, we were ready for business again.

We saw many friends we had made on the Skaguay trail. Everyone said he had made the mistake of his life. One look at the thousands of discouraged cheechacoes around was enough. Most of them had prospected rivers and creeks under the most trying circumstances, and as a last resource they had come to Dawson, hoping to hear someone had made a new find, but there was no good news. Taking a pack of 50 or 75 pounds on their backs, they would start up the Klondike river and its creeks, only to find everything had been staked out several months before. They would come back to camp after several days' tramping, almost total wrecks. Nothing but the excitement would keep them going. They could see the gold being worked in large quantities on the Eldorado and Bonanza creeks, by men who had been fortunate enough to be on the ground when the discovery was made, 18 months before. Several thousands have applied to these men for work, consequently men can now be had for $5 a day when $15 had been the wages before this influx of cheechacoes. How they can live on these wages I cannot tell, for after packing grub to where they want it, it costs at least $1.50 a pound. Tents on the trail to the digging charge $3 a meal for beans.

I took the dog, Sharkey, and started off one evening. Sharkey carried about 40 pounds on his back, and I packed about 50 pounds, including pick, shovel and gold pan. I traveled nights and slept a few hours in the middle of the day, thereby getting along without blankets. My object was to find a fraction between two claims, and to see the gold taken from the ground which had caused such a fearful tragedy. On my way back I met a stampede. Over 700 men were in the race for a claim. In answer to my question, where they were going, I would get all kinds of rough answers, for they were in such a frenzy they were more like mad beasts than like men. I passed several of these poor fellows entirely exhausted, not able to keep off the mosquitoes which were around them in clouds, and cursing their luck because their strength had given out. Two men actually dropped dead. This rush is known as the Dominion creek stampede, and many a man will feel the effects of that excitement and disappointment to his dying day. Even the men who won the race and staked out a claim, after racing night and day for 70 miles or more through swamps and over almost impassable mountains, on returning more dead than alive to the Gold Commissioner were told that their claims had previously been recorded. They knew better but could do nothing. Men get together and hold indignation meetings in the streets, but up to the time I left could not get justice. They stay around weeks but as affairs grow steadily worse, they get into their boats, sing "Star Spangled Banner," and pull for the American side.

Frank Swanson, one of the discoverers of gold on the Eldorado and Bonanza, decided to put up a large hotel in Dawson. Rooms rent for $8 a night. An old flat iron sold for $20. Everything else is in proportion.

I met every man who had been on the boat from Seattle to Skaguay with me last summer and who had wintered in Dawson. Several had been sick all winter. Some worked for wages and others had been to all the stampedes. All told me they were worse off than when they went into the country. Everyone who could get the price of his transportation out was leaving.

ON THE DYEA TRAIL.

PHOTO BY CURTIS, SEATTLE, WASH.

Doc decided to go back to the claims we had staked out on 60 mile creek, and if, on getting down to bed rock, he failed to find pay dirt, he intended to come back to Dawson, practice medicine until the river froze up, and then go out that way. He started up the river in a canoe, which is hard to pole against the swift currents.

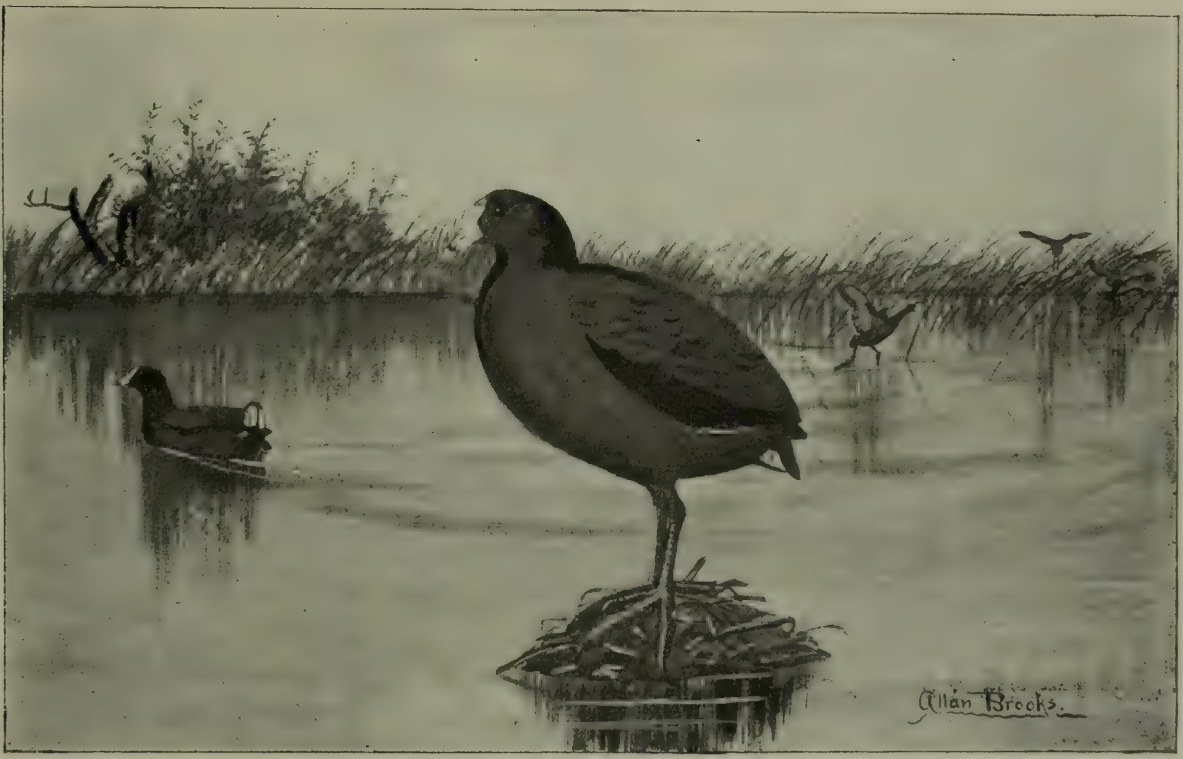
I took passage on a tug, the Gov. Stoneman, and her adventures down that river will be remembered by all Yukons of 1898. It took her 11 months to go from the mouth of the river to Dawson. She was going back with 2 scows, 150 men and one woman on board. My object in taking her was to go down the river until I came to a settlement of tents, hoping some new strike would be made, and the Americans who had been driven out of Dawson by laws and grafting, would make a town at least for the winter. This would give me a chance to do some surveying and perhaps stake out a claim. The chance didn't come, however. The men all landed in Circle City, and from there most of them took steamers to St. Michaels.

The Gov. Stoneman was in trouble from the start. She would no sooner get off a bar than she would be on again. She drew 5 feet of water, which was 2 feet too much. Her captain knew nothing about river navigation and her one Indian pilot was stupid. At 40 mile post the captain had a chance to take on a good Indian pilot but he wouldn't pay his price. At 70 mile river the tug stuck on a bar for 3 hours. The captain cut us loose and said, "make a landing when you can." Our scow landed 8 miles down the river. Several hours later a small boat came to us with some moldy oatmeal, some flour, coffee, beans and corn beef, with a message from the captain to go to Circle City, where we could get food. We had to use the corn beef cans to cook everything in. We made a paste of the flour and cooked it on sticks. It took more than 2 hours to get a meal of this kind. Before we got to Circle City more than half of the men were too sick to go ashore. We often ran on bars and then all who were able would tumble into the water and shove the boat off. We were in bad shape when we landed and several of the men had to be taken to the hospital that was run by Miss Dean and another lady from New York City. There were many scurvy patients.

Circle City is the largest log cabin town in the world. Only a few of these cabins were occupied, the miners all having left, the summer before, for the Klondike. The mines are 60 miles back in the hills and the mosquitoes own them in July. I started for the mines, however, to prospect several days. I found the best claims about all worked out, and every creek staked out, as was the Klondike. For 3 days the city was covered with a heavy cloud of smoke, and the saloons kept lights burning all day. The ashes fell on us like snow, which showed the fire was close.

The captain of the tug came in on the other scow, and the passengers held a miners' meeting to see what we would do with him. Some wanted to thrash him, but they decided to take all the money he had on his person, which was about half what we paid him, and let him go. He had deceived us in many ways when we bought the tickets.

On July 27th a paper was brought to us, and was read to 300 anxious Americans. We also got news of the killing of Soapy Smith by Frank Ried. The latter was my partner in laying out the town of Skaguay. He died later from a shot Smith had inflicted.


Allan Brooks.

AMERICAN COOT, *FULICA AMERICANA.*

See page 58.

PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

BUZZARDS IN A FLORIDA FOREST.

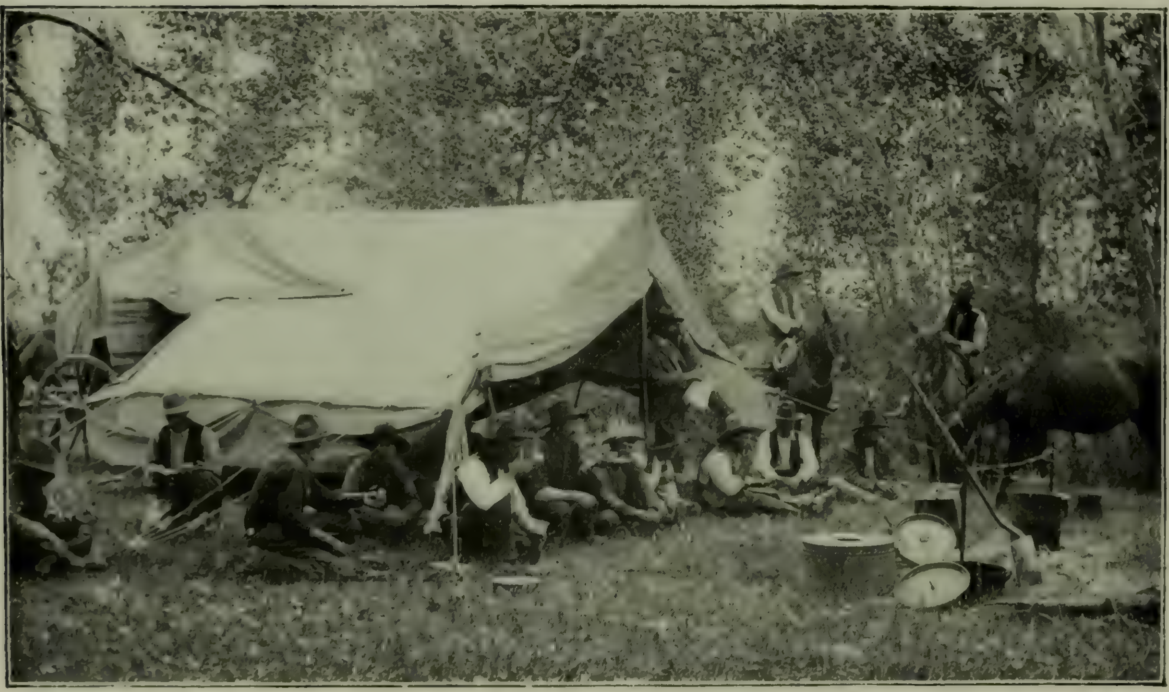


PHOTO BY L. A. HUFFMAN, MILES CITY, MONT.

GRUB TIME ON THE ROUND-UP.

FLORIDA GAME.

WALTER F. MICKLE.

We are " crackers " by adoption—Travers and I. We shoot only fairly well—Mr. Travers with a Lancaster hammerless, while I handle a Stephen Grant hammer gun. For weeks we had talked of a trip to " Hells Paradise," some 50 miles Southwest of Fort Myers. Before we started, excessive rains had flooded the whole country, covering the roads with from 3 inches to 3 feet of water. However, having made arrangements to go, a little water did not deter us. At the appointed time I packed my blankets, saddled my pacing pony, and rode to Mr. Travers' place. There I found his trusty servant, Dave, assisted by Smith, the colored cook, loading a big wagon with camp equipage. We decided to drive in a buggy, instead of going horseback as usual, as I wished to take along a camera. Mr. Travers and I, with my Gordon setters, Betsey Bobbet, and Terza Ann, drove on ahead; while Dave's Schneider, a famous bear dog, and Perline, a little pointer, followed splashing through the water.

We were soon beyond civilization and sport began. Betsey found and pointed a covey of quail, Terza backed beautifully, and that confounded bear dog rushed in and flushed. We each got a bird, and marked the rest in thick palmetto 100 yards away. I took the precaution to tie Schneider hard and fast to the buggy, with an extra half hitch back of his fore-legs. The birds lay well, and we put them up one at a time. Terza was retrieving a bird I had shot, when she caught sight of Betsey pointing. The pup instantly backed, with the quail in her mouth, making me wish I had a camera in hand. Betsey's bird was flushed and shot by Mr. Travers. We killed 7 out of that covey, my companion not missing a shot. I missed one, an easy left quartering bird.

We drove on through mud and water as rapidly as possible; yet it took us 2½ hours to reach Bull-head Cypress, 8½ miles from Fort Myers. Here we unhitched, and, while waiting for the camp wagon, shot 4 jack snipe. Long before it came in sight, we heard our colored cook encouraging the team, and uttering the weird, melodious call, so peculiar to the far Southern states.

Smith is a natural cook, and soon after his arrival, had a light-wood fire going, and coffee on. The birds were broiled to a turn, the rice and sweet potatoes could not be beaten, and after taking an observation through our glasses, we did full justice to a first rate meal.

After feeding the horses and mules, we again started on our way. Now and then, a band of whooping cranes would utter their call, and spreading immense wings, seek a more secluded place, far from the Winchester, and from man. Wood ibises rose in flocks of from 2 or 3 to 500, their snow-white plumage showing with grand effect against the sombre hummock and cypress. The little killdeer flew fearlessly about us, whirling and circling free as air.

Soon we passed the Half-way Ponds, and just beyond, Terza roaded up and made a point, in which old Betsey joined, within 30 feet of the buggy.

As my pony objects seriously to the noise of a gun, we drove to a convenient pine, and tied. Returning to the dogs, who, with slobbering lips, and quivering nostrils, made a picture worthy of field-trial winners; we flushed the quail. Mr. Travers made a clean right and left, while I got in but one barrel, and secured my bird. The remaining birds flew low, and scattered badly. We followed and put up 5, bagging all but one. Again we took the road. Finding turtle doves flying, we gave them our attention, and potted them when we had a chance. I abhor pot-hunting, yet think a dove a game-bird, no matter how you get it. Our doves are so very wild, it is difficult to get a fair shot. We camped that night at Scrub Pens, and after a royal supper, turned in early. Long before day-break, Smith had breakfast ready, and hastily eating it, we splashed on through the water, toward the Everglades.

At Race Ponds, Betsey pointed a jack snipe. Mr. Travers and I, tied up, and hunted around the pond, finding 4 more. As we were returning to the buggy, a big doe jumped from the palmetto skirting the pond, and vanished in the piny woods. We dined at Bucks Pens, and by dusk reached the Allen place; first dry land seen since leaving Fort Myers.

Here we were expected, and Phil. Yeomans, with his brother John, joined our party. The next day we hunted quail and doves, getting 19 quail, and 29 doves. Phil. went on a still-hunt for deer, and came in with a buck on his shoulder. He reported having killed, and hung up, 2 more deer, and a turkey. By day-light next morning, Dave and Phil. had brought in the deer and turkey, and we resumed our journey; this time, with no road to follow; Phil. and John leading, to keep us out of bog-holes, we rode 10 miles before camping for the night. It was raining hard, but we were too tired to stretch the tent we carried. Cutting palmetto fans, for beds, we crawled under blankets, and slept soundly in spite of the rain.

Next day we moved on to our final camp.

On the way, Dave and I took our shotguns, and struck off toward a strand of cypress. Nearing it, Perline and Terza dashed wildly forward, flushing 3 turkeys, that treed in a cypress, a quarter of a mile away. We were not long in reaching them, and I shot a fine young hen. Dave plunged into the cypress after the other birds. Presently I heard his gun, and the splash of water as a gobbler fell. Again he fired, and 3 turkeys started for camp, and the frying-pan.

We made our camp on a pine covered island, and soon had everything in order.

Up before light, as usual, all started out after game. Phil. and I, hunting in company, had not gone far before we saw bear sign in plenty; but, our famous bear dog refused to take any interest in the matter, and we proceeded.

Going through a rough palmetto island, we heard the crack of a rifle. We broke for the open, and found Dave skinning a fine doe that Mr. Travers had shot, running, at a distance of 162 paces.

At supper that evening, the cook saw a turkey light, a quarter of a mile away. I followed Smith to the spot, and shot the largest gobbler I ever saw in Florida. The following day, we got but one deer, killed by Mr. Travers. Continued rain made hunting so unpleasant, that we decided to return home, and accordingly pulled out. Phil. and I, walked ahead with our guns, and the dogs had not gone far, when Terza flushed 9 turkeys. Following them to the cypress, we killed 4; mine was shot with No. 8's, and the dogs ran it a mile before they caught it. Soon after, the dogs treed a gray fox, which I secured.

Arrived at the Allen place, we found a dance in progress, attended by all the cowboys within 40 miles. Between Allen's, and Fort Myers, we killed 30 more quail, along the road. Had the weather been favorable, we would doubtless have secured more game; yet, as it was, we had a royal good time.

PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

A CLOSE CALL.

HER BURDEN IS LIGHT.

The ballet-girl must surely find
Her life devoid of cares,
If she has no more on her mind
Than she has otherwheres.

ITS DRAWBACK.

Thrice lucky he, on Christmas gay,
Whose bank account's extensive;
We'd be less pensive were the day
Itself not so ex-pensive.

A JACK RABBIT DRIVE.

W. W. H. MAC CURDY.

With the stockmen and growers of vineyards in California the extermination of coyotes, jack rabbits, cotton tails, squirrels, gophers, rats, mice and other rodents is a serious problem. Persistent effort has kept the pests from increasing in the cultivated districts but beyond the limits of orchard and vineyard tracts, where the soil is yet unbroken by the plow, and in the great fields of wheat and barley they swarm in countless numbers.

The rabbit drive of the San Joaquin valley is an institution devised and continued from year to year to keep the enemy in subjection. There are usually several drives in a season, the first in February or March and the last early in April. After that time the growing crops would be damaged if not destroyed by the army of exterminators.

In the regular drive, men, women and children, on foot, on horseback, in wagons, buggies and carts, armed with guns, whips, clubs and missiles of every description, participate. On the day appointed for the drive all the roads leading to the various places of meeting, at an early hour are thronged with the people on their way to join in the day's sport. The corral of the latest drive was located about 13 miles Southwest of Fresno, near the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. From this corral following the general direction of the railroad track ran about 5 miles of wire fence, poultry-mesh. A like fence ran Southeast several miles. These fences served as leaders to bring the rabbits into the corral.

The North line of drivers extended about 6 miles from East to West and was formed just outside of the vineyards and orchards, to the Southwest of the city, and nearly 5 miles from the corral. It was made up of people from Fresno and the country lying to the West. The East line was composed of people from the villages and colonies South of Fresno, down as far as Fowler. The South line was composed of people from Selina and the country lying between that town and Carruthers, on the West. Each of these lines was from 4 to 5 miles long, in charge of a marshal and his aids, all mounted on horseback, who endeavored so far as was possible to keep their lines in order, not allowing them to lag behind nor advance too rapidly. Messengers from the right and left divisions were constantly coming and going between their respective divisions and the centre, to keep the commanders of each informed, as to the progress of the others.

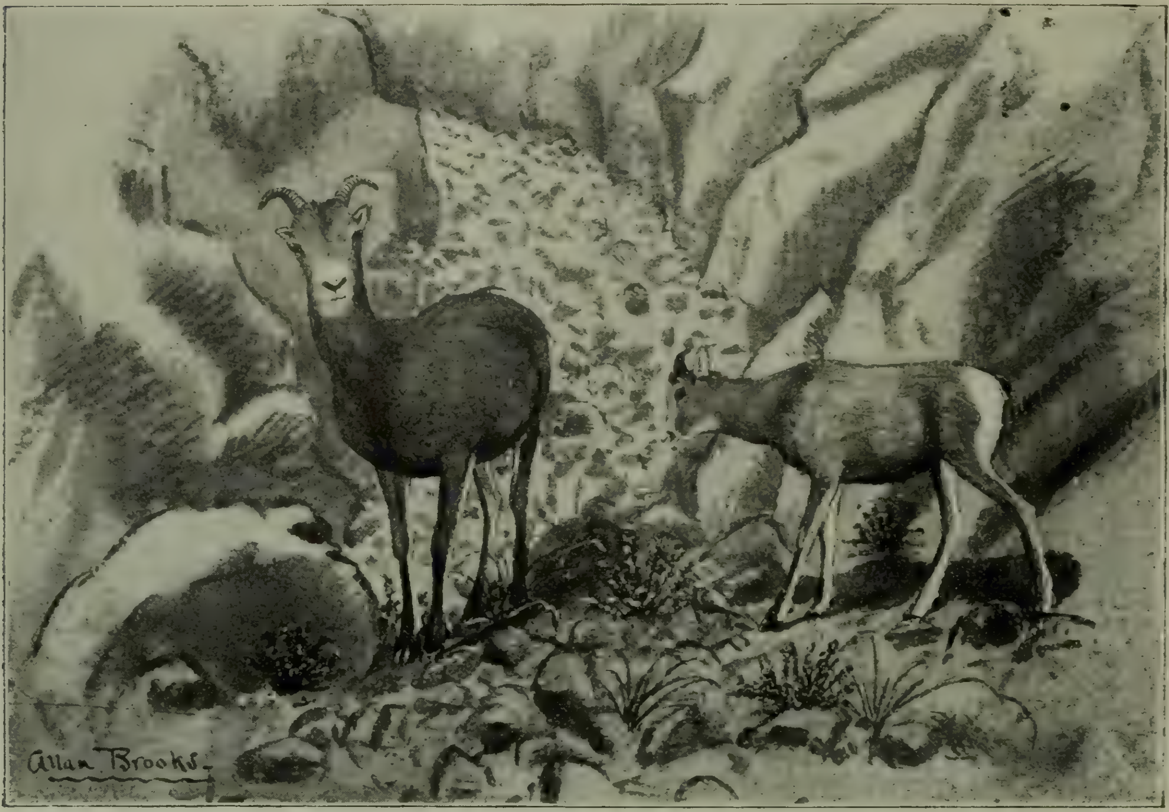
Only a mile or 2 had been gone over before the right of the South division came near enough to effect a close junction with the left of the East or centre division, and it in turn effected a junction with the left of the Northern division. The left of the South, and the right of the North division, about this time struck the South and North ends, respectively, of the wire fences leading to the Corral, thus enclosing a tract of about 20 square miles. From the time the lines began to move jack rabbits appeared, with here and there a cotton-tail or a coyote. The cotton-tails and squirrels took to their burrows as the line came up, but the jacks, except in rare instances, trusted to their legs to take them out of the reach of club and bullet.

The startled coyotes ran like scared dogs, from one line to the other, but finding escape impossible cowered among the jacks and met their fate as the murderous lines narrowed, with as little resistance as the jacks themselves. All the morning the shotgun men have been getting in their effective work on the jacks skulking among the weeds or hiding in hollows along the ditches. Marching along from 10 to 30 yards in advance of the line of teams and stick-wielders, like skirmishers ahead of a line of battle, they blaze away at every rabbit that comes within range. The plain behind the marching line is dotted with the carcasses of the slain.

Every moment the number of visible jacks increases, as they are routed from the weeds and grass and sent scurrying across the plain. When the march first began they appeared singly or by twos and threes; now they are in droves. Away to the Northwest rise up volumes of dense smoke; the skirmishers have fired some tule-marshes, to drive out the cowering inhabitants. Shorter grows the line as the distance to the corral lessens; and denser becomes the swarm of frantic jacks. The advancing line, doubled and redoubled in numbers as the enclosed area decreases, crowds the scared animals forward to the corral. The corral gate, only a few feet wide, furnishes a door of escape and through it they pour in a solid stream and spread out over its area.

After the last rabbit has passed into the corral hundreds of men and boys rush in after them; the gate is closed and the massacre begins. The frightened creatures make frantic efforts to escape; they rush against the meshed barriers and along them, seeking outlet, until they become one great swirling mass, the sight of which makes one dizzy; they pile up in great heaps at the corners and die from exhaustion and smothering; they fall by the thousands under the quick strokes of their relentless pursuers.

The slaughter complete the mathematicians figure out estimates of the result. On the march 50 rabbits each to 300 shotguns—15,000; 5,000 killed by clubs and other missiles, and another 15,000 carted away from the corral; a total of 35,000 for the day.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP, *OVIS MONTANUS.*

Ewe and lamb. Sketched from life, October 8, 1898.

See page 60.

PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

A FLORIDA LIZARD.

BIG FISH IN CALIFORNIA WATERS.

C. F. HOLDER (KELP).

Florida must look to her laurels. For several years the tarpon has been considered the greatest catch in the world for fishermen. But in Southern California waters are several fish that afford as much sport and require more skill to capture. One is the tuna, a magnificent fish that runs up to 500 and even 800 pounds weight and is the silver king of the Kuroswiro, or Japanese current, which sets in along the California coast.

The tuna is found most plentifully off the island of Santa Catalina, a headquarters for fishermen in Southern California. The island is a part of Los Angeles county, and is distant about 3½ hours by rail and steamer from the city of that name. At Avalon, the only port, the sportsman finds good hotels and congenial company.

The fishing season is from May to January, the best time is the summer and early fall. From the middle of April to May and June the sea bass are taken, and a list of some catches made in Avalon bay follows: May 1st, E. Barnett, Colorado Springs, 48½, 50, 33, 40, 35, 40, 38, 43, 42, 34, 65 and 54 pounds; May 2d the same fisherman took 2 bass, 53 and 55 pounds; J. E. Parker, 55 pounds; C. E. Patrick, 55 pounds. May 3d J. R. Adams, Chicago, 36, 38, 23, 23, 43 pounds. May 4th Dr. Baily, Chicago, 50 pounds. May 10th R. G. Hooper, 3 yellowtails, 40, 17 and 20 pounds. May 19th C. Ringsen, 90-pound tuna; May 20th 7 yellowtails 16 to 36 pounds. May 22 C. C. Carpenter, 200-pound tuna.

Black sea bass ranging from 75 to 300 pounds are plentiful from April to October; and at all seasons white fish, sheepshead, rock bass, groupers, blue perch, and others are caught.

The tuna appears to be here all the year around, but bites best in summer when the flying fish are seen in countless numbers. Some of the stories about the tuna are worth telling. Mexican Joe, one of the pioneer guides of Avalon, was sailing a heavy lateen-rigged boat over to the mainland and trolling for albicore when suddenly a tuna struck, and, although the craft was sailing before a fresh breeze, the fish stopped her.

The tuna leaps twice as high as the tarpon, and shoots up into the air like an arrow in its attempts to seize flying fish. I have vainly attempted to take one of these fishes on a rod, but the feat was accomplished in 1896 by Col. Morehouse, of Newport, R. I.

When Col. Morehouse hooked the fish, he played it several hours before bringing it to gaff, and was almost exhausted by the efforts of the tuna, which towed the boat a long distance. It weighed 187 pounds.

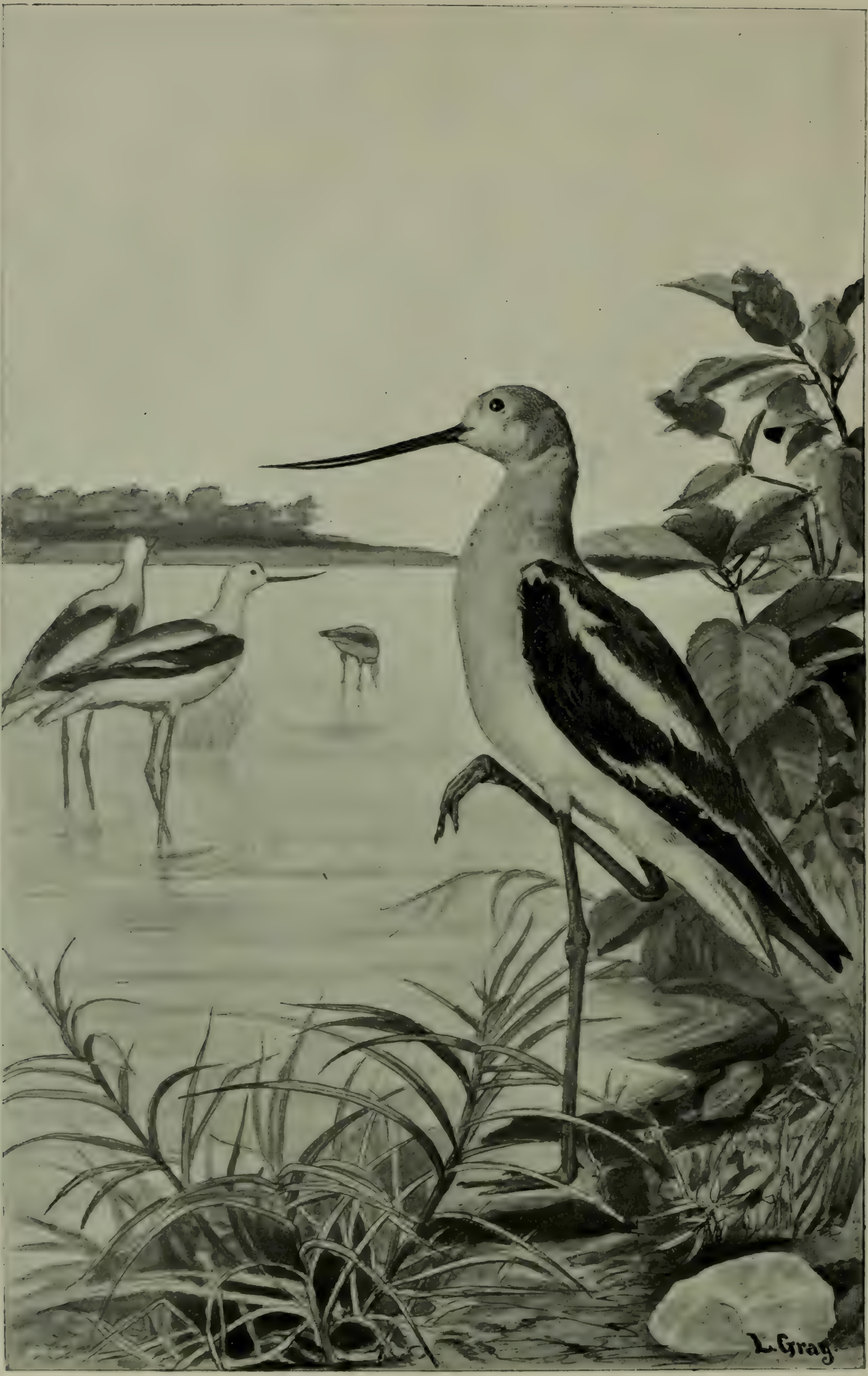
The outfit used for tuna fishing is similar to that employed for tarpon. The bait is a flying fish, about 12 inches long, or about the size of an adult mullet. The fishing is all in deep water, and the line is trolled without a sinker; or, if the fisherman is fortunate in striking a school, cast among them. Tarpon hook and piano wire leader are required. Several of these fish were taken on a hand line in the summer of '96 ranging from 150 to 250 pounds, and from 4 to 7 feet long.

The season approaching at Santa Catalina is that of yellowtail and sea bass. The yellowtail comes very near the salmon in its action on the rod, and is known in some localities as the white salmon; but it is another fish (Seriola dorsalis). A good day's catch is 8 or 10 fish, ranging from 15 to 30 pounds; and each fish, if taken on a rod of proper size, will give a tug of war from 15 to 25 minutes, never yielding until the gaff lifts it aboard the boat.

I have seen a novice thrown into a vigorous " buck fever " by the strike of one of these fish.

A DREAM OF SPRINGTIME.

When the johnnie-jump-ups jump up
  And the cowslips slip once more,
Then our tires we shall pump up,
  Just as in the days of yore.
For when Spring arrives from Springfield
  We shall pedal through the park
Where the hobos from Hoboken
  Sweetly rest from dawn till dark.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.



THE AMERICAN AVOCET, *RECURVIROSTRA AMERICANA.*

WATCHING THE NEW YEAR IN.

RUPE BARMBY.

One winter I spent a few weeks, with some friends, among the foothills on the Eastern slope of the Rocky mountains. Before the snow set in we were nicely settled in a comfortable shack, with a good line of traps established. By New Year's I felt fairly well acquainted with the woods about our camp. The day before that popular holiday was warm and pleasant, so I determined to spend it in wandering about with my rifle in the hope of securing fresh meat for the following day.

I did not meet with prompt success. I tramped until late in the afternoon, yet no game of any kind crossed my path. As I was about to give up for the day in disappointment and turn homeward empty handed, I suddenly found myself face to face with an enormous grizzly bear.

Where he came from and how it happened he was not hibernating, I do not know; but there he was, and his sudden appearance startled me not a little. Nevertheless, I did not wait to allow my nerves to become unsteadied. Instantly raising my rifle, I took quick aim between the eyes and pulled the trigger.

I was armed with a muzzle loading rifle of the " Old Kentucky " pattern, using round ball and percussion cap, and as so frequently happened with these weapons when long exposed to the weather, my rifle snapped and missed fire. The bear became infuriated and rushed at me.

I dropped my gun and made a wild dash for the nearest sapling. I gained the lower branches just in time, for in another moment the bear would have had me in his powerful grip. Finding he had lost me for the time being, he adopted new tactics, and, sitting calmly down beneath the tree, waited for me to descend or to drop from my perch through numbness from the cold.

All night we sat thus, the bear biding his time, and I cramped and shivering with the cold on my lofty perch. That was the most uncomfortable night I ever spent in my life. I had been inclined to grumble at the meagre accommodations of our shack, yet after that night I felt wonderfully content with my surroundings.

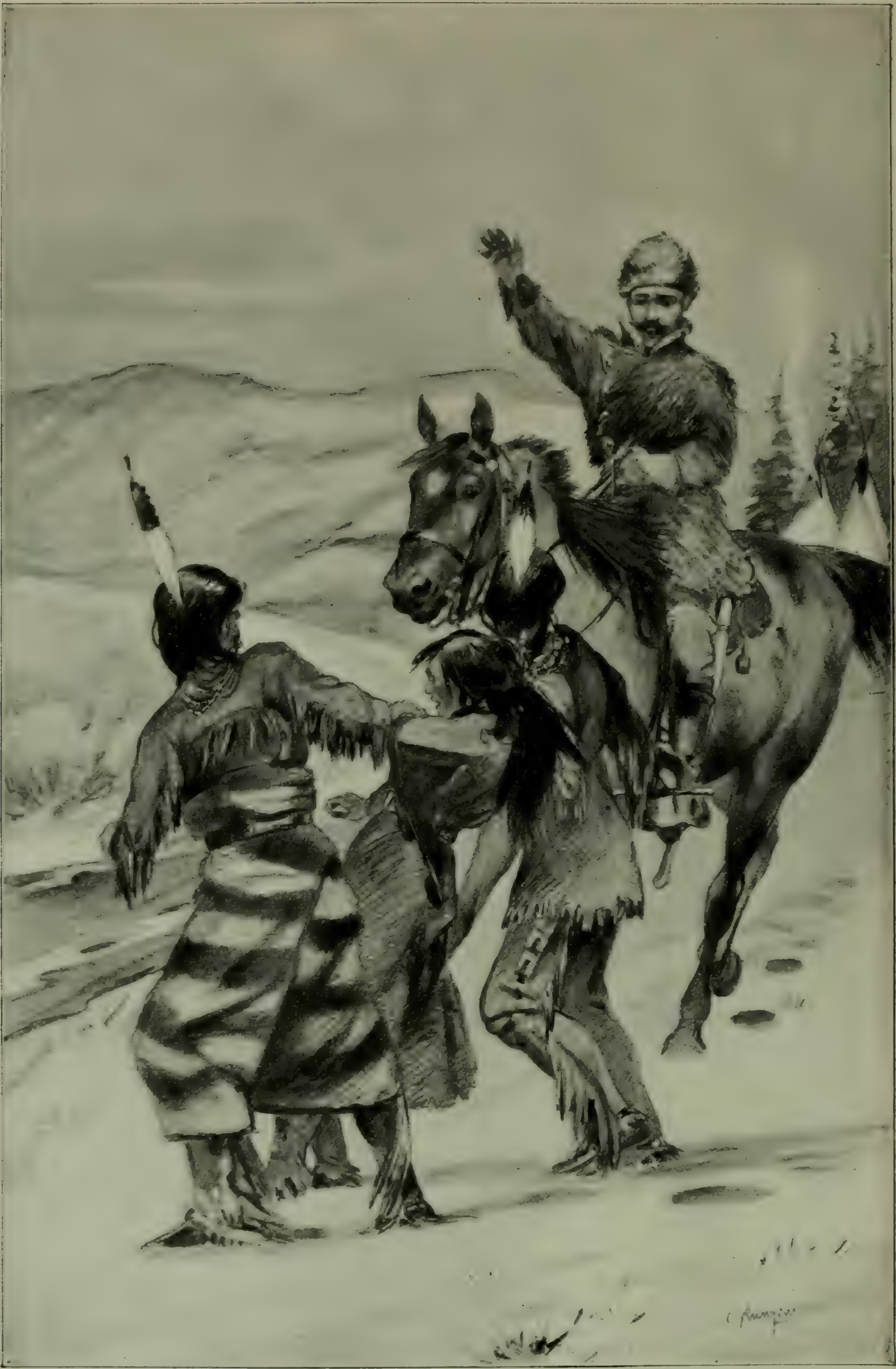
In the gray of the morning I heard the rifle of one of my companions, away in the distance, fired as a signal for me. Never has sweeter music rung in my ears. It filled me with renewed hope, and, forgetting my voice could not reach so far, I shouted with all the strength of my lungs. A curious fact about the grizzly, which I did not know at that time, but which I have since had occasion to note, is that he stands in abject terror of the human voice.

When my captor heard that ringing shout for help he gave me an awestricken look which I shall never forget, and made off at the top of his speed into the woods. As soon as he was well out of the way I descended the tree, gained possession of my gun again, and answered the signal of my partner. When he found me and explanations had been made we set out on the trail of the bear, but never caught sight of him. He had heard enough to satisfy him.

My companions of the expedition were inclined to joke me about my escapade, but I always got the better of them by declaring that I had merely followed the usual custom of watching the old year out and the new year in.

PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

A FLORIDA GARTER SNAKE.



"SHE WAS CRYING BITTERLY, AND THE JERKS AND BLOWS ADMINISTERED BY THE 2 BUCKS WERE SUFFICIENT TO JUSTIFY MY INTERFERENCE."

A MODERN POCAHONTAS.

E. L. KEYES.

A number of years ago, while serving as a lieutenant of cavalry in the Indian Territory, I was sent, in command of my troop, in charge of a large hunting party of Arapahoe Indians, leaving their agency by permission to engage in an extensive winter's hunt. My orders were simple, directing me to move and camp with the Indians; to prevent any of their number escaping to the Northern agency and to prevent their receiving liquor from unscrupulous purveyors.

Buffalo were abundant, the sport was exciting and, to the Indians, lucrative. But one attempt to escape Northward was made. This was by a small party that was immediately pursued and brought back.

The day following the return of this escaping party, while encamped on Kiowa Medicine Lodge creek, I observed 2 young warriors forcing along, against her will, a young and comely squaw. She was crying bitterly, and the jerks and blows administered by the 2 bucks were of sufficient force to prompt my interference. I ordered the 3 to accompany me to the lodge of Little Raven, a prominent chief. Here it was learned that each of the bucks claimed the squaw had promised to marry him; that she had been one of the escaping party, thus betraying her intention to desert them, consequently they were taking her to the creek to drown her. The squaw said she had never promised to marry either of the suitors, and that she had been obliged to accompany her parents. The matter was soon amicably settled in a manner leaving the squaw quite free. In grateful recognition of my services she gave me an elk's tooth from the necklace she wore, and a grasp of her small, shapely hand which I recalled many times afterward. The hunt continued several months. At its expiration, I returned to my station and the Indians to their reservation.

Affairs were not so peaceful farther to the North. The Deadwood excitement had brought thousands into the Black Hills. The Indians rightfully complained that the land formerly given them was being taken away. Stock was run off, murders were committed, small parties were massacred, until the cry for assistance was so general troops were ordered on a campaign to quell hostilities, my regiment being of the number.

While Custer and the gallant fellows of the 7th Cavalry were being wiped out of existence, we, inactive, and unconscious of his fate, were encamped on the tranquil War-Bonnet, but 100 miles away. The reader will not care to go with me on that long and unsuccessful pursuit of the late Mr. Sitting Bull. Let us imagine ourselves across the Bad Lands, and in camp on the Belle Fourche. The horses that had not been killed for food were naturally in a weak and pitiable condition. Emaciated and trembling, the poor brutes stood around, seeming to ask if they were never again to receive forage. But the prospect was brighter. Deadwood, Custer and other settlements in the Black Hills were comparatively near. At that point I was furnished a small number of men and was directed to go back some 50 miles, gather up the stock we had abandoned, and bring back the boxes of ammunition which for lack of transportation had been cached on the trail.

It is doubtful if one of the 2,500 men composing the expedition expected to see me return. The hostiles in large number were in our rear. The chance of success seemed so small I slipped my ring from my finger and left it with a letter to be sent to my home should I not return. Just as I was about to start, a lieutenant of the 4th Infantry rode up and said,

"Hold on; I'll see if I can't get permission to go with you." And away he went to consult the adjutant. A moment later he came trotting back, a glad smile lighting his handsome face as he said,

"It's all right; I hated to see you going to h—— alone."

Fully appreciating the action of this gallant officer, and rejoiced to learn I was to have the pleasure of his agreeable company, I extended my hand. As his met mine in a clasp more expressive than words, I noticed his ring had also been removed.

As my little party started on the back trail, the command moved forward into the Hills. Scarcely had we started when Indians were seen on our right and left flanks, but at too great a distance to inflict or receive injury. The poor, worn-out animals seemed to show their disapproval of our plan as they plodded back over the muddy trail they had hopefully crossed the day previous. But on we went, the Bad Lands stretching about us and the Indians keeping parallel with us. We naturally concluded the hostiles were only waiting for a greater distance to intervene between the little party and the main column; then they would swoop down upon us. But without incident we continued our journey until near midnight, when we unsaddled and lay down in the mud.

An hour later, when the weary troopers were sleeping soundly and the one sentry who had been posted was pacing his lonely beat, tired and hungry, 2 shots, in rapid succession, away to the right, rang out on the crisp air. Then all was still. As one man the little party sprang up, carbines in hand. Nothing was seen, nothing was heard, save the voice of the sentry saying to me, "I heerd 2 shots, loot'nunt, over for'ninst them buttes to our right."

Strange! What did it mean? At daybreak we set forth again and by noon the buried property was reached. This was hastily packed upon the mules and the little party started on the homeward trail. Not an Indian was visible, nor was one seen during the return trip that was accomplished safely.

Some months later, while visiting a brother officer who chanced to be stationed at an Indian reservation in the Northwest, I was strolling among the lodges, when a squaw bounded out of one and, seizing me by the hand, drew me into her lodge, at the same time muttering an unintelligible jargon. A handsome young warrior lay stretched on a deerskin within the tepee, and to him the squaw chattered unceasingly, frequently pointing to me, whose hand she continued to hold. At length the warrior arose, approached me and taking my hand, said,

"Nearthone ethity!"

I remembered enough of my Arapahoe to comprehend. He said, "The American is good"; but I was unable to conceive what it meant, nor could I understand the action of the squaw, who had suddenly dashed out and was now appearing with the interpreter.

Again the squaw took the floor and repeated to the interpreter the same rigamarole she had recited to the warrior. But at last the mystery was explained. The squaw was Basjonnie (Wild Turkey), the same young woman I had rescued from a watery grave in the Indian Territory nearly 2 years before.

As I was leaving the village, the interpreter overtook me and said Basjonnie wished to see me at a point on the river's bank which he indicated. Arrived there, the following conversation took place through the medium of the interpreter:

She: "You were sent back from the Belle Fourche over the old trail."

I (as much astonished as if she had quoted a passage from Shakespeare): "Yes."

She: "When you unsaddled, about midnight, we held a council. Some wanted to attack at once; others wanted to wait until dawn. Finally it was decided to attack at daylight. I don't know why, but I got thinking of you. After all our people were asleep, I started out toward your camp. As I neared it, I crawled along, thinking if seen I should be taken for a coyote. I reached the horses that were hobbled. On the hoof of the first horse I examined I saw the same queer mark that was on your soldiers' horses when with us on the hunt.* I looked farther and came to your own horse, the chestnut sorrel you rode the day you took me to Little Raven's lodge. This convinced me you were near. I felt sorry, very sorry, for you. It was useless to warn you. Your horses were too far gone. Escape by flight was impossible. But you had saved me, and I was determined to save you. I crept away, and reached my own camp without being discovered. All were quietly sleeping. I slipped out again, taking 2 pistols with me. When I got some distance away, I fired twice in rapid succession; then ran screaming into camp. All was confusion; everyone was wild with excitement. I told them the whole big body of soldiers was coming, and that I had been fired on. We fled in a bunch. We marched all night, crossing the range of bluffs before dawn. From the ridge, we made a signal to those on your left to follow us. That is all. I am glad I saved you. Never tell this, or they would kill me. This man is good; he will not tell."

She ceased speaking. The interpreter had translated her last word. I stood before her in silent wonderment, in speechless thankfulness. After expressing as well as I was able my heartfelt gratitude, I took them to the neighboring establishment of the trader, where for a trifle the debt of a life—aye! of many lives—was, in their opinion, canceled.

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* The Troop brand, used in the U. S. cavalry.

A GRATE MONARCH.

"Old King Coal is a merry old soul,"
And he gives us warmth and dryness,
But at "six-and-a-quarter" a ton he orter
Be called "his royal highness."

MY FIRST BUFFALO.

JOHN LEASURE.

In the days when the Sioux Indians overran the plains from the British possessions to the Platte river, when the hunter and sportsman carried his life in his hands I killed my first buffalo. I had been looking for buffalo for a week when I found him, a solitary wanderer, on the prairie. He was a hoary old patriarch who had in his younger days doubtless been a leader. In his old age an exile, driven from the herd by the fierce young bulls who held command. When first I saw him a wide expanse of the Missouri river separated us. Have him I must, but how to cross the river was the question. Picketing my horse I searched along the river bank till I found a good sized log and slinging my rifle over my shoulders I got astride and pushed out into the stream. It was no easy task to paddle over and when I got across I was not in particularly good form for shooting.

With head lowered and at a slow gait the buffalo came toward me. Shielded behind some heavy sage brush I anxiously and nervously watched his every movement, and when he was within a hundred yards of me I fired. A little cloud of dust followed the dull thud of the bullet as it struck, showing exactly where he was hit. A second shot rolled him over and with a yell of delight I ran forward to inspect my prize. Let me give a little advice to inexperienced hunters right now. Don't approach game you have knocked over without first reloading your gun. My ignorance nearly cost me my life, for when I reached the old bull and touched him with my foot he suddenly raised up and made a vicious pass at me, tearing my shirt across my stomach with his horn. Had I been a few inches nearer I would have been ripped open. Since that time I am careful about reloading, also about approaching too near before I know my game is dead.

The buffalo ranges in those days were black with roving bands and it is hard for me to believe these noble animals are now wiped off the face of the earth. The settlement of the Indian question also sealed the fate of the buffalo.

In 1881, when it was perfectly safe to go over the prairies, great numbers of hunters flocked to the ranges—some to kill for sport and others for gain. I visited one of the ranges North of Glendive at that time and it made my heart sore to see the wanton destruction of these harmless beasts. For miles the prairie was dotted with rotting carcasses, the skins only having been taken, while in many instances a knife had never been stuck in any of them. Huge piles of green hides and dry were heaped on the prairie awaiting purchasers. These skins brought the hunter from $1.50 to $2.50 each.

An Indian tanned robe to-day is a rarity and is very valuable. Even the bones have been gathered up and shipped East and made into fertilizer.

From 1874 to 1884 the buffalo was gradually driven from its Northern ranges to South of the Yellowstone, and from there—where? Alas, they got no farther!

PHOTO BY L. A. HUFFMAN, MILES CITY, MONT.

A ROUND-UP IN THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY. CUTTING OUT THE CALVES.

(Extinct volcano in the background.)

SKITCHEWAUG.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

In one of the Southern counties of Vermont stands a rugged offshoot or, rather, out-cropping, of the Green mountains; a straggler that has left the main column's line of march and wandered over to the Eastward to slake his thirst in the waters of the Connecticut. This abrupt and robust rover has brought with him the flavor of the more remote North, and imported grandeur and wildness to the very doors of the farmhouses on the river bank. Along his spiny back the panther sometimes steals down from the higher mountains, and his bristling slopes and rocky caverns are the home of the hedgehog and the rattlesnake. Here the panting fox finds safe refuge from the hounds, and in the hemlock thickets the wary grouse discovers a secure retreat for herself and brood. At the sound of the farmer's dinner-horn, from the meadows far below, the gray squirrel barks his disapprobation, and to the whistle of the night freight train, across the river, the raccoon sends his quavering response.

At its Northern extremity, Skitchewaug emerges from the hilly farming country like a huge mole, shouldering away the loose soil and rocks, lifting its head above the lesser hills and exposing its bold, precipitous sides.

" Sheer to the vale below go down the bare old cliffs." At its Southern end it dives suddenly into the earth once more, as if its mission above the surface had been accomplished. Its abruptness and comparative isolation give it the dignity of a mountain; a distinction which, in a rugged country, it might not otherwise claim. It has no national reputation, it is not lofty enough to be honored with a signal station; but there is more game in its forests than the hunter will ever catch sight of; there are more secrets in its rocky bosom than the geologist will ever be able to unlock; more glorious views from its summits and more picturesque scenes in its gorges than will ever be described or put upon canvas. What it lacks in altitude it more than makes up in length, and he who follows along its back-bone, scrambling, as it were, from vertebra to vertebra, must needs be sound in lung and limb.

To every true lover of nature there is some particular locality dearer than all others, by virtue of his long association and close familiarity with it. Here the streams are purer, the flowers more fragrant, the summer air more soft, the winter's breath more bracing than elsewhere. His acquaintance with the very rocks and trees amounts to personal friendship; and, though bounded by so narrow a horizon, this little spot of earth holds a more precious and permanent place in his affections than all the rest of the universe.

Speak of mountains, and it is not an Everest or a Chimborazo that comes first to his mind; it is the hill which overshadowed him in his youth, where he first discovered the hen-hawk's nest and saw the tracks of the foxes in the snow. The river he loves is not the Ganges or the Amazon, but the stream on which he sailed his toy boats, where he learned to swim, and watched the flight of the heron and the kingfisher. This definite and enduring love of locality has rescued from oblivion many a retired spot, and invested even common place surroundings with a subtle charm; so that, although seen through another's eyes, they at last come to be beloved of all.

The modest little hamlet of Selbourne would be naught to us if Gilbert White had not lived there and studied the details of its natural history with such affectionate zeal. Probably few of us would be aware of the existence of Walden Pond if Henry Thoreau had not built his log cabin on its shore. Why then should not this comparatively unknown and insignificant mountain be our theme? There is but one Skitchewaug, and some one should be its prophet!

Skitchewaug! The very name is freighted with interest and carries with it a suggestion of wampum and flint arrowheads. Its exact meaning is said to be " Place for salmon." Strange name for a mountain, one would say; but, centuries ago, when salmon were as numerous in the Connecticut river as minnows are to-day, the Indians used to spear them in the shallow water opposite the mountain, where the fish rested previous to ascending the rapids above; and the impressive name remains to mark the spot. There is something so potent and poetic in these verbal relics of an extinct race that even this age of change cannot efface them.

" Their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your ever-rolling rivers speak
Their dialect of yore."

The railroad surveyor drives his stakes where the Indian planted his lodge-poles; the iron horse tears through the pass where the red man's trail once lay; but the rivers and the valleys and the mountains still murmur and echo the names which the Indian gave them long ago. Skitchewaug! Place for salmon! And a glorious place, too, it must have been. On the broad bosom of the *Quon-nee-tuc-quok,* as the Indians called it, danced many a birch-bark canoe, and under the shadow of the mountain rose the smoke from many a wigwam. Dams, sawdust and sludge-acid have exterminated the salmon, and civilization has annihilated the Indian; but the name, thank God, remains, wild, gamy, and aboriginal.

The region round about Skitchewaug is rich in Indian annals and colonial history. Near the Southern abutment of the mountain the Black river (*Kas-kact-cha-wok*) joins its waters with those of the Connecticut, and along the banks of this stream lay the Indian trail which led up into the Green mountains and Canada. Over this trail many captives, taken from the scattered settlements in the New Hampshire grants, were hurried on journeys from which they never returned. It was substantially along the line of this old Indian trail that the British, in 1758, under the command of Gen. Amherst, constructed that military thoroughfare known as the "Crown Point Road." In October of that year Col. John Stark completed that portion of it lying West of Skitchewaug, and traces of it may still be seen there.

In revolutionary times the fires of patriotism burned brightly up here among the hills of Vermont, and Toryism, however mild in form, met with scant courtesy. Among the cliffs on the East side of Skitchewaug is a cavern known as the Tory's Cave, where certain adherents of Royalty sought safety and seclusion until the ruffled feelings of their neighbors should be smoothed once more.

But it is the Skitchewaug of to-day, rather than of the past, that interests us most, and it does not detract from its charms to know that one's scalp is safe there now. Some elements of danger may still exist, it is true, for not many years ago a lusty panther, whose mate may still be there, waxed fat on the sheep and calves from the farms near by, and screamed at night upon the mountain; so that the small game increased prodigiously that season because of the scarcity of hunters. The stuffed body of this gigantic cat now ornaments the ball-room of a little hotel in the vicinity, where it is proudly exhibited as one of the products of the country. Then there are rattlesnakes, too, plenty of them, notwithstanding the fact that the state offers a bounty on them of $1 a head—or a tail, I know not which. These snakes possess the Vermont characteristic of being willing to make new acquaintances on short notice, and to enter into an argument with them immediately. They are frequently seen in the wagon-road skirting the mountain, whither they come apparently to warm themselves in the dust. The hunter who scrambles over the loose rocks, at the foot of the cliffs, is apt to come upon them, even as late as October, if the days are warm and sunny; but their vicious note of warning and offensive odor, when aroused, are generally sufficient to accelerate the retreat of the intruder.

Among Skitchewaug's most attractive features are the numerous old wood-roads which climb its sides with many twists and curves, or follow the great terraces which lie one above the other on its slopes. Time's fingers have so softened or effaced the marks of man's agency in making these roads that they now seem a part of the original forest plan. They lure one on and on; for there is a delightful uncertainty as to where they will lead, and what one may happen upon while following them.

They feel good to the feet of the hunter, for after slipping over rocks and digging one's toes into the soil, the mere sensation of putting the sole of the foot on level ground is a decided satisfaction. Along one of these leaf-carpeted and sinuous aisles, one may be sure of catching glimpses of the shy forest creatures. The gray squirrel runs across it, the grouse dusts herself in its dry spots, and the fox follows it, knowing full well that there are chickens to be found near the initial point of this thoroughfare. Here the sunlight has been let in, and has coaxed from the soil certain weeds and flowers which are not found elsewhere in the woods. Somewhere along this sylvan path you are apt to find a spring of pure, cool water, bubbling up from the foot of the ledge, and sending over its mossy rim a tiny stream, which goes tinkling down the mountain side. "The green lane is the school boy's friend," says Emerson, but the woodland road is the friend of boy and man alike.

Far back on the broad shoulder of the mountain is a wild, rough spot set with enormous timber. Sharp ridges and deep gullies render it inaccessible and have protected the forest monarchs from the lumberman's axe, so that they have survived their fellows and still stand to show what Nature can do when left to herself. Here are giant hemlocks, which seem to suggest an era prior to our own, mighty conifers, such as may have flourished in the carboniferous age. Here, too, are lordly oaks, whose very size and weight have anchored them forever to this spot. And here also lie some of their huge ancestors, whose knees gave out years ago and let their scarred and weather-seamed bodies down upon the earth. To stand on the prostrate corpse of one of these sylvan kings, perchance to feel your feet sinking into what was once his stout and solid heart, and to realize that long ere you were born he was thus laid out in state, is enough to set one thinking on the changes that have come about since this mouldering trunk stood erect and young upon the mountain. Then the moose and caribou roamed through these woods, antlered bucks fought tourneys in their shades, and big gray wolves held grewsome carnival. Yet here, if anywhere, the wilderness of the olden time has been preserved, and the moccasined Indian with his bow and arrows would seem more in keeping with the place than the white man with his breechloader.

Never believe that you know a mountain well until you have stood on its highest rock, bathed in the unimpeded current of the upper air! Here you shall learn the difference between aspiration and inspiration, and gain new conceptions of things. Here you shall find the old earth seems older than elsewhere. The ledges of rock are its ancient and fleshless bones, and even the moss that covers them is gray and hoary. The elements have had their way up here and have left the marks of their rude fingers. The trees are scraggy and stunted, distorted, as though by pain, at the buffetings they have received at the hand of the winds. Dwarfed from exposure and lack of nourishment, their crippled limbs and crooked bodies bear evidence of the hard treatment they have suffered.

But look abroad from the summit of Skitchewaug, and you shall see a rare and beautiful sight. At the North, old Ascutney rears his massive bulk, a dome of solid granite; while to the East, and West, and South, the lesser hills hem in the landscape with a wall of green. In the Eastern valley the fair Connecticut winds its way through level meadows, and on the sloping hillsides the cloud shadows come and go. Some such scene as this it must have been which inspired Percival to write,

" A waste of rocks was round me,
But below, how beautiful! How rich the plains!
A wilderness of groves and ripening harvests."

It is indeed a glorious thing to stand upon the summit of a mountain, with one's feet on the everlasting rock! I do not wonder that Byron's fiery soul found satisfaction there. I do not wonder that Elijah fled to the mountains for refuge from both bodily and mental ills. I do not wonder that the Saviour himself " went up into a mountain," to escape the multitude; nor do I marvel that his disciples followed him and there listened to the grandest sermon that ever was preached.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. D. BLACK, HASTINGS, MICH.

RECREATION LAUNCH, OWNED BY MR. BLACK.

A SHORT SHOOTING MATCH.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

I doubt the good quality of the "sporting blood" of any man who will not claim his gun, dog, horse and boat superior to any others. A real, keen, thoroughbred sportsman, the kind of man your soul knits to, has abiding and abundant faith in himself and all that is his.

I saw such a one's first test many years ago. He was a boy out hunting with an old, battered, dilapidated musket, that at 100 feet would probably scatter shot over a 50 foot circle. He met 2 other boys, who carried guns. Then there was a warm discussion of the merits of the weapons.

The embryo sportsman with the musket made a gallant fight; but was forced to abandon point after point by the evident superiority of the other guns, and the combined eloquence of their champions. Finally, in apparent desperation, he took his last stand on this claim of merit: "I don't care what you say about her shootin' and looks; she'll jest nache'ly out kick both your old guns put together."

And standing on that point of superiority I left him, stern and defiant.

A few years ago I knew a man who hunted on the prairies of Illinois—hunted from daylight until dark the season through. His sporting ethics were not wholly orthodox, but lack of genuine enthusiasm was not one of his heterodoxies. One experience had with him was not at all creditable to me; but I hope to disarm hostile criticism by confessing my fault.

My friend's name was Joe Lett. He had a good dog, a good gun and he was a good shot. These facts he knew and was ready to maintain. I had a good gun, was a good shot, and my dog would have been a good one, if I had had a dog. We hunted together for several weeks for prairie chickens and quails. It was getting late for chickens, and the few left were flushing wild and flying strong.

We finally made one last chicken hunt with some heavily loaded shells, shooting No. 6 chilled shot; but with little success, and badly pounded shoulders. We then determined to devote our time wholly to quails, loading up for that purpose a lot of light shells with No. 12 shot.

Evenly matched as field shots, and I having no dog, there was but one thing to contest, and that was the shooting quality of our guns. We were soon in a friendly, but vigorous, contest over this important question. They were both hammer breech loaders, different make, but about the same grade, weight and size. As a matter of fact there was very little difference in the shooting qualities of the guns.

Coming in from a short trip one day, we allowed ourselves to grow more than usually heated over the gun question. We were walking the railroad tracks, when a bird flushed and flew straight away.

Joe drew on it, calling out, "See me kill him after he passes the telegraph pole." That was a distance of 60 yards or more, and rather far for No. 12 shot, and light loads. Ranging up beside him instantly, I said, "See me kill him after you miss." Joe fired, and missed. An instant later I fired and, to my great surprise, killed. Of course it was one of those accidents often seen in shooting—a case of one shot happening to find a vital spot. But I proceeded to make capital of it, and belittle the rival gun. Joe, of course, championed his gun bravely as ever, but it was my day.

Finally, feeling bound to make an effort to retrieve lost ground, he said, "Now you know that shot was but an accident, and no real test of the guns. Let us, right here and now, give them a fair test of some kind." I expressed my willingness.

He thereupon suggested that we each shoot at the other's hat, hung on the fence at the side of the road.

To this I assented. Our hats were alike, both new, soft, black, crush felts.

Stepping to a post I hung up my hat and told Joe to go down the track as far as he thought proper and hang up his. Then each would stand opposite his own hat and take one shot at the other.

Walking about 25 steps he turned and asked if that would do. It was close, but not caring to cry for quarter, and knowing No. 12 shot would not be much more effective on tough felt than coarse sand would, I said the distance was satisfactory to me. Joe walked to the fence to deposit his hat on a post. There was nothing farther from my mind—up to that time—than the idea of taking any unfair advantage; but while buttoning my coat, my hand came in contact with a hard substance in an upper pocket. It flashed over me that there was the sole survivor of those overcharged chicken shells loaded with chilled 6s. Well, I was only human, and young besides. Out came the little light shell from the close choked left barrel, and in went the great murderous charge. I thought of the report arousing suspicion, but a strong wind in my favor minimized this danger.

"Are you ready?" called Joe.

"Yes, go ahead," I replied.

He raised his gun, took aim and fired.

My hat made a barely perceptible movement, and was still. "Your turn now," said Joe.

I raised my gun, drew it firmly to my shoulder, that he might not notice the recoil, and fired. The recoil, as is always the case when you shoot at a mark, was apparently about twice as heavy as when like shells are shot at game; but my unstableness was not a circumstance to the gyrations of the suffering hat.

It jumped up about 6 inches at the crack of the gun, and a cloud of dust hovered about it.

Each of us proceeded at once to retrieve his hat and examine the damage done. A hasty glance assured me mine had only suffered the loss of a bit of nap, in 2 or 3 places, and there were but 3 or 4 almost invisible punctures.

Turning to watch Joe, I found he was just taking his hat from the post. Lifting it down he looked at it a moment as though rather surprised. Giving it a shake, he started a cloud of dust and small bits of cut felt, which seemed to increase his amazement. Going to the fence he leaned his gun against it, stepped back and grasped the hat on each side of the brim in both hands.

He proceeded to shake it again, stepping aside to see the bits of cut felt showering to the ground. Then he turned it over, looking at first one side and then the other in the most puzzled manner. He raised it above his head to look through the breaks and form some estimate of the damage done. I was near enough to see that almost as much blue sky showed through, as on either side of the hat.

A prettier pattern I had never seen, and I was proud of the old gun. Not a square inch of felt but had its quota of perforations; while from some of the angles of the crown pieces ranging in size from a pea to a gun wad had been cut clear away.

Joe wore the air of a man both hurt and disappointed, and was apparently too full for utterance. It suddenly occurred to him that he had shot at a hat also, and there might be some consolation in viewing the ruin he had wrought. He reached out his hand without a word, and understanding his motion and glad of an opportunity to compare hats, I handed him mine.

Side by side he held them, one in each hand, and looked them over carefully.

He shook my hat, struck it smartly across his knee, again looked it all over, and, with an abstracted air, returned it to me. Dusting out the inside of his hat lightly, so as not to detach any more loose felt, he put it on, picked up his gun, and started off without a word having been said. We had walked as much as half a mile, he apparently in deep thought, when he said, " Did you shoot both barrels? "

" No," said I, " only one."

" Which one? "

" The left."

" Choked, isn't it? "

" Yes, a little."

He walked on in silence for a few moments and then said, " You didn't load that shell with tacks, or shingle nails, did you? "

" No," said I, " it was loaded with shot." We hunted together for some time longer, but the relative shooting qualities of our guns was never again discussed.

The only time Joe referred to the shooting qualities of either gun in my hearing was once when we met some countrymen, and engaged them in conversation.

They brought up the question of our guns and asked Joe which was the better.

Glancing around and finding me apparently engaged in conversation with one of the party, he said:

" Mine is the best gun, but his "—nodding in my direction—" shoots so far he has to soak his shot in salt to keep the game he kills from spoiling before he gets to it."

THE HUNTER'S FAREWELL.

WM. JACKSON.

The leaves have fallen from the trees,
The prairie grass is brown,
The cry of wild fowl on the breeze
Foretell's grim Winter's frown.

The wild game leaves the mountain heights,
The bands of elk are shy,
The rosy, trembling Northern lights
Stream in the evening sky.

We'll put the rod and gun away,
Our camping tents we'll fold,
For winter soon will hold full sway;
Another year has rolled.

The Indian, too, has ceased to roam
His lodge with skins is warm;
The hunter seeks a Southern home;
All fear the winter's storm.

Adieu our guide, one handshake more,
For you have led us true;
Without your skill, and mountain lore
Our trophies would be few.

HOW I SAVED A MAN'S LIFE.

C. W. HINMAN.

Living in a section of country where big game once abounded, which is now all gone and where nothing is left but gray rabbits and democrats, I am not in it with your numerous correspondents more fortunately situated, and must necessarily bring up remembrances of early days or keep still.

When a boy of 16 I clerked for a hotel keeper who has since become a preacher and whose hotel was near an 80 acre lake. Pickerel were more sought after than other fish. Up to this time I had never rowed a boat. One day a sportsman came and, for want of a better oarsman I was sent to row him about the lake, using one oar and pike-pole. One push from shore brought us to where he, while standing up in the boat and skimming the surface with his bait, got a strike. I leaned over to watch the fun. He lost the pickerel but saved himself from falling out.

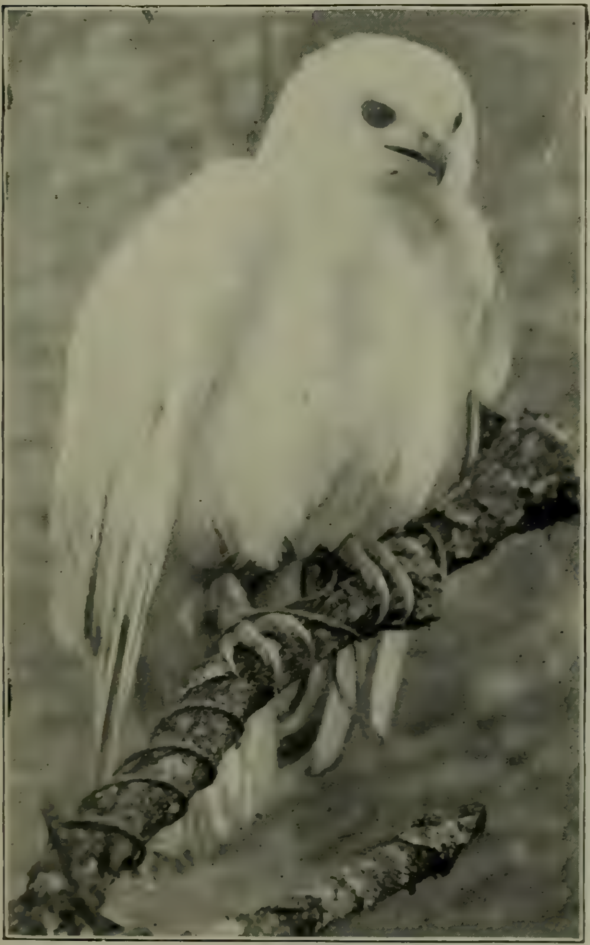
Then he directed me to row near the opposite shore where the water was deep. I used the oar and we were soon spinning round in a circle, to excuse which, I said I was looking for the pickerel he had lost.

We got several strikes after this, but there could be no catch on account of the way I mismanaged the boat. With a look of anger and disappointment the man said.

"Bub, if you don't get me ashore pretty quick I shall drown you." I undertook to row him in. When near the shore and while I was using the pike-pole the boat struck a stump and my passenger struck the bank. Getting on his feet and turning to me he said:

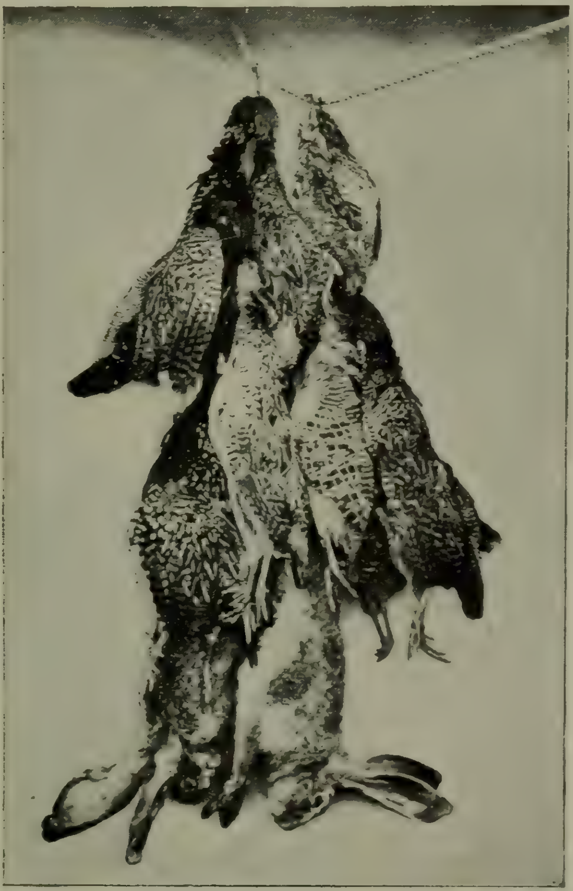
"Young man, I have just one thing to say to you and that is this: Contrary to my expectations I am not drowned but accidentally on dry land. I am going to the hotel, where I shall pay my bill, and report you drowned. If you come on ashore and prove me a liar I shall shoot you."

I staid away until the mad fisherman got out of town. Then I ventured home, but before I took any more strangers out fishing I learned to pull on 2 oars at once.



ALBINO HAWK.

Supposed to be Cooper's red-tailed hawk.



CHUCKOR PARTRIDGE, *CACCABIS CHUKOR.*

BLACK-NECKED HARE, *LEPUS NIGRICOLLIS.*

MY FIRST WILD TURKEY.

I have had the pleasure, for the last few years, of spending my winters in Florida, and have done some hunting, mostly for such game as ducks, quails and pigeons. I had always wanted to camp a few days in the woods, and had prepared to go 2 or 3 times but something prevented.

Last year I made up my mind I would not return North until I had seen what camp life was. In March I set a day to go. My ambition was to shoot a wild turkey; so I hired a guide and his team and dogs for a 3 days' hunt. We started one fine morning for a log hut, about 12 miles away in the flat woods, which was a noted resort for game. This hut was built by a doctor from New York who came South every year hunting birds' eggs for the Smithsonian Institute, and my guide always accompanied him on his trips. We got to the camp about noon and found it occupied by 2 old hunters who were going away next morning. They had hunted a little that morning and had shot one turkey. We bunked in with the hunters and arranged to get up before light and try for turkeys, by calling them off the roost.

I had a square block of wood hollowed out so the sides were very thin. I could draw a piece of slate over the edge of this and make a sound like the call of a hen turkey. The guide could imitate their call with his mouth.

We started before light and went about a mile from camp. There the guide told me to stay and keep my ears open for a gobbler, while he went on.

I waited and waited. I thought daylight would never come, but at last it grew light, and soon I heard a gobbler, far away in the swamp ahead of me. I tried to call him, but don't know whether he heard me or not. Then I tried to creep nearer the bird. Occasionally I would call and he would answer, but without coming toward me. I crept within 20 or 30 rods of where I thought he was and called. He answered softly. I located the sound as best I could and began crawling on my hands and knees in water 6 inches deep. In this way I gained 15 rods, keeping under cover. I got to one big bunch of palmetto and waited and listened. Pretty soon I heard something moving. I peeped through the cover and saw, in an open space not 2 rods square, 4 large male turkeys and 5 hens. It was the finest sight I ever saw. The gobblers were strutting and making a great fuss. It was a long shot, but I saw no way of getting nearer ; so I fired at the bunch. After shooting my first barrel I ran up to get a shot if they flew. One old gobbler started to fly and I downed him. I expected to find 2 or 3 dead where I shot at the bunch, but to my disgust I found nothing but feathers. The strangest thing about it was that I did not see anything of the rest of the flock after I fired the first barrel, except the bird I shot.

You can imagine how big I felt as I shouldered my first turkey and started for camp. I found the guide getting breakfast. He was surprised to see me coming in with a turkey, and wanted to know how I got it and all about it. I told him, and after breakfast we took the dogs and went back to where I shot at the bunch. We could find no trace of them but the feathers I had scattered.

Later that morning the guide killed 2 young gobblers, but the one I shot was the largest and I know I felt the largest. We stayed there 3 days, and shot 7 turkeys and some small game. I never expect to enjoy a trip more than I did that one.

PHOTO BY W. C. KEPLER.

"BUT THE BIGGEST ONE GOT AWAY."

DISCOVERY OF BROOKS' LAKE.

B. B. BROOKS.

Ever since the days of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville," Northwestern Wyoming and the head waters of Wind river, have stood renowned as the hunter's paradise.

Not only famous as the natural resort for every species of big game in North America; not only celebrated for the size and quality of the mountain trout that fill her icy streams; but here nature unrestrained, chants her grandest most soul-inspiring hymns. Here the world was finished. Here on the eleventh hour of the sixth day, the Mighty Sculptor dropped a handful of left-over clay. The result was the anarchy of nature—sublime chaos! The snowy mountain peaks rising so far above the dark pines, that the eye grows dizzy searching for their summits, are here tossed in indescribable confusion. Could we scale them, we might tickle the feet of the Angels. It is the backbone of the world, and down its cragged sides rush melting snows, that spread and swell, until they traverse ⅔ of the United States.

In '89, I escorted some gentlemen from Lincoln, Nebraska, on a 6 weeks' trip to the head of Wind river. We outfitted at Casper, Wyo. A mess wagon, 4 big mules, with old reliable "Post Hole Jack" holding the ribbons, a cook, horse wrangler, and 5 well mounted hunters composed the party. Do you know about the 150 mile stretch between Casper and Lander? If not you have missed nothing. From Lander we struck across the great Indian reservation, passed Ft. Washakie and pushed on up the great valley of Wind river.

What a chance to study the untutored savage! How we enjoyed peeking into the tepees, and watching the sports of the little copper colored children! How we admired the masterly horsemanship of the bucks, and the ingenuity of their tireless squaws!

And those night camps on the banks of Wind river! How soundly we slept, lulled by the music of the rock-tossed, rushing waters.

Finally turning up the Riviere du Noir, we reached the head of navigation, so to speak. Right at our feet, towering one above the other, stretched the rocky, pine clad hills of the great Sierras.

After unloading our pack-saddles, and carefully concealing our wagon and harness, we started out on the most enjoyable hunt of my life.

We pushed far back into the heavy pine forests, and found deer, mountain sheep, elk, and bear in abundance. After the fourth day, while gathered at evening about the camp-fire, we made a solemn compact that none of the party should kill another elk. In the 7 days following, we killed 9 bears, 8 of which were shot in fair fight, the other being caught in a trap. It chanced, however, that this last, a mammoth grizzly, came nearer making things warm for us, than any of the others. This fellow broke the chain, and escaped. Three of us were trailing him along an elk path on the side of a canyon, close by which grew a small clump of brush. I cautioned the men to go slowly, as "Old Eph" might be hidden there. However after reconnoitering carefully, we concluded Bruin had passed on. But just as we were skirting this clump of bushes, our grizzly with a "woof!" suddenly reared up, not 20 feet from us. The straightness of his bristling hair was fully equalled by that of our own. The 40 pound trap with its broken chain, hung to one front paw, but he handled it as if it had been a feather.

Three rifle shots echoed sharply through the canyon. The bear was dead. Three excited hunters told how they were perfectly cool, not one bit afraid, and just where they had aimed so as to hit the grizzly and kill him instantly. The skin was removed, and carefully examined. One bullet hole, and one only had pierced the hide. Every man claimed the honor.

The next day I went out alone, after mountain sheep; as one of the party was extremely anxious to get a good specimen head to take home with him.

That was one of the red letter days of my life. I wish I could now experience but a small part of the keen enjoyment that day produced. Next to a renewed acquaintance with the feelings which that day transported me to a higher plain, I would be content if only I had the ability to pen-picture them, so that others might feel and know.

Well, I did not kill my sheep, or anything else. I did not even fire a shot. In fact about 11 o'clock that day, while descending a frightful bluff, in search of big horn, my horse slipped, fell, and rolling over a few times, broke off the stock of my gun. All that beautiful morning, I had followed fresh sheep tracks from cliff to cliff, from crag to crag. All that morning I had gazed at the grandeur and sublimity of surrounding nature. For simple deviltry, I had startled a band of elk and sent them dashing down the great canyon. For amusement, I had baited a porcupine, until in rage, he shook the spines from his quivering tail. The very air seemed to breathe new life, and hope, and joy.

After the accident, I started out, like Columbus of old, to discover the unknown. Shaping my course to a mighty promontory, I took my field glasses, and scanned the surrounding wilderness.

Far to the West, and down, down, thousands of feet below among the pines, glistened a lake, large and beautiful.

There I would go, and there I went. The beach was like the ocean, but dented by innumerable tracks of elk and bear. The lake seemed fully a mile wide, while the 3 lower sides were surrounded by primeval forests sloping gently to the shore. From the upper end, where I sat silently on my horse, stretched a broad, level, peaceful valley. Everywhere profound silence, save the soft lapping of the waves. I stood closer to nature's heart that day, than ever before. As I looked up the valley, a feeling of power and exultation, of peace and home swept over me; and for once I was supremely happy.

It was growing late, and turning, I rode reluctantly up the park like plain. Suddenly I came to the banks of a broad shallow stream, whose placid waters scarcely moved. There were no bushes on its sides, and for all the world it seemed like a canal, fashioned by the hand of man. Here in this sublimely quiet valley, where you could almost feel the pulse beat of Eternity, a rushing, boisterous mountain stream would have seemed sacrilegious. Following up this strange waterway, I saw numberless mountain trout of mammoth size, floating lazily along, undisturbed even by my strange presence. The valley gradually narrowed, and about 2 miles above the large lake, it terminated in a smaller one, which was surrounded by rugged hills, whence burst forth countless springs. The waters were quite clear, and I could see thousands of mountain trout, great big fellows, swimming about.

Reluctantly I returned to camp, full of enthusiasm over my discovery. The next day we packed 2 mules, and I guided most of the party back to this enchanted spot, where we fished and spent the night. There was but little sport in fishing. It required no skill to catch them, for they would bite at anything as fast as one could haul them in, and they seemed too fat and lazy, even to fight when hooked.

To-day this is called Brooks' lake, and is a famous resort for sportsmen, but this is the first account I have ever given of its discovery.

THE BIRD DOG.

The bird dog family is divided into 2 classes, the pointer and the setter. The pointer is a tall, short haired dog followed by a tail in all kinds of weather. The steady business of this dog is prospecting for chickens. He is lifted into a wagon early in the morning, carried into the country, and when a promising place is found, he is told to hie on. If he is asleep or for some other reason does not "hie," he is given a boost that greatly assists him over the wagon wheel into the grass. After he strikes the ground he throws his head up in the air and starts to run like a clock oiled with butter. When he strikes the scent his nose is worn on the ground and his tail is worked like a town pump handle on circus day.

"The dog has chickens," says the man who has borrowed a No. 10 gun and bought No. 12 shells.

"Sure thing," says the man who owns the dog, as he jumps over the back wheel with his gun in one hand and some goose shells in the other. The dog lifts up his head, starts across a piece of plowed ground, gets up a meadow lark and chases it into a pasture. The barb wire fence catches the dog by the ear and he hollers like a steamboat fed on soft coal. The dog gets back into the rig, bleeds over the dressed up hunter's pants and shakes the blood over his white shirt which has not been vaccinated against blood. The man who owns the dog gets in with an explanation. He says the meadow lark smells like the prairie hen and the best dog gets fooled on it.

The man with the ruined shirt dares to inquire if the dog is blind, or hasn't been wire fence broke. The owner of the rig says he will get out and shoot a hawk. He stuffs the gun full of shells and blazes away with both barrels. The hawk swoops 2 or 3 times and sails off better than ever. Just then 9 chickens get up in front of the horses and the hawk shooter tries to get a shell into his gun, brass end first. The chickens get away without a shot being fired at them. One is marked down and the setter dog is lifted out. This dog has long hair and a tail like a fly fan. He likes to roll in mud puddles and dead steers. After a proper roll he smells like a soap factory leaning against a glue mill. In this condition he is not fit for the parlor. The setter runs around for a while and begins to dig for a gopher. He is a borrowed dog and gets kicked. Then he starts over the hills for home on a dead run. About the first thing he runs into is the lone chicken, and the man with the No. 10 gun and small shells is busy getting ready to shoot. He finds out where he has made a mistake and makes a terrible roar. Then the party drives home by way of the meat market and talks of many things en route.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

CAPTAIN KELLY IN ALASKA.

Tyonic, Alaska.

Editor RECREATION: I have just returned from the Tanana country, having been off the map all summer traveling through the unexplored region between the Suchitna river and the Copper river.

Found your letter of August 9th awaiting me at the Knik station, also an official telegram of June 30th, announcing my appointment as a Captain in the 10th Volunteer Infantry. Just think of it! Fighting mosquitoes, wading rivers, climbing glaciers, threading the moist forest lake region (Stanley's African jungles are not in it), when I might have enjoyed the mild excitement of drawing a bead on a Spaniard.

The interior of Alaska is a beautiful country of grand mountains, grassy hills, wooded lakes and prairies. I believe horses and mules can go anywhere since we took them through the swamp region. They do not mind the mosquitoes much. Of course when I get back to New York I shall tell the Camp Fire boys all about it. We are waiting here for the steamer which is due tomorrow. Then we are to sail for Seattle. With the exception of mountain sheep (snow white here) we found but little game. Even water fowls are scarce in the interior.

We went up the Matanuska 100 miles, through a rolling timbered country; then passed through a lake region about 70 miles; then down Gerstle river to within 30 miles of the Tanana, whose broad valley lay before us. Our provisions gave out at that point and we had to turn back. This was on September 1st. We traveled 360 miles, hewing our way and building bridges for our animals. We had 10 pack horses and 6 mules.

On Gerstle river we found a small camp of Copper river Indians who thought our mules a new kind of moose. It was on this river that the best indications of gold were observed.

In one day we passed over 70 lakes and from the rounded hills we could see lakes 10 and 20 miles long, toward the Copper river. This was when we were about 80 miles West of the Wrangel group of mountains. Grass and flowers are found everywhere. Since the 1st of May it has not been cold enough to wear an overcoat. I presume, however, the interior is ice bound, now, for I am writing you from Cook's inlet, where it is always mild.

I inclose a piece of birch bark from the Matanuska river. This stream is about 120 miles long and comes from a glacier that juts out of the ice-bound region of Port Wells and Port Valdez. One fork comes from a lake near a stream flowing Northward into Copper river. The country is rolling and flat where the lake region begins and extends nearly to the Tanana. The Matanuska empties in Knik inlet near the Knik river. The valleys are lined with stately timber—beech, cottonwood and spruce. On the high mountains farther back, white mountain sheep are found. Moose and caribou run over the swamps and hills. The only game I killed was 2 of these white sheep (*Ovis Dalli*) and a lot of grouse and ptarmigan. Luther S. Kelly.

AN OVERLAND CRUISE.

DR. E. D. CARTER.

It is with pleasant recollections that I recall the principal events of an overland hunting trip made by 2 kindred spirits through the lake regions of Northern Iowa a few years ago. Equipped with a light covered wagon, and with a team of mustangs we made fair progress over the level prairie roads, stopping only now and then as we came to some good looking bit of cover or stubble. Here we would alight, allowing the dogs to work the fields, and thus get a chance to exercise ourselves. After a short tramp of this kind we would invariably return with a few chickens. At noon a short stop for the midday meal, and at night wherever darkness overtook us we would camp and picket our horses.

We were up early in the morning and after a hasty breakfast were off to the nearest stubble. The dogs always ranged well ahead, and our guns were in readiness as some stately cock or perchance a whole covey would get up with a whir.

One of the many places where we camped for a day or 2 of duck shooting was called Lost Island lake. It was really nothing more than a large marsh, covering perhaps 400 acres, and was a likely looking place for wild fowl.

The name would indicate there had been an island somewhere, but we failed to discover it, so we gave it up as irreparably lost.

We camped on a little knoll near the lake. This we regretted later for our close proximity to the water made it impossible for us to get any sleep the first night. The noise and confusion made by the myriads of water fowl of all kinds throughout the night, was deafening.

On the afternoon of our arrival all was quiet on the marsh, but about 5 o'clock in the evening the flight commenced. Ducks and geese came in from all directions, and such a flight it has never been my good fortune to witness before nor since. They came in immense flocks, as though this were the only open water on the globe. They kept coming as long as it was light enough for us to distinguish their movements. Not a gun was fired that evening. Our larder did not require replenishing, and we did not wish to carry on a needless slaughter.

At daybreak 2 of our party made a trip, around the lake while I remained at camp, and soon from the rushes on the opposite shore I could see puffs of white smoke, closely followed by the reports of the guns. At each shot hundreds of birds would rise from the water with a great quacking and flapping of wings. This afforded me several good shots at scattered birds as they were circling about or leaving the lake. When the boys returned to breakfast I had secured 12 ducks and one goose, which was the extent of my shooting for that day. These phenomenal flights of water fowl are no more in this vicinity, and the pinnated grouse, or prairie chicken, is also greatly diminished in numbers.

When I think of the scarcity of the prairie chicken crop this fall, and then when I recall the abundance of them only a few years ago, I am astonished. I ask myself, What has become of them? What is the cause of this vast decrease in the numbers of all our game birds? But after a moment's reflection, and after taking into consideration the numerous agencies employed for their destruction, the ill enforced laws, spring shooting, modern arms and ammunition, the market shooter, and the game hog who shoots as long as there is anything in sight I wonder they have not been totally exterminated long ago. But even with the chickens reduced as they are, with proper protection there is yet many seasons of fair chicken shooting in store for us.

The sand hill crane which, at the time of which I write, was a regular visitor to our cornfields during the migrations is now rarely seen. They will soon go the way of the passenger pigeon. E. D. C.

PLAIN WORDS FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Boise, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION: I will give you a few facts regarding game, and the utter disregard of all protective laws. A few years ago a party from B. came up and camped near my ranch, in close season, and were soon forced to move their camp on account of the stench from a pile of blue grouse that were rotting there. I counted 27 of these birds. When I spoke to the men about it they said these were shot near camp, and there were as many more in the mountains which they had killed but had not brought in.

"Why do you kill so many?" I asked.

"Oh we have 2 new guns and are practicing."

When Jim South was Game Warden of this county he deputized me as assistant. After repeated warnings I arrested 2 men. One of them cursed and swore in court and when the Justice remonstrated with him he told his honor to go to hell. They proudly acknowledged their guilt and the Justice let them off with costs, $6.30. Then I resigned and did some cursing myself.

Do not understand me to blame South. He worked hard for the enforcement of the game laws, but what can a man do when 9 out of every 10 of the Justices are law breakers themselves?

Two years ago I was given the nomination for Justice of the Peace. A prominent man came to me, congratulated me and assured me I would be elected. Then he said:

"Of course if elected you will remember your friends, in case any of them come before you." I replied,

"If I am elected I shall have neither friend nor enemy, in any case that may come before me."

"Do you mean to say you would fine me for killing game out of season?"

"Yes, sir, if you were guilty I should give you the extreme penalty."

"Then," said he, "by G— I'll beat you if it costs me $200!"

I was beaten. Whether he did it or not I don't know nor care; but you can see how the law is defied here. There are men in this state who talk loud about game protection, and then come out in the mountains and kill for the mere sport of killing, or to satisfy the cussedness which goes to their general make up. Last summer I saw one of these fishing near my house, and he threw on the ground 9 trout, from 4 to 6 inches long, and left them. He was too mean and lazy to drop them back in the stream. In July, last, a large party camped near me for 2 weeks. They were some of the big ones from town and one of them was the son of a college president. My neighbor saw them killing grouse. He came to ask me if I knew them and said if I did he would have them arrested. They told him they had too much influence; that he could not do anything, and I told him the Justice would dismiss the case. I feel at times as though I should like, as the boys on the plains used to say, to take my gun and make a killing. I have in the past, as I suppose all old timers have, killed game out of season; but when I think of the buffalo, the elk, the deer, and the antelope that are now comparatively speaking gone forever, it makes me long for a law that would prohibit killing for 10 or 15 years.

I do hope the L. A. S. will do something toward it. Am not a member yet, but am in hearty sympathy with it, and will do all I can for it. As soon as I can spare the money I shall join. Then with the League behind me I will stir up some facts that will surprise many people. Yours for protection,

J. H. Cardell.

This man would make a good local warden and I shall see that he is appointed as soon as his Division shall have been organized.—EDITOR.

THE '98 MODEL SPORTSMAN.

Tempe, Ariz.

Editor RECREATION: All those who shoot, or want others to think they shoot, proclaim their expertness to a wondering world through RECREATION. By reading their communications I have learned that I don't shoot, or at least am not a fin de siècle shooter. What hurts me is that I never can shoot, for I haven't money to buy nor time to learn the names of all the traps now included in the outfit of an up to date sportsman.

I was once green enough to believe that a fellow who took his gun, went out among the game and, paying due regard to those unwritten rules of honor existing between hunter and hunted, then and there blazed away at his feathered friends, was shooting. But I was wrong. He could not be shooting; for where is his extra gun? where his gun rack? where his man to growl at when a straight away is missed? And greater than all, where, O where, is his Kodakist to take his picture as he stands erect with his high priced gun in his hand, his game at his feet, his gun rack at one side full of guns, rifles and revolvers, and his man just far enough back not to be out of sight?

Coquina will pardon me for writing about my dilemma, and not only pardon but pity me. He has been a Western man himself and knows that a Westerner posed beside a few stale fish, or ragged quail would blush when the picture machine was pointed at him. The blush would show that the Western man knew he was using the defunct game merely as an adjunct to the display of his handsome features before the shooting public.

I have a neighbor whom I once thought a mighty hunter; but now the bubble has burst and I see him as he is. He never had his picture published and he leans his old gun against the wall instead of putting it in a cabinet. And such a gun! No real sportsman would own it. It is a .44-40, '73 model, Winchester. The muzzle was battered in a hand to claw lion fight by coming in contact with a rock instead of the lion, and therefore had to be sawed off. Stock and barrel bear other marks of combat that make it totally unfit to repose in a $40 cabinet. Besides the old thing shoots cheap ammunition; 50 shots for 6 bits. So I say the gun is just where it belongs, namely, in the possession of a man who is no hunter. The killing of over 100 lions, over 300 cats, catamount and lynx, and over 40 bears with that old .44 does not entitle him to be called a sportsman or even a hunter.

There is one incident in his career which, if handled rightly, might make him out something of a sportsman. One day while engaged in an encounter with 3 silver tip bears, his wife, a plucky Texas girl, rushed to his aid with an old "long Tom" .45-70, government gun. The "long Tom" was not needed, however; the bears being despatched with the .44. Now I am anxious to make out a good case for my friend, and if you think best will change the bear story a little. The old .44 and cheap cartridges can be kept out of sight, and the lady might be represented as a man servant carrying a fine Savage rifle, with gold nosed bullets costing $1 a piece.

It seems to be the intention of the L. A. S. to revive the old English poaching laws. One of the reasons given is that boys and foreigners use "old muskets and cheap shot guns." Will some one kindly explain why any one who sees fit should not use muskets and cheap shotguns?

Subscriber.

BEARS, LIONS, AND WOLVES.

Cora, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION: Few realize the immense damage done, not only to stock, but to game, by beasts of prey. Though it is generally supposed such animals are nearly extinct in the United States, yet in large regions throughout the West the ravages of wolves, mountain lions and grizzly bears jeopardize the profits of stock raising. Of these animals, the wolf is most numerous and destructive. They have increased enormously in the past 10 years. In Northwestern Colorado, 10 years ago, it was a rare thing to see or hear of a wolf. Now they range that country by hundreds, and the damage they do to stock must be estimated by thousands of dollars.

While cattle suffer most, all kinds of stock are the prey of these bloodthirsty brutes. I never knew them to attack man; but the reason is not hard to find. Contact with an armed population will teach caution to any animal, no matter how fierce. On the stock ranges wolves are shot at whenever seen, and they have a wholesome fear of and respect for man.

But nothing else escapes them. They will pull down full grown cattle and horses; and in the spring, when the deer are weak, the gulches are lined with half eaten carcasses. A wolf hardly ever touches carrion. He prefers freshly killed meat. As this is not hard to get on the ranges, the poor cattle suffer.

The damage done by a wolf bitch with a litter of cubs, in a cattle country, can hardly be calculated. I helped dig out a litter of cubs in Northwestern Colorado, last spring. The den was located in the center of a range occupied by breeding cows. The leg bones and other remains around the den, showed the old wolf had killed and brought in not less than a dozen calves. There was no way of telling how many she had killed and eaten away from the den; but a low estimate of the damage done by this one she wolf would run up into the hundreds of dollars. And where there are hundreds of wolves on a range, the amount of stock they kill is beyond belief. The only way the wolf question can be met is by a uniform cash bounty, in effect over all the country infested by them, of not less than $10 a head on wolves. This bounty should be on cubs as well as grown wolves. It is the lowest sum that will induce men to outfit and hunt wolves as a business. If something is not done, and wolves increase for the next decade as they have during the last, stock raising, on the range, will be almost impossible.

Next to the wolf as a destroyer of stock and game comes the mountain lion or cougar. This animal is found throughout the mountains of the West, and in places is abundant.

It is more destructive to horses than to cattle, rarely killing any bovine animal larger than a calf, and not many of them when other food can be had.

Lions are fond of colts, and in certain parts of the West it is now impossible to raise horses on the range. The lions get every colt.

They also kill many deer; and where mountain sheep are found one can nearly always see where lions have had a feast of mutton.

On the great winter ranges of mule deer in Northwestern Colorado, thousands are destroyed every year by lions. One lion will sometimes kill 4 or 5 deer in a night.

Lions are easily trailed and treed, or brought to bay, with dogs; but the dogs must be especially trained for this work.

Wm. Wells.

AN HOUR WITH CANADIAN RUFFED GROUSE.

W. E. WOODYEAR.

It was on one of those beautiful days in the early part of September. I was lying in my little 7x7 A tent, pitched alongside of one of the prettiest lakes in New Brunswick —Lake Utopia, and when I heard in the distance a noise like some one showering light blows on a hollow log, I at once recognized it as the well known drum of the cock grouse. I pulled on an old pair of moccasins, and made a rush for my gun. In less time than it takes to tell it I had it together and was putting on my old hunting coat. Then I started on a run in the direction from which the noise came.

I had gone about 300 yards when I heard a "whir," saw dead leaves flying and my longed-for bird going through the woods like a shot. I slipped 2 shells into my faithful little Scott and waited for the bird to settle, which he did about 100 yards ahead, after twisting around through the underbrush for what seemed an hour.

I started in pursuit, making as little noise as possible. When I got within a reasonable gun-shot distance I straightened up and made ready to shoot, kicking into a pile of brush to flush the bird. Up he came, about 35 or 40 yards off. I raised, pulled and missed with my left but did the work with my right. Walking up to where the bird had fallen I found him as dead as a stone, with only 2 shot in him, one in the head and the other through the heart.

I put him in my pocket and started for camp, but remembering that "Birds of a feather flock together," I stopped, and put 2 fresh shells in my gun. I had gone but a few steps when another grouse flushed. I pulled, and saw feathers fly, but the bird kept on. I was on the point of giving him up, when I saw him make one mighty effort, then double up and drop. He must have fallen into a whole brood of grouse, for at that time of year, although full grown, they had not broken up. It seemed as if 50 birds had flushed at once; but later I found there were only 9. I started after then and they gave me some lively sport.

One would get up on one side of me, and when I would shoot the report would flush one on the other side, or behind me, and I would nearly break my neck trying to turn quick enough to get a shot.

After bagging 7 of the 9 I went back to where I had left the dead bird which had played so important a part in my sport. After examining him closely, I found he had been hit by only a few shot, and that one had gone near the heart, which accounted for his not dropping at shot.

Speaking of shot going near or through the heart, I have known deer and other large game to run a quarter of a mile or more, with a bullet directly through the heart.

After getting my 9 dead birds together I made my way hastily to camp as it was already quite dark.

AT EAGLES' NEST.

LOUIS P. SMITH.

Easter Sunday found me at Portland, Me., after a month's continuous travel without a chance at field sports of any kind. Accustomed to out-of-door life, I was getting desperate and it is hard to tell what would have happened had I not received a dispatch from Mr. Frank Cole of Biddeford, Me., urging me to come at once, as ducks were flying and everything was ready for a day's shooting. The first train out of Portland, carried me bag and baggage, and I had duck fever as only a duck hunter can have it when he has not watched the decoys for a whole season.

At Biddeford station Mr. Cole's daughter met me and told of immense flocks of coot, black ducks, and old squaws which were going up the coast, and soon Mr. and Mrs. Cole and I started for a 9 mile drive to their summer home, "Eagles' Nest" on Biddeford bay.

Mr. Cole has a model shooting wagon with room for everybody on the 2 wide seats and a comfortable place for the dogs in the back. He also has the best little road horse I ever saw, and we made the 9 miles over country roads, in the night, in 46 minutes.

Arrived at the house, we hustled off to bed, and the first streak of sunlight found us up and admiring a beautiful Biddeford pool. The pool is full of bowlders over which the ocean sweeps in stormy weather, and on the most prominent point of cliffs, stands Eagles' Nest. Then, just across a little stretch of beach is the life saving station, with its sturdy seamen who keep constant watch for ships in distress. From them, we learned the time and location of different flights, which helped us materially, and if they enjoyed the duck dinner we left with them later it repaid them in part for the courtesy shown us. While admiring my surroundings I was told all was in readiness for our trip beyond the breakers. We got into the boats and pulled for Shooting rock, where we left Mrs. Cole. Then a hundred rods farther out, Mr. Cole dropped anchor and decoys, and instructed me to go about the same distance beyond. Soon after we were located the birds began to come. First a pair of black ducks swung in to Mr. C., and only one went away. Then, a flock of coot whistled in over my decoys and 2 splashed in the water. "Bang," "bang," came the report of Mrs. Cole's little Ithaca, from Shooting rock, and I saw 2 birds tumble. So it went until we had enough and, out of respect for RECREATION'S campaign against game hogs, we pulled up anchor and returned to shore.

HOW WOULD THIS DO?

Roslindale, Mass.

Editor RECREATION: For several years I have been thinking, or trying to think, of some way to stop, or at least to reduce, reckless shooting in our big game regions. In some localities it is unsafe to go into the woods without wearing a style of clothing altogether unsuitable for hunting big game. There are men who go into the woods prepared to shoot at everything that moves, and to find out later whether they have bagged or missed a guide or a brother sportsman. They scarcely expect any such good luck as to "happen" to kill a deer. I heard, not long ago, of a party going to Maine to spend their vacation who took along 125 pounds of cartridges! Excuse me from neighboring with them. The place for such people is at the traps or targets. Perhaps I should say in some insane asylum. The woods should be the last place for them to go.

A scheme has occurred to me that you may think worthy a place in your valuable magazine. It is new to me anyway, although it may be old to many of RECREATION'S readers. We will instance Maine, where each man has a right to kill, each year, one moose, one caribou and 2 deer. Let us suppose the law should read "shoot at" instead of "kill." How would that work? It seems to me most men would then be extremely careful of their shots and make every one count. They would stalk their game, kill it with a merciful shot in a vital place and at close range, like true hunters. Probably a law of this kind would not be lived up to any better than existing laws; but in case a man unfortunately got into close proximity with one of these "shooters" he might be able to hobble him.

I firmly believe that many more deer are killed and never found than are brought to bag. I know several men who go to Maine or Canada every year; who make a practice of putting a bullet or a charge of buck shot after every deer that jumps within sight. In such cases the sportsman usually makes a careless search. "Guess he wasn't hurt much, only a few drops of blood on the leaves," is his report when he gets back to camp; but the deer seeks some swamp to die. Of course there are men who with buck shot, or even with bullet, can kill deer on the run, through heavy timber, but I never saw one yet who would not miss a large per centage of those fired at. The greatest benefit to be gained, however, would be from knowing that people are going to be sure what they are firing at, and that a man can go into the woods without fear of being shot for game.

H. A. Ives.

THE NEW SPORTSMAN.

These are the days of regeneration. Lee has given us a New South. Dewey has given the world a New Power to reckon with. An array of wise women (and men) have given us the New Woman and RECREATION, assisted by the L. A. S., has given us the New Sportsman.

He is not a brand new creation; he is only old material regenerated. He is the old time stuff, aiming to get fresh air, sunlight, scenery, exercise, study and natural history out of sport; but to leave out the repulsive features—cruelty and destruction. He aims at all the joys and none of the regrets of the chase. If RECREATION had done nothing else but plant and water this noble tree, it would have sufficient claim to immortality.

My enthusiasm is stirred away down deep when I see work like that on page 329 of your November number—"Photographing a Quail"—by N. D. Keys and C. Ç. Galleher. If these men had shot those quail they would possibly have had a momentary thrill of triumph over a good shot, followed by some half smothered, but more lasting pangs of regret over the great cost of the tiny victory. But, thank the Lord! they were not that kind of men, and instead the pictures they made will give lasting unalloyed pleasure to themselves and to the hundreds of thousands of others who will henceforth see them.

More power to the League and the New Sportsman!

Ernest Seton Thompson, New York City.

Dear RECREATION: The inspiring evidence in your November number, of an able bodied hunter preferring the snap shot photograph of a living Bob White on its nest, to the carcass of the bird filled with shot, marks an era in the evolution of man that Darwin himself could scarcely have predicted from the sportsmen of his recent day. The beast in man dies a slow death, but it is dying. Even Bob White has advanced his moral status from that of his polygamous, selfish kin, the true quail of Europe; and is among the most loyal of mates and tirelessly devoted of parents. Certain virtues are time honored by men and beasts alike; but that there is more actual pleasure in preserving the lives of creatures it has been our wont to destroy, than in sacrificing them to our pride of marksmanship or the gratification of our stomachs, is a new idea, rooted in men only who have outgrown the domination of the brute within.

Only the sportsman who has never tried to photograph a living, wild bird at close range, imagines it is a greater test of skillful marksmanship to shoot one. Only the man who possesses some such permanent and charming trophy of the chase as this picture of a setting Bob White exhibited by Mr. Keyes, can appreciate the truth of his statement, "I must confess that this hunt with a camera afforded me more pleasure than any shooting I ever did." By comparison of a pure pleasure like this the idea of that quail on toast becomes as sickening as a quail diet after 10 days.

Neltje Blanchan.

A WILDCAT'S VISIT.

Priest Rapids, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: A little adventure recently befell us here on the Columbia river. We had bought a quarter of fresh beef, and had it hung by a chain on the back porch. About 3 o'clock the next morning I was awakened by hearing the chain rattle. Looking through a small window that opened on the porch I could see, by the bright moonlight, a large wildcat. It had been trying to get at the meat. I got my shotgun, but the noise I made frightened the animal and it fled. I placed my gun near and returned to bed.

Our cellar opens by a trap door on the porch, and in it my little girl had shut her favorite kitten, lest it should disappear as had others of our cats. At 5 o'clock I was again aroused by a terrific growling, spitting, and caterwauling. Cautiously opening the window, I looked out. Within 6 feet of me was the wildcat, smelling, scratching and growling, at a small crack in the cellar door. Beneath the door the little kitten was challenging, with its loudest voice, the huge cat to mortal combat.

Cocking my gun, and getting the muzzle through the opening, I fired. Through the smoke I could see the cat roll over to the left, and then, with a prodigious leap, it disappeared. Thinking I had missed it, I went back to bed.

After breakfast, I found some hair and a little blood in the snow, which was about 2 inches deep. I followed the tracks about 300 yards to an almost perpendicular bluff of rocks, up which the cat had seemingly gone. I made a wide detour and coming to the edge of the bluff I discovered him lying on a projecting point. A load of BB's in the face settled him. He fell 150 feet and my boy picked him up dead. He weighed 25 pounds, besides a chunk that was missing from his right shoulder, where my first shot had shattered it. He had a beautiful skin, though it was considerably damaged by shot. I have no doubt it was he or some of his kind that killed our other cats.

H. Parrish.

HEART, BRAIN, AND BACKBONE SHOTS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: In May RECREATION, F. W. M. calls me to account for my opinion expressed in a previous number. During the controversy last summer concerning "heart shots," I related 2 instances where I had shot mule deer, through the heart. In both cases they ran quite a distance before falling; and I claimed it was necessary to strike the brain or backbone to drop them in their tracks.

F. W. M. takes exception to this and cites 3 cases in his experience to prove backbone and brain shots are not the only ones instantly fatal. I trust he will pardon me if I say he is not well up in anatomy. In his first case he shot a doe through the neck. Second: He shot a buck in the nose and the bullet went through the neck. Third: He shot a buck through the heart and the bullet also passed through the neck of a doe. He found the doe lying where she had stood, and the buck some little distance off.

All this only proves my statement. F. W. M. probably does not know that, in all animals and birds, the vertebra or backbone, runs from the head to the hips. In shooting his 3 victims through the neck he fractured the vertebra without knowing it. I consider a shot through the middle of the neck as fatal.

I did make a shot, some years ago, that dropped a deer dead in his tracks. At least he was dead when I got to him, 5 minutes later. He was shot fairly through both shoulders, and had evidently not moved after he fell. This shot was fatal because it shattered both shoulder blades, and severed the main artery leading from the heart to the brain.

Quaker City, Philadelphia, Pa.

JIM, I AND THE BEAR.

Hobucken, N. C.

Editor RECREATION: Pamlico county, North Carolina, is full of game. There are geese, brant, ducks, swans and quail, bear, deer, otters, minks, wildcats, raccoons and rabbits.

My last hunt there was in company with a colored man named Jim. Bears had been seen feeding in the corn fields and Jim, who claimed to be a great bear hunter, proposed we should go after them.

On a monlight night we hid in the tall corn and awaited the coming of our game. Jim sat so quietly I thought him asleep until he whispered, "Hi, Boss, does yer hear de canes rustlin' ?" I listened, but could hear nothing. I think Jim could, for presently he said, "Hadn't we better be gwine home? I'se shibbren wid de cole." Just as we left the corn we met a bear. Jim jumped back into cover, I fired, and the bear fell. I had a muzzle loader, and I sprinkled the landscape with powder in trying to recharge the old gun. I abandoned the effort on observing the bear had risen and was lurching toward me. In my precipitate retreat I met a large animal advancing from the opposite direction. It was only the farm dog coming to the rescue, but it looked to me like a bear. At this stage of the campaign I considered it good generalship to attempt a diversion. I jumped up and yelled for Jim. He did not respond; but the dog checked the bear's advance, and I finished reloading the gun. The dog and the bear were having a hot fight and I crept close to them before firing, lest I should wound my ally. This time I made a dead shot. I called Jim, and presently heard him coming through the canes. He stopped at a prudent distance and inquired, "Has you shuah killed de bar?" I told him to come and see it. He looked at my victim awhile and asked, "Did yer shoot him wid de gun, Boss, or scare him dead wid yer hollerin'?"

A. J. Lipton.

A COLORADO WOMAN'S HOME.

We are 40 miles from a railroad, in the Eastern part of Rio Blanco and Garfield counties, on the North and South fork of White river. This was once the sportsman's paradise. Our game is not quite so plentiful now as formerly, but some is yet to be found. Seven years ago deer could be seen by the thousand, and farther back in the mountains, at what we call "Sleepy Cat," elk could be found at any time.

Grouse, sage hens and squirrels are abundant.

The bear still wanders over the mountains; also the mountain lion and the lynx. In the roughest part of the region are a few lone mountain sheep.

The wolves and coyotes sing all night. I must not forget the jack rabbits. On moonlight nights they may be counted by the dozen.

Our streams abound in trout. Marvine lakes, Trappers' and Lost lakes also afford excellent fishing. Marvine lakes are about 64 miles from New Castle, our nearest railroad point. Above them rises a perpendicular cliff, hundreds of feet high, while on the other side ar lava beds, beautiful green timber and high mountains.

Trappers' lake is larger than one of the Marvines, but is more tame although fully as beautiful.

Lost lake is wild and lonely. Deer and elk often come down to the water.

Many people come here during the summer and find abundant sport.

A Sportswoman, New Castle, Col.

A GOOD DAY FOR RABBITS.

Landlord John Baughman, of the Marshall House; Charles Strickhouser, of this city, and Charles Spangler, William Eurich, Charles Nesbit and Robert and William Kitwallower, yesterday broke all records for a single day's rabbit shooting. Messrs. Baughman and Strickhouser returned last evening with 201 rabbits and several birds, which had been bagged by the party in the mountains in Warrington township.—York, Pa., Gazette.

On receipt of the above I wrote Mr. Baughman as follows:

"I am informed that you and some friends recently killed 201 rabbits in one day. Will you kindly inform me if this report is true?"

To which Mr. Baughman replies thus:

Your letter received. Yes, the report is true. We killed 201 rabbits which I can prove by a number of people here. If you ever come to York you will find my latch string out.

John S. Baughman, York, Pa.

Here is a peculiar case. Mr. Baughman evidently has not the remotest idea that in killing 201 rabbits in one day he and his friend disgraced themselves and transgressed the laws of decency. It is true, however, and I trust Mr. Baughman will accept this as a gentle reminder of the fact. No man should ever kill more than a dozen rabbits in a day, here in the Eastern states. If every shooter slaughtered game in the wholesale way in which these men have done it, there would soon be nothing to shoot in any of the Eastern states.

I thank Mr. Baughman for his kind invitation to visit him, and he can rest assured that if I ever have an opportunity of going with him after rabbits, or any other kind of game, I shall insist on his quitting when he gets enough.—EDITOR.

KILLING DEER IN CLOSE SEASON.

Dr. J. C. Comstock and Fred Bennett, of Binghamton, N. Y., returned in July from a hunting trip in Canada.

The Doctor gives a reporter of the Binghamton Republican some information regarding their trip, in the course of which he says: "We were there during the close season for deer, and how could we shoot them? But" (he added with a wink), "we had all the veal we wanted."

The Doctor says he and his friend employed 2 game wardens as guides and adds, "When we wanted to kill a deer they turned their backs. We only killed what we wanted to eat, but there were great quantities of them."

Truly, this is a remarkable confession for a man to make, and especially for a physician. A doctor is supposed always to be a gentleman and a law-abiding citizen; yet, if Dr. Comstock is correctly reported, he boasts of having violated the game laws of the Province of Ontario.

It is a pity there is no extradition treaty between this government and Canada that would enable an officer of that government to go to Binghamton and take Dr. Comstock and Mr. Bennett before an Ontario court to answer for their offense.

Marked copies of this issue of RECREATION go to several principal officers of the Ontario government and it is hoped they will look up the 2 game wardens who are said to have acted as guides for Dr. Comstock and Mr. Bennett. They should be punished for aiding and abetting these men in violating the provincial game laws.

CAN'T GIVE 'EM AWAY.

> The plentifulness of quail this fall might be inferred from the statement of a well-known hunter, who says, "I got so many I can't give 'em away."
>
> The principal reason, however, is that the law forbids any one to give away quail. The only thing to do is to pick them and make your friends a present of "some nice squabs"; or just drop them where your friends can find them. Don't endanger your life trying to eat all you shoot just to oblige the idiot who made that law.
>
> There have been a number of packages of squabs left around town during the past few days, in an absent-minded fashion. If you happen to find some lying around, freeze to them.—Portsmouth, Ohio, Blade.

Here is a man who poses as the editor of a newspaper and who should evidently be breaking stone for a living. He tells his readers in plain English how they can break the law and yet not be caught at it. He also tells them how they should co-operate with lawbreakers by receiving stolen goods and asking no questions. I should not be surprised if "The Portsmouth Blade" had a circulation of at least 50 copies, and that entirely among pot hunters.—EDITOR.

HOW ABOUT THE RABBITS?

Will some mighty hunter abstain from pursuing the savage silver tip or lordly moose long enough to tell me something about the harmless, trivial rabbit? Not the great hare nor the jack rabbit, but the common, every day cottontail. Why does he lie out some days, and not others? Why will he run a mile one day, and not a rod the next? When one is found on his form does it prove he has been out all night, or is he likely to have just stepped from his home to take the air? Why does he in some sections show a partiality for briar patches, and in others seem to avoid them? Why is it that in some places where the snow is fairly packed by rabbits' feet during the night, not a rabbit can be found by day? Many similar questions suggest themselves, yet, though I have hunted bunny for years, not one can I answer. Some one there must be whom L. sylvaticus has taken into his confidence. Let that person rise and expound these mysteries.

G. A. M., Pleasantville, N. Y.

ANSWER.

Cottontails do not live in holes in the ground. They take refuge in them, from pursuers, on rare occasions. Individual variation accounts for many peculiarities. The other questions are satisfactorily dealt with in "Wild Animals I have Known," by Ernest Seton Thompson; published by Scribners.—EDITOR.

6,000 SPORTSMEN.

Fully 6,000 sportsmen are now ranging the Northern hunting grounds in chase of deer. This is the estimate of Chief Game Warden Tinsley, based on the number of licenses issued this season, to hunters and settlers. This officer further calculates that each of these 6,000 sportsmen will kill at least one deer on an average.

"At that rate," said the reporter, "the deer ought to be decreasing; ought they not?"

"On the contrary," replied the game warden, "they are increasing. The clearing of large timber tracts and their replacement in the course of nature by thick undergrowth is one of the prime factors in this increase, for it not only affords protection to the deer in places impenetrable by hunters, but also gives the deer a better supply of food. Nobody can gauge the vast number of deer in the North, as they are scattered over such a wide district."

Toronto Evening News.

SOME OHIO SWINE.

> W. D. Shafer killed 38 squirrels on Monday. This is the best report given by local sportsmen.

Stockport, O.

Editor RECREATION: Enclosed find clipping taken from a local paper which will give you some idea of the kind of hunting that is being done in this section of Ohio. Would you not call that man a hog of the rankest type? It has until recently been the custom of local sportsmen to count a bag of 5 to 7 squirrels a good day's sport, but some of the swine are not satisfied until they succeed in running the number away out of sight.

Some of our sportsmen estimate the number of squirrels within a radius of 5 miles at about 150, and you see at that rate of slaughtering them it would take only 4 days to exterminate them.

It is not an uncommon thing for those fellows to come in from a day's hunt with 40 to 50 quails. Some of the land owners are coming to their senses and will not allow such raids to be made on their game at any time, and the sooner all of them prohibit such work the longer we shall have game for decent sportsmen.

You cannot hit these butchers too hard, and if they should accidentally take the hint and stop their greedy slaughter it would be a lucky hit indeed. Geo. L. Lyne.

A DECAPITATED RABBIT RAN 100 YARDS.

Milford, November 6.—A question which has long had fascination for many people is the length of time life can be apparently sustained in an animal after a fatal injury has been received. There was a partial answer to it near this place yesterday. Engineer Ross was hunting and shot a rabbit at close range, blowing its head entirely off. The decapitation did not, however, interfere with the locomotion of the rabbit, for it continued running and had gone over one hundred yards before the dogs caught it.

Phila. Times.

If David should read that he would modify his famous speech and say,

" What liars these newspaper men be."

GAME NOTES.

I consider RECREATION the best work devoted to sport with rod and gun that I have ever seen. Please place my name on your list of subscribers, for which find $1 inclosed.

I hand you herewith a pamphlet containing an abstract of the Game Laws of this Colony. While their provisions may not be all that is desirable, yet their operation has been found beneficial in preserving game. The license fee for non-resident sportsmen is $100. The Game Protection Society is fully aware that this is too high. They endorse the views of sportsmen who have visited us the past 2 seasons, from your city and elsewhere, that the amount should be reduced 50 per cent. The Society will therefore endeavor to prevail upon our legislators to amend the law in this respect, during the coming session of the Legislature. Should such amendment be effected it is believed more sportsmen will visit our Island than ever before.

Charles H. Emerson,
Secretary of the Game Protection Society of Newfoundland, St. Johns, N. F.

I was much interested in June RECREATION, with its pictures of Lake Chelan. I went up the Methow and Twipsit to the summit overlooking " La Tête Chelan " in 1883. We crossed the Columbia at Foster creek, by batteaux, took trail to the Okanagon and went up as far as Loup-a-Loup creek. Then by trail over the divide to the Methow, up the Methow to and above the last salmon fishery; then came down to nearly opposite the mouth of the Chewalk. There we crossed over to the Twipsit, up which we trailed to its sources, took the Southern branch and up that to the summit. There we camped for 2 days enjoying the grand scenery and looking down nearly 5,000 feet on the emerald green mirror of Chelan. Grizzlies, goats, and deer sign were plentiful, while blue and Canada grouse were abundant. The hoary marmot and white weasel whistled and scrambled among the rocks. Returning to our trail to the Methow we descended to the Columbia, followed the right bank to Chelan river and up that to the foot of Lake Chelan. There we found a small flat bottomed boat and started up the lake, improvising a sail from pieces of shelter tent. With this and rowing " La Tête Chelan " was reached on the morning of the third day. We secured 2 white goats and saw many more. Saw Skieuton rock and the paintings at the " Head " near the mouth of " Sta-ha Keen " or Stickeen creek. This name means cedar or canoewood creek. In our day the only way of reaching Chelan was by trail across the great plain of the Columbia from Ritzville.

U. S. Army, Fort Schuyler, N. Y.

On December 27th, a party of 6, Walter Robson, Fred. Lippman, Mr. Allen, Will Eslinger, G. P. Hastings and I went to Comings Switch, 150 miles East of here.

The first day we found abundant deer and turkey signs, but saw no game. The next morning we tramped 8 miles to Currant river. We reached it about 11 o'clock, and after lunch Mr. Allen and Mr. Robson went down the river while the rest of the party went up the stream. We did not find any large game, but had great sport shooting squirrels. We frequently saw 6 to 8 on one tree. On our return to camp we were delighted to learn that Mr. Allen had killed a 3 point buck.

On the third day we divided, as usual; some going in one direction and some another. We had been out but a short time when we heard the report of a Winchester. We all started in the direction of the sound and came upon Mr. Hasting sitting on the bank of the river, smoking his pipe, while across the stream, fully 250 yards away, lay a dead buck. We loaded the buck in the boat and returned to camp. We enjoyed 5 days of solid comfort.

F. M. Hamel, Springfield, Mo.

I send you a photograph of several mounted deer heads. I knew nothing of taxidermy, but seeing the advertisement of Fred. Kaempfer in RECREATION, I sent for the material required, and tested my ability in the art. The picture will show what success I had.

We tried to raise some Mongolian pheasants, 2 years ago, and failed. This year we tried it again, with better success, after reading the article on the subject in RECREATION. There is any quantity of game in this region. I killed 2 deer within 50 yards of the house. They seemed determined to destroy my garden. Unless our Legislature prohibits the sale of hides or buckskin, deer will soon be exterminated. There are men here who kill from 100 to 200 apiece during the winter. One man, 3 years ago, killed 400 for their hides, leaving the carcasses for the wolves. I had the good fortune to kill 3 bears recently. Anyone looking for the best hunting and fishing ground in the country, should come here. Take the Great Northern R.R. to Newport, Idaho, and then take steamer to this place.

E. E. Hall, Ione, Wash.

Mr. M. P. Dunham says game catchers are responsible for the disappearance of big game from this section. Can he also tell what became of the game of Eastern Montana? A few years ago sheep, deer and antelopes were there in bands of hundreds. No game catcher ever sent a rope after those animals. They were killed off by skin and head hunters. Skin hunters kill all they can; while game catchers save all they catch. Is it not better that a few animals should be confined in zoological gardens and parks, than that all should be killed? The catching of game tends to its preservation rather than extermination.

Mr. Dunham should have been still more communicative and have told the readers of RECREATION, as he did Mr. Kemp, that he had killed 100 rams in the Madison range, and at present was catching sheep. He afterward told O. E. Johnson, of Madison Basin, that he had caught 9 sheep. To my own knowledge he has been catching sheep for 2 seasons past. Now, Mr. Dunham, don't quote Scripture until you saw off your horns.

R. W. Rock, Lake, Idaho.

You ask for the opinions of hunters as to deer destroying crops. I have been on the frontier constantly for almost 30 years, from Pennsylvania to the Pacific coast. I have been in all the best deer territories and among the lumber men and pioneer farmers, and while I have known deer to frequent clearings and visit wheat fields and other crops, yet I have never yet seen or known of damage to crops being done by deer, to any extent worth mentioning. I have visited many fields where deer were reported to come every night to feed, and have watched for them many a night. Only twice in a score of times have I known of their coming, and it is my honest opinion that it is more for the excuse of killing a deer out of season that the cry is made than for the amount of damage done. I will forward $5 to RECREATION if other sportsmen will help raise a sufficient amount to send some reliable person to the Wisconsin woods to prove the truth or falsity of the claim that deer are destroying crops there. Let me hear from others.

E. A. White, Ely, Minn.

Your game hog columns are good medicine. Give it to them. Most of the men (?) named in S. H. T.'s article on page 41 of July RECREATION have killed more ducks in 10 shoots than I have killed in my lifetime. Most people seem to think if they can slaughter 50 or 75 ducks in a few hours they are enjoying life to the utmost. I pity such swine. Spring shooting of ducks should be stopped. I killed one duck last spring, and it was so poor it was not worth cooking. Now, Mr. Editor, don't you think I should have let that duck live until fall, raise a brood of young, and perhaps get a little meat on its ribs? I do, and I laid my gun away to rest until the 1st of November. I shoot no more ducks in the spring. I think one of the worst things a man can do is to slaughter ducks in the spring, and then tell the other hogs of the sport (?) he has had.

Chas. Rupert, Oakmont, Pa.

Good! I am mighty glad you have quit spring shooting, and wish all the sportsmen in the United States and Canada would follow your example.—EDITOR.

There will be plenty of turkey, duck, quail, squirrel, and rabbit shooting here this winter, especially below Augusta, on the Savannah river. The river has not flooded the swamps in 2 years, and the game has multiplied in large numbers. Deer are seen quite often, down the river away from the city. The swamps of the Savannah river are dense, and in some places it is impossible to get through the cane brakes. It is 300 miles by river from Augusta to Savannah, and in cold weather every mile of the distance affords good hunting. Three large steamboats make weekly trips. During freezing weather the hunter's bag of game is in size according to his endurance of the cold, as ducks of all species come out of the frozen lakes to the running water in the river, where they are easily picked up out of the willows if closely watched. Otherwise they rise from 60 to 100 yards away, and "go after a doctor." My friends, Miegel and Fields, are talking of their Christmas hunt already, and expect to have a big time.

S. T. D., Augusta, Ga.

Our 4th annual hunt will be long remembered by us. On December 27th, C. D. H. and I went to Morgan creek, a tributary of the Colorado river. It is a splendid place for ducks, and could be made much better by planting wild rice and celery seed.

We arrived about 4 p.m., and after putting our camp in order, tramped up the creek. We returned after dusk with 2 wood ducks and a mallard.

The next morning we bagged 5 more ducks, all mallards. On our return to camp we concluded to make Beaver creek our next objective point. There we found ducks plentiful. The first bunch we jumped were green-wing teal, and 5 of them stayed with us. Next came 3 gadwalls flying with great speed. C. D. H. secured one of them. Then, from a small bunch, we got a mallard drake and a green wing teal. Next day we went home. T. A. H., Burnet, Tex.

I buy a copy of RECREATION every month, and can hardly wait until it is out. Wish it could be published every 2 weeks. I like the way you roast fish and game hogs. You give them just what they deserve. I enclose a clipping from a local paper, and hope you will publish it in your next issue. Perhaps it may fall into the hands of the principals in this fish butchery, and cause them to turn over a new leaf. Roast these swine as they deserve.

J. A. L., Albany, N. Y.

The clipping reads :

Ike Hungerford and Frank Hart had the pleasure of surprising their friends with the longest string of fish taken from the lake this year. The string was 10 feet long and contained 300 fishes.

Here, Ike and Frank, you see what your neighbors think of you. Now, instead of boasting of your slaughter, I advise you to sneak off and hide in some swamp until you can make up your minds to reform.—EDITOR.

I have hunted in several States, but never before saw so little respect shown for the game law, as in this part of Ohio. Quail were plentiful here last fall. This was partly owing to the good weather we had during hatching season, but the main reason was the law preventing the sale of quail. Still, pot hunters were out shooting one and 2 months before the open season. After the season closed, the Legislature repealed the law protecting rabbits. The pot hunters went out on the snow, and killed every rabbit they could find, and many quails. So in the end, the repeal of the rabbit law destroyed nearly as many quails as the prohibition of sale saved. We have only one game warden in this part of the country and he is not up to his job. I am going in as a charter member of the L. A. S. and hope we may be able to secure, through State legislatures, the enactment of good game laws. S. D. Gibson, Portage, O.

I came to this country from Erie, Pa., on a pleasure and hunting trip and have had a little experience with bear since being here. A small party of us started out to see the country. We ran across 4 bear, 2 old ones and 2 cubs. The only weapon we had was my .22 calibre Marlin repeater. With it I tackled the bear, wounding an old one so badly that she fell to the ground, and killing both cubs. The old bear was about 40 yards away when I fired. I hit her 4 times before she got away. I could not follow her trail nor could I get any dogs to do so, and had to give her up.

My first shot, which sent her to the ground, was aimed at her heart. I would like to know just where I hit her. My own solution is that I struck a rib. Did not try her head as I thought it a poor target for a .22. I used .22 long rifle cartridges.

A. C. Wheeler, M.D., Stephen, Minn.

"Before the war," Mr. Mack Lindsay, at present a resident of Washington, D. C., bet $100 with his father-in-law, Mr. John Barnet, that he (Lindsay) would catch more 'coons and 'possums between sun and sun than could the old gentleman.

Mr. Barnet took the wager, borrowed Uncle Jimmy Hall's dog "Burnese" and won the stakes. Mr. Lindsay and his dog treed and captured 43 'coons and 'possums; but old "Burnese" and Mr. Barnet came in with more than 60.

A. S. Doane, Coinjock, N. C.

Game in the neighborhood of Siverly, Pa., is greatly in need of more protection than it receives. At Horse creek parties have made a practice of hounding deer, for years past. They have never been caught in the act, though their dogs have been seen chasing deer.

It is also to be hoped that the fish dynamiters, who infest the river above Siverly, will be treated to a good dose of law before long. J. A. B., Rouseville, Pa.

Rabbits are plentiful, near here, and at Lamar. We have an annual rabbit hunt in December. Last year over 6,000 rabbits were killed, in 2 days. At Las Animas, 20 miles from here, 4,500 rabbits were killed last year.

Only 20 miles from here are large numbers of antelope ; also deer, squirrels, wildcats, and a few bear.

John Miller, La Junta, Col.

The first shoot of the season was held at Grove City, Minn., on January 8, 1898. Members from Litchfield and Atwater Gun Clubs were present. We were in our shirt-sleeves while shooting "blue rocks" and were comfortable. How is that for Minnesota weather?

Long live RECREATION and success to it in the crusade against the game hog.

N. P. N., Grove City, Minn.

I leave here for Rice lake to-day. The Indians will commence to gather the rice in a few days. The Indians and their wives gather it in canoes. The squaw sits in the stern, with 2 sticks about 3 feet long, and threshes the rice into the canoe, while the Indian paddles through the rice. In this way they fetch it to me every evening.

C. M. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont.

While we were down on Kisseune island a brother of one of the guides invited us to go ducking with him. We couldn't accept, so he went alone. He found the ducks feeding and killed 16 mallards at one shot. Another hog stood in his tracks and killed 5 deer in half an hour, and he was congratulated on his success.

J. Lloyd, Winter Haven, F.a.

I am out here for a few weeks, having a grand time with my 2 Llewellin setters. They are Joe Dandies and we are making it lively for the quail and prairie chickens, which are more plentiful this season than for several years.

Harry E. Lee, Hutchinson, Kans.

Replying to yours of the 24th ulto., it is true that M. W. Trask and I did, in 8 days shooting kill 400 ducks. We were gone from here just 10 days. Our shooting grounds are at Red Rock lake, near the National Park.

Frank Conley, Dear Lodge, Mont.

At least twice as many as you should have killed.—EDITOR.

I saw, in the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution, an account of the slaughter of nearly 3,000 doves, by one party in one day. I wish I knew the names of the guilty persons, so you could place them on your game hog list.

Quail shooting is the principal sport in this part of Georgia. Birds are fairly plentiful Frank F. Rodgers, Griffen, Ga.

"Mrs. Jim Cook, who is quite a hunter and a good shot, recently ran into a big lot of wild turkeys. It being out of season, she refused to kill, although promised she should pay no fines."—Huntingdon, Pa., Globe.

Here is a woman who should be the wife of a true sportsman and if she were not already a "Mrs." she would get a bushel of love letters from readers of RECREATION within a week.—EDITOR.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Seton Thompson have returned from their annual sketching tour to the still wild West. On this trip they visited the Jackson's Hole country, and finished their work on the Gray Bull river, East of the Park, on the ranch of Mr. A. A. Anderson, where big game is very abundant —because it is rigidly protected.

We have the festive game hog here, too. Last Saturday one of them went hunting, fired 4 shots, killed 27 quails, and then boasted of it. His name is James Cummins.

W. T. Huntley, Orwell, O.

His picture will be found in the hog pen illustrated on page xxvii. of this issue.

Ducks and quails were fairly plentiful in this vicinity last season. Scarcity of water is driving the ducks farther away from our locality. Rabbits are so numerous as to be a pest. Farmers are anxious to have them killed on account of the damage they do to fruit trees.

A. W. Bitting, Wichita, Kan.

One day last winter a young man of my neighborhood went out and killed 22 rabbits. I think he ought to be called a game hog. Otis Tunderbuck, Glenarm, Ill.

I second the motion.—EDITOR.

In Northern Michigan, the season of '97, we had the luck to get 4 deer. Our camp was 20 miles Southwest of Marquette, where deer are plentiful. Another crowd got 14 deer in about 2 weeks.

Frank D. Black, Hastings, Mich.

There is no big game here; but there are prairie hens, ducks, rabbits and foxes. There are, too, a great many game hogs. One hunter on a marsh near by got an average of 50 ducks a day last season.

Geo. Sullivan, Putney, S. D.

The hunting this season is unusually good around here. Chinese pheasants are plentiful, while grouse and quails have hatched well. E. A. McCormack, Eugene, Ore.

There are a few quails, chickens and squirrels here. If the game laws were enforced there would be a great many more.

M. E. Daniels, Kendallville, Va.

Keep on roasting the hogs. When one squeals I am always pleased for I know the coat fits or he wouldn't put it on.

S. E. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Quails are not plentiful here, but squirrels are numerous.

W. F. Beck, Paris, Texas.

"Wild Animals I have Known" is the title of Ernest Seton Thompson's latest and greatest book. Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION one year, $2. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscribers.

Please don't let my ad appear again. I sold the gun 2 months ago and am still getting letters about it. Have received 126 already.

A. S. Boothly, Saco. Me.

FISH AND FISHING.

A RACE FOR A MEAL.

J. M. BALTIMORE.

Did you ever see a small fish so hotly pursued by a larger one that, in order to make good its escape, it fled to the land? Singular as this may seem, I have been a witness of such an incident.

How did it happen? A party of 4 of us were fishing on Silver lake, a beautiful body of water in Spokane county, Wash.

It was a scorching day in June, and all of us felt lazy. The other 3 men concluded they would lie around camp and not attempt to fish in the afternoon.

At first, I made up my mind to remain at camp; but the afternoon seemed so interminably long, that I grew restless, and finally started for the lake. On reaching the lake's margin I stepped into the boat and pushed off.

I kept near the shore in the shade of the high, rugged rocks. Sheltered from the sun, and fanned by a delightful breeze, the fishing proved delightful.

Silver lake offers only 2 varieties of fish to the angler—black bass and German carp. A small stream empties into the lake at the Northern end, and some trout are occasionally caught in this creek. In that way a few trout find their way into the lake.

Some years ago the lake was stocked by the government with bass and carp, and the fish have multiplied with great rapidity.

Fair luck attended me that afternoon. I caught 7 large bass and 2 of the much despised carp, before the sun went down. As the shadows began to lengthen, I headed for the shore. Reaching a lovely stretch of sandy beach, I ran the boat almost out of the water.

" Why not clean my fish right here? " I said to myself.

Out came my knife and soon I was busy cleaning the catch.

By this time the sun had set, and the bosom of the lake lay in deep, purple shadows.

Just then my ear caught a sound, and my eye a flash! I saw 2 forms in the water. One was following the other; not 25 feet separated them. They were fish, and, from the wake, I could see one was much larger than the other. Evidently, the little fellow was being hotly pressed. Both were going like a shot, producing a line of foam, and a loud, rippling noise.

What could it mean?

An instant later, the mystery was explained. The little fish shot alongside my boat, heading straight for land. He swam to within a few feet of shore, and then gave a few sharp flaps with his tail, landing himself high and dry.

But what about his pursuer? Well, he followed as hard and fast as he could. Before he got opposite to where I was standing he ran aground. The water shoaled to the depth of only a few inches. But, strange to say, the fish kept making frantic efforts to reach the land, until finally most of its body was out of the water.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I jumped out of the boat and scooped in both the pursued and the pursuer. The intended victim proved a handsome little trout about 9 inches long. The pursuer was a splendid bass 16 inches long. He was hungry and wanted a meal; but had he overtaken the little one, could he have swallowed him? That evening at the campfire I told the story, and showed the fish as proof.

" Its rather fishy, Professor," they all said to me with a sort of doubting Thomas' smile, " but we'll have to believe you this time."

IN DEFENCE OF MR. FOX.

Genoa, Ill.

Editor Recreation: In your November number I saw an article entitled " A Fish Hog Picture," in which I think you have done Mr. Julius B. Fox, of Chicago, an injustice. I will venture to say he has put in many a hard day's fishing at the lake mentioned in your note, with the result of but 2 or 3 fish to his credit. Would you have a man travel 150 miles to the fishing grounds and because he happened to strike one day when he could make a large catch, brand him as a fish hog? Where would you have him draw the line?

It is not at all likely Mr. Fox will ever duplicate that day's fishing in that lake, although there is fairly good fishing there for this vicinity. Even a good fisherman is seldom able to make a fish hog of himself.

I should like to ask the readers of Recreation how many of them would stop with fewer fish than Mr. Fox caught, knowing that in all probability they might put in many another hard day's fishing at the same lake with but small results. If I am wrong in this matter please set me right.

I appreciate your efforts to put down the game hog and the fish hog, but in this case you did not seem to understand all the circumstances.

C. A. Patterson, D.D.S.

I cannot agree with Dr. Patterson in his claim that I have wronged Mr. Fox. I received a large number of clippings of this same article, from as many different readers, each asking me to denounce Mr. Fox; and since the November number of Recreation appeared I have had many letters commending the article in question. Dr. Pattison's letter is the only one I have had objecting to my remarks on Mr. Fox. This shows plainly the trend of public sentiment on the subject of fish slaughter.

I have fished in Delavan lake, and in many of the other lakes in that part of Wisconsin, and am well aware that a man seldom has an opportunity to make a hog of himself in that region; but when the fish do bite as ravenously as they seem to have done when Mr. Fox was there, a decent man should be satisfied to quit when he gets 15 or 20 pounds of fish. That is the way thousands of other decent men have done, under such circumstances.

I trust my readers will respond generously, through RECREATION, to Dr. Patterson's invitation, and tell him whether or not he is wrong in defending Mr. Fox.

HE SHOULD REFORM.

Here is some correspondence that explains itself.

New York, September 15, 1898.
Mr. Walter Momsen, Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sir: I am informed that you recently caught 25 bass in one day, in Golden lake. Will you kindly tell me if this report is correct, greatly obliging,

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields,
Editor RECREATION.

Milwaukee, Wis., September 21, 1898.

Dear Sir: Your letter of 15th inst. received. In answer will say that my catch was 26 bass and one pickerel, in one-half day's fishing. Three days later I beat that record by landing 52 Oswego and black bass and 3 large pickerel in one day's fishing, on lower Nemahbin lake. One bass weighed 5 pounds; 12 weighed between 2½ and 4½ pounds. My age is 12 years and I have fished ever since I was a kid.

Yours truly,
Walter Momsen.

Enclosed please find newspaper clipping also a picture of the first catch.

New York, September 26, 1898.

My dear Master Momsen: You should not feel in the least proud of the record you have made. You caught at least 3 times as many fish as a man should ever catch in one day. A reader of RECREATION sent me a clipping from a newspaper containing your portrait, and requested me to roast you, as I do many men who so justly deserve the name of fish hog. Your age, however, excuses you in a measure; but I trust you will never again be guilty of slaughtering fish to this extent.

I mail you herewith several copies of RECREATION, containing criticisms on this kind of fishing. These express not only my sentiments, but those of all true sportsmen. I get thousands of letters from all over the United States and Canada, requesting me to denounce certain men who have been guilty of catching more fish than they should catch, or of killing more game than they should kill. I also get thousands of letters commending RECREATION for the fight it is waging against these game and fish hogs. This large correspondence shows the trend of public sentiment in regard to the preservation of fish and game. It is an unwritten law that no man should catch more than 8 or 10 black bass or other game fishes in a day. I trust you will see that you have been making a mistake and, that hereafter you will quit when you get enough.

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields.

GOOD FISHING IN THE SOUND.

Dosoris, L. I.

Editor RECREATION: Last fall I had the most successful pleasure trip I have had for years. On October 7th we left this place in the cruising cat, Dosoris II, after working nearly a week getting provisions on board. I thought we really had enough supplies for a dozen men, for 10 years.

Our destination was a little creek on Eaton's neck, about 20 miles East of here, where there was a fine place to lay up. Our shooting skiffs were in tow and we had a fair wind. Everyone was happy, as it was a small crew and all could be officers, or rather each could hold several offices. The owner was admiral and cook, the commodore was also bartender, while I was both captain and scullion. We stayed at our destination a little over 10 days when, to our amazement, provisions commenced to run low. We had pleasant weather but hardly any really good shooting weather. In fact, we really only shot about 3½ days. We had, however, fairly good success while we were at it.

We visited the light house and the life saving station and saw the life savers drill. Much of our good time was owing to the kindness and courtesy of Uncle Sam's boys. They helped us with our boats, gave us good advice as to where to shoot, and brought us mail from Northport. Among other things they told us of the fishing that was done at Target Rock last summer and we only regretted we had not been in time to get a little of it. One boat took 63 striped bass in one day and another boat took 7 that weighed over 60 pounds altogether. As striped bass had been conspicuous by their absence in our district these tales made us feel bad.

Eaton's neck is an ideal spot for camping. The little creek makes a good harbor for boats, water is convenient and good, and game and fish are plentiful. All land, however, is strictly posted and unless people have a boat large enough to live on there is no use in going. We saw some quails while ashore and any quantity of gray squirrels. We were a little early for coots but still there were sufficient for good sport.

A. S. Doane.

A BOY'S FIRST TROUT.

Dale St. Vrain is a mountain resort on the North fork of the St. Vrain river, about 6 miles from Lyons, Col. The fishing is good. The largest trout ever caught here weighed 10 pounds. My big one weighed only as many ounces, but I was as proud as if it had been a 20 pounder. One bright morning last August my father and I went fishing, and my mother and sister accompanied us. I got the first bite and hooked a fine fish. I pulled, but it felt as if I were fast to a rock. "Hold on, Fred, you've hooked a big one!" yelled my father, who had just come up. He took the rod and I scrambled down to a level place on the river bank where we were to land my prize. My father was so excited he dropped the reel in the river, but after a lot of trouble recovered it. I, too, began to get excited as I saw how large my fish was. At last my father got down to where I was, and with a yell of triumph we drew in the fish. It was a rainbow trout. I was the happiest person at the Dale that day. I caught my fish with a grasshopper, because they will not take flies at this season.

Fred. D. Anderson, Dale St. Vrain, Col.

FOULING A TURTLE.

While angling for weakfish at Somer's Point, N. J., on July 5th, I had an experience not likely to be repeated. Mr. Forrester, the captain, and I were in one boat. A few friends of ours were in another close by. We had had good sport, and were preparing to go in when a weakfish took my bait. Just as I got him in sight a huge sea turtle, which I am sure would weigh over 100 pounds, rose to the surface, close to the fish. In some he got my top hook fast in one of his flippers. The tide was running hard, and he apparently drifted with it, without struggling.

I had a heavy cuttyhunk bass line, and stood a fairly good chance of bringing him in, but, after a 20-minute fight, another boat crossed my line about 100 yards astern of us. I felt the boat's centre-board rubbing my line just as the turtle made a last effort, and broke loose. All I lost was 2 hooks and a leader.

Bunny, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

HOW TO CATCH SNAPPING TURTLES.

Take an eel and cut into pieces 3 inches long, leaving the skin on. Lay in dry salt at least one week. Use No. 7/0 Limerick hooks, tied on 4 feet of No. 3 cotton line. Tie this line 18 inches from the butt end of a stick 4 feet long. Bait the hooks, and stick this short pole straight down into the mud, leaving its top above surface of water. Choose a place where you know there are snappers. You will find them in mill dams or any place where they can bury themselves in mud. Set your lines late in the evening, and do not go to them before midnight or in the morning. If there are turtles around you will be sure to get them. Try it, those who are fond of snapper soup.

W. B. S., Lock 53, Md.

A BETTER NAME FOR IT.

Editor RECREATION: The "shovelmouth cat" weighing 17¼ pounds, mentioned by D. T. Smith in RECREATION some time ago and referred to in September, 1898, RECREATION by Mr. Horace Beach, was doubtless a specimen of the shovel-nosed sturgeon, spoonbill cat, or paddle fish, as it is variously called. Its scientific name is Polyodon spathula, not Pollyodon folium as given by Mr. Beach. It is known only from the Mississippi basin and Lake Erie, though but a single specimen is recorded from the latter basin. Mr. Beach is in error regarding its presence in the Yang-tse-Kiang river. The species found there is Psephurus gladius, a member of the same family (Polyodontidæ), but a very different fish belonging to a different genus.

The notes by Mr. Beach on the habits of the paddle-fish are very interesting and valuable. Much remains to be learned regarding the habits of this fish and any information any reader of RECREATION may possess as to its occurrence outside the Mississippi basin or as to its breeding habits would be eagerly welcome. Has any one ever seen very young examples, say 8 inches or less in length?

B. W. Evermann.

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

A little over a year ago fish and game protector Salisbury of Ellicottville, N. Y., went after law violaters at Dunkirk and destroyed nets of the Dunkirk fish company's, valued at $1,500. The company kicked, claiming the waters of Lake Erie were free to all and that the state had no jurisdiction over the fish therein. The case was taken to the supreme court where the decision sustained Mr. Salisbury's action in destroying the nets and pound nets within the half-mile limit in Van Buren bay. The company settled the case and paid the costs, $160. Western New York violators are beginning to realize that "Barney" Salisbury does something besides drawing his salary.—Little Valley Spy.

NOTES.

There is fine salmon fishing on the Umpqua river, in Douglas County, Or. One can take a small boat at Scottsburg, 30 miles from the ocean, and float with the tide to the sea. The fishing is superb, both going and returning. By taking advantage of wind and tide but little work at the oars is required. I own a good sloop rigged boat at Scottsburg, which is to rent at a nominal charge. The boat will comfortably carry 12 persons. The country on both sides of the river is wild, and contains many deer and bear with an occasional band of elk. When salmon are running at their best, about September 15, they can be taken in large numbers with the troll. But the most exciting way is to kill them with a shotgun, as they jump from the water, often within 20 feet of the boat.

E. L. Howe, Creswell, Or.

There are 2 fish hogs here, both subscribers to RECREATION. On October 30th last they took an innocent old man with them, down on the Little Klickitat, and caught over 300 trout. They caught, they said, until they were tired out. They used bait too, though they profess to be ardent fly fishers. They are among the foremost men in upholding the art of fishing. Their names are M. F. Derting, of this place, and W. T. Jones, of Portland, Ore. He is commonly called Tombstone Jones. Now if you will show these men up in their true light you will have done a favor to many fishermen here, who have been for years, trying to increase the fish in our waters, and to prevent men from violating the laws.

Dr. R. E. Stewart, Goldendale, Wash.

The Doctor seems to have branded these men properly and I heartily approve of his work.—EDITOR.

A reader in St. Paul sends me a copy of the Alexandria (Minnesota) Post-News, of August 4th, which contains another despicable fish hog picture. It shows 2 long ropes strung full of black bass, under which is printed this legend : " On July 12, 1897, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Blood, of St. Paul, in 2½ hours took 78 fine black bass from Lake Mary. The above cut is from a photograph of this catch, made by Linquist."

The subscriber who sends me this paper writes on the margin thereof :

" This is a sample of a good many catches brought into Alexandria. This same party last year caught over 80 bass in 2 hours, and every one of the fish was buried. Roast these people good, and see that they get a copy of the roast."

I saw the finest catch of trout, a month or so ago, that I ever saw. There were 15, all caught in a little stream that runs through our village, and the total weight was 17 pounds. The largest weighed nearly 3 pounds, and the others from that down to ¾ and ½ pound. Those who caught them are thorough sportsmen and do all their fishing in a legal way.

I saw a catch of bass of which the largest weighed 4 pounds, and the others from that down to 2 and 2½ pounds. They were caught in Dead pond, 4 miles from the village.

This fishing is not so good as in other lakes or streams stocked and kept up, but for waters not taken care of, I call it fair.

H. E. Spaulding, Cambridge, N. Y.

At 6 o'clock on the night of October 1st, we got the necessary tackle together and headed for the river. Arriving there we soon had our lines out and began gathering wood for a fire, which is a great attraction for bull heads. It was also good for us as it was raining steadily and the air was chilly. But a few moments had passed when the fish began to bite, and then the sport was lively. While one of us was unhooking a fish and baiting again the other would be pulling one out, and so it went until about 10 o'clock, when with a string of 36 good ones we started for home.

C. R. Hess, Clarksville, Ia.

Your letter of 25th received. Yes, my 2 boys and I caught 403 fish with hook and line, from 8 a.m. to 11½ a.m., at Waretown on Barnegat Bay. These were all weak fish, of fair size. Two of us caught each 100 fish in an hour and 5 minutes.

E. T. R. Applegate, Etra, N. J.

Here's a job lot of pork. Who wants it?

I noticed in RECREATION an inquiry as to what bait is best for German carp? I can't imagine what anyone wants with the old mud hogs, but I've caught lots of them with the common red worm on the banks of the Wabash, or, I should say, in the Wabash; but excuse me when it comes to eating them.

R. S. Prunty, Grayville, Ill.

Will some reader of RECREATION tell me of a few ponds or lakes within 25 miles of Boston that are worth fishing?

S. L. Batchelder, Boston, Mass.

Our town is situated on the East bank of Illinois river. Bass and crappie fishing are good here.

Crawford N. Ong., Lacon, Ill.

Fishing in the Kalamazoo river, last fall, was excellent. It is one of the best streams for pike and black bass in Michigan.

Ed. Blossom, Otsego, Mich.

Bass fishing was excellent here last season.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, N. C.

That beautiful book, " Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," sells at $2. Treats of all the principal game birds and birds of prey. The book and RECREATION one year $2.50.

THE CRANKS.

G. A. MACK.

Read the letters of the cranks—
Small bore cranks!
What a unanimity abideth in their ranks!
How they argue, argue, argue,
Taking up Coquina's space;
Telling wonders they have done
With their private brand of gun
In this very year of grace;
Crying, ".30-30 bore!
Nothing less and nothing more!"
Cribbing theories from experts, without returning thanks,
For the cranks, cranks, cranks, cranks,
Cranks, cranks, cranks
Have a paucity of ideas in their theorizing tanks.

Mark the plagiarizing cranks—
Soft nose cranks!
Note the wondrous sameness of the yarns they spin by hanks!
How each one a rifle takes,
(Either Savage's or Fake's)
Shoots a moose right in the tail—
But Oh, the deuce!
The yarn is more than stale!—
How the ball went through; how the blood would fill a pail;
How the moose
Dropped with a bursting crash
And needed only seasoning to be a first rate hash!

Then they tell—
None too well—
Of the jacket, where it went
Ere its awful force was spent.
And they chuckle o'er its pranks,
These .30-30 cranks,
These soft point bullet cranks,
Till we weary of the babbling of the cranks.

SHOT SHELLS, AND HOW TO LOAD THEM.

Washington, D. C.

Editor RECREATION: For the information of Mr. W. B. Cuckler, of Athens, O., I will say that the different Rival shot-shells made by the Winchester Co., will not give satisfactory results with nitro powder, because the No. 2 primer, used in them is much too weak. The Blue Rival has the 3W primer and, while an excellent shell for black powder, is not suited to nitro; the primer not being strong enough, unless reinforced with a small amount of fine grained black powder (about 3 grains weight). Such priming is, however, found objectionable for the reason that it adds greatly to the dirt deposit in the gun barrels, makes smoke and is apt to cause erratic shooting and patchy patterns with most brands of smokeless powder.

Mr. C. asks how to load common paper shells with a small charge of nitro, and whether he shall fill with wadding up to the crimp. There are 3 essentials to obtaining the full force of smokeless powder. First, a strong primer; second, plenty of tight fitting wads; and third, a solid square crimp of fully ¼ inch in the shell.

If he uses a standard 12 gauge gun and a nitro powder that measures bulk for bulk with black powder, and wants to load with only 2½ or 2¾ drams, he should choose either U.M.C. High Base or Winchester Repeater ¾ inch base shells. Both have suitable primers, are of good quality, and on account of their high base are not suited to larger charges. They are designed for dense nitros such as Walsrode and Gold Dust powders. It is found, however, that dense, so called smokeless powder, is unsatisfactory, giving too great a jar to the shooter and making uneven shooting.

Most sportsmen prefer never to use less than 3 drams of bulk for bulk nitro powder; and in 12 gauge 2⅝ inch shells, 3¼ drams should be the maximum charge. The length of the shell will not admit of more powder and leave ¼ inch space for the crimp, when properly wadded and shotted.

Many sportsmen now have their 12 gauge guns chambered for 2¾, 3 and 3¼ inch shells, thus admitting the use of large powder charges. Great care should be taken not to buy shells longer than the chambers of your gun or the result will be a burst or ruined barrel. Many prefer to load their own shells, taking pleasure in the preparation only second to the actual enjoyment of field or trap shooting. Factory loaded shells and those hand loaded by others, however intelligently and honestly done, do not give the average sportsman the confidence in his load and in himself that begets the most pleasure and the best results.

A few suggestions to those who desire to prepare their own ammunition may not come amiss. The U.M.C. nitro shell is deservedly popular, of good quality and has a strong primer (the No. 5 of that company). The Winchester Repeater shell is also good, with suitable primer (No. 6 W.) about same strength as the U.M.C. No. 5. Either shell will give satisfactory results. Use 3 to 3¼ bulk drams of Dupont's shotgun or Shultz smokeless powders, without any black powder priming. Get some thin card-board 12 gauge wads, "B" thickness, some 12 gauge and some 11½ gauge regular thickness black edge felt wads. Use in the following order: 1 thin card 12 gauge, 1, 11½ gauge and 2, 12 gauge, pressed firmly (not rammed) on the powder. Use chilled shot. They will be found uniform and of excellent finish. Size No. 5 for ducks, squirrels, rabbits, etc; No. 7½ for bluerock targets; No. 8 or 7½ for quails; No. 9 for snipe and woodcock. Never use less than 1 or more than 1⅛ ounces in a 12 gauge; 1 thin "B" card wad over shot. Use a Barclay or Spangler wad starter with inside springs, and crimp firmly with the Ideal High Grade Closer. Then rest assured you have the proper thing in the way of a load. Be careful in measuring powder and shot, and in placing in the shell the same number and size wads in the proper order so as to have each load uniform.

If higher priced shells than those mentioned are wanted the U.M.C. smokeless or trap shells are all that can be desired. The last named has no superior.

Chas. B. Wise.

THE MANHATTAN RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

This association being now an assured success, a short description of its aims and purposes may interest the readers of RECREATION. It was organized 2 years ago, by a few sportsmen interested in rifle shooting, living in the upper part of New York City and meeting on various ranges wherever accommodations could be secured. As our membership increased, we began to look for a place to locate a range of our own, and after some searching found an ideal spot at Baychester, on property owned by Mr. J. H. Campbell.

The membership has steadily increased, until we are now in a position to supply our range with all modern conveniences. We have a well built butt and target house, with 3 sets of sliding targets, and can readily add more as occasion requires. We have a club house in which a good fire burns on cold days in winter, and which we have heretofore been using as a shooting house also, until our regular shooting house is completed. A telephone line connects the butt with the club house and firing points, greatly facilitating the work of those who delight in experimenting and in group shooting at rest. We shall soon have firing points arranged at 500 and 600 yards, to accommodate those who take pleasure in shooting at these distances, as well as 25 and 50 yard pistol ranges. The new shooting house now being built will be at the 200 yard firing point. It will be small at first, but well designed, and so arranged as to readily admit of its being enlarged as occasion requires. It will also be provided with bench and machine rests, to enable members to test their guns.

The range is located in the open country, with a hill behind the targets to stop bullets, the line of firing being due North. There are no slits to shoot through, as in the scheutzen parks, all of the targets being in full view of all shooters at all times. No liquors are sold on the premises. Those desiring other refreshments than the excellent coffee served by Mr. Campbell can get them at a hotel nearby. Baychester can be reached in about 20 minutes from 3d Avenue and 129th Street L station, from which trains leave at a quarter before each hour, via the New Haven R. R., and the range is about 10 minutes from the station.

Our members are all business or professional men, who indulge in rifle shooting for the sport there is in it, and not for profit. Many of them prefer to use hunting rifles. Some of the military men prefer their military rifles, while others use target rifles. Each man is free to do as he pleases, and so all are satisfied.

It is our aim to make this association as nearly like the Massachusetts Rifle Association as possible, rather than copy after the scheutzen corps who seem to have the monopoly of rifle shooting in this vicinity at present. If all those who are interested in rifle shooting as a clean sport will join us and help, there will be no difficulty in having an organization equal to that of the Bostonians. A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all interested in this sport to join.

The dues are $6 a year, and the initiation at present is merely nominal ($1) so as to enable us to obtain as many desirable members as possible. Each application is, however, carefully investigated by the executive committee before action is taken, as we want none but true sportsmen in our organization.

Any further information will be cheerfully furnished on application to the President, Dr. W. G. Hudson, 73 West 131st Street, or to the Secretary, J. E. Silliman, National Park Bank, Broadway, to whom applications for membership may also be sent.

STRETCH IN RIFLE SHELLS.

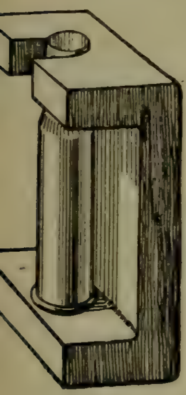
BALLARD.

In every kit of reloading tools for rifle cartridges there should be included some sort of resizing die for overcoming the expansion due to continued firing. Ordinary resizing affects only the diameter of a shell, however, leaving the length of the shell to take care of itself. It may have escaped the attention of many shooters but it is a fact that shells expand also in length from continued use. This stretch materially affects the performance of the cartridge in the matter of accuracy. This difficulty is more marked with taper or bottle-necked shells than with straight ones; but should be guarded against and regularly corrected in all.

One of the cheapest and most convenient tools I have seen for this is that shown in the accompanying cut. One of which any rifleman can make with the help of a blacksmith for 10 minutes. This tool consists simply of a piece of bar iron about 5-16" x 1¼" with a slot cut in one end large enough to easily admit the muzzle of the cartridge to be shortened. The length, from the inside of one bent end to the outside of the other, is that of the shell. Such a piece can be forged approximately to dimensions and finished with a file in a few minutes.

For use it is clamped in a vise, with the slot in the bent end at one side, and the shell set in as shown in the drawing. Then, holding the shell with the thumb and 2 fingers of the left hand, file off the shell muzzle projecting above the iron.

Using this or any other suitable tool as a length guage on a lot of shells which have been fired many times, you will probably be surprised to note the stretch which has taken place, and this stretch will be found to vary greatly. This is due to several causes. Some shells are used more than others. The temper of the brass varies in different shells, and sometimes even as they leave the factory they will vary slightly in length, particularly between different makes of the same grade of shell.



This varying strength is almost certain to make irregular shooting, for it causes the crimp to vary according as the shell has stretched or not.

Crimped shells in rifle cartridges are seemingly a necessary evil, but an evil which can be mitigated to a considerable degree. They are a necessity in repeating rifles using tubular magazines, and to simplify matters the factories turn out ammunition suitable for these, almost entirely. In single shot rifles there is no necessity for crimped shells. Better and more regular shooting can be done by simply seating the bullet friction tight.

Should one not care to incur the expense of another reloading tool, or to remove the crimping shoulder from the tool now on the market, the same result may be reached by cutting off about 1-64 of an inch from the muzzle of standard length shells, or more, as needed. The tool above described will be useful for this.

If crimped shells are used see that they are all crimped alike. This cannot be if they vary from standard length.

WORK OF THE .30-40 SMOKELESS.

Cowansville, P. Q.

Editor RECREATION: I have always been an advocate of the .40 calibre, believing that a bullet of this size, driven by a heavy powder charge, produced more shock, was more accurate and had a flatter trajectory than .45 and .50. My experience confirms this theory. With a heavy charge of nitro powder my .40-82 Winchester would drive a full copper-patched bullet through 30 inches of seasoned pine, or 26 of green cedar.

Last fall I was unfortunate enough to break my old rifle, and bought a .30-40 Winchester. The gun is light, strong, accurate, and a sure killer. The front sight seemed a trifle coarse, so I filed a small "caterpillar" head on it, which I find an improvement. I use a Lyman rear sight No. 21 and ask for no better. The killing power of the .30-40 is all that can be desired.

I fired 3 shots at cats and 3 at deer, with the following results:

1. Cat looking at me, about 50 yards away. The soft-nosed bullet grazed the mouth, went through the neck and ripped the skin off all along the back, making a wound 2 inches wide.

2. At same cat's body. Bullet entered centre of breast and tore the cat open from shoulders to tail.

3. Cat lying in the snow, facing me. Bullet must have struck the head, as nothing but the legs and a small part of the rump was left.

4. Missed a deer in thick timber.

5. Buck, about 75 yards away, shot through fleshy part of neck; made one bound, turned partly toward me and fell over on his back. My guide put a .32-40 bullet through him, but it was unnecessary. This deer was a beautiful specimen, and weighed 164 pounds. As the bullet struck no bones, it did not tear badly, yet made a larger wound than a .50 solid bullet would have done.

6. A 2 year old doe, running broadside to me, about 40 yards distant, was shot through the back near the quarters. The back-bone was smashed to atoms and a big hole torn through the opposite side.

These soft-nose bullets tear a larger hole in pine boards than any .50 calibre, and their penetration is 13 or 14 inches of seasoned timber. The .40-82 with soft-nose bullet and 50 grains (measured) .450 Rifleite, made a larger hole, but had less penetration than the .30-40.

In face of these facts, there is room for speculation as to the moose shot by Mr. C. H. Stonebridge, against whose adamantine anatomy the .30-220 bullet "curled up" and penetrated not. Possibly this was a "metal-patched" moose, with "soft points" of course, or the .40-260 bullets would never have pierced his hide. Perhaps the animal had spent the summer in training, and had hardened his muscles by copious draughts from an iron spring. In any case he must have been a pretty tough old fellow, for one metal-patched bullet did not even pass through the skin of his neck.

Can any reader swallow these statements; viz., A steel-patched bullet, driven by sufficient force to cause it to mushroom, passes through the skin of a moose and "flattens out on the muscles of the hind leg." The same kind of bullet "had gone partly through and had there flattened out" on the neck of the same animal. If that moose had not been killed by our friend's rifle, he could have lived but a short time in a country containing such "mud-holes," as the enormous weight of iron and lead in his system, would surely have caused his death by drowning. L. D. von Iffland.

A CALIFORNIAN'S OPINION.

Redding, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: As a constant reader of RECREATION taking a keen interest in hunting and fishing, I desire to add my testimony in favor of the Winchester .30-30.

I noticed with considerable amusement what Grizzly Pete, of Buffalo river, had to say in favor of the .45-70 (an entirely obsolete arm) as against all small bores and particularly the .30-30 and .30-40. All through Pete's letter he condemns small bore guns, yet fails to say whether or not he ever tried them on big game. I take it he is guessing at what the .30-30 is capable of, and that the only gun of which he can speak from actual experience, is the old .45-70.

About 2 months ago, I left this place for a hunting and prospecting trip, and with my wife, pitched camp at the foot of the Gray rocks, in Northern Shasta county, 30 miles Southwest of Mt. Shasta. Next morning I rose early thinking to get a shot at a deer, and made my way through brush and vines and over huge granite bowlders up the mountain side until I reached clear ground near the summit. Becoming tired, I sat down to rest, and had been in that position perhaps 10 minutes, when I saw below me, a big cinnamon bear walking along through a clump of scattering firs.

He came into an opening and placing his front feet on a fallen tree, threw his nose up as if scenting me. He had but a moment to wait, for just then I sent a soft point, metal-jacketed ball into him, and he rolled down the mountain about 300 feet. There he came up against a big rock, and gave up the ghost; dying in less than 5 minutes after the ball struck him. The distance was just 100 yards, and he was the largest bear I ever saw, weighing, I should judge, 500 pounds.

He was standing almost facing me. The ball entered near the left ear, going down through his throat into and shattering his right shoulder. Thence it was deflected upward breaking 3 ribs, then on through his hind quarter. In skinning I took the bullet from just under the skin within 3 inches of the root of the tail.

He was literally cut to pieces inside, and no ordinary big bore gun would have done the same work. I also took from his left shoulder an old muzzle loading rifle ball, which no doubt he had carried for years. It had merely gone through the skin and stuck there against the shoulder blade, giving him no inconvenience at all.

On my trip I killed 5 fine bucks, and they all laid right down after the report of the .30-30. It seems to simply paralyze anything it strikes. Last year I used a .45-90, single shot Winchester in the same locality on both bear and deer, yet good as everybody knows that gun to be, nothing would induce me to lay down the .30-30 for it. The little one holds up farther than the big calibre guns, shoots just as accurately and is lighter to carry.

I am done with big calibre guns, yet I cheerfully recommend them to Grizzly Pete, and to "all other first-class hunters" like him. Horace W. Brooks.

BOYS' GUNS AND BICYCLE GUNS.

Newport, Ky.

Editor RECREATION: I notice an article by L. A. F., on "Guns for boys." He thinks a boy of nervous temperament should have a gun longer and heavier than he cares to carry on an extended tramp, and that a heavy, slow boy can better use a lighter arm.

I protest against L. A. F.'s conclusions. A nervous boy is not necessarily reckless, and his gun need not be so heavy and long as to compel him to "pot shot" all his game. Give him a suitable gun; then if he must be handicapped, use the ball and chain, or hobble him.

A gun weighing over 7 pounds is too heavy for me to carry on a day's tramp. I once, to my sorrow, experimented on a full choke Ithaca hammerless. I wanted to use it for quail shooting, and had one barrel rebored to a cylinder. Noting the work of each barrel, I found I made twice as many kills with the choke. Am now an advocate of full choke for both barrels, for any kind of shooting.

I was surprised at L. A. F.'s remarks in regard to the cylinder having more penetration than the choke. I had always supposed that close pattern and good penetration were concomitant. As more pellets of shot strike the game from the choke, and consequently with greater killing power, I may have mistaken concentration for penetration. I know by experiment that an increase of shot over standard charge does not improve the pattern of a cylinder. Will some one who has made actual test, kindly give results?

Would say in reply to O. R. Hartwell, that the .22 long rifle and the .25 Stevens rim fire are the best small calibre cartridges I ever used. They are both comparatively cheap. The .22 short may also be used with good results. The killing power of the long rifle will be sufficient for birds and small animals up to and including a squirrel. However, for squirrels I prefer a .25, since the .22 will not stop them unless they are hit in the head or shoulder.

While I prefer the .25 as a small game

gun, still were I buying a bicycle rifle I would choose one using the .22 long rifle shell; but with so light an arm do not expect to do good target shooting at so great a distance as 200 yards.

In reply to Dr. T. J. Hood, will say the Stevens Favorite is the only satisfactory cheap arm I ever saw. C. D. K.

TEARING POWER OF THE .30-40.

Harrisburg, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: I note a difference of opinion, expressed in RECREATION, as to the tearing qualities of the .30 calibre bullet.

Last November, I hit a large moose with 2 .30-40 soft nosed bullets. My guide also hit him with one .38 calibre soft nosed bullet, propelled by 19 grains of smokeless powder, if I remember rightly. The first .30-40 and the .38 were fair side shots, at a distance of 80 or 90 yards; the last .30-40 was a stern shot at 100 yards. The moose ran about 200 yards before falling. When we cut him up, we found the .38 had struck high in the body, making a small hole through the upper part of the lungs, missing the ribs on both sides and lodging against the skin on the opposite side. It had not mushroomed at all, but the lead nose was worn back almost even with the edge of the jacket.

The first .30-40 struck the neck an inch in front of the shoulder bone, just too low to break the neck, and had made a fair sized hole where it entered and a rather large one where it passed out. Afterward it went through a hard wood stub, about 9 inches in diameter, slightly dozed. The animal bled freely from the wound in the neck, crimsoning the snow on both sides of the track.

The stern shot, a .30-40, tore the small intestines to pieces and passed on forward, literally ripping the internal machinery to bits. The abdominal cavity was filled with blood and the contents of the intestines and paunch; part of the contents of paunch was discharged through the nostrils. Indeed I never saw so much blood and such a mess in any animal before.

I had been using express bullets before this trip, and was curious to know just what a .30 calibre would do in the soft parts of the body of a large animal. I give my experience without any comment, save to confess I did not think an animal could run so far after having been so badly cut to pieces.

But then, on the other hand, I once shot a deer through the heart with an express bullet, tearing the apex to shreds, yet he ran 40 or 45 yards, up hill, before falling. M.

SHOULD NOT USE A 4 BORE.

1. What firms make 4 bore shotguns?

2. Will some one kindly tell me something of the accuracy and range of the .32 calibre rim and centre fire cartridges, used in Marlin rifles?

3. Also I should like to know the range of the Winchester .50-110-300.

A. E. Snyder, Remington, Ind.

ANSWER.

1. I do not know of any concern in this country that makes a 4 bore shotgun. The making and use of such arms should be prohibited by law. In fact, several states do prohibit the use of anything larger than an 8 bore. Even this is murderous.

2. The .32 short rim fire cartridge is fairly accurate up to 200 yards. That is to say, the majority of shots may be put in an 8 inch bull's eye at that distance, with that cartridge. The .32 centre fire is not really accurate at any greater distance, though of course the penetration is somewhat better, owing to the larger charge of powder, and this cartridge is more effective on game, by reason of its better penetration and its making a larger hole.

3. The .50-110-300 Winchester is not accurate at more than 200 yards. Large game may occasionally be killed with it even up to 300 or 400 yards, but it cannot be relied on for any such ranges. Its most effective range is within 150 yards. It is especially intended for hunting in timbered countries, where nearly all shots are obtained within 100 yards. Within its proper range, it has a low trajectory and great smashing and shocking power.

THE LEFEVER GUN.

R. Slade, asks, in October RECREATION, which will wear longest without becoming shaky and loose, the Ideal grade Lefever or the Ithaca. I can answer as to the Lefever only. I have a 12 gauge Ideal that I bought in 1892. It has had hard, I might say continual, use, ever since. It is now as tight and solid as when it left the factory. I have taken up the wear at hinge joint but once, and that only a short time ago. Have shot all kinds of loads with the gun—as much as 4 drams black and 3½ drams smokeless powder, and all sizes shot up to No. 4. The mechanism has never been out of order, and the penetration is still all that could be desired.

W. G. O., Thayer, Mo.

NOTES.

I want to tell O. A. F., who asks for information about the Winchester repeating shotgun, that I have used both lever action and slide action guns. Although prejudiced in favor of the double gun at the time, I was soon converted, and the only shotgun I now own is a '93 model, 12 gauge Winchester repeater. It is as close and hard shooting a gun as I ever saw, and I have owned many in the last 15 years. I have shot it against several good guns at target for pattern, penetration, etc., also at the trap and on ducks. Never had occasion to be ashamed of it. As to durability, I think the Winchester will outwear any 2 Belgian guns of equal price. I know of several old lever-action Winchesters that have been in use since their introduction and work well yet. If O. A. F. buys the sliding action and uses a good load of smokeless powder in it, he will find it the best value for his money he ever received.

H. C. Thompson, Mauston, Wis.

Will the editor or some reader of RECREATION who has used a .22 Colt's lightning repeater, tell me if it is a good gun? What would be the best shell to use on a range up to 60 yards, or on game such as jack rabbits?

RECREATION is a hot gun. It makes the game hogs squeal at every shot.

RECREATION'S Friend, Eagle Point, Ore.

ANSWER.

The Colt repeating rifle may be all right, but the makers of it evidently do not care to have the readers of RECREATION buy or use it. If they did, they certainly would advertise in RECREATION. If you want a repeater, get a Winchester. This is a thoroughly accurate and reliable arm in every respect and the people who make it think enough of RECREATION'S readers to advertise in this magazine.—EDITOR.

J. L. R., Jr., asks for the opinions of those who have used Forehand, Ithaca and Syracuse shotguns. Many Ithaca guns are in use here. A local dealer in sporting goods informed me he had sold more of them last season than of all other makes combined. I used an Ithaca ejector for some time, and consider it one of the best I ever handled.

If J. L. R., Jr., orders an Ithaca he will have a good gun for his money; and if he wants to go as high as $80 or $100 he can get one that will surprise him by its neatness of finish, excellent shooting qualities and splendid balance.

T. E. M., Pittsburg, Pa.

The Marlin Arms Co. say their .30-30 cartridges can be reloaded to give fine results and print full instructions; but the Winchester catalogue discourages all attempts to reload this kind of ammunition. The .30-30 would be the ideal rifle could the shells be reloaded to give really good results. Factory loaded shells cost too much to be used continually. I should get one of these rifles could the cost of ammunition be reduced by reloading or otherwise. Will some one who reloads these shells tell me what it costs to do so.

F. S. Rose, Rocky Hill, Conn.

I have something better and more convenient than a lubricant, to keep the inside of my rifle barrel from spotting. It is a strip of old white blanket, which completely fills the bore, and is a little longer than the barrel. After cleaning my rifle I pull the strip of blanket into the barrel, completely filling it, yet leaving an end of the strip projecting from the muzzle. It is easy to remove when the gun is wanted. The strip protects the bore from effects of atmospheric dampness and, so shielded, the gun will stand a year without rusting.

Geo. L. Walker, Everett, Mass.

I was amused at the wonderful performances of A. A. Haines, told in September RECREATION. He says he killed a running coyote at 310 yards and another at 465 yards, with a .30-30 Winchester. He further says he killed several rabbits as far as 200 yards, while one was crippled at 350 yards. All this he did without raising the sight once, but at the longer ranges he made slight allowances. I do not think such accurate shooting can be done at such great distances. D. L. Leeper, Spokane, Wash.

In June RECREATION, L. H. Steel and J. L. R., Jr., ask about the relative merit of several guns. The Remington is my choice. It is the best gun for the money on the market. Mine is a grade A, 12 gauge, 6¾ pounds, 26 inch barrels, right cylinder, left modified choke. I am having an extra set of 28 inch barrels, ordnance steel, full choke, and a gun case made to hold the whole business. Then I believe I will have as good an outfit as one can ask for.

John W. Babbitt, Danvers, Mass.

A correspondent asks for information about the Ithaca gun, meaning, I presume, their new hammerless ejector. I have used 3 different American, one English and 4 Belgian and German guns, but I never saw a gun that would shoot as well and look as nice as the Ithaca. My advice is to buy an Ithaca $60 or $80 grade gun, or still better, to invest $100 in an Ithaca No. 4, ejector. That is an arm which will stand inspection in any company.

John P. Walls, Columbus, O.

Will the metal patch of a .30-30 rifle bullet render game unfit for food?

Lewis Dodge, Monroe, Wis.

ANSWER.

No. It does not injure the flesh further than that it tears it more or less at point of contact. A great deal of the big game killed within the past year has been killed with metal patched bullets and most of it has been eaten.—EDITOR.

Will some rifleman state, through RECREATION, his experience with the .40-90 S.S. cartridge, at 100 up to 1,000 yards, as to accuracy in Winchester single shot or Remington rifles. This is my favorite calibre and I have owned rifles for a number of years that used this cartridge. Consequently should like to hear of actual experiences with this charge.

Harry McCracken, Salem, Ill.

I appeal to some brother rifleman for instruction in cleaning the .30-30. Some time ago I bought one and it is turning my hair gray by the facility with which it rusts after being cleaned. No matter how careful I may be in wiping, in a short time I again find rust. I use the best oils obtainable but to no avail. I have no such trouble with my .32-20, .32-40 or .45-70 rifles.

F. D. McQueen, Newark, O.

The .30-30 Winchester is a good gun. I should like to know why the U. M. C. flat nose bullet will shoot 4 inches higher, at 45 yards, than the Winchester round nose. Can any one tell me? If you use Lyman sights on the Winchester .30-30, you will have to file down the peep nearly ¼ inch. For all that, it is a great gun; as good as the .45-70 and much easier to carry.

T. F. Hickman, Lebanon, Ore.

Will Dr. Fowler, of Bluffton, Ind., kindly tell us, through RECREATION, more about his trip to Africa last year? I am sure it would be interesting to many. Can anyone tell what guns are generally used in hunting elephant, rhinoceros and other large animals in Africa? Will some one who has used the .236 Winchester rifle, tell me what effect it has on large game?

A. E. Snyder, Remington, Ind.

J. L. R., Jr., asks which is the better all-round gun—the Ithaca, Forehand or Syracuse. I have used a No. 2 grade Syracuse for several years, and think it the gun for practical all-round work. Mine has always given entire satisfaction in every way. The Ithaca and Forehand guns may be all right, but I do not think they will ever be so popular as the Syracuse.

W. S. Morse, Bradford, Mass.

I would say to J. L. R., Jr., that for an all-round gun I prefer the Ithaca to either the Forehand or Syracuse. Its compensating features are superior to those of all other arms. I have used a .12 gauge Ithaca, $35 grade, for the past 5 years and it is as good to-day as ever.

W. S. Mead, Woodstock, N. Y.

In reply to L. H. Steel's inquiry I wish to say I have used a 12 gauge Parker for 4 years. In my estimation there is no better gun made, though there may be others as good. My first gun was a Remington, a strong, well made, splendid shooting gun, but out-classed by the Parker.

A. E. Perry, St. Paul, Minn.

I am much pleased with the Marlin rifle you sent me. I have but one arm, and that the left, yet with the new rifle I put 14 shots into a 6 inch circle, at 105 yards. The shooting was done off hand, withing using a rest. The shells were loaded with 17 grains nitro powder and 160 grains of lead.

W. D. Conkling, Port Jervis, N. Y.

I have handled guns and rifles over 30 years, and in that time have tried many kinds; but the little .32-20 repeater you sent me, for a list of subscribers, beats them all. It is light, strong and the most accurate shooting gun I ever saw. I am more than pleased with it.

F. E. Lermond, Warren, Me.

I have just come into possession of a rapid adjusting sight which is the best thing I ever got hold of in that line. I use my eyes as range finders, and instantly set my sight accordingly. If I don't hit the mark it is because I did not hold the rifle steady.

A. M. G., Haywards, Cal.

Tell Q., of Battle Creek, that with a Winchester single shot, using .22 W.C.F., he will get more range and penetration than with any other .22. The expense is not great, if he reloads. If he wants a heavier charge, the same rifle of .25-20 calibre will be found about right.

W. H., Victor, Col.

I wish the Winchester Company would get out a straight shell for the .30-40 S.S. rifle, similar to the .25-25 Stevens. I do not like the bottle-necked shells. I shall get a .30-40 S.S. in the spring, to take to the mountains next fall.

A. W. Stratford, Springfield, Ill.

In answer to L. H. Steel would say: In Florida, for 6 winters past, I used a 12 gauge, 5¾ pounds, Parker gun. Loaded with 2¾ drams nitro powder and an ounce of No. 9 shot it will kill more quail than any other gun I ever used.

W. W., Bay Shore, N. Y.

Replying to J. L. R., Jr., will say I shoot a Hollenbeck gun made by the Syracuse Arms Co., and find it perfect in every respect. I have shot many other guns but would not trade my $40 list Hollenbeck for any one of them.

J. E. Ogg, Watertown, S. D.

Will some reader of RECREATION kindly answer the following: How can a full choke gun be loaded to give an open pattern at 30 yards? I mean a pattern open enough for quail shooting, yet even and with good penetration.

J. W. Brown, Carthage, Mo.

Would be pleased to hear through RECREATION which is best for general use in a Winchester repeater, '90 model; the .22 short, .22 long or .22 Winchester long cartridge?

E. J. Cunningham, Charleston, S. C.

Which is the stronger, good Damascus or good twist barrels? How many No. 8 shot should a good gun put in a 30 inch circle at 40 yards?

Frank Cortright, Benton Harbor, Mich.

How does King semi-smokeless powder compare in penetration and cost with Dupont smokeless?

R. J. Boynton, Hillsboro, N. H.

What is a taper choke? Is it better than any other sort? What is the best variety of bore for a gun intended for all kinds of shooting.

X. Y. Z., Seattle, Wash.

What is the best all round rifle, for large and small game, using cartridges that can be reloaded with good results?

Wm. Blake, Palmyra, Ia.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE COOT, *FULICA AMERICANA*.

ALLAN BROOKS.

See page 13.

Most American sportsmen know this bird as "Mud hen," "Splatterer" or by some other name, while the Scoters are known as "Coots," or "Sea Coots"—the latter name fitting them very well.

Another bird that the coot is confused with is the gallinule, which can always be distinguished by its long slim toes, while those of the coot have scalloped lobes.

While the coot is not generally reckoned a game bird there is no reason why it should not be, for it is a much stronger flyer than most of its family, and flies more readily. The flesh is good at all seasons, and the bird is just as clean a feeder as a mallard; in fact more so.

Coots are good subjects for the young duck shooter to practice on, as they fly steadily and at a good speed when fairly started. On rising from the water they make a great splashing, using their powerful feet to give them the necessary impetus. When alighting they come down in the water with a tremendous flop and do not plow along the surface as most ducks do.

A crippled coot is a hard customer to catch, and when caught will scratch like a cat. Its claws are as sharp as needles.

By robbing their nests they can be made to lay an enormous quantity of eggs. Indians living near their breeding haunts regularly send the squaws to gather the eggs, which are nearly as good as hen's eggs.

The young, when newly hatched, are curious little mites and can swim and dive as soon as they are clear of the shell. Their bills are then bright red, with a white tip. The crown of the head is bald, and is bright red. The neck is covered with orange colored down. Later they turn darker and blacker, and lose their bright coloring altogether.

The bill of the adult is white, with the apex of the "shield" and a bar across tip, dull claret color; iris claret color; and feet olive green with a "garter" on the tibia of dull orange.

In the breeding season coots have a great variety of cries and are very noisy, especially at night. At this season they are also pugnacious, and fight not only among themselves but with every other kind of waterfowl. I have heard complaints of them killing young domestic ducks.

It is almost impossible to pluck them, so when preparing them for the table it is best to skin them. They should be cleaned as soon as killed, for, like all vegetable feeders, they decompose rapidly.

THE ASCENT OF THE GRAND TETON.

Chilicothe, O.

Editor RECREATION: I note your mention in November RECREATION, of the recent ascent of the Grand Teton by W. O. Owen and others, and Mr. Owen's claim that this is the first ascent. The highest pinnacle of this grand mountain, perhaps the most inaccessible in the United States, was first surmounted, so far as we have any authentic account, by the Hon. Nathaniel P. Langford and Capt. James Stevenson. The latter had charge of the Snake River Division of the Hayden U. S. Geographical Survey. The ascent was made on July 29, 1872, and due mention of same is made in Dr. Hayden's report. A full account of the ascent was furnished by Mr. Langford to Scribner's Magazine, and was published in the June number of 1873.

As is well known, the mountain, while exceeded in altitude by many other peaks, presents unusual difficulties to the mountaineer, and many are the attempts which have since been made to reach its summit, all of which, it seems, have been unsuccessful save that of Mr. Owen and his party who again reached the highest point of the mountain in August, '98, after 2 previous unsuccessful attempts. His pride in the achievement has, it is to be regretted, led Mr. Owen into the folly of trying to magnify it by claiming this as the first ascent. Most of your readers have, doubtless, seen Mr. Owen's articles in the newspapers in which he attempts to smirch the veracity of Capt. Stevenson, who has been dead many years, and Mr. Langford, an honored resident of St. Paul, Minn., in his endeavors to support his pretensions to priority. These attacks Mr. Langford has, it appears, been compelled, out of regard for the memory of Capt. Stevenson, to notice, which he does in a reply recently published in the New York Herald.

Recreation, I know, desires only to be fair, and has, doubtless, been led into publishing the notice of Mr. Owen's ascent and the tacit acquiescence in his claims, from having seen some of Mr. Owen's newspaper articles. But the honor of the first ascent of Grand Teton unquestionably belongs to Mr. Langford and Mr. Stevenson.

Luther B. Yafle.

Recreation certainly desires to be fair in this, as in all other matters. I said, in commenting on Mr. Owen's ascent of the Grand Teton; "They are believed to be the first men who have accomplished this feat." I should have said, "They claim to be." Mr. Owen admits that Langford and Stevenson went nearly to the top, but claims they did not reach the extreme summit. However, Mr. Langford seems now to have clearly established his claim to having reached the highest pinnacle of the main peak of the Grand Teton, in 1872.—Editor.

ROBINS OR GRAPES.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor Recreation: Complaint recently came to me from Lockport, Niagara Co., that a Dr. Ringueberg was killing or allowing to be killed many robins, on his grape farm. I could get no evidence and then saw the doctor personally. He admitted that last year he had stationed his man on the farm, and that he had killed about 3,000 robins, he thought! Neighbors and the ex-Game Constable, Pomroy, made complaints and the doctor has this year killed no birds, although he has his man firing blank cartridges to drive the birds away. He says he will not allow them to be shot so long as the law is prohibitive, although he would be willing to make a test case of owners' rights, if he could get other fruit growers to back him.

I believe the doctor is more conscientious than many other fruit farmers in this end of the state. Two years ago they tried to amend the law so as to allow property owners to kill birds on their fruit trees. I opposed this bill and it was defeated. We may look for other efforts of this kind, and must try to show the farmers that the amount of harm done by the song birds is more than compensated by the good they do.

It might be possible to convict Dr. Ringueberg on his admission of last year's killing, though I hardly think it feasible. He is an accomplished ornithologist and ought to know better; but feels very bitter toward the robins and orioles. He values his Delaware grape crop at more than their lives.

Eben P. Dorr.

ANSWER.

The case you report is certainly a serious one. Primarily, it would seem these men had a right to protect their grapes, but this is a question that has frequently been adjudicated in the courts and they have always decided that a man may not kill game in close season, even on his own property.

It seems Dr. Ringueberg has adopted about the only remedy he has, and it will be comparatively easy for him to keep the birds away by firing blank cartridges at them. People of the whole United States certainly have rights of property in the robins that the few grape growers are bound to respect. In this case, as in many others, the few must bow to the will of the many.

I should not advise prosecuting this man on a confession as to his last year's killing. If he has really quit, and is now willing to abide by the law, I think the better course would be to overlook his past sins. This would encourage his neighbors to follow his example.—Editor.

THE FANTAIL, FLAGTAIL OR GAZELLE DEER —*ODOCOILEUS TEXANUS.* MEARNS.

The hunters have long maintained that there existed such an animal, distinct from the Virginia whitetail, and on January 27, 1898, this elegant little dwarf of the mountains was formally and publicly recognized by Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, and a description of specimens published in the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington.

In general it was described as a dwarf white-tail, of pale colors. Bucks weighing about 100 pounds; does about 75. Its skull, teeth, etc., are also peculiar.

Dr. Mearns' specimens are from Fort Clark, Kinney Co., Texas, on the Rio Grande; but according to Captain Kendall the species abounds in the wooded mountains to the Westward and Northward, into Mexico and New Mexico. It is claimed this species is also found in other regions, such as the Bighorn mountains (Lieut. J. H. Gardner), the Yellowstone Park (M. P. Dunham) and other parts of the Rockies of Montana. None of these reports are backed up by specimens or photographs. What we want now is specimens, skins or skulls with the horns on; and photographs with stretched tape-line for a scale.

We also want notes on the habits of the species.

It is described as frequenting the roughest upland woods, avoiding the bottom-lands where its big relative lives. It is said to run but a short distance before hiding, like the European Roebuck; and it shows such an expanse of white tail and buttock that at a rear view it looks like a pure white deer.

How many of the readers of RECREATION can add to our knowledge of its habits and distribution?

Ernest Seton Thompson, New York City.

WORK IN THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

Work on the buildings, dens and aviaries of the New York Zoological Park is being pushed with great vigor. At this date, 13 different " installations " for animals are in progress, as follows: the reptile house, bird house, bear dens, wolf dens, fox dens, ducks' aviary, flying cage, burrowing rodents' quarters, prairie dog's knoll, beaver pond, buffalo house and mountain sheep's hill. The elk house was completed in October, and immediately thereafter director Hornaday moved his office from 69 Wall Street, and established temporarily in that building the offices of the Zoological Park. In a short time 10 or 12 other installations will be started, planned for completion by May 1st.

The city of New York has entered vigorously on its share of the work, which consists in making walks, roads and ponds, laying water pipes and sewers, building fences, workshops, etc. For this work a fund of $64,250 has been appropriated, and is now being expended in accordance with the society's plans. Work will be continued vigorously throughout the coming winter, in order that the Park may be ready in March to receive live animals, and to open to the public in May.

THOMPSON'S ANIMAL DRAWINGS.

The New York Zoological Society has received as a gift, for the use of its school of animal painting and sculpture, a collection of 50 wash drawings made by Ernest Seton Thompson for Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright's " Four-footed Americans."

By the terms of Mr. Thompson's contract with the Macmillan Company, he was allowed to retain the drawings, and to sell them if he chose. On learning that the drawings could be purchased, 5 prominent members of the Zoological Society—Messrs. Edward J. Berwind, Henry W. Poor, Charles T. Barney, Charles A. Peabody, Jr., and John L. Cadwalder promptly subscribed the sum necessary to secure the entire collection, and presented it to the Society.

These drawings are, beyond doubt, the finest representations of American quadrupeds ever produced in black and white. They are the result of years of study and observation in the field, as a naturalist, and years of successful work in the studio as a delineator of animal forms. The great majority of these drawings are fairly beyond criticism, and the Zoological Society may well be envied their possession. Besides being exhibited as they deserve, their special use will be as part of the working equipment of the school of animal painting and sculpture which will be established in the Zoological Park, next May, when the Park will be formally opened to the public. To students of animal drawing they will be a genuine revelation.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

See page 18.

Okanagan Landing, B. C.

Editor RECREATION: I send you 2 drawings by mail to-day. The one of sheep was made from a sketch taken directly from life. I was up after sheep a week ago and as rams were scarce, owing to the fact that a party of hunters were in ahead of me, and had driven them all away, I amused myself with stalking the ewes and sketching them, with the aid of a powerful binocular.

The female shown in the drawing was a large, dark colored one, with a light colored lamb, which for some reason had lost the natural wariness of their species. I got within 130 yards and after sketching her, tried to frighten her away. I could go no farther without crossing the foot of the rock slide she was on, and I knew she would start a lot of rocks down hill as soon as she moved. Waving my hat and shouting were of no avail. She stood like a statue and I finally smashed a stone at one side of her, with a rifle bullet, before she would go.

The lamb looks " leggy " and awkward, but this is true to nature, as you know.

Allan Brooks.

EGRETS TAKEN NEAR NEW YORK.

" Get up, Alfred, there are some geese on the pond," were the words which awoke my cousin one morning. A single glance from the window was sufficient. All accoutred as he was, with suspenders hanging in graceful festoons from his hastily buttoned trousers, he rushed to the pond, reaching it in time to secure a shot at 2 white objects. A single shot, but a double fatality. Both the strange feathered visitors, with snowy forms, lay prone on the water. No one in the neighborhood had ever seen such birds before. At last someone suggested taking the unknown quantity to an ornithological expert. If patient accumulation, and arsenical stuffing of bird skins can make an expert, I am one; and to me the birds were brought.

They were white egrets, *Ardea egretta*. I stuffed the birds, and they were photographed by my friend, Mr. Barnes.

Charles C. Owen.

NOTES.

I have a nest of young hawks. A friend who makes a study of birds and snakes, says they are red tailed chicken hawks.

They have grown like weeds, the largest having quite a spread of wings and being able to fly. In a previous issue of RECREATION I noticed an article about hawks' eyes. All I have shot or seen mounted, had or were given a brown yellow striped, or pure brown iris and black pupil. One of mine has an iris like the former, the other has a pure gray iris and black pupil. Would like to know is this customary or not, as I have not heretofore seen a hawk with a gray iris. George H. Quackenbush, Hackensack, N. J.

All persons owning good heads or horns of moose, elk, deer or caribou are requested to send to this office the following data concerning them:

Species; when and where killed.

Length of right beam from base to tip, following the curves outside. Circumference at ball above burr.

Number of points.

The same of left antler.

Greatest horizontal spread.

Send a photograph showing a stretched and readable tape-line extending from tip to tip.

Was the skull sawn across?

General remarks on size of animal, etc.

There is one New York girl who is not only free from ordinary superstition, but is also innocent of all desire to be inconspicuous. She wears on her hat the "stuffed and mounted" skin of an entire crow. Nor is it a modest unassuming little fish crow, but a brazen, bloated *Corvus Americanus* of the largest size. He lies on the top of the girl's head quite as if he had been hit with a club, and knocked there; and he covers the entire head of the girl underneath. It is not every girl who would have the nerve to adorn herself with the entire skin of the bird which became black because he once bore evil tidings.

Mr. J. A. Loring, for several years one of Dr. C. Hart Merriam's field naturalists, has just returned from Europe. He spent 4 months in hard work and study in the London Zoological Gardens, and 4 months on the continent, collecting small mammals for the United States National Museum. In the Great London Zoo he was treated most kindly, and instructed in many lines of zoological garden work. In Germany he broke all European field records by collecting 902 mammals in 62 days.

A few weeks ago, a printed postal card was received from a lawyer in Pierre, S. D., offering for sale a herd of buffalo, led by the magnificent bull "Mandan," who stands 8 feet in height, and is the finest specimen of his race in the world! If Mandan is really 8 feet tall, he is an unqualified corker; and he shall have the championship of the world. Previous to him, the tallest buffalo ever measured and recorded, by reliable hands, measured 5 feet 8 inches at the shoulders.

If any of your readers desire information as to the proper shoeing and handling of horses let them write me and I shall be glad to answer direct. There are thousands of people driving horses that are continually cutting themselves and bruising their legs simply for want of information in regard to shoeing. Give me particulars regarding your horse and I will tell you how to shoe him properly.

Dr. J. C. Hennessy, Carson, Nev.

On page 307 of October RECREATION, I saw mention of an antidote for snake bite—"Ammonia"—by B. P. Hooke, Jr., Loysville, Pa.; but he does not state in what form he uses the ammonia, whether externally, internally, or both. What is the dose? Won't he please give some particulars and greatly oblige, W. D., Hartford, Ct.

On page 307, of October RECREATION, B. P. Hooke, Jr., mentions ammonia as an antidote for snake bite, but does not say how it should be used. Should it be applied internally, externally or both? What is the proper dose? Will Mr. Hooke please give further particulars?

Wm. Dicer, V. S., Garrett, Ind.

I have seen a red squirrel take young robins from their nest and kill them. This was witnessed by several persons who will testify to the facts. In 30 years' experience in the woods I have seen no evidence that the gray squirrel was being driven out by the red. F. E. Lermond, Warren, Me.

What are the game laws of the States of Chihuahua and Sonora, Mexico?

Will some RECREATIONIST tell us about the varieties of bear in the Rockies of Colorado; how distinguished; their habits, range, altitude, period of hibernation, etc.?

W. H., Victor, Col.

Mr. Carl Rungius is still hard at work with rifle and color box on the Green river, Wyoming, above the ranch of Ira Dodge. His efforts to procure a satisfactory series of bear studies have been successful.

"Wild Animals I have Known" is the title of Ernest Seton Thompson's latest and greatest book. Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION one year, $2. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscribers.

"I saw you kissing my daughter, sir."

"Well, it was your own fault; you shouldn't have looked."—Chicago Record.

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NEW YORK DIVISION.

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WASHINGTON DIVISION.

J. S. Stangroom, Chief Warden, New Whatcom.

Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 19 *W.* 24*th St., New York.*

AID FOR AN IMPRISONED GAME WARDEN.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the L. A. S., the secretary was instructed to write James L. Tooker, Jr., who is in jail for killing a man who was shooting song birds in New Jersey, in violation of law. It will be remembered that Mr. Tooker is a State Game Warden for Middlesex and Monmouth Countries, New Jersey; that in the discharge of his duty he found an Italian shooting song birds; that he ordered the man under arrest; that the man threw up his gun and attempted to shoot Tooker; that the latter drew his revolver and killed the Italian. The act was clearly one of self-defense, yet, in accordance with law, Mr. Tooker was placed under arrest and must be tried. Meantime, he is in prison at Paterson, N. J.

In pursuance of a resolution passed by the Executive Committee of the League, Mr. Rice wrote Mr. Tooker, assuring him of the support and sympathy of the League in his unfortunate condition and offering him any assistance which it might be in the power of the League to extend.

Mr. Tooker replies as follows:

Paterson Jail, November 16, 1898.

Mr. Arthur F. Rice, Secretary League of American Sportsmen:

Dear Sir: Your kind letter was received yesterday, and it gave me much consolation. I sincerely regret having been placed in a position whereby it became necessary to injure a fellow being, a calamity that has never before befallen me. Although the Fish and Game Commission, of New Jersey, whose instructions I was trying to carry out, seem to have abandoned me to the mercy of others, I have many friends who are doing their best for my comfort and future well being. I am poor in this world's goods, but ex-Judge Francis Scott has assured me he will defend me to the last moment, pay or no pay. My friends in Perth Amboy are to give an entertainment, I understand, the proceeds to be used as the committee may see fit.

These facts, together with many cheering letters, keep my spirits up, and make my life here more endurable. Although the cause of my trouble gives me much sorrow, and will so long as I live, I feel assured that with a fair trial and an impartial jury I shall suffer no further punishment. The enlightened (?) newspapers seem to have discovered that I was a fiend, and that too much evil could not be laid at my door. Such articles only cause those who know me to work the harder for my release and acquittal.

From boyhood I have been a lover of birds and dumb animals, and long before the Game Commission of New Jersey existed, I worked for the protection of those birds and animals that were being ruthlessly slaughtered on all sides. In my district, Middlesex and Northern Monmouth, I have had the satisfaction of walking along the hedges, and through the woods, with the robins and other birds apparently following me, so tame that I could approach within a few feet of them. Many friends, since I have been here, have written me that " my pets" seem to miss me; but that they (my friends) will stand guard till my return, which I hope is not far off.

My only dependence is on my friends; consequently you must imagine what pleasure and comfort your letter has brought me.

Hoping your League may continue in good favor, and make many converts to the love of bird life, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
James L. Tooker, Jr., Paterson, N. J.
c|o J. F. Buckeley.

Mr. Tooker's action meets the hearty approval of every sportsman with whom I have talked. He is in need of financial assistance, and all friends of game protection are earnestly requested to send to this office, at once, such sums of money as they can afford to contribute. The fund thus raised will be known as "the Tooker Defense Fund," and all moneys paid in will be promptly remitted to Mr. Tooker. No one need send more than $1, and even smaller sums (which may be remitted in stamps) will be thankfully received.

Bridgeport, Ct.

Editor RECREATION: The Connecticut members of the League were called on, in August last, to elect a Chief Warden, in accordance with Art. II., Sec. 1 (a) of the constitution. There were at that time some 40 members, and Mr. Ralph B. Lawton, of Bridgeport, was chosen. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, probably the most active member of the Nassau Fishing and Game Club, of Bridgeport and Stratford, and which controls 3 square miles of territory. For 3 years he has worked hard preparing a series of pools for the propagation of trout, and has been very successful, during the past season, in rearing English and Mongolian pheasants.

A better man could hardly have been selected at this stage of the Division's existance, since Mr. Lawton's business takes him all over the Western part of Connecticut as well as into Western New York and Western Massachusetts.

Recruits have been gained rapidly. By the first of October there were 50 members and a secretary-treasurer was appointed. There are now 66 members in this Division, living in 23 different towns and cities.

Deputy wardens have been appointed in 4 counties, viz.: Fairfield, Hartford, Litchfield and New Haven, and much good work is expected in the way of detecting and prosecuting offenders against the game laws. Mr. Beach, of New Haven, has been exceptionally active, and in Dr. Ross we have one of the most enthusiastic of sportsmen. He is an earnest worker in all matters pertaining to game and its protection.

The Connecticut Division will be run on business principles. The sportsmen of the state seem to feel that the game laws are fairly satisfactory and we are mainly anxious that they be enforced. Certain details might be improved and the chief warden will soon appoint a committee on legislation which will give its attention to such points.

We are desirous of appointing deputy wardens in the remaining counties of the state and should be pleased to hear from all interested sportsmen who would serve or who know of good, determined men willing and able to act as deputies. Will all such kindly communicate with the Secretary-Treasurer?

Addresses of Officers and Deputy Wardens:

Chief Warden.—Ralph B. Lawton, 824 North Avenue, Bridgeport.

Secretary-Treasurer.—Harvey C. Went, 11 Park Street, Bridgeport.

Deputy Wardens.—Fairfield Co.: George B. Bliss, 2 Park Row, Stamford; Harvey C. Went, 11 Park Street, Bridgeport; Hartford Co.: Abbott C. Collins, 783 Main Street, Hartford, (County Warden) care Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company; Litchfield Co.: Dr. H. L. Ross, P. O. Box 100, Canaan; New Haven Co.: Wilbur E. Beach, 318 Chapel Street, New Haven.

Harvey C. Went, Sec.-Treas.

LEAGUE WARDENS IN NEW YORK ARE ALSO STATE WARDENS.

Chief Warden Pond has appointed the following local wardens to represent the L. A. S. in this state.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Essex,	Warren H. Broughton,	Moriah. N. Y.
Rensselaer,	Capt. J. B. Taylor,	Rensselaer, N. Y.
Montgomery,	Chas. W. Scharf,	Canajoharie, N. Y.
Tioga,	Geo. Wood.	Owego, N. Y.
Erie,	Marvin H. Butler,	Morilla, N. Y.
Cayuga,	H. M. Haskell,	Weedsport, N. Y.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill, N. Y.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown, N. Y.
Erie,	E. P. Dorr,	103 D. S. Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Orange,	J. H. Kidd,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Schenectady,	J. W. Furnside,	Schenectady, N. Y.
Allegany,	J. D. Holden,	Belmont, N. Y.
Oneida,	E. J. Breeze	Forestport, N. Y.
Broome,	M. A. Baker,	Whitney's Point, N. Y.
Westchester.	Geo. Poth.	Pleasantville, N. Y.
Chemung,	Fred. Uhle	Hendy Creek, N. Y.
Suffolk,	P. F. Tabor,	Orient, L. I.
Richmond	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond, N. Y.
Albany,	C. D. Johnson,	Newtonville, N. Y.
Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Islip, L. I.

In accordance with a provision of the state game and forestry law, these men have been appointed by the state board of fish, game and forestry commissioners as state wardens ex officio. They are, therefore, authorized to make arrests and to prosecute violators of the law, in the name of the state. Any person knowing of any infraction of fish, game or forestry laws should report the same, either to Chief Warden Pond or to the nearest local warden, as shown by this list.

SEND FOR COPIES OF THE LEAGUE POSTER.

The League has issued a muslin poster, 16 x 20 inches in size, which reads as follows:

The League of American Sportsmen desires to prosecute all offenders against the Fish and Game Laws of all the States in which it has State organizations, and to that end the League requests all persons knowing of violations of any such game or fish laws to report them to the nearest Local Warden of the League, or to the undersigned.

Please keep a close watch for persons whom you believe to be killing game or taking fish in close season, or who are killing in excess of the lawful allowance, or by unlawful means.

The killing, or trapping, or having possession of song or insect eating birds, or the taking of their nests or eggs, is prohibited in most States under heavy penalties. You are specially urged to report all such cases.

All communications will be regarded as confidential.

Please post this in a conspicuous place.

Arthur F. Rice, Sec'y, L. A. S.,
19 West 24th Street, New York.

We have a large supply of this poster on hand and shall be glad to send copies to any members of the League, or other friends of game protection, who will post them in conspicuous places. Let me know how many you want. They are good stuff with which to caution game law violators, and good advertising for the League. Please help us distribute them.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The first annual meeting of the L. A. S. will be held in this city on the second Wednesday of February, 1899. Eligible for membership therein:

All general officers of the League.

All chief wardens of divisions having 25 or more members.

All secretary-treasurers from divisions having 100 or more members.

All vice-wardens from divisions having 200 or more members.

All delegates chosen by the several divisions, and the chairmen of all standing committees.

A general meeting of the League will be held on the day following this annual meeting of officers and delegates, to which all members of the League are invited. At this meeting, topics of general interest to the League will be discussed, and it is hoped that a large attendance may be realized. Members who may determine to attend are requested to send notice to the Secretary at once, in order that a hall of suitable size may be engaged for the meeting. We hope to have at least 20 states represented in this meeting. We especially invite all local wardens to be present. It will greatly benefit the cause to have the members from various states and from various portions of each state meet, become acquainted, exchange views and ideas, and thus fit themselves for better and more effective work at home.

OBJECTS TO THE NAME.

Lowville, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of yours of recent date, relative to the L. A. S., and you may send me a few of the circular letters and copies of the constitution and by-laws. I will try to place them where they will do some good. Some days ago I sent a list of the most likely of my friends to Mr. Hornaday and he I believe has written them. However, I can use some of the literature.

I am sorry the word Sportsmen appears in the name of the League. Too many so-called "sportsmen" are mere pot-hunters. They kill all the game they can, whether they can use it or not, and it is due to such men that so many of our birds seem to be on the verge of extinction, more than to any other cause. Of course I except the birds used for trimming hats.

So the name of the League is, in my estimation, against it, for I despise the "sportsman," as above defined. One's first impression is that it is a league of such cut-throats, and no doubt many good people consign your literature to the flames without reading more than the title. I should have done so had I not noticed conspicuously displayed the names of 2 friends (Merriam and Hornaday) who only connect themselves with worthy causes.

The aims of the League are certainly most praiseworthy, and I wish they might be indicated in its name so as to attract rather than repel.

Truly yours,
Romeyn B. Hough.

ANSWER.

You should not condemn all sportsmen because some alleged sportsmen are bad. There are quack doctors and good doctors; there are shyster lawyers and good lawyers. Many so-called sportsmen need reforming, and we believe a good way to reform them is to go among them and work. If we can educate the men who have been killing 50 to 100 birds a day, whenever they could get a chance, to quit when they get 10 or 15, we shall have achieved an important end. It seems to me the best way to do this is for the better class of sportsmen to take up the work and to become missionaries in the field. If I go out with a party of men for a day's shooting, or a week's shooting, I can come a good deal nearer making them quit when they get enough, than I could if I stayed at home, held myself aloof from them and preached *at* them.

Our work, however, is not to be entirely of a moral nature. We are organizing the League into state divisions as rapidly as possible. We are appointing local wardens as fast as we can find the proper men for these places. These local wardens must be sportsmen, for only such can properly trail down and prosecute the other men who shoot and fish. If some hunters persist in ignoring our advice as to when and how much they should kill, then we shall take them into court and make them pay for all infractions of the law, where we can secure the necessary evidence. We have arrested and punished several men already, and shall keep on the trail of the others until they either reform, or we shall keep them paying money into court every year.—Editor.

HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOUR DOLLAR BACK.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass. Photographic goods.
Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City. Photographic goods.
W. H. Longdon, Bridgeport. Conn. Sportsmen's goods.
New York Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson Street, New York City. Condensed products.
Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y. Traps.
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis. Moccasins, hunting shoes, etc.
Novelty Cutlery Co., Canton, O. Pocket cutlery, ink erasers, etc.
M. A. Shipley, 432 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Fishing tackle.
Willis Arms & Cycle Co., Kansas City, Mo. Bicycles, athletic and sportsmen's goods.
Reuben Woods Sons' Co., 324 S. Salina Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Sportsmen's goods.
Edward Paddock, 94 Hudson Avenue, Albany, N. Y.
D. T. Abercrombie & Co., 36 South Street, New York City. Tents, etc.

I hope to be able to add materially to this list, from time to time.

NOTES.

The L. A. S. is growing steadily. We now have 1,164 members, and every day we hear from prominent men throughout the country who ask for liberal supplies of our literature, which they offer to distribute. The New York Division still heads the list, with 319 members. The Massachusetts Division comes next, with 144, and the Montana Division third, with 125. The Wyoming Division has lately been organized with Dr. Frank Dunham, of Lander, as Chief Warden and several other States are close up to the number required to organize them into divisions. Among these are Wisconsin and Minnesota.

There is still a wide field for the efforts of all friends of game protection who see fit to take hold of this matter, anywhere in the United States or Canada, and all such are invited to correspond freely with this office. We have an abundant supply of literature, which we are glad to send to anyone who will use it for the good of the cause.

An amendment to the Constitution of the L. A. S. will be offered at the first annual meeting, as follows: To amend Section 1 of Article III. by inserting the word "white" after "any," making the first line of that article read "Any white man of good character," etc.

Also as an amendment to Section 3 of Article III. the following will be offered: "Any person who may comply with the preceding conditions of membership may become a life member of this League by paying into the treasury $25."

The League of American Sportsmen has appointed George Poth, of Pleasantville, N. Y., game warden for Westchester County. Persons who know of violations of the game and fish laws are urged to report the same to Mr. Poth. The League will prosecute, in all States in which it has organizations, all persons charged with killing game or taking fish in close season, or killing or trapping song or insect-eating birds or taking their nests or eggs. All communications will be regarded as confidential.

New York Tribune.

Some strange results are obtained from advertising in Recreation. I recently received solutions of 2 puzzles published in October, '96, Recreation.

Mr. Fitzmaurice, this city, told me the other day he was still receiving an occasional answer to an ad printed in Recreation for May, June and July, '96. Verily, bread cast on Recreation's waters is likely to return after many days.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to Recreation. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

"Wild Animals I have Known" is the title of Ernest Seton Thompson's latest and greatest book. Publisher's price, $2. With Recreation one year, $2. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscribers.

That beautiful book, "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," sells at $2. Treats of all the principal game birds and birds of prey. The book and Recreation one year $2.50. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

Promoter: A man who wants to sell a thing that does not exist, to a man who don't want it.

Bore: A man who insists on talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

SMOKE FROM OUR CAMP FIRE.

G. O. S.

The Camp Fire Club had eaten its second dinner. The members had pushed back their chairs, and lighted their cigars when the Chesterfield of the Club, Mr. Wm. E. Coffin, proceeded to introduce, in order, the guests of honor. These were Captains Evans and Chadwick, of the Navy; Col. Jas. M. Bell, of the First Cavalry, a veteran Indian fighter and a Santiago hero, and Major W. G. Bates, of Gen. Greene's staff, who had just returned from Manila.

Captain Evans told the story of the destruction of Cervera's fleet in so graphic and so forcible a manner that we could hear the booming of the guns, the shrieking of the shells and the explosion of the magazines in the Spanish vessels. Captain Bob talks as well as he fights, and everybody knows how he does that. In introducing him Mr. Coffin told how, when Captain Bob was wounded in both legs at Fort Fisher, the surgeons placed him on the operating table and told him they would have to amputate them.

Bob still had his belt on and drawing his six-shooter, told the Doctors that only the survivors of the medical corps could amputate any part of him after he got through shooting. The surgeons reconsidered their decision, dressed his wounds properly, and that is why he was able to command the Iowa in the late unpleasantness.

Captain Bob said that when the Spanish fleet steamed out of Santiago harbor that Sunday morning, he picked out as his special target, the Vizcaya, because Captain Eulate had made his boast, while lying in the harbor, that within 20 minutes after emerging from it, it would be towing the Iowa into Cadiz.

Captain Bob said he opened his broadsides on each of the ships as they came in sight, but when the Vizcaya showed up, he steamed straight for her, determined to ram her, whatever might be the result to his own ship. The enemy's vessels were over a mile away at this time, and Evans headed in toward the shore at an angle which he calculated would enable him to intercept the Vizcaya by the time each had run her distance. Bob soon found, however, he could not make the necessary speed. He had been 18 months at sea without a chance to dock his vessel and have her hull scraped. He said her bottom was covered with oysters as big as his fist, and this was why it was impossible to run as he had hoped to have done.

He called his chief engineer and asked him if he could not make better speed. The engineer replied that all the draughts were wide open, that the furnaces were at white heat, and that the engines were turning for every pound they could produce without danger to the ship. Captain Bob told him to put on the force draughts, to dump into the furnaces every pound of coal they would hold, and to give him all the power the engines could possibly make, no matter what the result might be. The chief engineer went below and obeyed orders, as a good seaman always does.

The great battleship carved her way through the water at such a speed as to throw the spray clear over her quarter deck, and the men crowded each other in their eagerness to work the guns for every shot that could possibly be fired from them. The old tar on the bridge was watching through his glass the result of the firing. The distance from ship to ship was changing so rapidly that it was difficult to keep the range, yet whenever a shot fell short of the enemy's ships, Bob ordered the gunners to increase their elevation. When he failed to see any splashes, he knew the shots were smashing the ships.

He soon found that, handicapped as he was with barnacles, it would be impossible to ram his chief antagonist, as he had hoped. He therefore put his helm hard down, and turned his prow in the same direction as the Spanish ships were headed. This gave him a better opportunity to work his port broadsides, and his men to redouble their energies in operating the guns.

The world knows the result.

The Vizcaya, as well as the other Spanish ships, was soon on fire, and flames and smoke were bursting from every hatchway and every port hole. Her commander, realizing that the end was at hand, headed her in shore and when she struck, the survivors leaped into the surf.

The Iowa ran alongside of her and Captain Evans sent his boats to save the crew. It was only by the most heroic work on the part of the Iowa's men that the survivors of the Vizcaya's crew could be saved. The sight was a pitiable one, and Captain Evans said he could not help thinking, in the midst of all that carnage, what a sorry looking outfit the Vizcaya was to tow anything anywhere.

He said that when his yawl brought Eulate on board the Iowa, that gallant commander knelt before him, drew his sword, kissed the hilt of it, and handed it over to him. "Many eyes were dimmed with tears, for there was not a man on my ship who did not know that old warrior was parting with everything he valued in this world. I told him to keep it and take it home with him; that I recognized in him a hero. I desired to show that Americans could be gentlemen as well as conquerors."

The old Spaniard wept at this exhibition of gallantry and thanked his captor in acts more eloquent than words. Then Eulate turned to his burning ship, raised his cap, saluted her and said, in pathetic tones, "Adios Vizcaya!" The words had barely left his lips when her port magazine exploded, blowing out her entire front works. The old Captain bowed his head, turned away heart broken, and the Yankee sailors wept in sympathy with his grief.

Captain Evans said the evidences of bravery and heroism displayed by the various officers and men of the conquered fleet were more numerous than could ever be recorded. Among these he mentioned a young lieutenant of the Vizcaya, who was brought off with the other prisoners, with his left arm shot off and hanging by a strip of skin on the outer side. He came up the sea ladder unaided—refusing the proffered assistance—and when a chair was placed for him on the deck, he declined to sit down. The surgeons came to his aid and offered to place him on a stretcher. This he also declined. They snipped off his arm and threw it to one side. They then cut away the lacerated flesh and when they started to saw the bone, the officer flinched, bit his cigarette in two and threw away the stump. An attendant handed him another and a match. He lighted this, deliberately, and when the surgeons again started to saw he again bit his cigarette. He persistently refused to take any narcotic, and after the operation was completed, he was shown to a state room below.

The speaker said he visited the young hero frequently, during the day and night, each time inquiring what he could do for him; but the lieutenant as often refused all offers. He finally, however, asked for a glass of milk. Bob said this rather stumped him; for while the Spanish ships had all carried live cows, he was without such a luxury. He, however, remembered that he had just one can of condensed milk remaining in the stores. He sent for this, opened it, mixed it with a quart of ice water and passed it to the young officer. He drank eagerly, glass after glass, until the last drop was gone. Then he lighted another cigarette and smoked again.

This was not all Bob said, but space does not permit of even a synopsis of the rest of his speech. When he sat down, the 60 gentlemen present stood up and cheered until they were hoarse.

At the conclusion of this demonstration a member of the club asked that the speaker tell them the story of his interview with the German Emperor.

Captain Evans responded in his always cordial way. He said that some years ago, when his ship was in the harbor at Kiel, representing the United States at the opening of the canal, he invited the Emperor and his staff to dine with him. The Emperor sent an aide to say he would be glad to accept the invitation. The aide explained that the Emperor was a man of simple habits and that he never sat at table more than 40 minutes. Captain Bob replied:

"Well, if he eats all I shall give him in 40 minutes, he will have to hustle."

Captain Bob puffed his cigar meditatively, for a minute, and continued.

"The Emperor came and we sat down to dinner at 7 o'clock."

Then Bob took a few puffs of his cigar.

"At 2 o'clock in the morning we had arisen from the table, had gone into my state room and were smoking a cigar."

"The Emperor asked me how long it usually took my crew to clear for action. I said about 30 seconds, when the men were prepared for such an order. 'I don't know how long it would take now, but if your Majesty would like to see the operation, I should be glad to give you an opportunity.' The Emperor said he would not wish to disturb the men at that hour in the morning.

"I said that was all right; that they were accustomed to being disturbed and that was what they were there for. I took the Emperor with me to the bridge and pressed the button for 3 blasts of the siren whistle, which was the usual signal for clearing. To my consternation, I found the signal wire was out of order, and there was no response. Then I broke the glass over the alarm box, pressed the button, the alarm whistle sounded, and in about 5 seconds the men came tumbling up the hatchways, most of them with nothing on but their undershirts and drawers. Hammocks, chairs and other impedimenta were cleared away in rapid succession. The guns were manned, the ammunition hoists went into motion automatically, the big shells came up and the breech blocks of the guns swung open. By this time I had escorted the Emperor down to the gun deck, arriving there just as the big 10 inch shell was shoved into the gun nearest us and the gunner was about to close the breech block. I took hold of it and relieved him. I turned to the Emperor and said 'Your Majesty, this gun is pointed directly at your castle on the hill. We had better not close this block. Some accident might happen which might explode the shell and it might do some damage.'

"I noticed the Emperor was holding his watch in his hand, and that he was paralyzed with astonishment.

"How long has it taken," I inquired.

"About 48 seconds," said the Emperor.

"I said I was surprised that it had taken so long, but told the Emperor he must remember this was not a war time; that we were in the harbor of a friendly nation, as a guest of honor; that the men did not of course expect any such order at this time of night, and that they had been unusually slow in executing it. The Emperor seemed slow to comprehend the situation, and the men were ordered back to their bunks.

"I was at breakfast the next morning, when my orderly informed me one of the Emperor's naval aides had called to see me. I went on deck to greet him and he asked me how long it really took last night to clear my decks for action.

"I said I did not time them myself, but that the Emperor did, and he said it was 48 seconds. I said I assumed of course the Emperor had timed the men correctly.

"'Now, look here, Captain,'" he said, "'please don't trifle with us in such a matter as this. We are pretty good liars ourselves.'"

Captain Chadwick was the next speaker. He was suffering from a severe cold, and his voice was in such a condition that during the first part of the evening, he had begged the chairman to excuse him from speaking at all. However, just before Captain Evans had finished, Chadwick consented to say a few words. He told us briefly and modestly, but forcibly and eloquently, of the part the flagship New York had played in the campaign; of his personal experiences and observations in connection with the pursuit and capture of the last of the fleeing Spanish warships; the capture and treatment of the prisoners, etc. There was not a man in the Camp Fire Club that night who did not feel certain that if Captain Chadwick had been fortunate enough to be at the mouth of the harbor when the Spanish fleet came out, he and his men would have been in the front of the fight, from start to finish, just as were the other ships, and that his guns would have made as great havoc among the enemy's iron clads as did those of the Iowa, the Texas, the Indiana and the others.

Captain Chadwick has as warm a place in the hearts of all the members of the Camp Fire Club as have Schley, Sampson, Evans, Clark, Phillips and the other heroes of the North Atlantic Squadron.

Major Bates told us briefly of the capture of Manila, by the troops under command of General Merritt. Little need be said here, as to that glorious piece of work. The fighting was done largely by volunteers and they covered themselves with glory. The newspapers have done them only simple justice and they of course desire nothing more.

Colonel James M. Bell, of the First Cavalry (Regulars) told a most thrilling story, but a synopsis of it is reserved for a future number of RECREATION.

If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

THE 1899 SHOW.

The preparations for the Sportsmen's Show to be held at Madison Square Garden, March 2 to 11, 1899, are progressing satisfactorily. A number of spaces have already been let to large concerns, who will put in attractive exhibits, and provisions are being made for many features to go on the main floor, which will surprise and delight visitors when they see them.

The plans for the water tournament are also being rapidly developed. This will consist of water polo, diving contests, swimming races, log rolling, canoeing, fish spearing, exhibitions by electric launches, and other sports and demonstrations, which up to a year ago were regarded as impossible indoors, and which were never attempted in New York.

Within the past few weeks the Sportsmen's Association has applied to the Amateur Athletic Union for a sanction to hold the water-polo championships of 1899. If this cannot be obtained a sanction will be requested for an open tournament. The Interscholastic Association has also been asked for a sanction for the interscholastic water-polo championship, or, as an alternative, a series of championship swimming races. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Princeton and Pennsylvania universities will be asked to enter teams for a series of competitions in water sports, preferably polo.

It is intended to hold these contests in a swimming tank to be built in the Garden. This tank will be 75 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 8 feet deep and will contain 200,000 gallons of water. It will be in the center of the garden, and the appearance of a pool in a forest of green (for the Garden is to be a veritable forest) may readily be imagined.

Arrangements are being rapidly made for a large exhibit of live wild animals such as buffalo, moose, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, wolves, foxes and mountain lions; also for a great collection of live wild geese, ducks, brant, prairie chickens, ruffed grouse, wild turkeys, quails, etc. There will be a great exhibition of game fishes in tanks, showing the hatching process; there will be a lake, with an island in it; a duck marsh with muskrat houses and live ducks, muskrats, minks, etc., swimming among the reeds, and many other wild, weird and curious things.

Two of my good friends who are soliciting subscriptions to RECREATION have recently written me that they have found several people who decline to subscribe. They say they know this magazine and do not like it, because it talks too much about game hogs. My friends tell me, however, that further conversation brings out the fact that these men are game hogs themselves. This accounts for the milk in the cocoanut. One of the men referred to above said that after a certain man had refused to subscribe he went on to tell about some recent hunting experiences and said jubilantly that on one of these he saw a bunch of quails sitting under a bush and killed 11 of them at one shot. My friend said he told the man, after hearing that story, that he did not wonder he should refuse to subscribe for RECREATION. I can live mighty well without ever getting a dollar from any such swine as these.

Mr. C. D. Sherwin, of Goshen, Ind., subscribed for RECREATION for '98. When his subscription expired a renewal notice was sent him, in the regular course of business. He made the following endorsement on the face of it and returned it to me:

"Your unwarranted attacks on what you term game hogs have lost friends for you here. There are but few people here who start out for a few days' shooting in a palace car. Your business is run strictly in the interest of those who can afford anything. Yours,
"C. D. Sherwin."

I endorsed the document as follows and sent it back to Mr. Sherwin:

"From which it would seem the shoe fits you. Good-by."

No decent sportsman objects to my attacks on game hogs. It is only the other kind who squeal. I shall do all I can to save the game if I lose every friend I have in the world.

Mr. D. B. Wilson, Waterbury, Conn., writes me he has a tract of 300 to 400 acres of wooded land on his estate, on which foxes have become so numerous of late that they are destroying the other game. It would seem the sportsmen in the vicinity of Waterbury should be mighty glad of a chance to clean out these foxes, and I suggest that anyone who may be hankering for some sport of that kind, and for a chance to climb the hills and expand his lungs, would do well to call on or write Mr. Wilson for further particulars.

"Birds that Hunt and are Hunted"; Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION 1 year, $2.50. "Bird Neighbors"; Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION 1 year, $2. Both books and RECREATION, $4.

Renewals and new subscriptions taken on this offer.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

BOOK NOTICES.

MRS. WRIGHT'S BOOK ON OUR QUADRUPEDS.

It is high time that American boys and girls—and grown folks, also—should learn something of the classification of our American quadrupeds. Our splendid mammalian fauna is worthy of a thousand fold more attention than it has thus far received from our educators. Our school children are taught almost everything save natural history; and generation after generation has grown up in stupid ignorance of even the elements of animal classification. North America has 540 species of rodents, and 62,910,746 persons who do not even know what a "rodent" is. Really, it is marvelous to see how grossly ignorant of animal classification well educated people can be, when 2 hours of serious study will yield to any sensible adult a fairly clear understanding of the orders of living mammals.

Up to this time, it has been impossible to induce any publisher to issue a general hand-book on the quadrupeds of North America. At last, however, the hoodoo spell has been broken, and we have one general work on that subject. Even though it is elementary in its plan and scope, I say "work" advisedly; for if there is any writer who thinks he can write good four-footed text for ignorant people without "sweating blood," let him try it, just once. Of all zoological composition, this is the most difficult.

"Four-Footed Americans" is a book to be made much of; for any one who learns its contents will have laid a good foundation on which to build a comprehensive knowledge of our living creatures that are best worth knowing. The thread of story which began to unwind in Mrs. Wright's "Citizen Bird" runs through this companion volume, and upon it is hung most skillfully a series of facts and pictures which place before the reader about 72 conspicuous types of American mammals. The species have been chosen for the triple purpose of affording the reader a good understanding of the different orders and families, of showing precisely where some of our most interesting animals belong, and of furnishing a fund of valuable information regarding their character and habits.

This book is a thoroughly good and conscientious piece of work, and its only fault is that in some places the story is a little too prominent. It begins with a clear and easily understood outline of the various classes of the animal kingdom, an "Animal Tree," and a "North American Mammal Tree," showing the orders and leading families. While doctors may differ regarding the branches of the latter—and they will, to the end of time—the fact remains that Mrs Wright's tree is comprehensible even to the dullest mind, and will serve its purpose admirably. At the end of the volume appears a classified list, with descriptive annotations of all the species treated of in the book, setting forth very clearly the various orders of our mammals, and their most conspicuous families. This alone is worth the price of the book.

The 29 chapters of the story are brimful of good things, and every statement made may be relied upon. There are animal stories innumerable, clear explanations of the puzzles wrapped up in " horns " and " antlers," descriptions of the home life and breeding habits of our " four-foots," hunting stories a plenty, and Indian legends not a few. Dull indeed must be the mind that is not royally entertained by these bright and breezy pages which serve up natural history in the most charming style imaginable.

And then the pictures. Never before have our North American quadrupeds been so beautifully and so accurately depicted in black and white. The whole of the 72 illustrations are from the brush of America's foremost delineator of birds and mammals, Ernest Seton Thompson, and represent 2 years' hard work in the haunts of animals, in zoological gardens, and the studio. Both individually and collectively they are exquisite, and represent the highest attainment of the artistic and the exact in animal drawing in black and white. Not only is each picture a fine portrait of the species represented, but also of the creature's home surroundings, and, as far as possible, its habits are depicted with equal fidelity and skill. It is greatly to be regretted that the limitations of a popular volume like this rendered it impossible for the publishers to reproduce each drawing as a full-page plate.

The gray squirrel plate is an especially exquisite work of art; and so are those of the arctic fox, mountain goat, striped skunk, little chief hare, the collared peccary, and various others that could be named. The buffalo plate is faulty, by reason of the fact that the model chosen for the principal figure was too thin to be accepted as a fair type for the species. The beaver picture, also, is not quite up to Mr. Thompson's standard; but the remaining 70 are fairly above criticism.

Beyond question, the Macmillan Company deserves the thanks of the public for this very satisfactory and valuable volume. It is highly creditable to them as well as to Mrs. Wright; it is a monument to Mr. Thompson, and it deserves a hearty welcome from the public.

Four Footed Americans and Their Kin. By Mabel Osgood Wright. Edited by Frank M. Chapman. Illustrated by Ernest Seton Thompson. Large 12mo, 432 pp., 72 half tone illustrations. New York. The Macmillan Company, 1898. $1.50.

Part III. of " Brush, Sedge and Stubble " is out and is equally as beautiful and attractive as its predecessors. The subject is " The Grouse of the Woods and Mountains."

The colored picture represents a sportsman coming down an old road through a beech forest, a handsome English setter in the foreground, pointing a bird—presumably a ruffed grouse. The half-tone cuts represent the blue or dusky grouse, nest of same, ruffed grouse on nest, another beautiful half page picture of ruffed grouse shooting, a typical view of White Mountain scenery, the ruffed grouse at his drumming place, a bird's eye view of a section of the Alleghenies, a beautiful panel picture of the ruffed grouse, a typical camp scene, the spruce grouse on her nest, etc.

The text is complete and contains a great deal of valuable information. Published by the Sportsmen's Society of Cincinnati, in 25 parts at $1 each. In ordering, please mention RECREATION.

Lovers of sport who at the same time appreciate mental development, will be interested in " French in a Nut Shell." This little book marks a new era in the study of languages, being especially adapted to the needs of busy men and women. It can be carried in the pocket, and the price is $1, but it is remarkably novel, simple and ingenious. By its use a speaking vocabulary can be obtained in 6 to 8 weeks. It therefore makes the study of French a pastime instead of a dread labor, as heretofore. Those intending to visit the Paris exposition will find this book especially valuable. Published by Prof. Charles De Mery-Robinson, 110 West 89th Street, New York.

In " The Adventures of Captain Kettle " Cutcliffe Hyne has created a character which will endear him to boys and to all lovers of thrilling, romantic sea tales. The cheerful nonchalance with which he thrusts the valiant little Captain into impossible perils and the dexterity with which he rescues him therefrom show remarkable imaginative power. Cuban, South American and Red Sea waters furnish new scenes, that are especially interesting at this time.

Published by Doubleday & McClure Co., New York, price, $1.

" Birds that Hunt and are Hunted " ; Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION 1 year, $2.50. " Bird Neighbors " ; Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION 1 year, $2. Both books and RECREATION, $4.

Renewals and new subscriptions taken on this offer.

Among trade journals is there a " Powder Magazine " ?—L. A. W. Bulletin.

You bet. Every issue of RECREATION is chuck full of powder.

BROOKHOUSE VALLEY.

ARTHUR MUNSON.

"Do you see that wild grass coming up out there?" said Uncle Lon, indicating some rushes and shoots of sweet flag down in the meadow fronting Brookhouse.

"Once that meadow was a lake, and the Indians killed many a deer in and about it, in the old days. I remember when it was a swamp lot, full of flag and alders, and unsafe for cattle. Only a little corner of the lot was cleared of stone and brush, and dry enough to be of any use.

"See that mound out there, from which we get gravel to repair roads? I fancy it was left there by a great cake of ice away back in the glacial epoch, when wind and tide had things much their own way in this region. The boys say the mound is an old Indian burial place, but nothing has been found to prove it. I think the ice had more to do with its building than the aborigines had.

"I like to look backward to the time when beavers built their warm houses where the green flags now grow. Little they knew—cunning as they were—that with every tree they felled into the lake they were helping nature to level up the old marsh, that we in these later years might be benefited.

"Our furry friend, the muskrat, did his share of house building out there, too; and hundreds of his snug habitations have settled and decayed to add their mite to the great scheme of making dry land. Autumn's harvest of dry leaves, and springtime freshets contributed toward the same end.

"It would be idle to even guess at the size or weight of pickerel or muskalonge the Indians caught in the still waters of the lake, or speared through holes in the ice, in winter days gone by. The red hunter-fishers were wont to camp in sheltered places under the hills and beside the water. They, no doubt, had their winter homes where Brookhouse now stands.

"This was a great region for wolves, just before my time. They were so troublesome that the early settlers had all they could do to keep them in check. There was a bounty on wolf scalps, and pits were built in which to catch the ravening beasts. The wolf pit was a low structure of logs, with a hole in the middle of the flat roof, so the varmints could get in but not out. It was baited with a live sheep in a cage, and fearful must have been the poor animal's experiences. Sites of old wolf-pits are still pointed out near here.

"The same boys who try to make an Indian cemetery of my old glacial mound, know of a genuine burial ground at Coscob. There stone slabs yet stand in a neglected corner, where whites as well as Indians were buried. The ancestors of old Chief Coscob, after whom the little hamlet was named, spent many moons encamped about the old lake that was. They brought clams and oysters from the sound, a mile or so to the South; for the ground is filled with such shells.

"Just North of Brookhouse and near the upper end of the valley is historic Lattan's rock. There, in revolutionary times, a daring pioneer rode off the big rock and escaped his 'red friends'; much as did Putnam from the British at Greenwich.

"Past Lattan's rock runs a tiny brook, bearing to the sea each autumn, with its flotilla of frosted leaves, stories of the grouse's drumming, of the quails' whistling notes, of the saucy squirrels' scolding chatter, and of the music of the birds. This little brook, with its alders and cattails, is all we have left of the old lake of other days."

"Well, Uncle Jim," said the lawyer, "the doctor says there's no hope for you."

"Yes, suh, dey tells me I's gwine ter cross ober."

"Have you made your will?"

"Yes, suh, I done will ter go."

"I mean," said the lawyer, "have you anything to leave?"

"Oh, yes, suh!" exclaimed the old man, joyfully; "two wives an' de rheumatiz!"—Atlanta Constitution.

BICYCLING.

HOW TO TRIM A TANDEM.

English cycling papers are discussing once more the proper position for a woman to occupy on a tandem mounted by riders of different sex. Here, in the larger cities, it has this season become almost as common for the feminine rider to occupy the rear seat of a tandem as to ride on the front seat. Advocates of the "lady-front" position maintain that it is against all rules of etiquette and chivalry to relegate the lady to the rear where her view ahead is obstructed by her companion. They argue, moreover, with much more practical wisdom, that the male member of the team, being the stronger, should not drive the machine from the front pair of pedals, where much of the efficiency is lost in transmission through the extra sprockets and chain, and that in case of impending danger it is much more difficult for him to dismount quickly, if seated in front, and hold the machine back with his companion in her seat. Again, they say, the trouble of mounting is much increased when the man takes the front seat, since both riders must mount simultaneously instead of allowing the lady to mount first and get comfortably settled before the man pushes the machine off and slides into the back seat from the rear.

These are good arguments, but the advantages of the "lady-front" position are so greatly overbalanced by the comfort of doing all the steering from the front seat that the new style is almost certain to prevail when the gentleman is not so large as to utterly eclipse his companion when she is seated behind him. At first, of course, every girl has a natural prejudice against taking a subordinate position, but when she has tried it with an experienced rider, she invariably prefers it to the reverse order. Perhaps she will not tell why, but there is a lurking suspicion that it is because, having none of the responsibility of steering, she is free to use both hands to determine from time to time whether or not her cap is on straight, to keep her hair in order, to remove possible accumulations of perspiration and dust from her face with her handkerchief and to keep an unruly skirt in place on a windy day.

As for the male rider, he will tell you he prefers steering from the front because it is much easier to control the wheel than where 2 try to steer and constantly pull against each other on the handle-bars. From the front seat he can have an unobstructed view of the road and can thus avoid sandy places, ruts, glass, and such things. With a brake fitted to the machine the front rider has it under perfect control; and an expert wheelman can stop a tandem very short from the front seat without a break by inserting the toe of the shoe in the front fork and pressing down on the tire. He can descend the steepest hill in perfect safety in this manner, when it would be impossible to do so if he were riding in the rear seat. Another point in favor of the male rider's taking the front seat is that in event of a collision his more delicate companion is in less danger of being hurt and perhaps disfigured for life—an important consideration for the feminine cyclist.

Perry.

PRICES OF '99 MODELS.

There has been a great deal of discussion in the newspapers this fall regarding the probable prices of next year's wheels. The general tone of these articles has been that prices will be still further reduced. What this opinion is based on it is hard to imagine, as all indications point to a probable increase in the price of high grade machines if any change is made at all. The retail prices of bicycles have been steadily declining for the past 5 years at the rate of about $25 every two years. The selling prices now are so low that few of the manufacturers have been able to more than pay running expenses of their plants, and retail dealers all over the country have become more or less discouraged in their struggles to make a living out of the business. The numerous failures of large bicycle manufacturing houses during the past few years are a certain indication that profits are reduced to a minimum. It would be suicidal, then, to lower the lists again, and, with the prospects of an era of prosperity foreshadowed by the excellent crops harvested this summer and the reports of good trade by the country dealers in all lines of goods, there is every reason to believe that good chain driven bicycles will cost quite as much next spring as they did this year. Other reasons for thinking this will be a fact are that the lists of bicycle tubing were advanced about 15 per cent. in August and the price of tires was increased from 50 cents to $1 a pair. Last winter it was a common complaint among the makers and jobbers of bicycle parts that there was scarcely any profit in the goods, so an advance in these may be looked for. With all the parts and fittings going up, it is hard to see how the price of the bicycle complete can come down.

There is to be a reduction, however, in the chainless machines. This was an experimental year for them and few persons were willing to buy a machine whose practicability and durability had not been fully demonstrated. In the hands of some perhaps they have not been wholly satisfactory, but the example of the indefatigable century fiend, Teddy Edwards, riding a full 100 miles every day of the year, over all kinds of roads, in every sort of weather, on a chainless machine, will be proof enough to satisfy most doubting ones that the chainless bicycle has merit, is practical and durable. Unquestionably more would have been sold this past season if there had been less discrepancy in price between the 2 types of machine. Recognizing this fact, there has been a general agreement among the makers of chainless bicycles to reduce the price from $125 to $75; so it may be confidently expected that bevel-gear bicycles will be fairly common in 1899.

AUTUMN TOURING.

Autumn is thought by many the pleasantest part of the year for cycling. In September and October the country highways are generally in the best condition for wheeling, the air is free from all dampness and rains are infrequent, the excessive heat of midsummer is past and the charm of the Indian summer is in the air. In the cool October days cycling is an exhilarating exercise instead of the perspiration-producing labor it often is in July and August. For these reasons fall is a good time to take a cycle tour, although one must expect to encounter some dust. Rain is not likely to cause any delays, but to be free from care it is wise to not lay out any schedule to be closely followed. Fifty miles a day is a fair average, especially if there are any ladies in the party.

Bundles to be carried should be reduced to the smallest possible size, only essential articles being carried on the machines and others being sent ahead by express if the tour is to extend more than a week. The most satisfactory way to carry a bundle is to attach it to the handle bars by a shawl strap, the bundle hanging against the head of the machine in front. This will not affect the steering nor interfere with mounting or dismounting. A lady's bundle can be strapped against the rear stays under the saddle, where it will be entirely out of the way. Articles of frequent use should be carried in the pocket so the bundles need not be opened except at night.

To prevent delays on the road, which are vexatious and do more than anything else to break up a touring party, each machine should be carefully overhauled, oiled and adjusted before each day's start. The average rider needs frequent caution against drinking too much cold water. The effects are often unpleasant and injurious.

Judging from the way the poet laureate of the L. A. W. yanks the official bulletin along over the highway to success, his pen name should be "Nixon Motorman."

Irate Passenger (who has managed to board a trolley car that didn't stop)—Suppose I slipped and lost a leg—what then?

Conductor—You wouldn't have to do any more running then. We allers stops for a man with a crutch.—Boston Traveler.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

A RIFLE FOR THE TIMES.

The acquisition of Porto Rico, the Philippines and Cuba, opens up new hunting grounds for American sportsmen. These new fields will increase the demand for all kinds of fire arms. The Savage Arms Company hopes to secure its share of the new business, to meet which it has invested a large amount of capital in a new plant.

The many friends of the Savage rifle will be pleased to learn of the grand success the arm is meeting with everywhere. The demand for the rifle has far exceeded the production and although this is generally considered more satisfactory than the opposite, yet it has embarrassing features. This great demand for a practically new arm has resulted in the equipping of one of the finest plants in existence with the most advanced type of machinery, especially adapted for manufacturing high grade modern smokeless powder rifles.

The Savage was introduced a little over 2 years ago and from the first has met with universal commendation. The fame of the arm has penetrated the most distant countries of the globe, orders having been received from Siberia, Java, Finland and Japan.

The most serious criticism of the Savage has arisen from the fear that so small a calibre as the .303 would not be sufficient for moose, grizzly bear and other big game; but this natural supposition has invariably come from those who have never used or seen the effect of the small, expanding high velocity bullets on flesh and bone. It is safe to say that within a comparatively few years the large calibre black powder rifles will be settling in their places in the museums.

Arthur W. Savage, the inventor of the Savage rifle, was the first to shoot big game with the modern smokeless powder, and small calibre bullet. Twenty samples were secured of the first French smokeless powder cartridges, manufactured by that Government, and a chamber in a special rifle was made to take them. This was in 1889. At that time Mr. Savage proved, to his own satisfaction, that the new departure in calibres was superior to anything ever known; but it was a long time before American sportsmen realized the merits of small calibre smokeless powder rifles.

Taking the world at large the modern sporting rifle is but little known and it will probably be 20 or 30 years before native hunters of such countries as Central Africa and South America are armed with them. It is just as well that such is the case, for did every shooter know of the advantages of smokeless powder and small calibres, the orders would be so overwhelming that it would be impossible to meet the demand, and big game would soon be wiped off the earth.

The Savage Arms Company in buying the new machinery and organizing the new establishment, has utilized the skill and experience of practical up-to-date gun mechanics and thoroughly competent business men, with the resultant perfection of product only attainable when conditions are right. All criticism on the Savage rifle, brought to the notice of the Company for the past 2 years, has been carefully tabulated and the result of this foresight is the improved 1899 model. The general plan of the mechanism has not been changed, as the principle of the arm cannot be improved. The peep hole in the breech bolt, at the bottom of which appeared the letters S and C, standing for "safe" and "cocked," has been changed to an outside indicator that projects above the top of the bolt when the enclosed hammer is cocked, but which is flush with the top of the breech bolt when the hammer has been fired, or the enclosed hammer is down. This new indicator is sufficiently large to be seen in daylight and can be felt in the dark. The small retractor spring has been eliminated entirely from the gun, and a new retractor, not requiring a spring, substituted. The sear is changed somewhat in form and the lever lock has a larger thumb piece for the better convenience of a gloved hand. The amount of steel at the breech of the barrel has been added to, while the finest material is put into every part of the gun, no expense whatever being spared in either the price of the material or the testing of the same. The metal and wood finish of the new arm is of a higher grade than that of the old model, which was made under contract by a competing manufacturer. The greatest attention is given to the inspection of the arm and the proof testing, so that every rifle that leaves the establishment is known to be perfect and sound. Many other improvements have been added, minor in themselves but important as a whole. The rifle will be built both with a newly designed steel shotgun butt plate and the regular metal rifle butt plate, either of which can be had at the same price.

Where is the wheel she rode last year;
Her bloomers, where are they?
Why is she never seen upon
The boulevards to-day?
The lover whom she rode with then
Did not lay down his life
Upon the field of battle, but
He took that maid to wife.
Her tires are now all flattened out,
Her bloomers hung away—
Beside a baby's crib she sings
Sweet lullabies to-day.
—Omaha Bee.

The air-beds, made by the Pneumatic Mattress Co., and advertised in RECREATION, are a great success. If I had had one when first I went West, I should have been saved years of rheumatic suffering. I predict that within 5 years every cowpuncher and hunter will have one and will consider it as essential as his saddle or his gun.

Some of my friends put their air-bed to a novel use the other day. They had to cross a deep and wide sheet of ice-cold water. They blew up their rubber mattress, used it as a raft and both crossed with ease and comfort.

Ernest Seton Thompson,
144, 5th Avenue, New York City.

The poets speak of fields "bedewed:"
Such grammar we forbid
As being altogether rude;
They should say "fields bedid."

Laramie, Wyo.

The Peters Cartridge Co.
Cincinnati, O.

Gentlemen: The Peters Quick Shot and New Victor Loaded Shells are all you claim for them. We have been selling them since the New Victor was first put on the Market, and every Sportsman who has used them joins us in saying they are as good as, if not the best, nitro shells they ever used, being quick, clean, and above all, uniform. Wishing you success, we are,

The W. H. Holliday Co.

"Jack and Jill went down the hill"—
And, on the downward track,
Full many a man his course began
With a gill of apple-jack.

The Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, is publishing a monthly bulletin, giving information as to what the expert riflemen and trap shooters of the country are doing with Peters cartridges and semi-smokeless powder. The paper is illustrated with targets and with portraits of many crack shots in both lines. It contains a great many valuable points of interest to lovers of the gun and rifle and should be in the hands of all such. Write the Co. and say you saw it in RECREATION.

I've heard it told, and in the Book,
With wonderment, I've read
How that same "sling" which David took
Went to Goliath's head.

The bugle's strains floated in through the open window. "That is 'taps,' is it not, Miss Marshal?" he asked of the general's fair daughter, "and signifies 'lights out.'" "Yes," she answered wearily, "or light out." He lit.

ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION WHEN ANSWERING ADS.

GOLD HUNTING IN KLONDYKE.

J. S. PEABODY.

With horses and one year's provisions we left Seattle and sailed for Skaguay, Alaska. There we found only discord and wrangling. No one was going over the trail, so we went on to Dyea, sold our horses, and poled up the river as far as Finnegan's point; then packed from there to Canyon. Then over the sheep camp, then to Scales, then over Summit to Crater lake, then to Long lake, then to Deep lake, and on to Lake Lindeman. The charge for packing had gone up from 16 to 45 cents a pound, and it was next to impossible to have packing done, even at that price. We went 6 miles up river, cut logs, and floated them down stream. With whip sawed lumber we built boats 24 feet long and 9 feet beam. We were 2 weeks in doing it, and sailed from Lake Lindeman September 9th, with 6,000 pounds of goods and 6 men on board. We crossed the lake during a storm, and got our first experience of the terrible seas on these mountain lakes. Next day we packed to Lake Bennett, and the day after made the passage. On September 11th we started down the lake, and reached the entrance of Tagish lake that night. The water was rough, and many times it seemed as though we must capsize, but we had good canoes and good men at the oars, and got through successfully. The next day we started out early into Tagish. We were getting along all right, when suddenly we noticed a little swell, and in 5 minutes were driven on shore, in spite of all we could do. We were opposite Windy Arm. This is an arm of the lake 20 miles long, and the wind sweeps out of it in great gusts all the time. We unloaded our goods, fixed our boats, and went hunting. We saw moose tracks ; but only killed 2 grouse and 3 red squirrels. That night at 12 o'clock it was dead calm, so we loaded our boats and started off, but in a few minutes the wind rose, and we were obliged to land again and camp for the night. We lay there all next day, while the wind howled, and we saw 5 boats smashed during the storm. We arrived at Tagish house at 1 o'clock, and paid our duty. That evening we got nearly to the end of Marsh lake. Next morning we got out of the lake about 9 o'clock, and started down Fifty Mile river. We had our trolling line out, and at the head we caught a lake trout, *salmo namaycush,* weighing 15 pounds, and at the foot caught one weighing 19½ pounds. That afternoon, near Miles canyon, we ran into a rock in the middle of the stream and stove 3 holes in our boat. The next 2 days we lay there, making repairs, and then went into the canyon. On the 20th of September, after taking out about 3,000 pounds of the 6,000 in our boat, I ran the canyon with 2 men to row for me. It is not so difficult, but is exciting.

The only thing to be avoided is the whirlpool in the middle, and all that is necessary is to hold the boat well on the crest. I put 5 other boats through for friends who were afraid to make the run. A worse piece of water is the rapids lying between the canyon and White Horse rapid. Keep on the left hand side of the island. The rapids are swift, and fall about 4 feet in one place, but I found no trouble in shooting them. The river below, and ½ the passage of Lake Lebarge, was made in one day, and then we were delayed another day by a bad snow storm and a heavy sea. We went hunting, and got 4 grouse, 2 squirrels, and 6 ducks.

Next day we got about 10 miles down Thirty Mile river. Of all the places we had been over, this was one of the worst—a 10- or 12-mile current, over a shallow bed full of rocks. We got through all right, and down as far as McCormick's that night. The next day we continued down the Hootalinqua river, into the Lewis, and through Five Finger rapids. Keep to the right in both places, and there is no danger. All one has to be afraid of is the bars and the rocks along the end of abrupt bluffs.

We went on down the Lewis, running about 50 to 60 miles a day. About 50 miles above Pelly, one morning, the occupants of a boat near us got a number of shots at a moose, but could not stop him. While going down the Yukon we met an immense flock of swans. We had a shotgun in our boat, and killed all the ducks we could use. There is little to worry any one coming down the Yukon ; all you have to avoid is the bars and the rocks that lie at the end of the bluffs, which follow one another in quick succession. When we were about 40 miles from Dawson, we stopped to cut logs for a house. We were going to bring down a raft. We worked steadily 4 days, and got out about 100 logs, 32 feet long, and had them pinned together. In the meantime, the White river and the Stewart began to throw out slush and ice, and the Yukon on the second day was full, so we got nervous. It looked as if we were going to be stranded there for the winter, so on the fourth day we abandoned the raft, loaded our goods in one boat and started. We could do nothing but drift with the ice.

The next day we sighted Dawson about 3 miles away. We began to work our boat through the ice, and hugged the shore. When opposite Klondyke City, which is across the Klondyke river from Dawson, we managed to make a landing. We went into camp there, and unloaded our goods. We heard that flour was $100 a sack, and candles $250 a box; expected boats had not arrived, and people by the hundred were going down the river to Ft. Yukon and Circle City, where the supplies were. All the miners were uncertain whether they would get their outfits or not. In addition, there were hundreds who had come down in the fall and summer over the trail, who had not the money or strength to pack their food in, so there was great distress. The restaurants were closed, and storekeepers refused to sell food, as they had only enough to fill orders; so there was a stampede down the river of needy adventurers. From 600 to 1,000 men went out over the ice either with dog teams or drawing their own sleighs, and the supplies they left behind helped to solve the food question, but everything is still extremely high, and likely to be higher. In Dawson City are 2 companies' stores, about 10 saloons, 3 hotels, 3 dance halls, a tin shop, 2 jewellers, 3 doctors, and about 2,000 people who live in log cabins, shanties and tents. Life here is centered around the saloons. Every one goes to them. They run night and day, and are always warm; and, as wood here is worth $40 a cord, it is no wonder they are patronized. In the back of the saloons are faro games, poker and roulette, which never close. The dealers and watchers work in shifts. There is a Catholic hospital here doing a good work. Dr. Chambers and Dr. LeBlanc, of Detroit, Mich., are in charge. When this country was first staked by tenderfeet the old timers at Circle City and Forty Mile did not believe in it. A few came, and began to prospect. They wrote to their friends below to come up, and, in consequence, there was a regular stampede to this region. Some staked on other creeks, and others bought in claims now worth $1,000,000 for $300 or $400. The newcomers gradually disposed of their claims, and the old timers got them. Now they are selling out to corporations for $50,000 to $500,000 each.

There are on the Eldorado 35 and on Bonanza 50 more rich claims. The gold so far obtained has been from these claims, and they are being well worked. Some of these claims will be nearly worked out by next year. This winter will tell whether this is going to be a dead camp at the exhaustion of Bonanza and Eldorado. Claims on the creeks I have mentioned are beyond the reach of an ordinary man's pocketbook. As for making anything working for wages, that is out of the question. Food is $1 a pound. You can only work 8 hours a day, and wages are $1 an hour.

A party of men went 35 miles up the Klondyke, hunting. They were away about 2 months, and brought in 47 caribou, all killed in 4 days by 3 men. The rifles used were .32-40. The meat brought $1 a pound, and was soon sold.

The only man who has any chance here is the hard-working laboring man, and I doubt if he can make a success of it. It is expensive getting in and out, and one takes his life in his hand at every turn. There is no social life, no books, no amusement. Ask yourself these questions before you come here : Can you pack 100 pounds on your back, 20 or 30 miles a day? Can you cook your own food, if you are lucky enough to have any? Can you live in a tent when it is 60° or 70° below zero? Can you live in a temperature of 100 in the summer, wade up to your knees in muck, and fight swarms of mosquitoes? Can you go up the mountain and cut wood, and carry it down on your back, 2 or 3 miles? Can you bear up under disappointment if, after months of toil, exposure and privation, you find no gold? If so, come to this country; but think well before coming whether you would not be as well off at the end of 10 years at home, as you would be here, where everything is as speculative as at Monte Carlo.

POP PETERS' PUPS.

M. L. MURDOCK.

Pop Peters kep' a beagle hound,
  Bow-legged as a Turk,
Fer runnin' rabbits, I'll be bound,
  She done jes fancy work.
Pop held her pups fer 5 apiece,
  And fast as they wud wean,
He sold 'em off as slick as grease,
  Though they looked mighty mean.

Pop's neighbors took a tumble then
  And tried ter raise a few;
And Pop he took ter squealin' when
  The price slumped down ter 2.
Then Pop he had ter tumble some,
  Of course you understand,
Or have a grist of them there dumb,
  Dinged, bow-legged pups on hand.

And then, they tuck ter givin' pups
  Ter everyone that come.
And Pop he jest gets mad, and ups
  An' does the very same.
An' fore 3 years had rounded up
  I heard Pop Peters say:
'Twas jes a "bang up" beagle pup
  Thet he could give away.

The handsome salad dish from Higgins & Seiter, which you sent me for a club of 10 subscribers to Recreation, received, and we are delighted with it. It is a beauty and no mistake.

Thomas Noonan, Ballston, N. Y.

If you would live next to nature, read Recreation.

PURE WHISKEY

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

HAYNER'S
SEVEN YEAR OLD
RYE
CAUTION
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.
DISTILLERS AND IMPORTERS
DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

FOUR FULL QUARTS,

EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID,

For $3.20.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your $3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of **pure** whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton, or Com'l Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 605-611 West Fifth St., Dayton, O.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Oreg., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

We guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees to.—EDITOR.

"There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak."

"Kodak" is a Trade Name applied by us to cameras and other goods of our manufacture.

We originated and registered the word "Kodak." The trade-mark is our exclusive property.

All Kodaks (except the $5.00 Pocket Kodak) bear a factory number. Be sure that what you purchase as a Kodak bears this number. If it does not the instrument has been tampered with —or is not a Kodak. Certain dealers to whom we refuse to sell because of their business methods, secure Kodaks through a third party and to hide their source of supply mutilate the number—sometimes they take the Kodak and shutter apart in searching for private marks and put them together again badly. We cannot be responsible for such Kodaks and do not guarantee them.

The authorized dealer has no reason for hiding the number.

Be sure it's a Kodak; be sure it's a numbered Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogues free of Dealers or by mail. Rochester, N. Y.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE GIRL WITH THE CAMERA.

HENRY S. WATSON.

We have all seen her on her vacation, but I with my own eyes, as my cousin the fly, in "Cock Robin" said, I have seen her develop. I may as well explain in the beginning that I am a flying delegate and traveling editor of our (that is, the flies) own trade journal, "The Winged Insects." I go to all the summer resorts in the land, taking with me fleas I have trained as carrier pigeons; and when I have gathered sufficient news I send a flea back to the office with it.

I have met the girl with the camera everywhere, from Cape May to Bar Harbor. Sometimes there were parties of a dozen or more, and then the exclamations! There was one girl, that lived for the summer in a cottage at Southampden, with whom I fell in love, so whenever I had a chance and found the wind favorable, I flew to Southampden and looked for my favorite. She was "out" to every one in the evenings when she was developing her plates, but I was in the habit of crawling under doors and through keyholes to her dark room, and there I watched her. A beautiful pink from the ruby lamp she was, and a picture I delighted to gaze at. One evening I was clinging to the ceiling directly over her lovely head, watching the picture she made in the ruby light and the picture she was seeking on the plate, when there came a knock at the door. I jumped and rubbed the smoke from my eyes, for up where I was sitting the fumes from her lamp were somewhat disagreeable. My girl frowned and said, in a cross tone,

"Who's there?"

"It's me, miss; and there is a young gentleman in the parlor who says it is important he should see you."

"You know, Jane, I gave you orders that I was not at home to any one."

"Yes, Miss, I know; but he coaxed me to give you his card."

"Well, push it under the door, then."

She cast an anxious look at the plate, then picked up the card. As she read it I saw her grow a shade darker and I knew it was a blush, darkened and spoiled by the red light. She gasped slightly, and called to Jane to turn the light down in the parlor; nearly out, I heard her say.

Without another glance at the plate in the tray, she wiped her hands and was gone. I flew down to the edge of the developing pan. On the plate was a picture coming slowly. I caught a glimpse of the sky, and at that moment I heard the voices of my girl and a man. Hers was saying,

"I am anxious, for it is an exposure of my new pony and dogcart; but I don't know what mother will say if she finds you in the dark room."

"That's all right. Remember I just arrived from Europe this morning. I stopped at the office to see your father, and then came out here. You shouldn't say, 'get thee gone,' to an old friend."

She laughed, and began to tilt the tray. Their heads came closer and closer together as the picture slowly developed. Her soft curls touched his forehead. He whispered to her. She started back and dropped the tray.

"Oh, Jack—Mr. Howland!"

His arm stole around her. I heard her whisper, "Yes." Then I turned my back and flew to the faucet and kissed it, for I knew she had touched it many and many a time. What other consolation could a poor fly expect? Not once did I look at them. I flew over the tray and caught a glimpse of the picture developed entirely out of sight. I staggered out into the night air. The wind was against me; everything seemed against me. I could not struggle to the office in the face of that sad and terrible blast. I flew to the station and waited for a train. I crawled into a dark corner of a parlor car. In the third chair from the end sat a girl with a camera in her lap. I went no nearer for a closer inspection. I had lost all heart.

RECREATION'S FOURTH ANNUAL COMPETITION.

Recreation has conducted 3 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fourth will be held, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one will open January 1, '99, and close September 30, '99.

List of prizes to be announced later.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur protography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon, of each subject, which shall become the property of Recreation. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in Recreation, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way.

Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

DEVELOPING OVER-EXPOSED SNAP SHOTS.

"I have been to the seaside," says an English worker, "and have undergone a sepia toning process, except where my clothes masked the surface. I suspected my plates of over-exposure, and the first one or 2 proved my suspicions well-founded. The wonder is any camera remains light-tight in weather like this. Well, I adopted the re-developer method, making up the following solutions: No. 1—Hydraquinone ¼ ounce, sodium sulphite 2 ounces, potassium bromide ¼ ounce, water 12 ounces. No. 2—Washing soda 2 ounces, sodium sulphite 2 ounces, water to make 12 ounces. First treat the plates to a dilute rodinal developer, about one part to 30 parts of water. Up flashes the image in a few seconds—then out with the plate, and plunge it in a dish with the above solutions in equal proportions, and there let it rest with an occasional rocking until it gains density—which it soon does. Finally, wash, fix, and wash as usual. By this means I've saved my over-exposed plates and temper."

TO DECORATE POSTAL CARDS.

Here is a formula for sensitizing postal cards so as to allow a print to be made on a portion of the surface. Make two baths as follows:

A.—Ammonium ferric oxalate. 1 part.
Ammonium ferric citrate.. 1 part.
Water ....15 parts.

B.—Potassium ferricyanide.... 1 part.
Water ....10 parts.

Sensitize in A. Print and then develop in B. Over-exposures may be corrected with the addition of a few drops of ammonia to the washing water.

A. M. D., in Professional Photographer.

NOTES.

Will you please give me some points on retouching negatives. Can it be done with a lead pencil, or is a retouching pencil necessary. Your magazine grows better each month. I shall try and get some new subscribers. Carl D. Hart, Turin, N. Y.

ANSWER.

Any hard lead pencil may be used for retouching. The negative must be prepared before pencil will "take" on film. To do this a little "retouching varnish" is rubbed over the part to be retouched, with tip of finger, carefully and very thin. To retouch, sharpen pencil to very fine point and work by transmitted light, either with short, sharp strokes or dots.

To retouch well is difficult and takes lots of practice, good judgment and patience.—EDITOR.

I am delighted to learn that Mr. Carlin's "Hunting with a Camera" is to be continued in RECREATION. Have been greatly interested in these pictures. The poses of his subjects are worth, to any naturalist, many times the price paid for RECREATION, and I hope when Mr. Carlin's stock of negatives is exhausted you will start him out again. Geo. F. Guelf, Brockport, N. Y.

The Scranton Camera Club was organized in the Fall of 1897. Its rooms are in the Exchange Building, 421 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa. The officers are: Louis Allen Osborne, President; E. D. Foresman, Treasurer; Beecher Ogden, Secretary. Meetings are held monthly on the second Monday, except in July and August. The club has 31 members. The dues are $6.00 a year; initiation fee $5.00.

I am a camera crank and should like to see your camera department grow. Have prints of Wisconsin scenery to exchange. Who has some views of New York to exchange for such?

John L. Hooper, Prin. of Schools, Cambridge, Wis.

I should like to exchange unmounted prints with amateurs. Made with pocket kodak and with 4 x 5.

R. J. Boynton, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

Amateurs who wish to exchange 4 x 5 views, are requested to communicate with

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1,201 North Jefferson Avenue, Peoria, Ill.

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They'd have made him push lawn-mowers over the lot.

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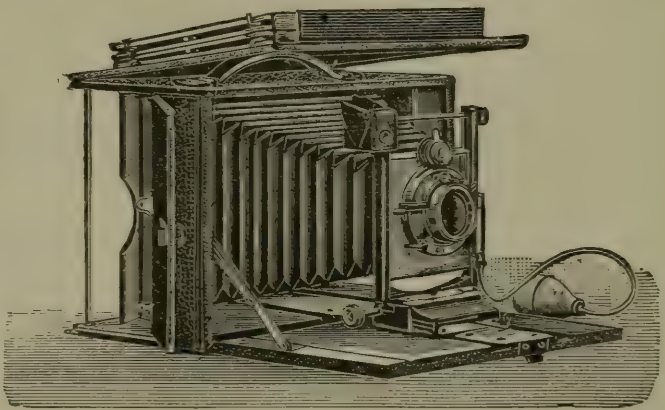

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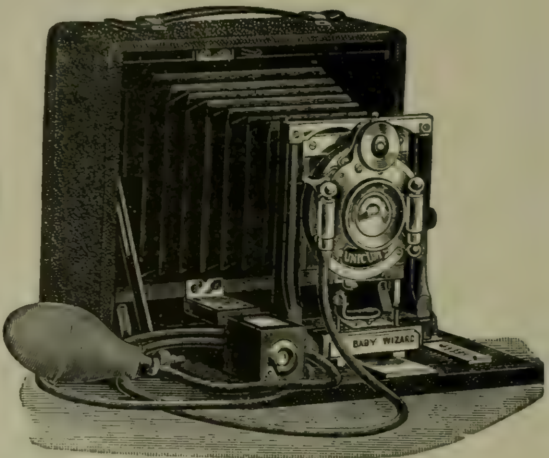

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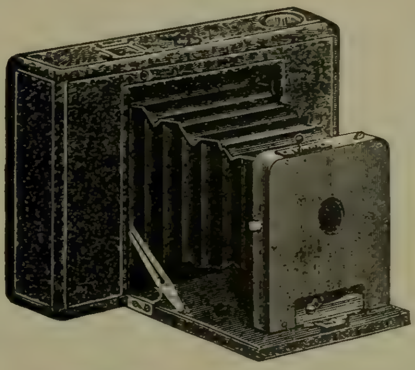

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C. H. SMITH.

The bear filled with bullet holes, in January RECREATION, aroused in Deacon S. the latent savage instincts inherited from a long line of hunting ancestors. Immediately on sighting the aforesaid perforated animal he threw down the magazine, wiped his spectacles, and vowed he was going bear hunting. The other members of the family, knowing no bear has set foot in the region about Lake Minnetonka for 25 years, thought the old man had gone crazy. So, as he took down his trusty rifle from over the fireplace, Miss Helen and George volunteered to go along and keep the old man from shooting himself.

They set out, the deacon leading the procession, toward the big water, and down against a dock on the shore of the bay, where in summer excursion steamers land their loads of passengers, the old man sighted his bear and let drive at once for a vital spot. He hit bruin just back of the shoulder, but strange to say and contrary to time honored custom the bear didn't "drop in his tracks." Then Miss Helen caught the rifle from the old man's now nerveless hand and gave the bear a leaden pellet in his spinal column. This awakened George's enthusiasm and he gave the beast a salute that broke off his starboard ear. The firing became general and in a few moments bruin looked like a pepper box, and in spite of his magnificent vitality could stand up no longer. In fact the tacks which fastened him to the dock jarred loose and down he went. The deacon's desire for gore was by this time appeased and he had accumulated enough neuralgia to last him the rest of the winter. So his companions gathered up the remains of their game and led the deacon home.

The rifle used on this occasion is choked at both ends.

This latter statement may seem strange but it is certainly true, for in cleaning the weapon it makes no difference which end of the gun the cleaning rag is poked into, it always gets stuck in the other end. The rifle is also peculiar in another particular, it always shoots where it is pointed. Most rifles around here don't do that. Many times have their owners been heard to say, after making a shot, "There, that dinged gun has throwed another one of them unaccountables."

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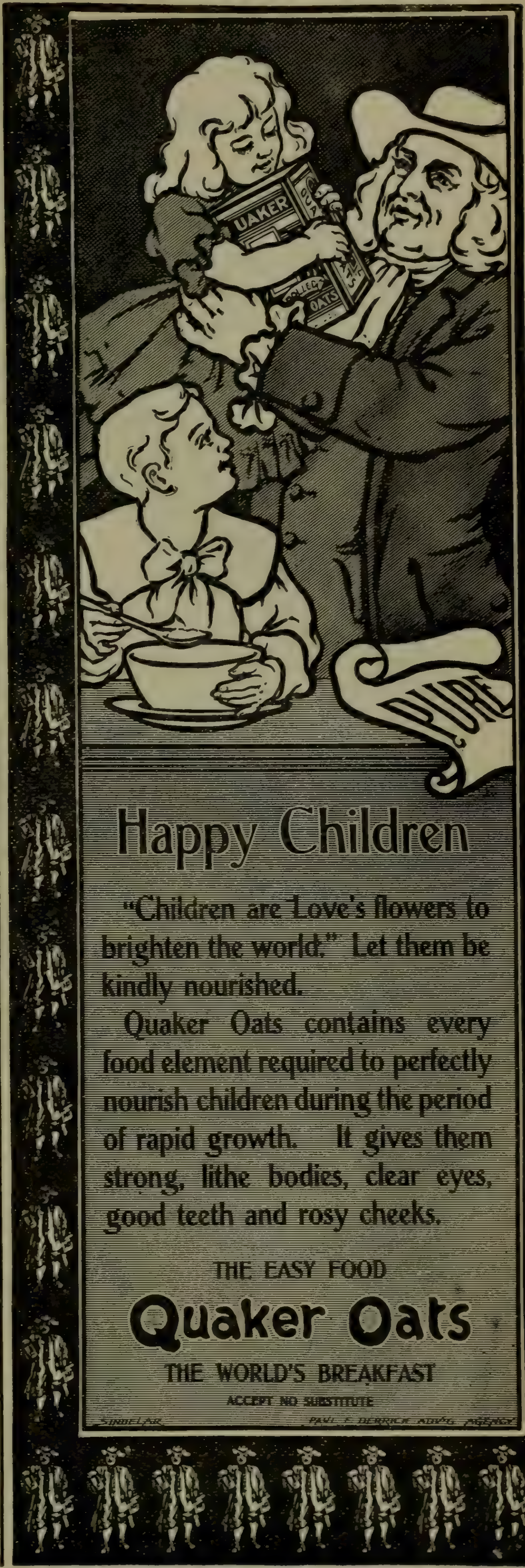

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AN INDIAN CAMP HUNT.*

Eufaula, I. T.

Editor RECREATION: An Indian's description of an Indian camp hunt may interest your readers. This hunt took place some years ago. There were 5 men engaged in it. They took with them 5 pack ponies and were away from home 4 months. Game was plentiful and the Indians considered such hunts justifiable in those days, though they would not be thought so now. The men were 3 weeks in reaching their hunting ground and pitching camp.

By February 1st everything was ready. It was agreed that until April 1st no game other than deer and black bear should be killed, and that each hunter should dry his own kill. The drying was done in this way: A bear or deer was skinned. Then its flesh was cut in thin sheets, as long and broad as possible. These were hung over a slow fire and thoroughly dried. It sounds unreasonable, yet is true that the meat of 15 large deer can, after going through this process, be packed on one pony. Bear meat does not dry so light as venison, but its weight is greatly reduced.

The Indians were in a good game country and all were expert hunters. By April 1st, one had killed 15 deer and 4 bear; one, 12 deer, 3 bear; one, 16 deer, 4 bear; another, 15 deer, 2 bear; and the fifth, 21 deer and 3 bear. That was the round up—79 deer and 16 black bear, and the meat of all was dried and packed.

All this while the woods were full of wild turkeys. I call them wild, though one of the hunters told me they could have killed dozens of the birds with sticks. None were killed, however, until gobbling time—from April 1st to 20th. Only gobblers were taken. Each man had one or 2 cased deer hides intended to hold honey, bear oil, etc. In these hides they put the turkey fat, which was all they saved of the birds. The breast of a fat gobbler will yield at least a quart of grease. When they got all the turkeys they wanted, they were ready to return, and the 5 ponies were loaded with dried meat and with hides full of oil and grease.

By this time the hunters were out of bread. During their homeward journey they lived on soup made by dropping a few flakes of dried venison into boiling water and adding turkey fat. This made a dish fit to tickle the palate of a king. The Indians reached home the last of May, and for days after feasted their friends on dried meat, pounded in a mortar and served with honey. Of the 5 hunters only one is living now, and he will soon follow the companions of his hunting days. Chas. Gibson.

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THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO. (Permanent Bldg.),
19 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

I like RECREATION very much and think it has improved a great deal since its start. It treats game hogs right. Give it to them harder. Game is more plentiful this season than for some years past, grouse especially. Our game wardens, however, should do their duty and arrest men who shoot young birds out of season. I am surprised that our wardens have done nothing to stop such work, when I know that at least 2 of the 3 know of its having been done. One of these wardens is a reader of RECREATION, and he ought certainly to be ashamed, after reading the way your magazine treats game hogs.

W. W. Croson, Dover, N. H.

There is good duck and goose shooting in the numerous streams and lakes near La Junta, Col. Quails are plentiful (Mexican, Californian, and "Bob White") but are protected. Rabbits are "too numerous to mention."

Every fall "Parson" Uzzell, of Denver, conducts a big rabbit hunt at Lamar. As many as 6,000 have been killed in the 2 days' hunt.

They breed in countless numbers in the alfalfa fields of the Arkansas valley, and are increasing.

Deer, antelope, bear, wolves, mountain lions, foxes and wild cats are found in the foothills, a few miles South.

Alkali Ike, La Junta, Col.

---

* The author of this story is a full blood Indian.—EDITOR.

Genuine Barrios Diamonds $1.00 each

TRADE MARK.

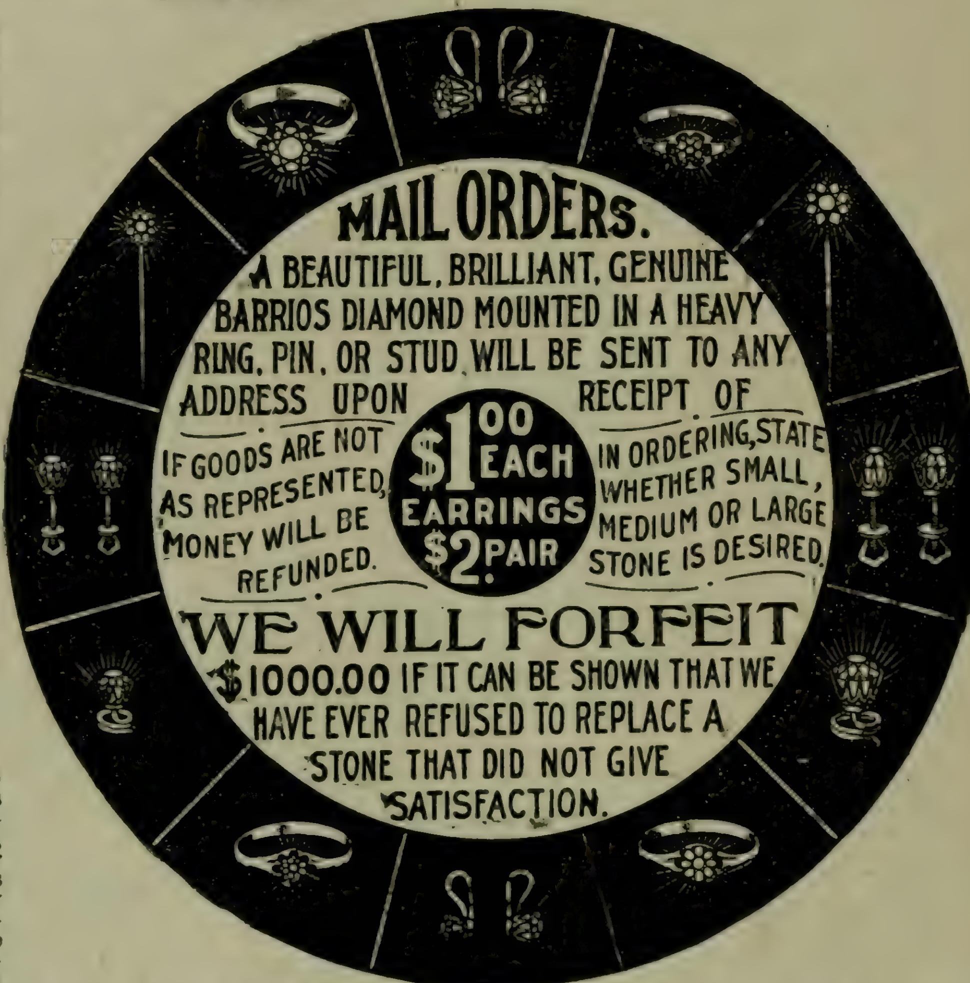
ARE EQUAL TO REAL DIAMONDS AS TO LOOKS AND WEAR.

We are the sole agents in the United States for these marvellous semi-precious stones, which are the nearest approach to Genuine Diamonds ever discovered. For the purpose of introducing them quickly to the public we will forward either

Ring, Pin or Stud at $1.00 EACH Earrings are $2 per pair.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Do Not Confound Genuine Barrios Diamonds with so-called Rhinestones, White Topaz and other imitations, regardless of what the name may be. The Genuine Barrios Diamond is the only stone ever discovered that will retain its brilliancy and has no artificial backing. It is the Rich Man's Substitute and the Poor Man's Diamond. All others are simply manufactured from chemicals. Genuine Barrios Diamonds are equal to real diamonds as to looks and wear and will cut glass.



MAIL ORDERS.

A BEAUTIFUL, BRILLIANT, GENUINE BARRIOS DIAMOND MOUNTED IN A HEAVY RING, PIN, OR STUD WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS UPON RECEIPT OF

$1.00 EACH

EARRINGS $2. PAIR

IF GOODS ARE NOT AS REPRESENTED, MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

IN ORDERING, STATE WHETHER SMALL, MEDIUM OR LARGE STONE IS DESIRED.

WE WILL FORFEIT $1000.00 IF IT CAN BE SHOWN THAT WE HAVE EVER REFUSED TO REPLACE A STONE THAT DID NOT GIVE SATISFACTION.

OUR GUARANTEE.—Genuine Barrios Diamonds are guaranteed to retain their brilliancy forever; the mountings are heavy rolled plate and are made of one continuous piece. The plate is thick shelled gold and will last 100 years. These rings are warranted not to tarnish the finger, and are greatly superior to any similar goods ever placed on the market.

What the Great Sarah Bernhardt says:

"*I have used Barrios Diamonds for stage purposes and have found them the equal of real stones.*"

Sarah Bernhardt.

Carrie Gay, of Charles Frohman's Co., writes:

"*While playing on the road I found Barrios Diamonds objects of great beauty and usefulness.*"

Carrie Gay.

☞ Beware of feeble imitators. This offer will last for a short time only. Do not delay. Order at once.

Address Mail Orders to **BARRIOS DIAMOND CO.,**

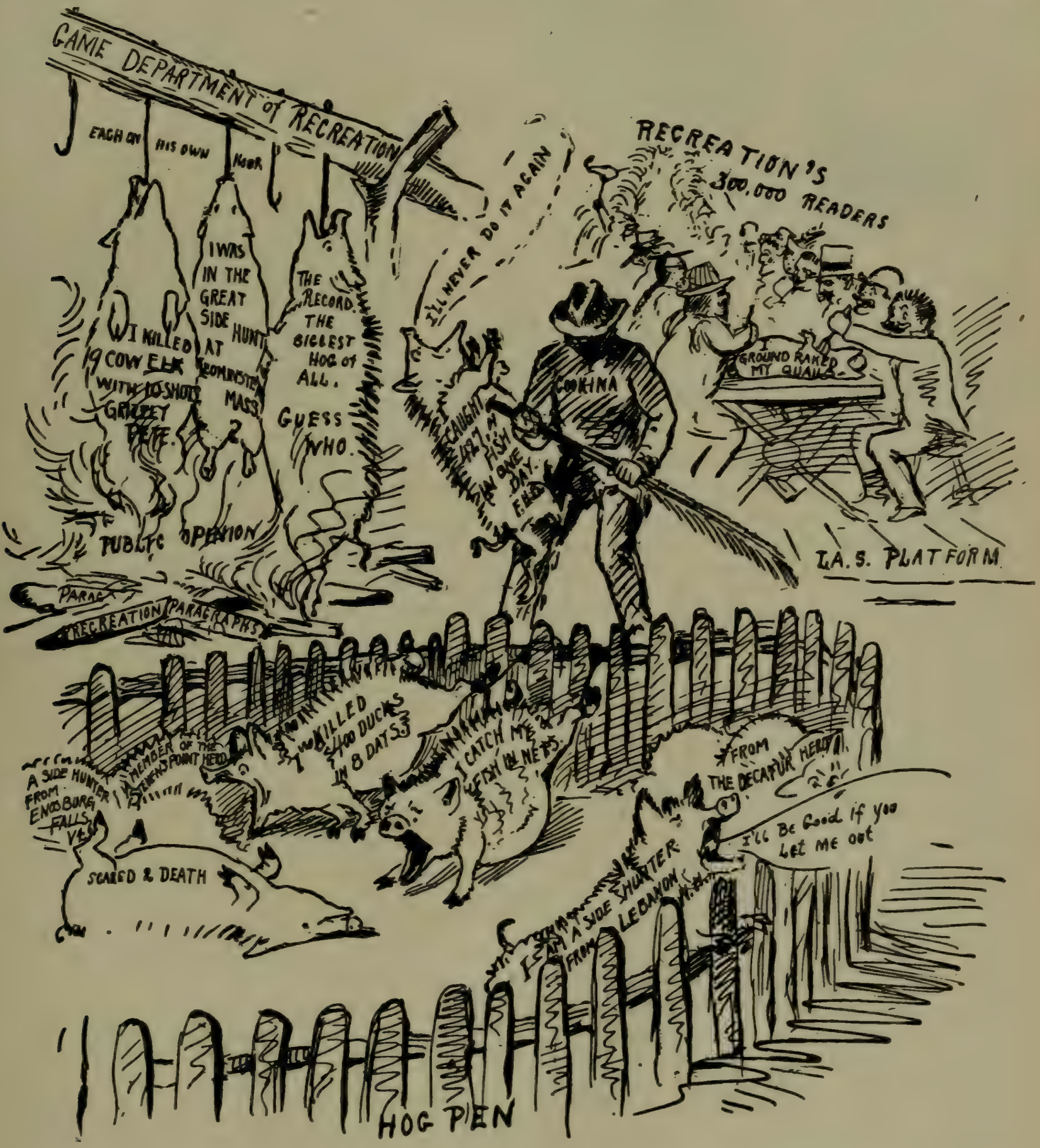
42 AND 44 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

Mention this publication when you write.

CLIPPER BEVEL GEARED BUSINESS BICYCLES

IN the bevel-geared Chainless Clipper, we have a creation in metal and rubber, which is a decided improvement over anything yet made in the chain driver. It's our SPECIAL Clipper fitted with bevel gears. More than a year's constant use has proved their superiority. Anticipating a large sale, we have put the price down to the price a fine chain bicycle ought to sell for ($75.00). You can't afford to change your mount without at least considering the advantages of Clipper bevel gears. We make chain bicycles also. We have the finest $40.00 chain wheel made.

GRAND RAPIDS CYCLE CO., "Clipper People," GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.


GAME DEPARTMENT of RECREATION
EACH ON HIS OWN HOOK
I KILLED 19 COW ELK WITH 10 SHOTS GRIZZLY PETE.
I WAS IN THE GREAT SIDE HUNT AT LEOMINSTER MASS.
THE RECORD. THE BIGGEST HOG OF ALL. GUESS WHO.
I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN
I CAUGHT 427 FISH IN ONE DAY. F.H.B.
RECREATION'S 300,000 READERS
COOKINA
GROUND RAKED MY QUAIL
L.A.S. PLATFORM
PUBLIC OPINION
PARAG
RECREATION PARAGRAPHS
A SIDE HUNTER FROM ENOSBURG FALLS, Vt.
MEMBER OF THE POINT HERD
I KILLED 400 DUCKS IN 8 DAYS
I CATCH MY FISH IN NETS
SCARED 2 DEATH
FROM THE DECATUR HERD
I AM A SIDE HUNTER FROM LEBANON N.H.
I'll Be Good if you Let me out
HOG PEN

Hurrah for old Cookina's pen,
  Hurrah his noble work,
For every month he gives a feast
  Of nicely roasted pork.

And while we dine, strange music steals
  To ear of guest and host,
It tells us how a game-hog feels
  When first put on to roast!

The Club
Manhattan
Cocktails
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
New York Hartford London

Why THE CLUB = COCKTAILS Are Best

From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

AVOID IMITATIONS
Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
39 Broadway, New York
Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.

POISONING WOLVES.

To poison wolves I have used a mixture of 15 grains curare and 300 grains of strychnine crystals, which kills almost instantly. This mixture I place in the blood, entrails and tallow of an elk freshly killed. Then taking a piece of the elk that I do not want, say the head, I get on my horse and with a lariat drag the head in a direction opposite the one I shall take going home. I carry an extra piece of meat with me and make trails to the 4 points of the compass, each extending one or 2 miles from where the bait lies. At the end of each trail I drop a piece of meat. In this way a wolf crossing any of these trails is almost sure to go to the bait. For foxes I shoot small birds with a .22 rifle and while birds are warm place a small amount of the mixture in the shot wound. This seems to fool Mr. Fox pretty often.

B. H., Jackson Lake, Wyo.

For Sale: A green rock parrot, 3 years old, in fine steel parrot cage (square). Parrot speaks plainly. Will exchange for best offer of double or single barrel shotgun, breech loading, 12 bore.
E. S. Robinson, Box 285, Morrisville, Vt.

That beautiful book, "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," sells at $2. Treats of all the principal game birds and birds of prey. The book and RECREATION one year $2.50. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

An Unparalleled Offer: We will send RECREATION and Western Sports one year for $2.50, which is the regular subscription price of Western Sports alone. This offer will hold good until February, 1899. Western Sports is an absolute authority on sports in the West; is handsomly illustrated, and devoted to gun and rod, cycling, baseball, football and all other outdoor sports. Published weekly at 624 Market Street, San Francisco. Sample copies on application.

For Sale: 78 fine specimens of African horns, from the Cape buffalo to the pigmy antelope. 200 pair spring bock, also Indian Burmise and Arabian ibex horns. Skulls of full grown hippopotamus, double horned rhinoceros, gorilla—male and female, baboons. 400 American buffalo horns and skulls, large massive old elk horns, South Sea Island and Australian aboriginal weapons.

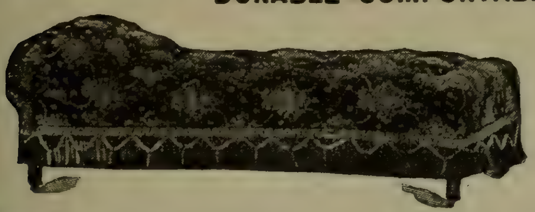
Robert Gilfort,
203 Main Street, Orange, N. J.

Wanted: For cash or exchange, amateur or professional photographs, unmounted toned prints, any size, of anything, anywhere, if it be curious, extraordinary, unique or odd.

Also series of prints illustrating process of manufacture or production of any article of commerce. Ask for my exchange list, free.

W. R. Tilton, Prairie Depot, O.

ACME HYGIENIC COUCHES.
DURABLE—COMFORTABLE.



Patented,

No. 52½, 25 in. wide, 6 ft. long, full spring edge, seat and head. 36 springs in plain view from bottom. Price in best Corduroy or Acme Velours, any color, freight paid $8.00

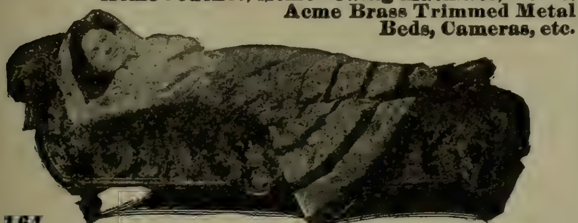
Identify Acme Couches by our printed Guarantee Card, patented construction (as shown), great durability, comfort and cleanliness in use, finished alike on both sides.

Spring section composed of oil tempered steel springs, intercoiled into steel woven wire fabrics, steel wire holding steel springs in place; no twine or webbing to wear out or break down. If dealer cannot show you an "ACME" Hygienic Couch we will ship direct on receipt of price.

No. 164, 27 in. wide, 6 ft. 8 in. long, full spring edge, seat and head, 38 springs, can be counted from the bottom, edges trimmed with polished moulding, the latest thing. Price in Corduroy or Velours, any color, freight prepaid.................... $11.00

om view of Acme Couch—
spring in sight.

REE—Sample of covers and illustrated catalogues showing Acme Couches, Acme Sewing Machines, Desks, Acme Brass Trimmed Metal Beds, Cameras, etc.



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MESPRINC BED CO., 429 W. 43d St., Chicago.

In November RECREATION I find an article by A. S. Doane, Coinjock, N. C., which many true sportsmen will read with disgust. That this man should write of his unsportsmanlike way of shooting is amazing. He says, "We do not kill these birds for market" (meaning shore birds, plover, curlew and yellowlegs), "but one or 2 gunners will kill enough to distribute throughout the neighborhood."

As a sportsman never kills more game than can be used on his own table, this man is unquestionably a game hog.

George Ulrich, Milwaukee, Wis.

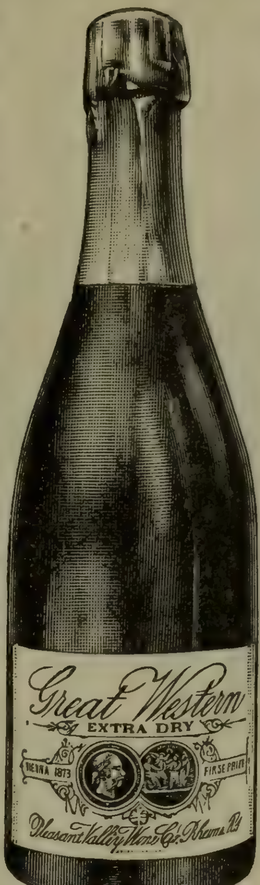
A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

THE BEST SPORT TO BE FOUND IN FLORIDA

Through Navigable Creeks
From the Lake Region to the Everglades

Board, Team, and Boats. Reasonable Prices
Write and come to

CARSON BROS., P. O. Lakemont, Fla.



The Merit

of absolute PURITY, fine BOUQUET and moderate PRICE has brought

Great Western

to the first place in American Champagnes, and enabled it to displace the high-priced foreign wines in many homes, clubs and cafes.

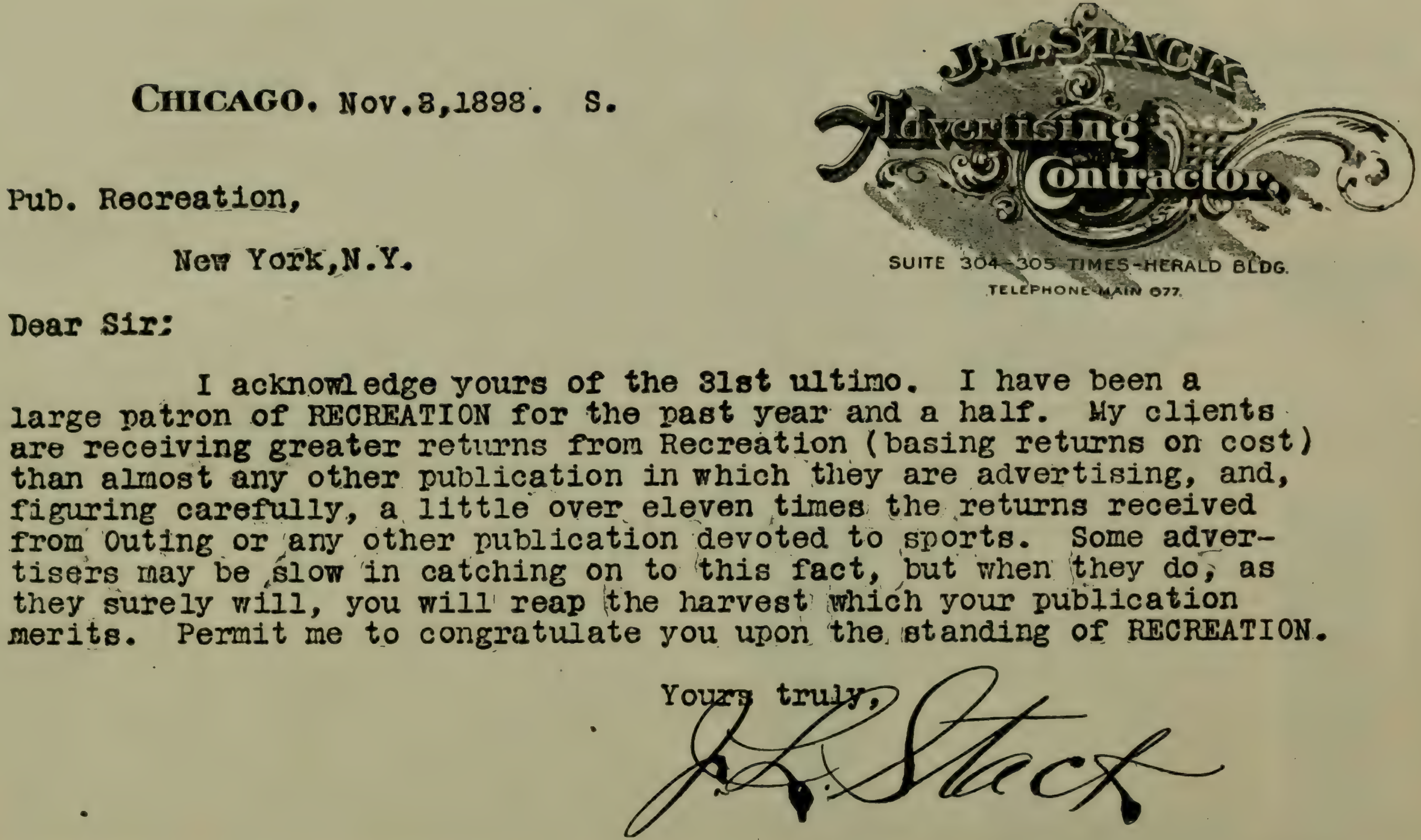
The vintage offered this season is especially dry and pleasing.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,
SOLE MAKERS,
Rheims, • N. Y.

Sold by Wine Dealers Everywhere.

Before this issue of the G. M. W. reaches the hands of our numerous readers, hundreds of prairie chickens will have been shot. We hope the gunners will be sportsmen and not "game-hogs." A case of the pot-hunter, or "market sportsman," is reported from Reaburn and St. Laurent, Manitoba. One day previous to the opening of the duck season there, some men shot over 400 ducks and sent them to Winnipeg, so as to have them on the market the first day of the open season. Fortunately the police and game wardens got on to the "game." They fined the guilty parties a nominal fee, confiscated the ducks, and donated them to the hospitals and other public institutions. This was far too easy for the law-breakers; they should have been sentenced to prison for at least 10 years with hard labor. Game laws are not made to prohibit the killing of game altogether, but simply to protect game until such time as the young are ripe, and to preserve the game from total destruction.

It is not long since a Manitoba sportsman (?) who could bag 100 to 200 ducks or chickens in a day, was considered worthy of the Victoria Cross; but like the buffalo, that time has gone. Game is not so plentiful that a man may blow about the big bag he happens to secure. We are pleased to see the Winnipeg papers are alive to the situation, and have taken up the cudgel for the wild game against the game-hogs and pothunters. Innisfail, N. W. T., Free Lance.



J. L. STACK
Advertising Contractor.
SUITE 304-305 TIMES-HERALD BLDG.
TELEPHONE MAIN 077.

CHICAGO. Nov. 3, 1898. S.

Pub. Recreation,

New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I acknowledge yours of the 31st ultimo. I have been a large patron of RECREATION for the past year and a half. My clients are receiving greater returns from Recreation (basing returns on cost) than almost any other publication in which they are advertising, and, figuring carefully, a little over eleven times the returns received from Outing or any other publication devoted to sports. Some advertisers may be slow in catching on to this fact, but when they do, as they surely will, you will reap the harvest which your publication merits. Permit me to congratulate you upon the standing of RECREATION.

Yours truly,
J. L. Stack

FIRST BENEFIT OF **TERRITORIAL EXPANSION**

Lucke's Rolls

A REVELATION TO AMERICANS

BOX of 100 pre-paid $1

hand-rolled. **EXQUISITE PORTO RICO STOCK** hand-rolled.

Made of a stock that is truly the finest tobacco now grown in the world.

It is a choice—not an ordinary—Porto Rican leaf.

This leaf is a perfect substitute for the rich old Vuelta formerly raised in Cuba and which in the old days made Havana cigars a real treat.

We positively guarantee ***"Lucke's Rolls"*** equal, if not superior in flavor and aroma to—

—any 2 for 25 cigar now on the American market. If, on trying a box, you think they're not—

Your Dollar Back at Once,

and no discussion or delay about it.

Do not distrust this offer. It is enterprising, generous and absolutely faithful.

We employ 2000 work-people. We are good for what we say. Ask any bank or mercantile agency.

Send us only $1. We prepay delivery.

A LUCKE ROLL (exact size) from photo. **J. H. LUCKE & CO., The Lucke Block, Cincinnati, O.**
Extensive Manufacturers of Fine Special Goods.

Note Clean Long Stock.

THE ART OF WOODCHUCKING.

A few years ago I was at Ridgefield, Conn. Rambling about one day I came on a tall, gaunt, red-whiskered man seated near a roadside spring. He was dressed in brown overalls, blue jumper and straw hat. Against a tree near by leaned a muzzle loading rifle, and beside it lay 2 woodchucks. The man saluted me pleasantly as I stopped at the spring, and I stood talking with him a few minutes about the weather and trifles of that sort. I was just going on when 2 young fellows came along. They carried repeating rifles and wore shooting coats, leather leggings and expressions of extreme innocence. They caught sight of the woodchucks, and at once asked the red-whiskered man where and how he killed them.

"Woodchuckin' is my business," he replied. "I'd be foolish to tell you how to kill my game."

"But we will be here only a few days," said one of the youths, "and could not kill many in that time."

"Perhaps not," answered Red Whiskers; "but every chuck you kill will be 25 cents out of my pocket; for if you didn't get 'em, I would."

The young fellows looked at each other a moment, and one produced a dollar bill. Handing it to the man, he said, "We would be glad if you would accept this and tell us how we can get some woodchucks."

Red Whiskers folded the bill carefully and tucked it in his pocket. "Do you see that hill?" he began; "on the other side is a meadow and all over it you will find chuck holes. Creep carefully along the fences and you will be sure to get some shots."

"If the woodchucks are not out; then what?" queried the buyers of information.

"Then find a hole that looks used, stop it up with stones and—" the man paused and picked up his gun and game.

"And then what?" asked the young man with breathless interest.

"Then," said the man, "dig up the hole and take it home. When you want the chuck shake him out." And with this, he started homeward at a brisk pace.

H. A. Wensley, Albany, N. Y.

For Sale or Exchange: (Want shotgun or mandolin.) Vive camera, new, cost, $5; price, $3! night hawk camera, good condition, cost $12.50; price $5.50! Daisy Violin, new, cost, $6; price $1.85! A guitar, good condition, cost, $13; price $3!

Lots of bargains in guns, etc., which we buy, sell and exchange. Full descriptions free. We also want back numbers of RECREATION, for cash or exchange.

Page Paper People, Muscatine, Ia.

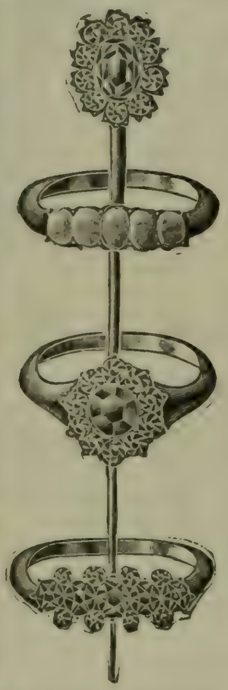
Wanted: A finely bred red Irish Setter puppy, 3 to 6 months old. Please quote price and give full particulars.

S. G., care RECREATION.

MRS. T. LYNCH

1 and 3 Union Square ❧ NEW YORK

Diamond Importer and Cutter



These Goods are Fine White Diamonds and Real Opal Sapphire Pearl or Turquois center

The $20 Ring is worth $30

Seeing is believing

Send for inspection

DIAMONDS bought of us may be returned, at full price paid, within

One year

Jewelry or watches within

30 days

thus you are bound to be satisfied.

WRITE
FOR CATALOGUE
MAILED FREE

GOODS SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS
MONEY BACK IF YOU MAIL IT AND ARE
NOT SATISFIED

E. Howard, Waltham, and Elgin Watches

20 per cent. less than Wholesale List Price

GRAND IMPERIAL SEC
Imperial Sec
Rheims
PRODUCED BY
Germania Wine Cellars
Hammondsport & Rheims

A GREAT OFFER

BY **GERMANIA WINE CELLARS**

Hammondsport and Rheims, N.Y.

We are determined to introduce our goods among the very best people in the country, and we can see no better way of doing this than by selling them a case of our goods, containing eleven bottles of wine and one bottle of our extra fine, double-distilled **Grape Brandy**, at one-half its actual cost. Upon receipt of **$5.00**, we will send, to any reader of RECRATION, one case of our goods, all first-class, and put up in elegant style, assorted, as follows:

1 Quart Bottle Grand Imperial Sec Champagne
1 Quart Bottle Delaware
1 " " Riesling
1 " " Tokay
1 " " Sweet Catawba
1 " " Sherry
1 " " Elvira
1 " " Niagara
1 " " Angelica
1 " " Port
1 " " Sweet Isabella
1 " " Imperial Grape Brandy

This offer is made mainly to introduce our **Grand Imperial Sec Champagne** and our fine double-distilled **Grape Brandy**, without which no Sportsman or Hunter should start on an expedition, as it is very necessary where such exercise is taken. This case of goods is offered at about one-half its actual cost and it will please us if our friends and patrons will take advantage of this and help us introduce our goods.

Mention RECREATION

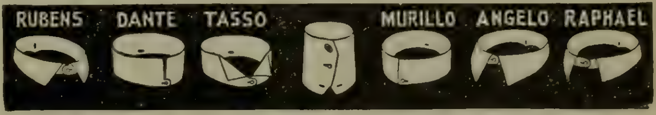
LINENE COLLARS AND CUFFS

Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth and finished alike on both sides. The turn-down collars are reversible and give double service.

NO LAUNDRY WORK

When soiled, discard. **Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25c.** *By mail, 30c.* Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO. Dept. L, BOSTON



There was a young fellow called Tate,
Who dined with a girl at 8:08;
But I cannot relate
What that fellow called Tate ,
And his tête-à-tête ate at 8:08.

“ Is Mrs. Reilly at home? ”
“ Excuse me, mum, are ye the masther’s mother? ”
“ Yes, but ”—
“ Thin she’s out! ”

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE L. A. S.

ARTHUR F. RICE, Secretary L. A. S., 19 W. 24th St., New York.

DEAR SIR : Enclosed ONE DOLLAR for membership fee for one year.

I certify that I am eligible to membership in the L. A. S. under the provisions of the constitution, and refer to 2 League members (or to 3 other reputable citizens) named hereon.

Name..

Street or P.O. Box____

City or Town..

....

Detach this, fill out, and send in with your dollar, AT ONCE

References

WHAT THEY SAY OF THE PREMIUMS.

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that I have received the premiums you offered me for a club, and words cannot express my feelings at receiving such valuable gifts. I had no trouble in getting up the club I sent you.

L. N. Heebner, So. Manchester, Conn.

He has sent me 120 subscriptions.—Ed.

The Squires hunting shoes came all right and are much finer than I expected. They fit well, and, in fact, beat anything I ever saw before. I thank you very much for them and consider that I am more than repaid for the time I spent in getting the names.

E. D. Pitt, Niagara Falls Center, Ont.

I have received the Syracuse gun in good condition; have given it a good test and it proves perfectly satisfactory. It fits me in every way and is a good shooter. I do not wish for a better gun for my purpose. Please accept my thanks.

W. M. Rickert, Waterloo, Ia.

Mr. W. T. Thorne and I most cordially thank you for the premium sent. We also thank you for promptness. We like the Baby Wizard camera very much. A professional has tried it, and pronounces it excellent.

Wm. W. Coleman, Carson City, Nev.

Have just received the Yawman & Erbe Automatic reel, which you sent me for a club of subscribers. It is elegant, and I am eagerly longing to hear a down East black bass set it singing. Recreation beats the world.

I. H. Parshley, Lawrence, Mass.

The Ithaca gun came in fine shape. It is a beauty and far surpasses my expectations. I cannot see how you can give such valuable premiums. I have used Ithaca guns for the last 10 years and want nothing better. F. M. Crooks, Springfield, Mo.

The books you sent me as premiums are all I could wish and more. They are worth many times more than the work and time I spent in getting the subscriptions I sent you and I thank you very much for them.

A. Bingham, Manchester, N. H.

I acknowledge receipt of the Mullins' steel ducking boat as premium, and it is the opinion of all the club members who have used it that it is the best boat ever made for the hunter.

Frank D. Hudson, Springfield, Ill.

Your generous premium of a Manhattan camera received and it is much beyond my expectations.

Geo. Shields, New Brighton, Pa.

I thank you for the Bullet camera you sent me as premium. It is a beauty and does splendid work. It is equal to the $25 cameras, and I do not see how you can afford to give it for so few subscriptions.

J. V. Gailor, Orange, Mass.

I received the Marlin rifle you sent me as premium and am more than pleased with it. Shot 1 coyote yesterday at 300 yards. I am very thankful to you for your kindness. Geo. Kebel, Ritzville, Wash.

I received the Manhattan camera which you sent me for 12 subscriptions, and am greatly pleased. All who have seen it say it is the finest they ever saw for the money.

Emma Miller, Trout Creek, Mich.

Please accept thanks for the .30-30 Marlin rifle you sent me as premium for subscriptions to Recreation. It is an all around beauty and gives perfect satisfaction.

H. Scheele, St. Paul, Minn.

I received the Marlin rifle sent me as premium. It is a fine gun and shows your liberality and honest dealing with your subscribers in a very favorable light.

Victor U. Winfrey, Carbondale, Ill.

The Davenport rifle you sent me as premium came to hand. It is a beauty, and an accurate little shooter. I am more than pleased with it in every respect.

Wm. P. Merkel, Fleetwood, Pa.

Thank you for the gun which I received from the Syracuse Arms Co. as premium for a club of subscribers to Recreation. The gun is a perfect beauty.

R. S. Sutherland, La Fayette, Ind.

I received the Davenport rifle O. K. It is a little gem, and shoots like a terror. I am more than pleased with it, and thank you very much for sending it.

Eben P. Merrill, Laconia, N. H.

Allow me to thank you for your kindness and promptness in sending my premium, the Yawman & Erbe reel. It is a beauty in every respect.

J. W. Kennedy, Hike's Point, Ky.

I received the Automatic reel in good shape and am more than pleased with it.

Jas. Rourk, Philadelphia, Pa.

The difference between horse-radish and a horse is that, to be good, one should bite and the other shouldn't.

"Have you seen the nose, sir?" "Nose, sir?"—"No, sir. What nose, sir?" "Why Cyrano's, sir."

My trip across the sea would bring
  Sweet thoughts that I might treasure,
Had it not been that many a thing
  Came up to mar my pleasure.

What's the Use

of walking when you can get a first-class, high-grade bicycle for nothing?

How?

By getting 75 subscriptions for

Recreation

If you live in a town of 3,000 or more, and if you are a hustler you can get these in 2 days.

I can give you the names of 20 people who did this in 1896, and who now have their wheels.

Write for particulars.

RECREATION
19 West 24th Street
New York

TO CALIFORNIA
PACIFIC COAST
LIMITED

VIA THE

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

A New and Palatial Vestibuled Train, without an equal, put in service for the first time this season.

Leaves St. Louis every Tuesday and Saturday, 10:30 p. m., for Los Angeles and San Francisco.

EQUIPMENT CONSISTS OF

- COMPOSITE CAR—Containing Reading, Writing and Smoking Room, Buffet, Barber Shop and Bath Room.
- COMPARTMENT CAR—Containing Seven Private Compartments and Double Drawing-Rooms.
- SLEEPING CARS—Containing Twelve Sections, State Rooms and Drawing-Rooms.
- DINING CAR—In which all Meals are served A LA CARTE.

Heated with Steam. Lighted with Pintsch Gas.

A SUMMER ROUTE FOR WINTER TRAVEL.

NO HIGH ALTITUDES. NO SNOW BLOCKADES.

ONLY THREE DAYS TO OR FROM CALIFORNIA.

Entire train runs through without change.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

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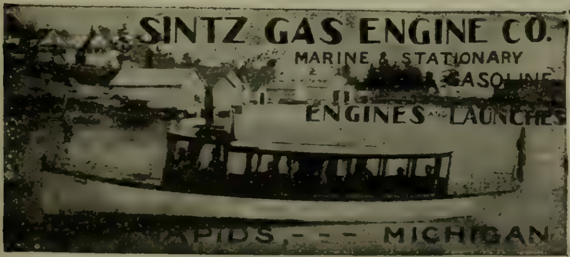

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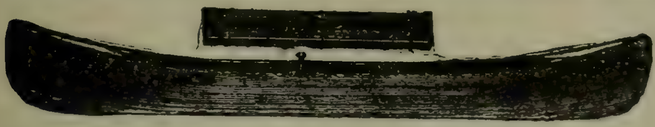

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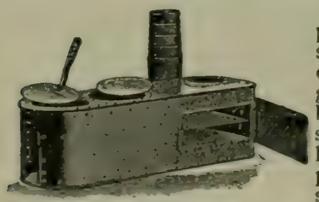

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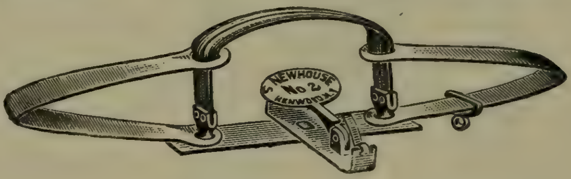

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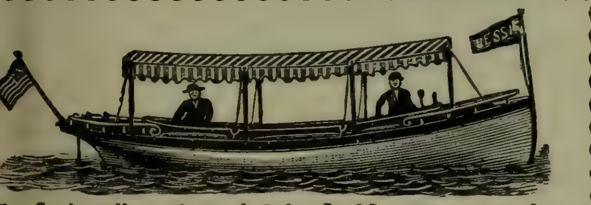

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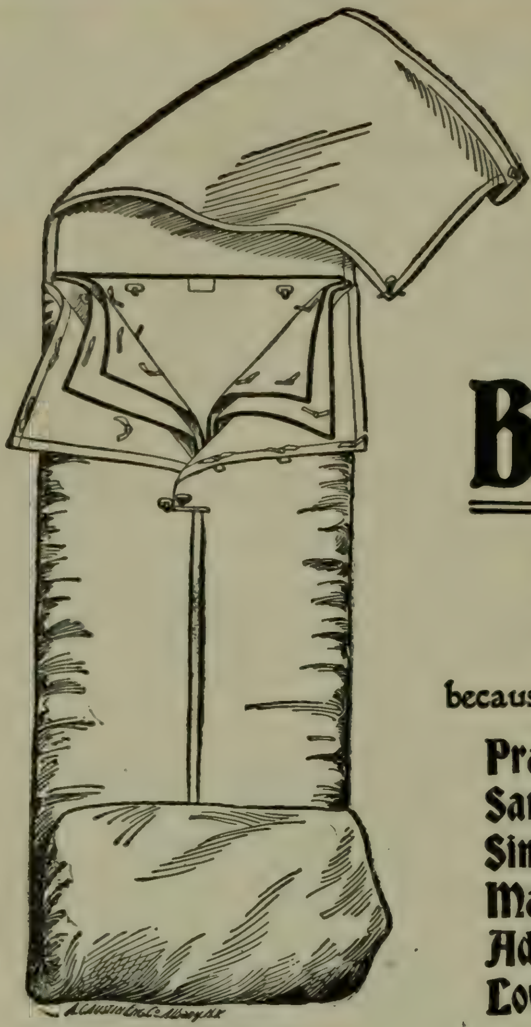
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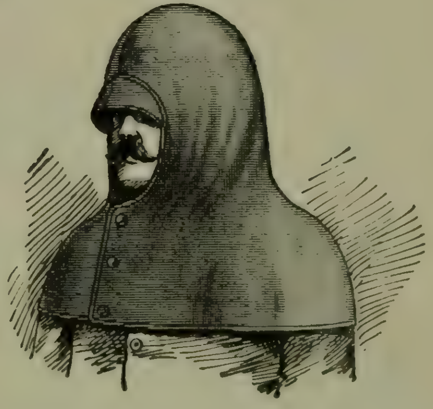

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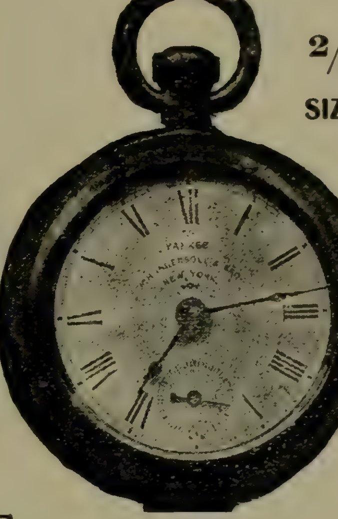

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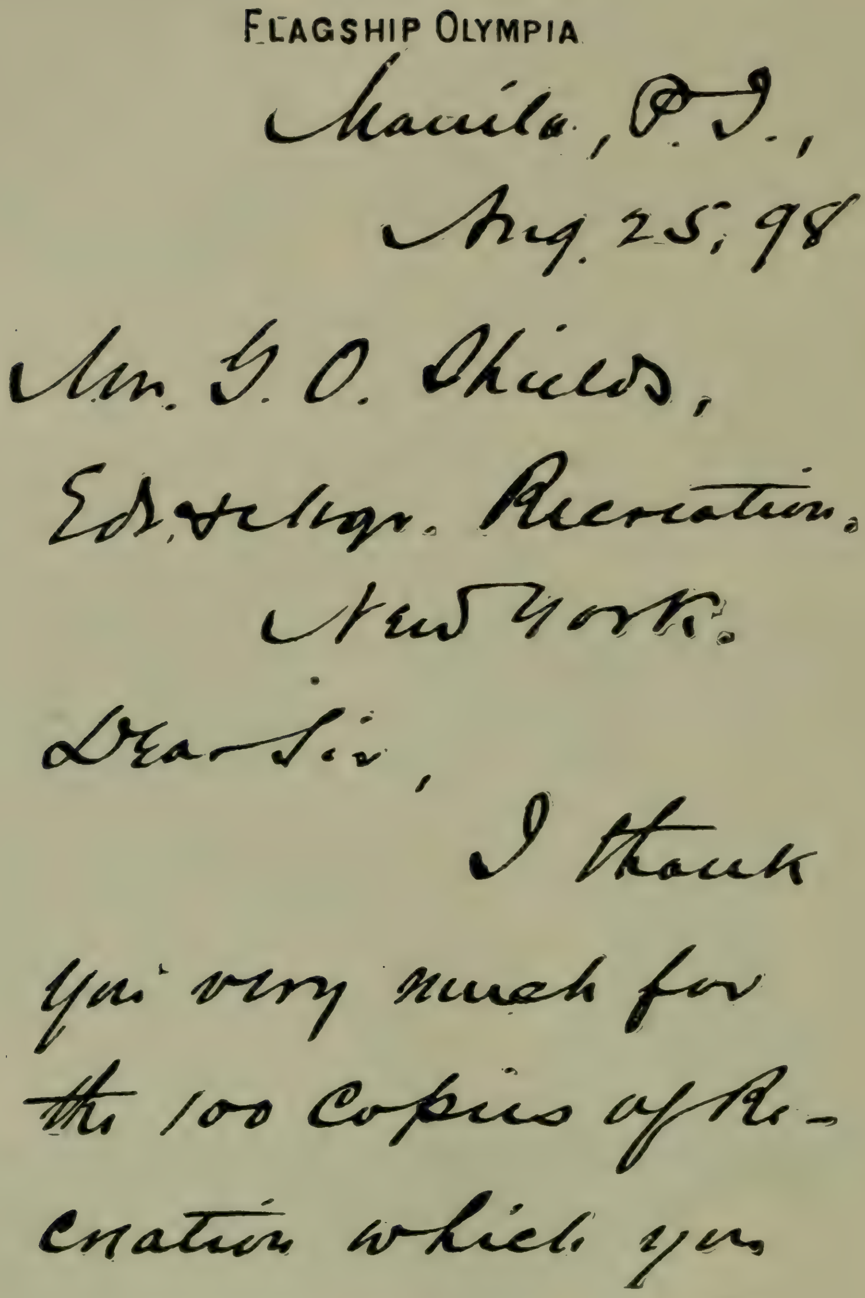

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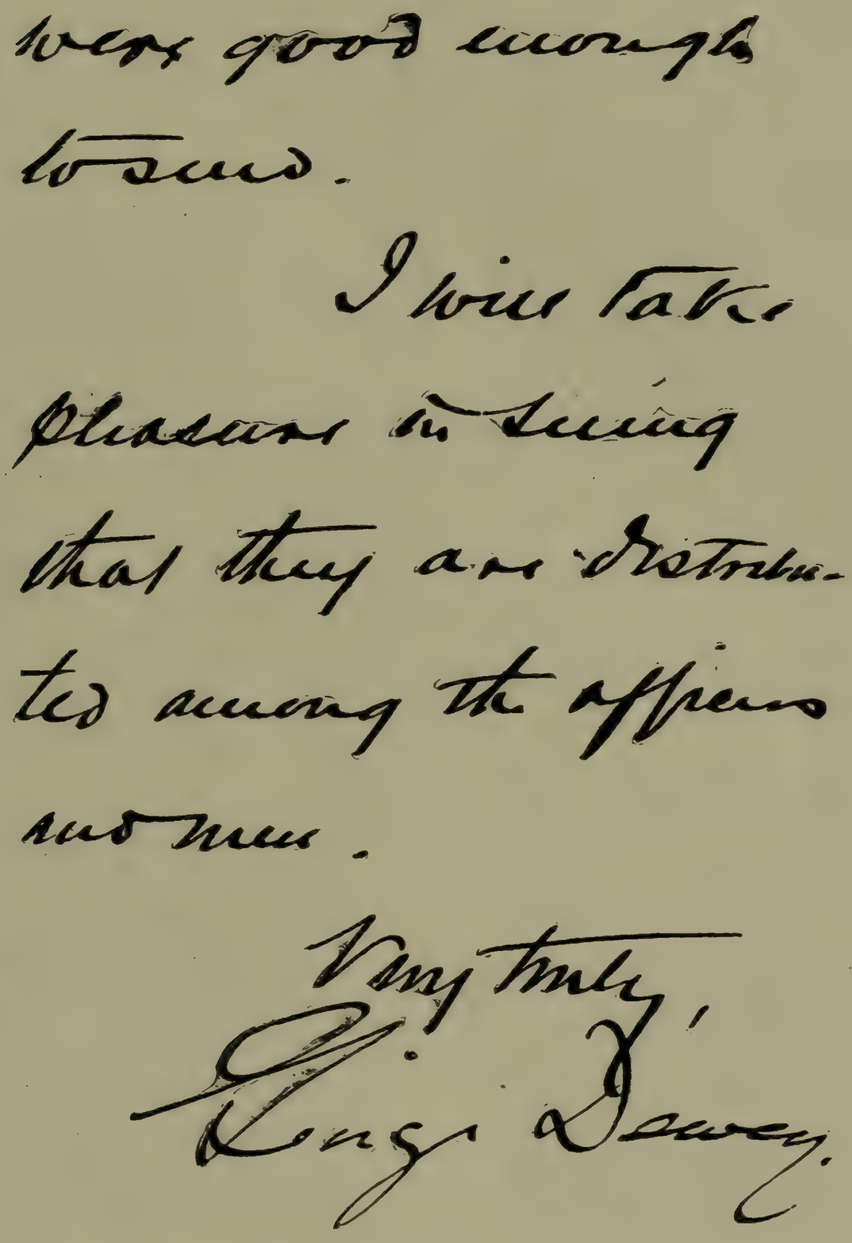

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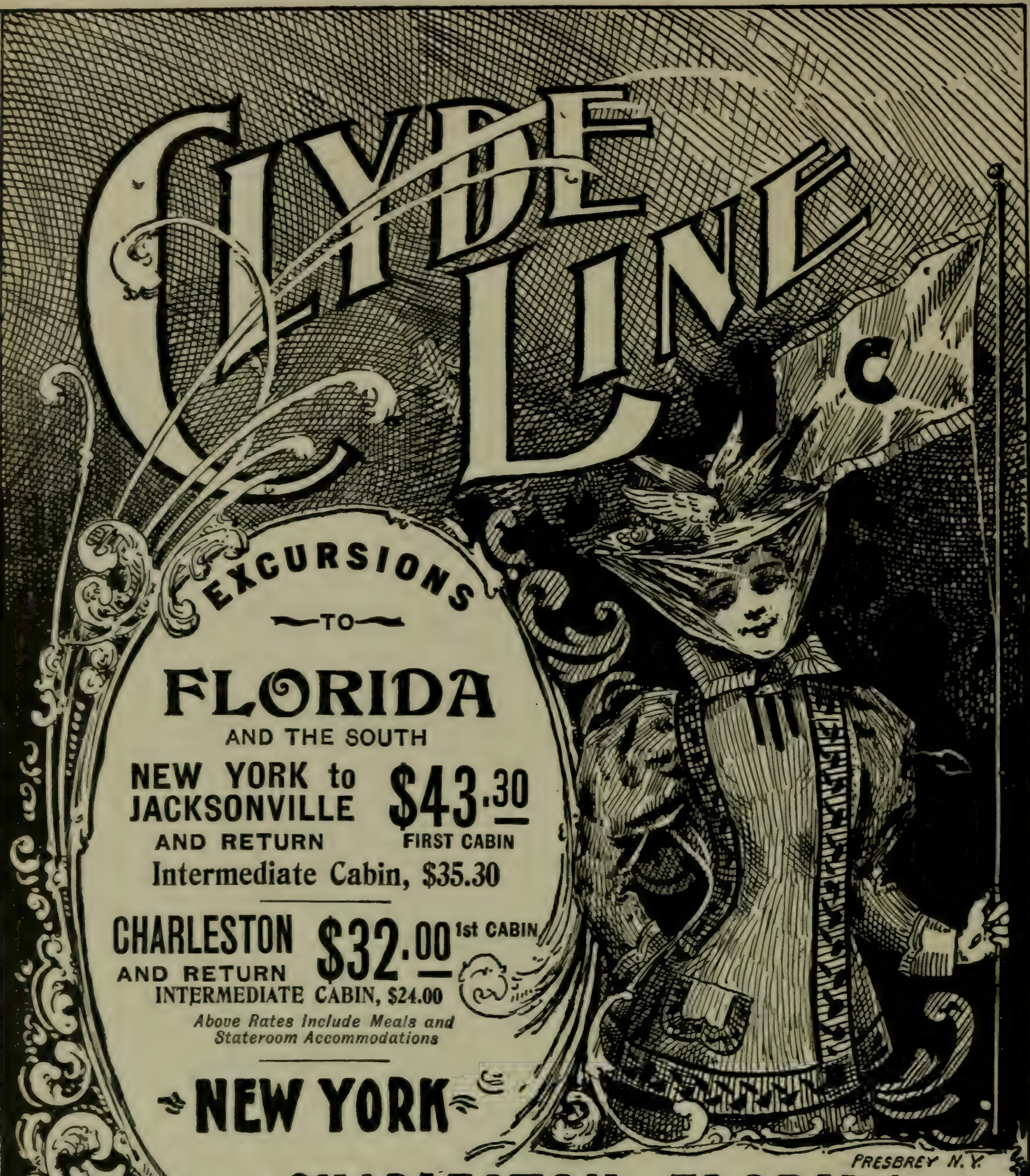

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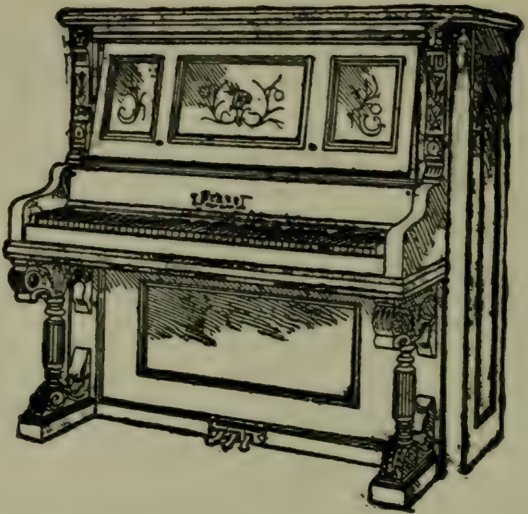

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GAINS

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In Surplus (to Policy-holders) .	522,060.12
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For Literature illustrative and descriptive of the most marvelous scenery on the American continent, address, D. McNICOLL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, Canada.

Can any of your readers beat the following record?

I left Boston on the night of September 26th and reached Arthurette, N. B., the following Tuesday night. On Wednesday we walked into camp, about 15 miles from the Tobique river, and Thursday morning went to the top of a little hard wood ridge back of our camp where Duncan D. Wright gave the call of the cow moose. We had 2 answers, one coming straight up the ridge, and the other from the left. The bull on top of the ridge got there first, and 2 shots from the little Savage rifle, .30-30, dropped him in his tracks. He was a large one with a fine set of antlers, measuring a little over 51 inches. He was dead in 30 minutes from the time we left our camp, at the foot of the ridge. We walked out to the Tobique river in the afternoon and sent a team in Friday morning for the moose. The men returned Saturday night and Monday morning I started for Boston. On the entire trip I had just 30 minutes' hunting. Unfortunately, owing to the carelessness of the Express Company in keeping them 24 hours overtime, the hide and head were spoiled.

B. R. Houghton, Boston, Mass.

About 2 weeks ago an Indian brought here for sale, 4 skins of heads of caribou, which he killed up Cedar creek, about 15 miles from here. They, of course, had no horns and were practically valueless. On being asked what he did with the hides and meat, he said "too heavy," and shrugged his shoulders. The gang to which he belongs are camped on the Slocan river, about 12 miles South of this town, and are killing deer for their skins. They are said to be from the Colville reservation, and if so, have no business here.

Will H. Udall, Slocan City, B. C.

Small game is apparently holding its own in this locality. There may be fewer quail than formerly, but of grouse I think there has been a full crop. Woodcock have been in fair numbers. We got but few of the flight birds. A man told me he saw, just at dusk, one evening in November, more woodcock flying in one bunch than he ever saw in his whole life before, all put together. Whoever struck the spot where they stopped to feed was in it.

H. F. Chase, Amesbury, Mass.

I learned by a sad experience that animals can run some distance after being shot through the heart. While hunting with a little Scotch terrier, I fired above and to one side of her. She yelped, ran 30 or 40 yards and fell. When I reached her she was dead. A single pellet of No. 4 shot had passed between her ribs and through her heart. She had been my constant companion, and I felt so badly over her death that I gave up rabbit shooting that season.

R. L. Walker, M.D., Carnegie, Pa.

Los Angeles in 2¾ Days

From Chicago. The California Limited, Santa Fe Route.
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Pullmans, Dining Car, Buffet-Smoking Car, Barber Shop and Ladies' Observation Car. Electric-lighted.
Daily fast California Express carries Pullman and Tourist Sleepers and free Reclining Chair Cars.

Address General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway
CHICAGO.

I presume even the editor of a magazine so successful as yours will be gratified by an expression of appreciation, especially when it comes from a man of national prominence.

A few weeks ago I called on the Hon. Joseph F. Johnston, Governor of Alabama, at his residence in Birmingham, and saw a copy of RECREATION on his library table. To my inquiry as to whether he was a regular reader of it he replied:

"Yes; and I greatly enjoy it. It carries with it the real odor of the woods."

This was said with an earnestness which left no doubt as to its sincerity. I have occasion, in the course of business, to travel over the country a great deal, but wherever I go I can always buy your magazine at the news stands. This is true even of the smaller towns and cities, where one would hardly expect to find anything with a less circulation than Munsey's or the great periodicals. As a friend of yours I take a pride in the success you are making and congratulate you on it.

Sincerely yours,
Wm. Edward Coffin, New York City

A bird that can sing and won't sing, is a darned sight kinder than the younger woman next door who can't sing, but will sing. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

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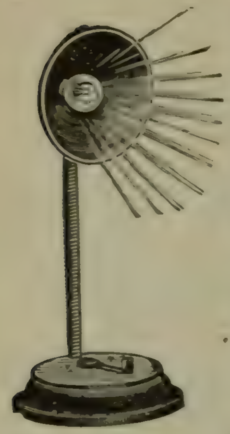

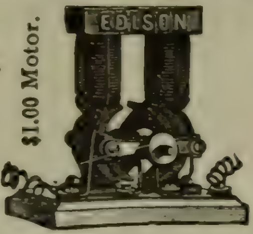
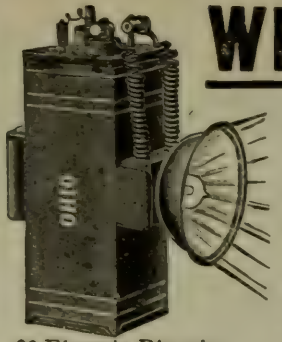

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OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, CLEVELAND, O.
HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC NOVELTIES AND SUPPLIES.
Agents wanted. Send for New Catalogue just out.

Upon a gleaming tandem
They used to gayly flit;
He pedalled like a major,
And never kicked a bit.

But he traded off his tandem
When she became his bride;
To-day she also pedals,
When they go forth to ride.
—Chicago News.

Eight pretty girls stood in a line,
And wished to kiss the war scarred hero.
Says he, " This here is something fine,"
And promptly kissed that blushing she row. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I feel like a store with a bargain sale," groaned Tommy, as he approached from the direction of the pantry, the immediate surroundings of his mouth being a suspicious dark red.

"What's the matter, my dear?"

"Jam inside."—Detroit Free Press.

"I wish I was twins," said Willie.

"Why?"

"I'd send the other half of me to school, and this half would go fishing."—Exchange.

PHOTO CARD MOUNTS FOR AMATEURS
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LOUISIANA

Small Game is very abundant, and has been shot at very little. **Deer** and **Turkeys** are plentiful, and the fishing, for black bass and other game fishes, of the very best. **This Line** also reaches, direct from **St. Louis** or **Memphis,** by double daily through car service, the **famous hunting and fishing grounds on the Gulf.**

....SPECIAL FEATURES OFFERED....

Reduced Rates to Sportsmen **Side Tracking Cars On or Near the Grounds**
Hunting Cars Fully Equipped **Carrying Free of Dogs, Guns, and Camp Equipment**

WRITE for best locations, and other information, to Company's Agents, or to the General Passenger Agent.

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Is the Paradise for not only hunters, fishermen, and canoeists, but also those in search of health, where comfort and pleasure can be obtained economically.

The woodland and lake scenery would satisfy the most critical tourist.

Camping outfits can be purchased cheaply, or guides, thoroughly acquainted with the region, fully equipped for camping, can be secured readily.

Parties can be furnished with names of guides, and, by communicating with them, make all necessary arrangements in advance.

The following fish and game, in season, are to be found in abundance. the variety of which is not surpassed by any other sporting region in the world:

Fish.—Bass, pickerel, brook trout, lake trout, whitefish, perch, sunfish, salmon, trout, sturgeon, catfish, herring and muskalonge.

Game.—Deer, partridge, rabbits, pigeons, ducks, geese, plover, bear, woodcock, snipe, grouse, and moose.

A few of the other Principal Resorts.—Androscoggin Lakes, the White Mountains, the salmon resorts of Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, Lake of St. John region, the River St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands.

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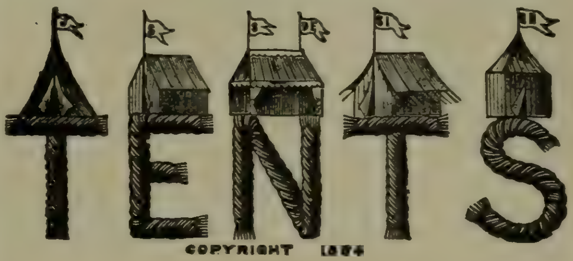

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1899 Calendar.

A handsome 1899 Calendar, in colors, is being issued by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. This calendar has thirteen printings and is made by the patent transparency process, producing a beautiful color effect, especially when hung in the light.

Design embraces a government mail pouch suspended from a mail crane, finished with a pleasing color sketch at bottom of hanger. Size of calendar, 14 x 20 inches.

Sent to any address on receipt of eight cents in postage. Ready for distribution December 15th. To insure getting a copy send in your order now to

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HAVE YOU VISITED THE ADIRONDACKS IN WINTER?

If you need a bracing, dry air, filled with the healthful odor of the balsam and the fir, you will find it at Saranac Lake—only twelve hours from New York or Buffalo, by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL,
" AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

An illustrated descriptive book, containing a large map of this region, will be sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp, or a folder for a one-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

I gave the following mixture to my fine English pointer, for bloody dysentery, and it cured him in 48 hours:

Salicylic acid (true wintergreen) ..	ʒ ss.
Prepared chalk	grs. xx.
Zinc sulph. carb..................	grs. v.
Camph. tr. opium..................	ʒ ij.
Cinnamon water (strong) q. s. ad.	℥ ij.

Shake well and give 1 teaspoonful in milk 2 or 3 times a day. Keep the dog absolutely quiet. This will cure any form of diarrhœa or dysentery.

The dog had been sick 2 months and various dopes had been given him but still he grew worse until he became a skeleton and virtually about dead.

J. H. Lowrey, M.D.

" Ten soldiers bit the dust," but that
Need cause you no surprise;
The dust they bit they found within
Some armor plated pies.

—Baltimore American.

Teacher—Can you tell me the cause of the daybreak?

Smart Pupil—I fancy it's caused by the night fall.

Grandpapa—And why do you believe little George Washington never told a story?

Madge—'Cos I'd be smacked if I didn't.—Punch.

This is a fairly good section for game. Grouse and snow-shoe rabbits are quite plentiful. There are few jack rabbits on the mountains. There, also, the ptarmigan is found in considerable numbers. They are protected by law, however, at all times, and can scarcely be counted as game.

Of larger game, the fox is the most numerous. While out grouse hunting last fall, I saw the tracks of 2 deer and many signs of sheep. Like the ptarmigan, the sheep is protected in this State. Martens are quite abundant.

L. B. Gilmore, Empire, Col.

Coyotes are numerous and destructive here.

George Wilson was driving along the road, one day last winter, when an elk came out of the brush and right up to the sleigh. Two coyotes were clinging to the elk, and one would not let go until close to the sleigh.

In driving 12 miles I saw 5 coyotes within fair gun shot. On the same trip I saw 10 black-tail deer and many elk.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

A doctor in Berlin declares that not one of Germany's professional bicyclists has a sound heart.—Exchange.

Scorchers are not supposed to have any hearts of any kind.

SMALL PROFITS ∴ QUICK SALES

Trout Flies

FOR TRIAL

Send us 15 cts. for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, **24** cents
Send us 30 cts. for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, **60** cents
Send us 60 cts. for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, **84** cents

Split Bamboo RODS

Fly Rods, 10 feet, 6 ounces,
Bait Rods, 9 feet, 8 ounces,
With Cork Grip.
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STEEL RODS
Jointed,
8½ feet,
10 ounces, $3.25

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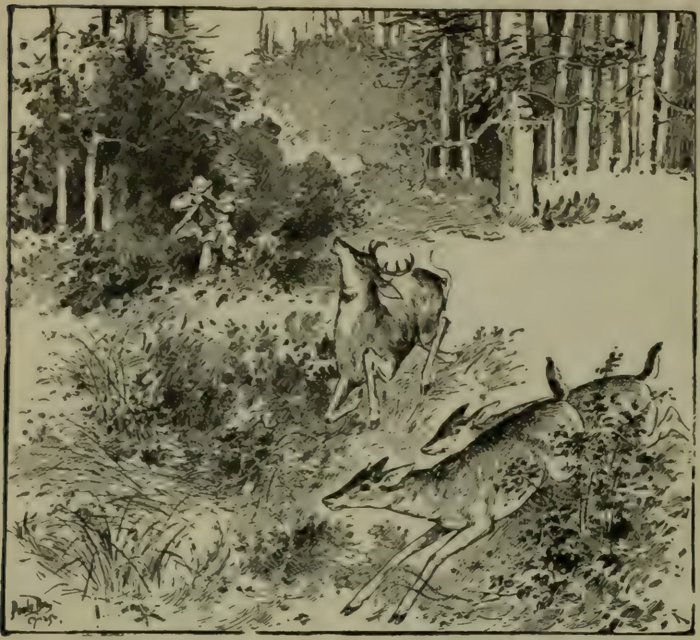

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Will you not?

You can get Split Bamboo Rods of us at 75 cents; Flies at 24 cents a dozen; 3-ply Snelled Hooks at 16 cents a dozen; Rifles at $1.75, and Cameras at 50 cents. But we don't make any hurrah about it for that is all they are worth. We don't want you to buy such stuff.

What we do *emphasize* is the fact that we furnish high-grade Sporting Goods at LOW PRICES.

Our illustrated catalog gives full information. Send for it. A proper use of it will save you lots of money. It will be ready in February. Do us the favor to send for it NOW. Mention RECREATION.

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Send now for a sample dozen of our best Trout Flies (with gut helper, turned wings). They will cost you 72 cents.

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They have merit, are well made, and shoot well.

Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

Send for new catalogue of single guns and rifles.

THE W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.

ONE DAY WITH THE WHITE TAILS.

B. C. MORSE.

The day was dawning and the first snow of the season lay on the ground as I approached the foot of Mount Orne, New Hampshire. The great Cat Bow woods lay East and South, while at my foot smiled the waters of Lake Martin meadow. Now and then a grouse darted with whirr of wing through the trees, or the discordant cry of the blue jay or the "rat-tat" of woodpecker awoke the echoes of the woodland. Carefully, with eyes searching the ground for deer sign and ear ready to catch the slightest noise, I passed up and around the hill with rifle held ready for instant action. The snow had fallen the day before and each track I passed was fresh, but I did not follow any. I was waiting and watching for what I knew was in the woods near by. As I approached the summit of the mountain the sought for track was found, leading toward the top. From the size of the footprint, I knew a big buck was in front of me, to be tracked down by careful stalking only.

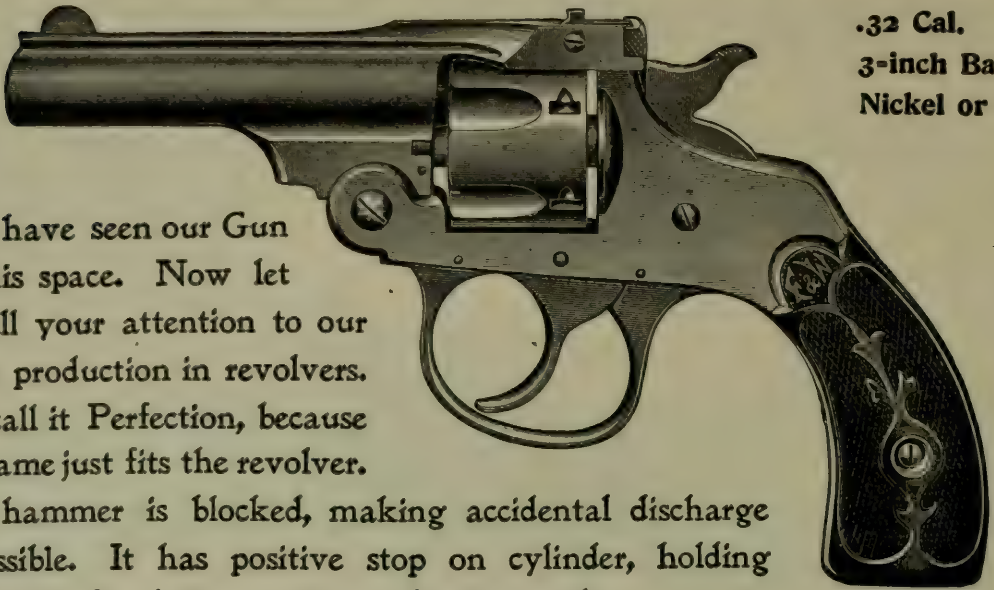
The buck was feeding as he went, now and then stopping to tear the bark from some tree in his path or dig holes in the ground with his hoofs. On the top I knew there was a basin and here I expected to find my victim. Most carefully I looked over into this little valley, and, on the far side, I saw the massive form of the buck. My heart gave a thump of satisfaction as I noted the size of his antlers. Six points I counted, and the spread of the horns looked more than 2 feet. Five minutes passed and as he turned his side I raised my rifle, drew the sight close to the point of the shoulder and pressed the trigger. The buck gave a mighty bound forward, turned short to the right, and, with flag down, passed over the hill from my view.

Where the buck had stood lay a tuft of hair. Farther on a crimson stain on each side of his trail told the story of a deer shot through. I followed and at a distance of 40 rods came in sight of my buck, down but ready to run, as I found before I had time to get in a shot. I did not hurry, for I knew he was badly hurt and it was only a question of time when I could put my hand on him. A half mile farther on I found him. He weighed 325 pounds. The next week I shot 2 does, making 3 deer, all the law allows a sportsman in New Hampshire.

The forests are full of deer in Coos county, and moose are fairly abundant North of Connecticut lake. The killing of moose and caribou is unlawful in this State until 1901.

The duck eats the worm,
The man eats the duck,
The worm eats the man,
The duck eats the worm.
—Akron Beacon and Journal.

"PERFECTION AUTOMATIC"



.32 Cal.
3-inch Barrel
Nickel or Blue

You have seen our Gun in this space. Now let us call your attention to our latest production in revolvers. We call it Perfection, because the name just fits the revolver. The hammer is blocked, making accidental discharge impossible. It has positive stop on cylinder, holding the same firmly in position when in pocket. Weight only 12 ozs., and 10 ozs. in bicycle size.

No better pistol at any price. This retails at $4.00.

Forehand Arms Co. WORCESTER MASS.

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while bait-fishing, did you ever try to reel your "bob" or float through the rings . . . and lose your fish? Perhaps. Let us give you a tip:—The Bristol Automatic Fishing Line Float is a new wrinkle—*taking care of itself,* and having serious objections to allowing you any such liberties as the aforesaid. Made by the same people who manufacture the celebrated Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, a full description and cuts of same may be found in their Catalogue "R." Send for it.

The Horton Manufacturing Co., Bristol, Conn.

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Soft and pliable as kid. Not shrunk or injured by water. A complete protection to sportsmen or any exposed to cold or wet. For horseback riding, driving, or walking in cold weather. Worn under the overcoat, they are a handsome garment and much used. A capital jacket for bicycle use, skating and sleighing.

☞We take the entire product of the manufacturers of above Finest Jackets, and this make cannot be obtained elsewhere in the United States.

A Quality, of the very finest skin - $18.00
A Quality, not as fine, $8.00, $10.00 and $15.00

Send measurement around chest outside vest. If money is sent with order we will forward free by mail, and, if not satisfactory on receipt, we will return money on return of Jacket. We are already selling many of them. Entirely different from any other make.

☞As there are many different makes of Leather Jackets in the market advertised as finest, etc., mostly made here of common skins, we invite those desiring such to send for one of ours, and if not found superior on examination to any other, it can be returned at our expense or we will refund money.

WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington Street, Boston
Sole American Agents for these Finest Imported Skins

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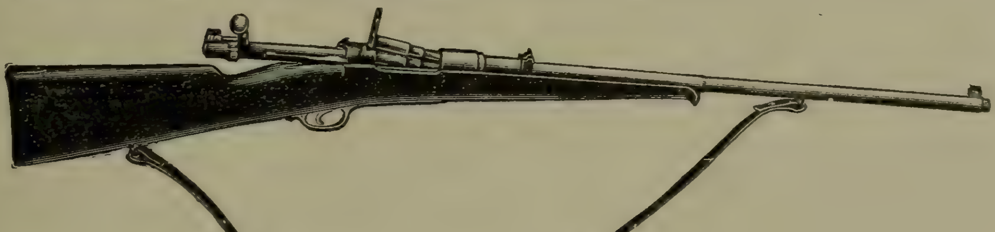

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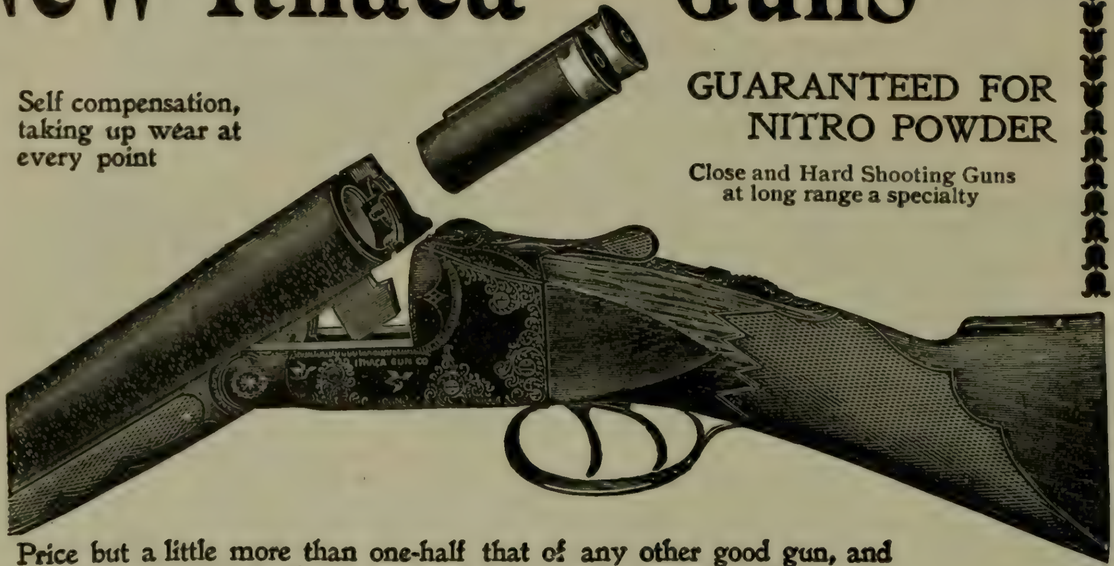

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Close and Hard Shooting Guns at long range a specialty

Price but a little more than one-half that of any other good gun, and warranted in the most positive terms, shooting included

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Send for circular and ask for special prices
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Is Your Gun Worth Saving?
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The Gun Bore Treatment

WILL SAVE BOTH

It is an absolutely effective and permanent protection against the **Rusting, Pitting** and **Leading** of the bore of Firearms.

Stop Cleaning Your Gun!

If this interests you, write to the

GUN BORE TREATMENT CO.

7 and 9 Warren St., NEW YORK

The game laws of this state opened November 1st, and we are having the most successful season in years. Game is plentiful everywhere in this section. Snipe, doves and teal ducks have been killed in large numbers. Deer are plentiful on the small sea islands adjacent to this city, and some very pretty specimens have been brought in during the past few weeks. For the first time in several years quail are plentiful. The heavy rains of this season came too late to hurt either the first or second broods of young, and some fine sport has been had with them.

James S. Estill, Savannah, Ga.

A HARD HIT.

" What has Hobson done now, dear? "

" He has raised the Maria Teresa."

" It's a ship, isn't it? "

" No, it's a grain elevator."

" He must be very strong."

" Oh, yes, Hobson's strong. Got right under the keel, braced his back and there you are."

" I thought I read something about his using wind bags? "

" Yes, he had wind bags, but he didn't need 'em much. Hobson is too strong to need any help. Those wind bags weren't any more use than a single ablebodied man."

" I see. If Hobson had you he wouldn't need any other wind bags."

" Say, now, don't you get gay."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Cuban insurgent shook his head sadly.

" And is it for this we have been fighting? " he asked.

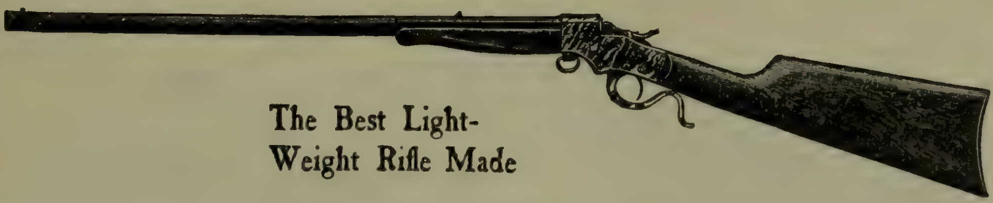
" What's the matter? " said his companion.

" The Americans say we must go to work."—North American.

For Sale: Live wild game, ducks, geese and other similar fowls.

H. M. Brown, Port Lavaca, Texas.

STEVENS
FAVORITE



The Best Light-
Weight Rifle Made

CHEAPEST IN PRICE
OF BEST QUALITY
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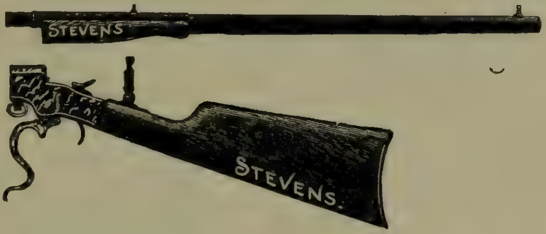


Weight, 4½ pounds, case hardened frame, shot-gun butt

EVERY STEVENS IS A "TAKE DOWN"

MADE IN .22, .25 AND
.32 CALIBRE RIM FIRE

THOROUGHLY
GUARANTEED

Send stamp for our complete catalogue, describing the entire line of rifles and pistols manufactured by us. Containing also information and rules regarding rifle shooting, manufacture of ammunition, etc.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
P. O. BOX 444
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

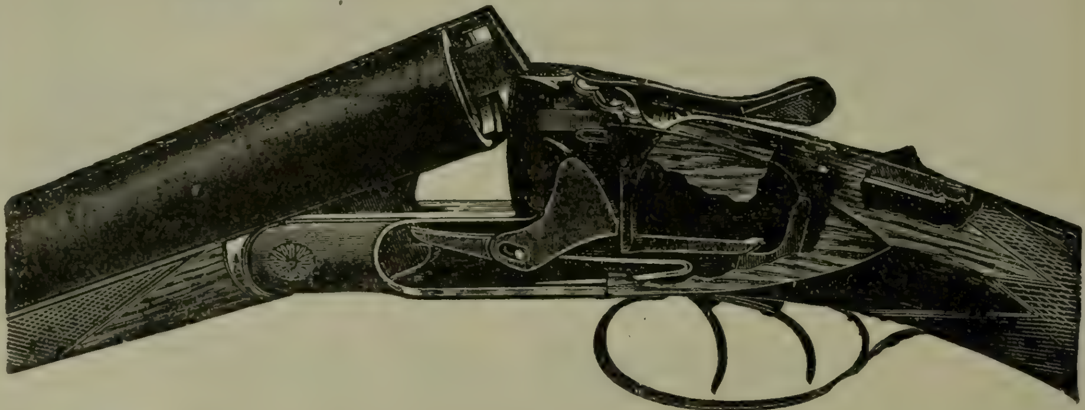
For Field or for Trap,
For Pot Hunting or Fun,
No Sportsman is Equipped
Without a Syracuse Gun

"More Truth Than Poetry"

WE DO NOT SAY THAT

Syracuse Hammerless Guns

"ARE AS GOOD" AS ANY GUN IN THE MARKET



THEIR simplicity of construction and superiority of finish stamp them "BETTER" for practical all-round work than any gun in the market. The "old, old story" but, nevertheless, substantiated by every man who ever drew a Syracuse to his shoulder.

Here is what men say of the Syracuse who are using it . . .

I promised to tell you exactly what I thought of the SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUN you sent me, after having given it a thorough trial. I spent two weeks in Minnesota, during October, and as the chickens and ducks were wild, had an excellent opportunity to test the killing qualities of this gun. I killed as often and as far, with my 12-gauge SYRACUSE, as those of our party who were shooting more expensive 8 and 10-gauge guns, and which required, or at least used, nearly double the ammunition. I am satisfied I shall never own a better gun, for the money, than the SYRACUSE. I can heartily recommend it to all who want a moderate-priced, yet good, close, hard-shooting gun.

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SYRACUSE ARMS COMPANY
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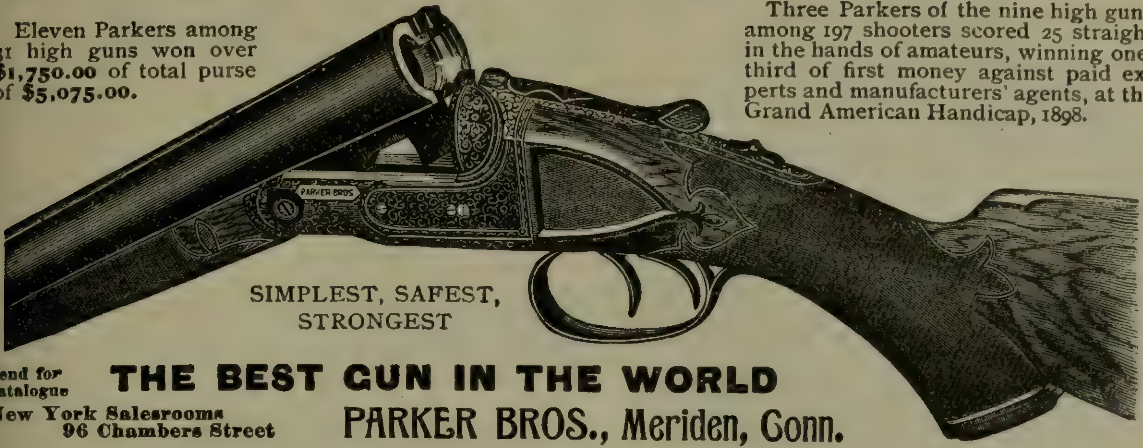
Eleven Parkers among 31 high guns won over $1,750.00 of total purse of $5,075.00.

Three Parkers of the nine high guns among 197 shooters scored 25 straight in the hands of amateurs, winning one-third of first money against paid experts and manufacturers' agents, at the Grand American Handicap, 1898.



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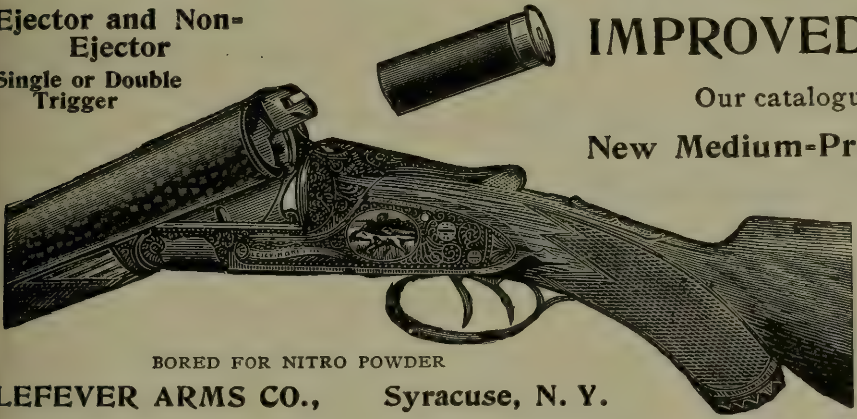

This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

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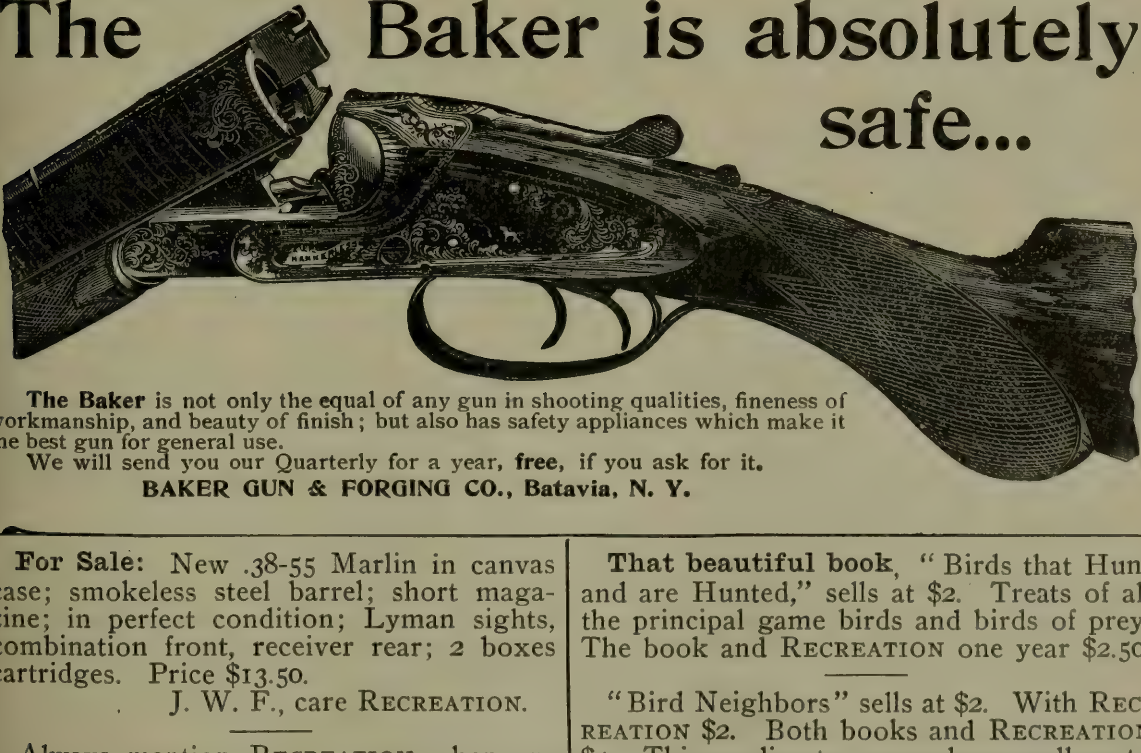
The Baker is absolutely safe...



The Baker is not only the equal of any gun in shooting qualities, fineness of workmanship, and beauty of finish; but also has safety appliances which make it the best gun for general use.

We will send you our Quarterly for a year, **free**, if you ask for it.

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For Sale: New .38-55 Marlin in canvas case; smokeless steel barrel; short magazine; in perfect condition; Lyman sights, combination front, receiver rear; 2 boxes cartridges. Price $13.50.

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SHOT EVERY EVENT THROUGH AND
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HIGHEST GRADE
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LOWEST PRICES

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Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I have just returned from a successful hunting trip in Alaska and I want to express my gratitude to you for the satisfaction and pleasure I had in using your .303 rifle.

I killed 3 mountain sheep, one of which was over 400 yards away; 3 caribou, 2 large moose, one at more than 300 yards, and 5 grizzly bears. I found one shot quite sufficient for each animal. I shot all of them through the head or shoulder and the rifle did the work so cleanly and so perfectly that there was no need of a second shot.

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A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod } FREE OF COST
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle

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New York

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SIX subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *American Game Fishes*, cloth.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7.

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FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport single-barrel, breech-loading Ejector Shot-gun, listed at $10; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a No. 2 Bullet Camera, listed at $10; or a Stevens Diamond Pistol, listed at $7.50 to $8.50; or an Adlake Camera, listed at $12; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9.

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STAND BY
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The winning team, Courtney (20), McMurchy (19), Mosher (19), broke all previous records with a total of 58.

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PRIZE OFFER:

The Grand American Handicap of 1898, the largest live-bird tournament in the World, was won with a

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These guns will be made to order to suit the winners.

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SHOOTS WELL SOMETIMES.

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SHOOTS WELL ALL THE TIME.

USED BY THE BEST SHOTS; SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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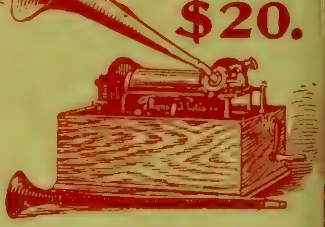

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VOLUME X.
NUMBER 2

FEBRUARY, 1899

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RECREATION

L. A. S.
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AMATEUR PHOTO. BY W. F. CARLIN
PUT A LITTLE HOT STUFF IN MINE, PLEASE

PUBLISHED BY G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA)
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C. W. TRAVER

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN

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G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA),
Editor and Manager.

19 WEST 24TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

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Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York Post-Office, Oct. 17, 1894.

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Latest Automatic Ejector Hammerless

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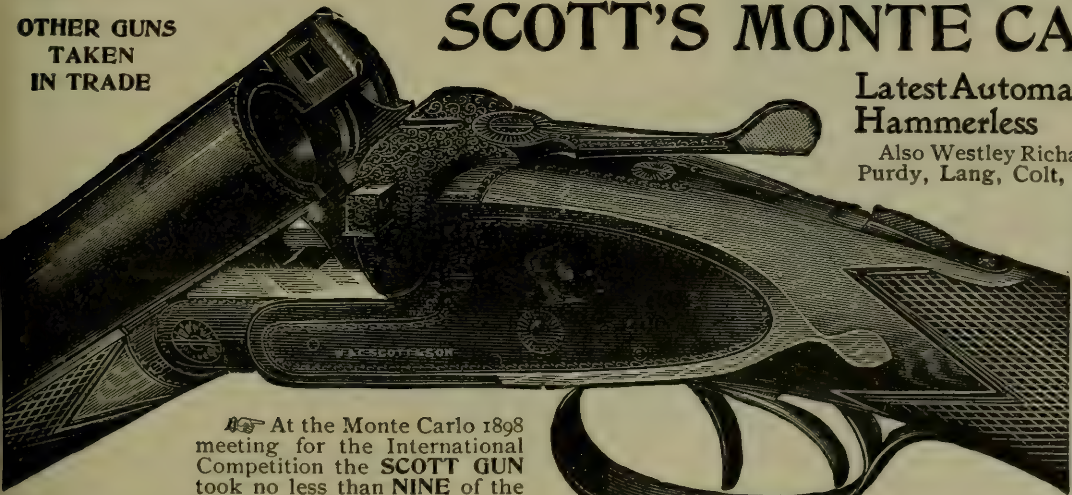

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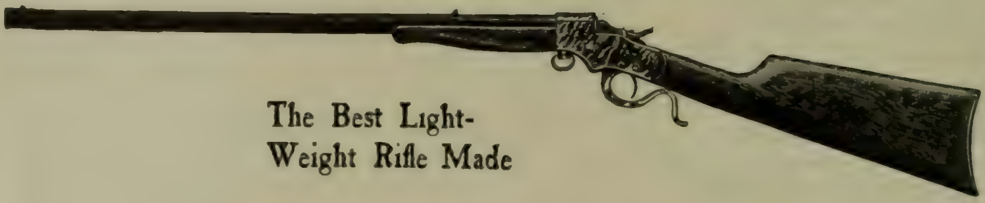
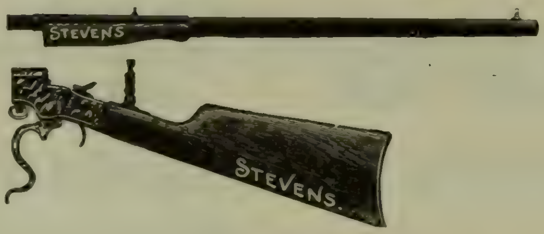


The Best Light-
Weight Rifle Made

CHEAPEST IN PRICE
OF BEST QUALITY
UNSURPASSED IN ACCURACY



Weight, 4½ pounds, case hardened frame, shot-gun butt

EVERY STEVENS IS A "TAKE DOWN"

MADE IN .22, .25 AND
.32 CALIBRE RIM FIRE

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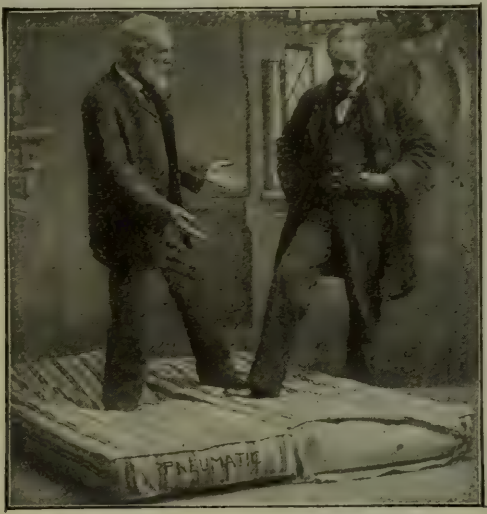
CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE

The fact that we are now equipping the American Line Steamships "Paris" and "New York" (late the "Yale" and "Harvard") throughout, with Pneumatic Mattresses proves their worth and the quality of our goods.

The inventor, Mr. Young, explaining that when two occupy the same bed, each may have his side hard or soft, as he prefers.



Our Two-Part Pneumatic Mattress.

The above photograph was taken *six years ago* and the mattress shown has been in *constant use ever since;* not one cent has been expended on it and it is just as perfect to-day as when made.

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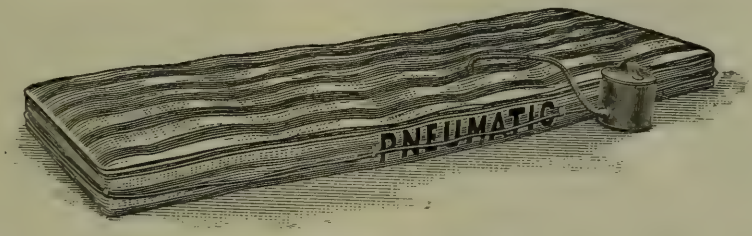

Size 6 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 1 in.
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If you are building or refitting a canoe, boat, launch or yacht, you should equip it with our Pneumatic Mattresses and Cushions. They cost no more than first-class upholstered goods and, in the end, are much cheaper, for they never have to be made over or renovated. They are non-absorbent, never mildew or grow musty, require no springs, are luxurious, attractive and last a lifetime. In case of emergency they are far superior to the ordinary life preserver. Every cushion and mattress has life-line attachment.

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Our booklet "D" will tell you all about our mattresses and cushions and give prices. Send for one. Mention Recreation.

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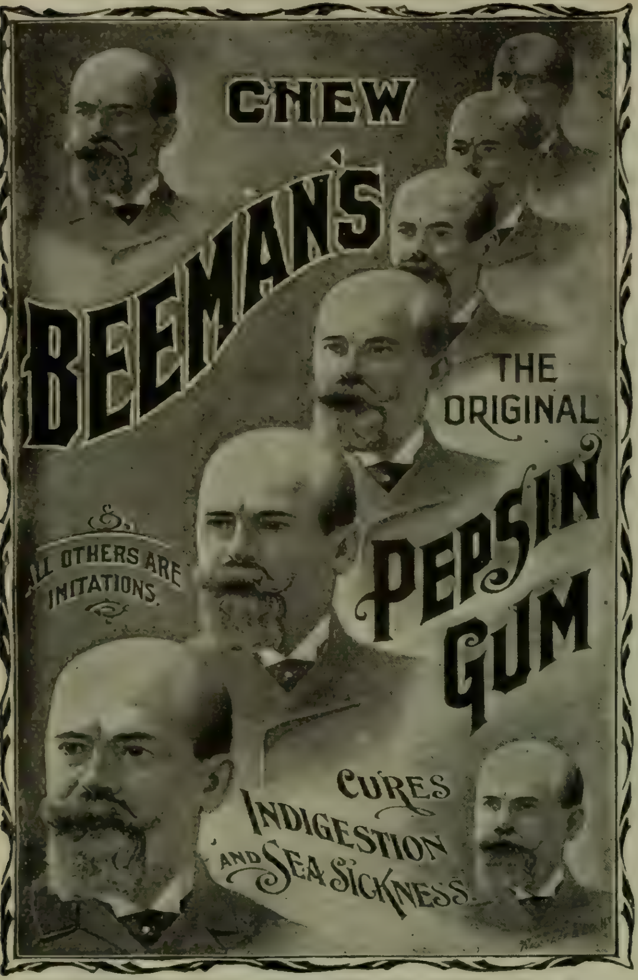
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BEEMAN'S
THE ORIGINAL
PEPSIN GUM
& ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.
CURES INDIGESTION AND SEA SICKNESS

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RAGE! BLOW!
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Avoid the severity of our American Winters and take your vacation at this garden spot of the earth. About $5.00 a day pays all expenses.

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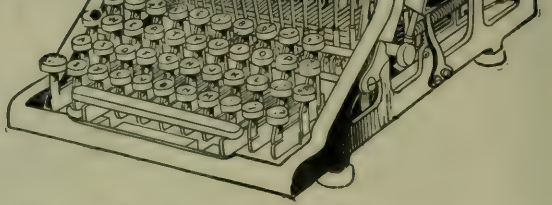
WAS DEVOID OF HAIR

Peculiar Plight of a Salem Girl—Entirely Bald.
What a Free Trial Package of a Remedy Did for Her.

The portraits of Miss Emma Emond shows what a striking difference is made in a person when the bald head is covered with hair. Miss Emond was totally bald, the hair follicles not only upon her head but upon her eye brows being completely contracted, not the sign of a hair being found. Of course she was the object of many experiments all of which failed and the offer of a well-known dispensary to send a free trial of their remedy was peculiarly alluring to her. She sent for the free trial, followed all directions faithfully and soon she was rewarded by a growth of hair, which for thickness, quality and luxuriance was as remarkable as the result was gratifying. Miss Emond lives in Salem, Mass., at 276 Washington St., and naturally feels very much elated to recover from total baldness. An itching scalp to people who are blessed with hair is a sign of coming baldness and should be attended to at once. The remedy that caused Miss Emond's hair to grow also cures all scalp itching and diseases, removes dandruff and keeps the hair and scalp healthy and vigorous. Trial packages are mailed free to all who write to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 184 Selves Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing four cents in stamps to cover postage.

MISS EMMA EMOND

THE DENSMORE



Its Ball-Bearing Type-Bars are admired by all who appreciate fine and perfect mechanism. Only make having ball-bearings at the joints on which alignment and durability chiefly depend. Fully illustrated in our free pamphlet.

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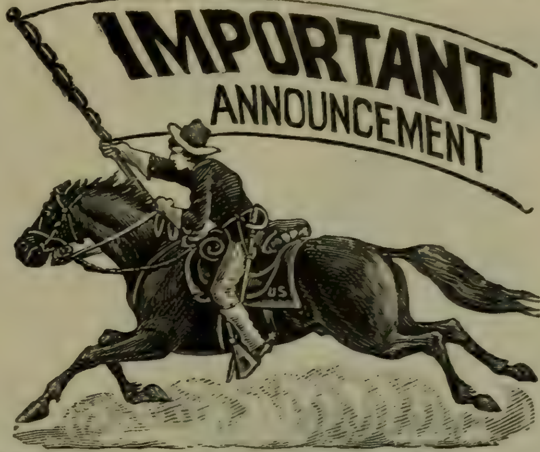

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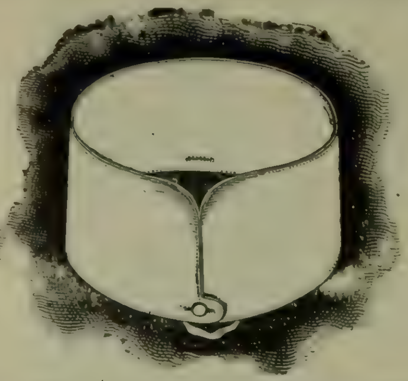

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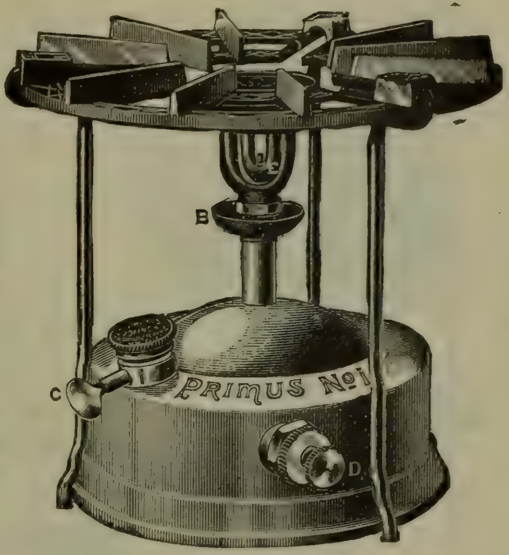

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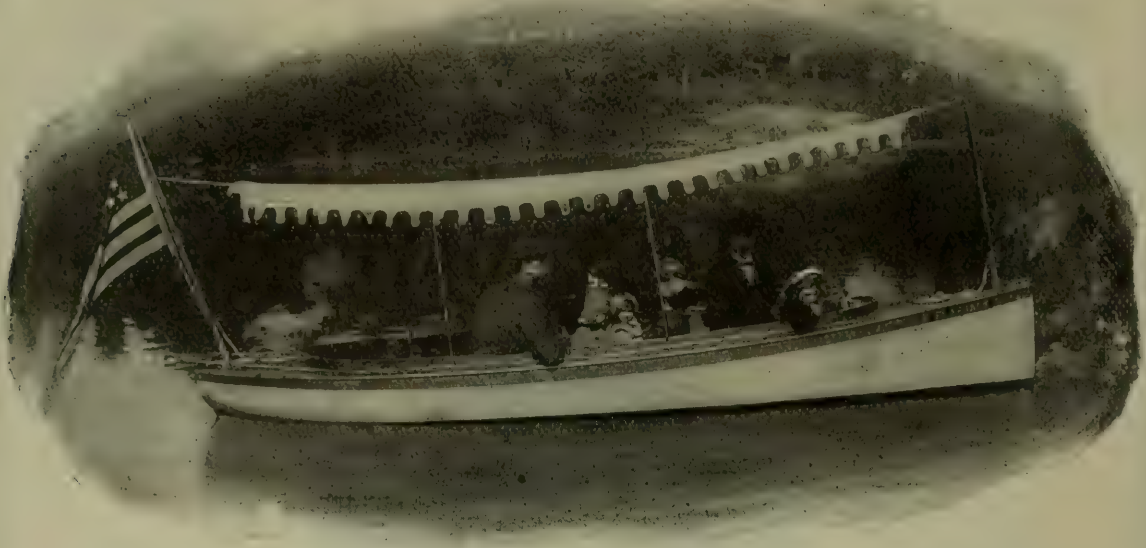

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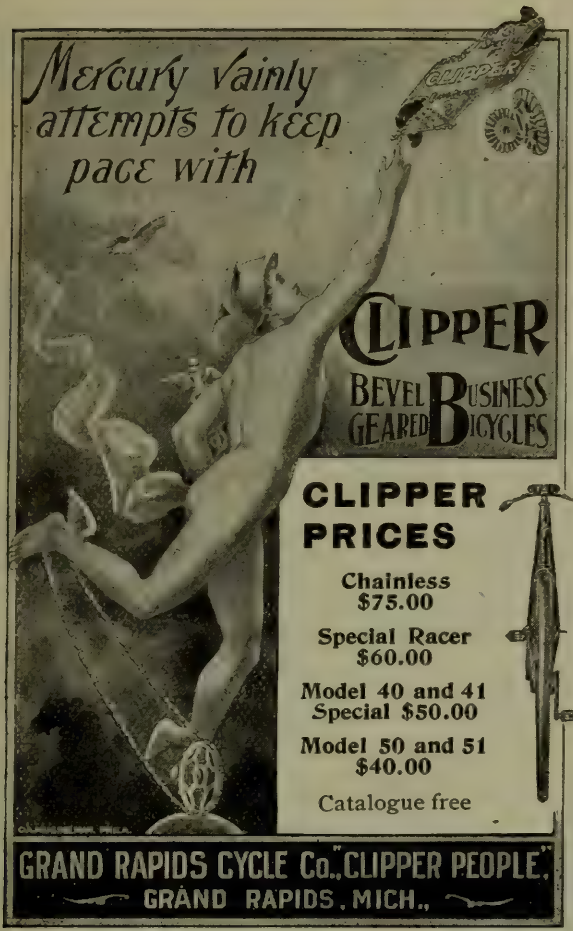
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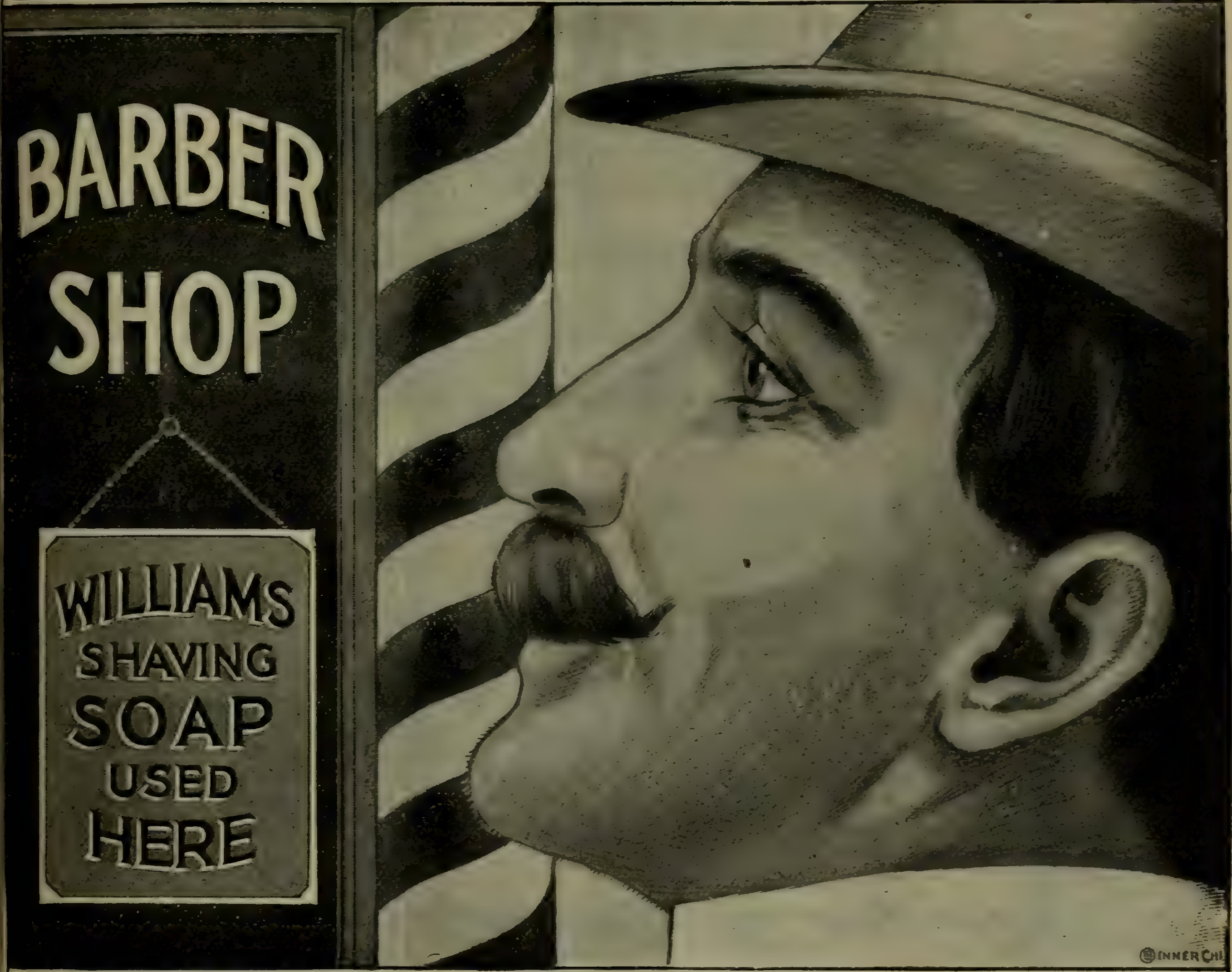

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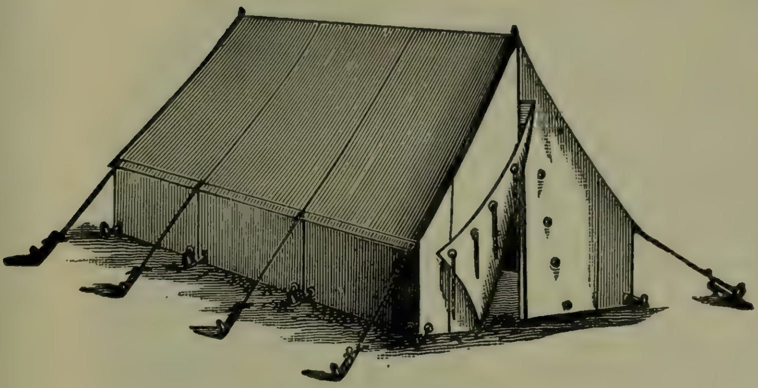

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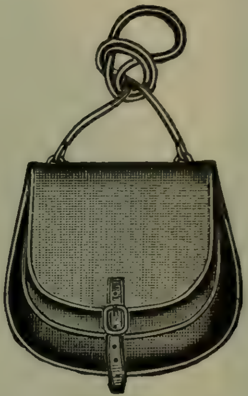

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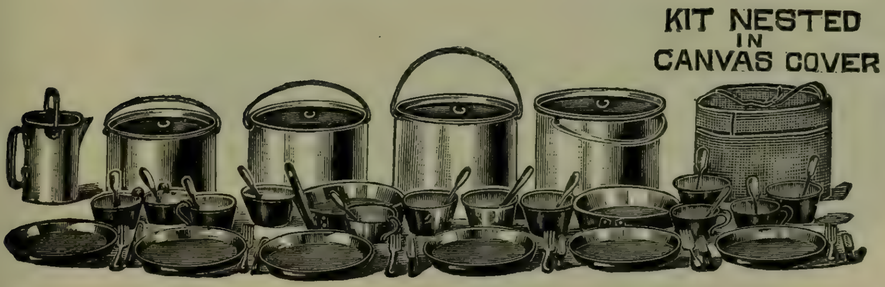
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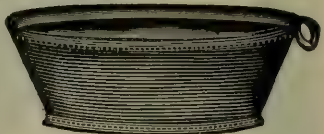

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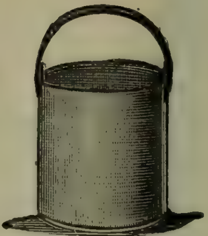

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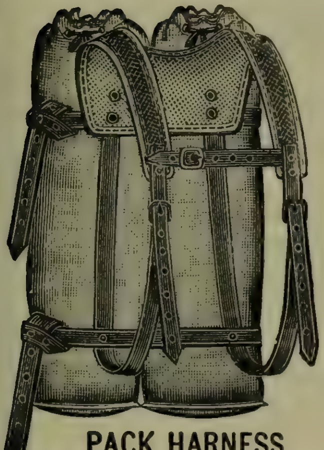

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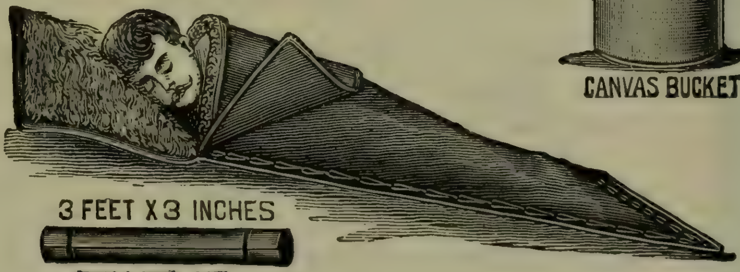
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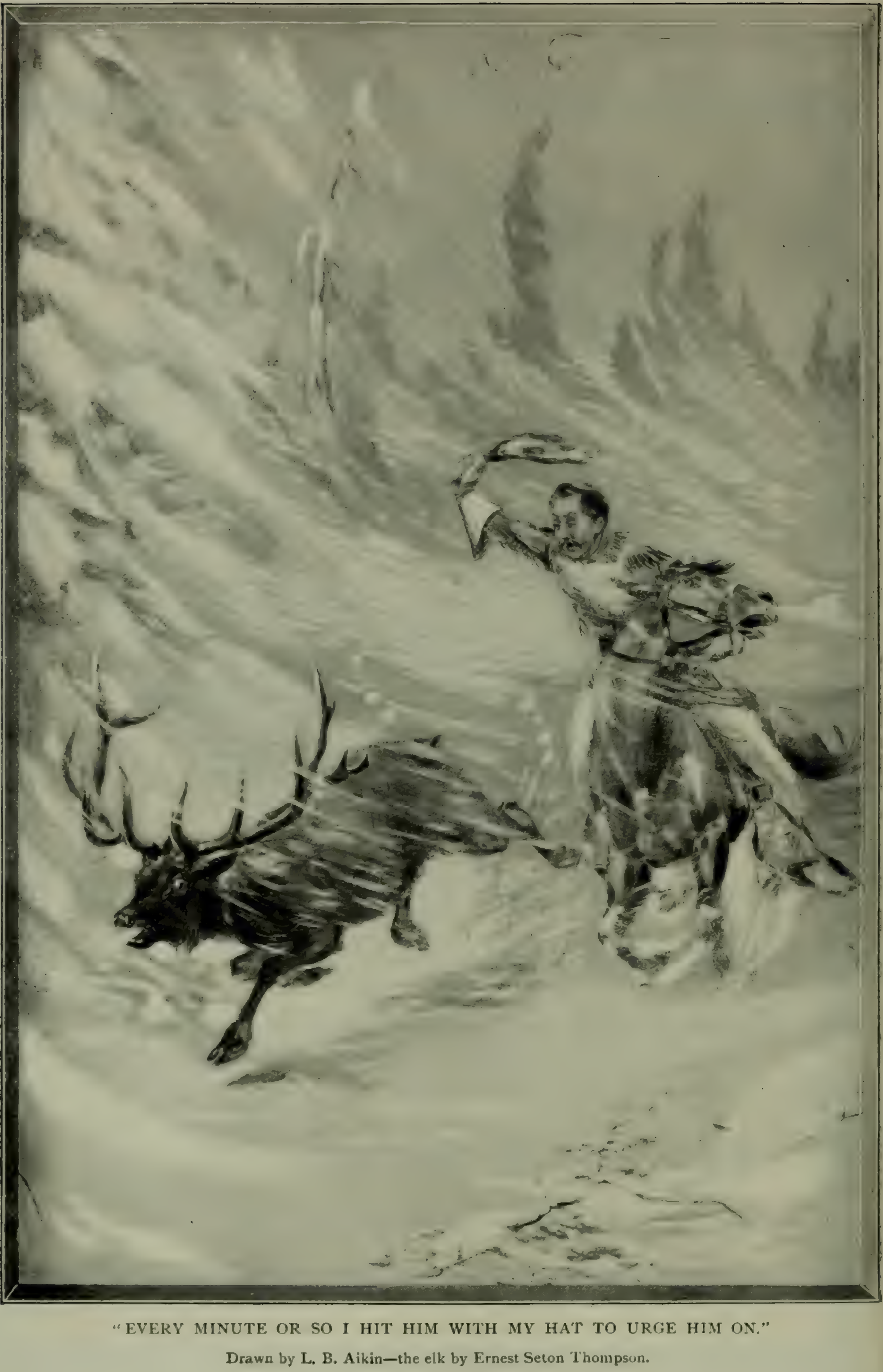


"EVERY MINUTE OR SO I HIT HIM WITH MY HAT TO URGE HIM ON."

Drawn by L. B. Aikin—the elk by Ernest Seton Thompson.

RECREATION.

Volume X. FEBRUARY, 1899. Number 2.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

A RACE WITH A BULL ELK.

CAPT. S. A. LAWSON.

In September, 1895, I had just completed a hunting trip with 2 Englishmen, for whom I had acted in the capacity of guide for 11 years. We had bagged a splendid lot of bear, elk, deer, and antelope, and were delighted with our success. The time had come for my patrons to start for London and it was my duty to take them to the stage station, a distance of 30 miles, and then to return and take our outfit to the Laramie plains, where horses can winter without being cared for.

September 28th dawned bright and clear and we were awakened by the cook calling, in his gruff voice, " Get ready, boys, and fall in! " After breakfast we started at sunrise with 3 pack horses for the station. We made the station before sun-down, and I gave my horses a good feed preparatory for the return trip.

On the morning of the 29th the sky was overcast, giving every indication of a heavy snow before the day was done. The Englishmen warned me I was going to have a bad day in which to make camp, but I felt I had the " cinch " on them, for I had only 30 miles to go while they had 90 miles of staging to do before reaching the railroad. After bidding my friends " Good-by " I put on the saddles and " hit the breeze " for camp.

I had gone but a mile when it began to snow, a fine, round hail at first which grew larger and more flat until the flakes seemed as big as silver dollars, and they were as wet as water. The 28th having been such a beautiful day, I had left camp without my coat and my only protection was a buckskin shirt. Those who have been in a similar predicament can realize how wet and cold I was. My old bald horse made for camp with all speed, and the bell on the pack horse kept time for us. All I had to do was to follow the horses. They knew the trail and did not want darkness to overtake them before making camp, and so they kept on a gallop most of the time.

An old trapper friend of mine was camped half way between the station and my camp and I wanted to reach his place in time for lunch. I made his camp at 11 o'clock and found him in his tepee. I turned my horses out in the wild oats to feed while I stowed 2 pounds of elk steak under my belt. When I was ready to start I changed horses and mounted old Sorrel Pete—the best hunting horse in Wyoming, to-day. My pack horse with the bell took the lead and down the trail we went, every horse on the dead run.

Soon I came to a large park, about 7 by 5 miles in extent. We were making splendid time through this park when I heard the " bugle " of a bull elk. I paid little attention to this as I was only thinking of reaching camp; when, without warning, I saw an elk close to me. By peering through the thickly falling snow I could descry elk all around me. Some came so close I could almost reach out and touch them. In a short time a magnificent bull loomed up directly in front of me, and seeing him I began to covet his steaks. I gave Pete a dig in the flanks and with a whoop we started after the bull. Old Pete had been there before and knew what was coming.

The bull let out a link or 2 and so did Pete, and away we went over sagebrush and rocks and through washouts. I could easily have shot the elk, but I could see from the way Pete pricked up his ears that he wanted a race, so I let him go. I knew we would reach smooth ground before the bull could get to the timber, and every minute or so I hit him with my hat to urge him on. Finally I saw I would have to shoot or lose him. I gave the horse a little turn to the left and a dig with the spurs and we closed up to the old fellow. In less time than it takes to tell it I sent 3 shots into him and at the third he went down with a crash.

I pulled up, dismounted, and let Pete loose. He walked round the elk 2 or 3 times, sniffing at him all the time, then pawed the ground and looked at me as if to say, "We are the medicine men." While I was disappointed at finding the elk poor, yet I could not help admiring his size. I took out my tape line and measured his horns. One was 58 inches long and the other 59. He had 6 prongs on one side and 7 on the other. I found 2 of my bullets in him, the third had passed through his body.

Then the work of butchering began, and if ever a butcher knife played a tune it was at that time. Having cut him open and cleaned him, I secured some sticks with which to prop him open so he would freeze and keep until I could return for him. I then mounted, and struck the trail about 5 miles from camp. The pack horses had passed there and they reached camp an hour ahead of me.

PHOTO BY C. F. O'KEEFE.

FILOPINOS FISHING WITH BOWS AND ARROWS. OFFICERS OF THE CREW IN FULL DRESS

SHALL WE HAVE "BIRD DAYS?"

G. A. MACK.

Well-meaning but misguided people are pleading for the observance in our schools of what they would like to call "bird days." They think it would teach the dear children to love the birds. Whether it would also teach the sweet birds to nest out of reach of the dear children, they omit to state. They do say, however, that bird day would be as gloriously beneficial to all concerned as is arbor day. Trees may be grown from seeds and slips; and when birds can be raised by planting egg-shells and feathers I, too, will voice a stentorian howl for bird days and plenty of them.

In the meantime I might, were I in a carping mood, question if arbor day exercises are really a boon to a deforested world. As conducted hereabouts they consist in setting out a tree of some indeterminate species in a dry hole on an appropriate sand bank or clay mound. Whereupon the school children gather around the arboreal victim and declaim maudlin poetry, under the blighting effect of which the poor tree visibly wilts. What benefit arboriculture is likely to derive from this annual farce I cannot imagine, unless it is calculated to encourage the raising of trees on which to hang arbor day poets.

Either the bird day enthusiasts were never young, or they have forgotten the fact. I was once a boy. I now have boys of my own and I have studied the animal. You may cite it as an axiom, that for each boy whom you interest in ornithology you make an egg collector. Boys have no use for abstract science. Tell one that birds' eggs are beautiful and may be preserved, and he will immediately go and get some.

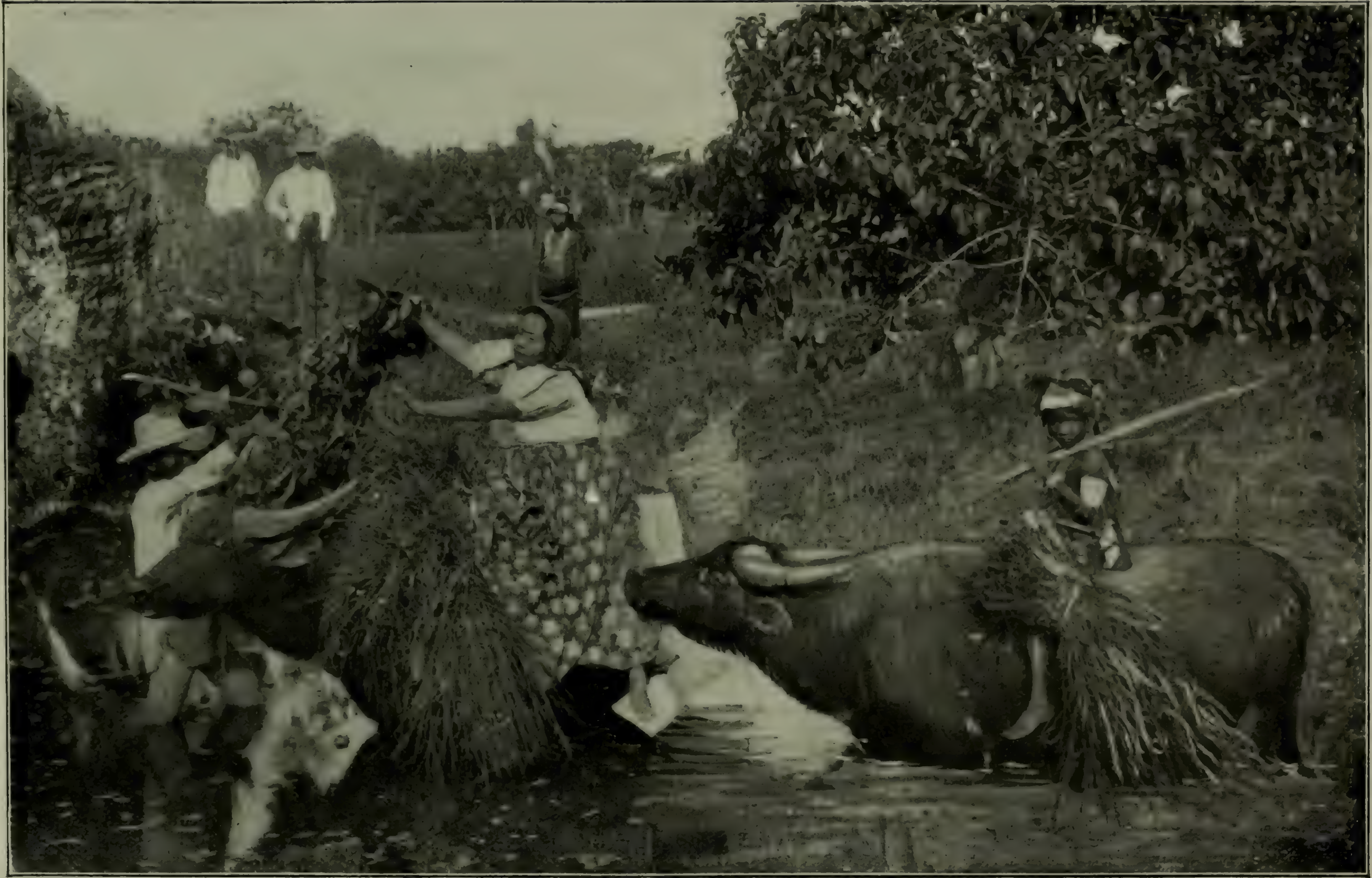
Years ago an aged minister endeavored to wean my infant mind from the sinful frivolities of marbles, peg tops and shinny, by showing me his collection of eggs. I told him my mother thought it wicked to take birds' eggs. He admitted it might be wrong to do so indiscriminately and without a good object, but said if I would take but one egg from a nest the harm done would be slight and more than counterbalanced by the knowledge of and love for nature I would acquire. At that time I lived in God's country, and his feathered creatures had not then all been swept into the pot or frying pan, nor stuffed for the edification of unfeathered bipeds. Eggs were everywhere to be had, and I took them with a boy's prodigality, though conscientiously stealing but one egg from a nest; little dreaming I could do no more harm had I taken all. I, as well as the dominie, had still to learn that few birds will return to a nest profaned by human touch.

Recently a well known naturalist, whose love for the birds no one doubts, made an appeal, on behalf of a public school, for ornithological specimens to be exhibited to the scholars. I forget how many nests, eggs and skins were in response sent to that school, but the number ran well up into hundreds. How many birds would be left if similar collections were given each school in the country? Why this anxiety to interest youth in the birds? What end will it serve but to hasten the end of our avifauna? And, by the way, what vast benefit to mankind has ornithological science bestowed, to justify its barbarities? Has it added one bird to those God made? True some respectable men and women make a good living by writing and talking about birds without so much as turning a hand over to try to save them. Many worthless vagabonds eke out an existence by supplying those men and women and their imitators with eggs and skins to write and talk about. True, also, that the learned men and women have given marketmen and plume hunters much valuable information regarding the location of pigeon roosts and heronries. But what of it? Is the millennium hastened thereby?

If you want to know what science is doing for the birds themselves, beyond giving them jawbreaking names, read the "Osprey" or any one of a half dozen similar publications for the encouragement of the destruction of birds. In a recent Osprey, some youth tells of finding a clutch of wild turkey eggs. He says: "I joyfully transferred them to my box and carried them home to add to my collection." Think of it, ye thousands who have never seen a live wild turkey! How much more wisely would a skunk have acted? She would have joyfully transferred the eggs to her belly, or carried them home to her hungry kittens; and the eggs would have served a nobler use than being exhibited by a fool boy to his fatuous friends.

Will giving a bird a 3-barreled name treble the service he can render the bug-bothered agriculturist? Give the bird 3 stomachs or even a mild tonic to sharpen his appetite, and you will be doing something. If you cannot do that, let him alone to multiply stomachs and increase appetites in his own way. Did the early birds gobble the bugs in Noah's vineyard with any less avidity because there were no ornithologists saved on the ark to chronicle their proceedings?

Make laws to protect birds and enforce those laws; then if children and wiseacres must study an 'ology let it be geology, theology, the Spanish language or some other dead and useless thing. I cannot phoneticize the songs of birds; but to me they sing, "Look at us, listen to us, love us and let us alone."



AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. F. [illegible]

PHILIPPINE WATER BUFFALOES, AS USED IN GATHERING RICE.

TWO PHILIPPINE BUFFALOES.

W. T. HORNADAY.

Considering the great area of the Philippine Archipelago, and the rugged wildness of the interior regions of all the larger islands, their poverty in mammalian life is remarkable.

Borneo and Java are both rich in quadrupeds, but the Philippines possess only 21 species of land mammals. They contain only one very ordinary monkey species (Borneo has 14), no bears, wolves, foxes nor large cat animals; only one small wild cat and two civet cats.

Perhaps the most interesting wild animal in the whole group is the pigmy buffalo (*Probubalus mindorensis*) discovered on the island of Mindoro, in 1888, by Professor J. B. Steere, of Ann Arbor, Mich., and first described and named by him. Its native name is Tamarou, and it is found only on Mindoro. Its discoverer collected 5 specimens, the mounted skins and skeletons of which, all save one, are now in American museums. The accompanying illustration is from one of Professor Steere's mounted specimens. The hair of this animal is black, but so thin that the light bluish-gray skin shows through it. Although this animal is a fully adult male, its shoulder height is only 42 inches.

This species is the nearest relative of the well-known anoa of Celebes, and the 2 are the smallest bovine animals in existence. I have never seen the Philippine species alive, but am personally acquainted with 3 beautiful anoas, now living in the Zoological Gardens at Frankfort, Germany; and I can testify that for elegance of form and fineness of finish, generally, they are very beautiful and attractive. They are of a uniform bluish slate color, and their coats are soft as velvet.

Scattered generally throughout Hindostan, Ceylon and the Far East is found the big, raw-boned prototype of the pigmy buffaloes—the domesticated water buffalo. His wild congener of India has horns that sometimes spread 8 feet, and when wounded and nagged by a hunter, he is "bad medicine." But the domestic animal is tameness itself. The length and set of his horns may vary in different localities, but his homeliness is as constant as the sun. His horns droop back and down, quite as if designed to open paths through thick jungle. His shiny blue—or black—hide bears exactly 20 hairs to the hand-breadth, and often his hip bones stick up high enough that his driver can hang his turban on them. If feed is abundant, he cheerfully grows round and plump, and looks very much as if "stuffed and mounted" by a taxidermist of the old school. When work is hard, and food and water scarce, he assumes a form of the sort now furnished by the most ambitious taxidermists of the "new school"—a living skeleton.

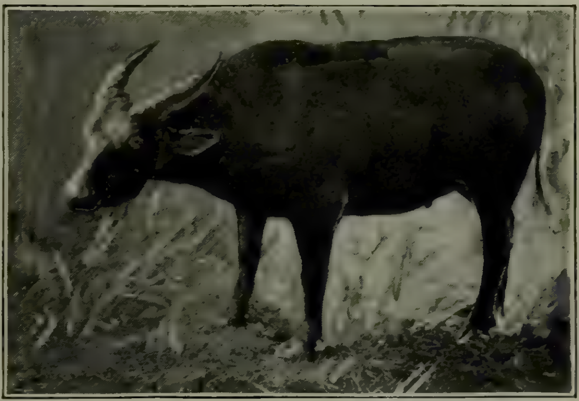


PHOTO BY DR. J. B. STEERE.

PHILIPPINE PIGMY BUFFALO.

But the domestic buffalo has his uses. Water and mud have no terrors for him, and in the rice fields, from Manila to Malabar, you will find him, at almost any season, cheerfully floundering along through 2 feet of mud and water, dragging a wooden thing called a plow, with a naked native attachment, "plowing" for rice. In reality, the plowing is done by the big, splay feet of the buffalo, not by the plowshare.

In the East Indies, the water buffalo is used as a riding animal, and it is in this branch of the service that the 2 Manila buffaloes shown in the illustration are serving a group of Philippinos. Both the buffaloes and natives look plump and well fed—exactly the reverse of both classes as I first saw them in the Bombay presidency.

Mary had a little foot,
Which got caught in the door,
The door it hurt poor Mary's foot,
And little Mary—swore!
Alfred Klugh.

PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

TINKERING HIS OLD BALLARD.

KU-GO-GE, THE WILD GOOSE.

CHIEF PO-KA-GON.*

In early childhood I learned from my parents' conversation, that the flight of wild geese Southward, in autumn, heralded icy blasts and storms of snow; while their flight Northward, in spring, brought singing birds, sunshine, flowers and corn. Hence I felt in my heart when awakened at night by the discordant chattering of these passing pilgrims, or when by day I saw them sweep across the heavens in great triangular flocks, that they were sent as messengers by the Great Spirit, to warn us of winter's approach or to assure us that summer was near.

A boyish anxiety to become acquainted with these celestial creatures, as I regarded them, and to learn their ways and language took possession of me. Our wigwam stood on the bank of a lake in which wild rice grew in abundance. Into this lake I had seen these geese descend like meteors from the sky.

I begged my father to try and catch me a pair of these birds alive, that I might raise a flock of them. He finally promised he would try, and made me pledge myself to kindly care for them. He made me a stockade park to put them in, enclosing ½ acre of land. One corner ran into the lake, so as to furnish plenty of water for the prospective captives. He then made a brush box, 3 feet square, trimming it with rice straw from the lake and left it at the water's edge for future use. He then waded into the lake where geese were in the habit of feeding, finding the water nowhere above his chin. Having made all these arrangements he explained to me his plan. It was to place the rice box over his head, wade out among the geese while they were feeding and when within reach to grab one by the feet, pull it under water and put it in the box alive.

On the following morning a flock was seen feeding in the lake. We went quietly to the shore; father placed the box over his head and waded carefully into the water. Soon I could see only the box; it appeared to be floating and drifted by the wind toward the geese. At length it moved in among the great birds. I held my breath fearing they would fly away. Soon I saw one disappear, then another; both sinking like lead into the water. Not a sound could I hear. The rice box began to slowly drift back. On nearing the shore father emerged from it with a live goose under each arm. They seemed the most beautiful creatures I had ever seen.

He carried them into the park and put them down after clipping the ends of the quills on the right wing of each bird so they could not fly away.

As they struggled for liberty I began to realize they were my captives; hence my joy of possession became mixed with bitterness. Stroking their heads and backs with my hand, I said in my mother tongue: "Poor ku-go-ge, how I pity you. I will not treat you as prisoners of war, but will be kind to you as a mother to her children, and if you will raise little ones I will treat them tenderly." I soon taught them to eat corn from my hand. In 3 years I had the finest flock of geese I ever saw. I would keep one goose at a time away from the flock until it learned the name I gave it; and so it was each one knew its name and when called would leave the flock and follow me. After the first year I gave them their liberty, except in fall and spring, when they were determined to migrate. If I let them out, with wings clipped, so they could not fly, they would start on the journey afoot for the South or Northland according to the time of year.

Often while admiring these great birds have I felt sick at heart because they could not sing, and wondered why the Great Spirit should have given the power of song only to the smaller birds and to man. I learned much of the strange habits and language of the goose family. Their way of courtship and marriage is especially interesting.

In early spring each gander selects the oldest goose in the flock to be his bride, age being considered the best qualification for a good wife. With so many suitors for the oldest dame, matters can be satisfactorily settled only by a series of single contests between the ardent swains. Everything must be fair on both sides. The 2 ganders first in their choice, talk over the terms of combat. When they are agreed they march out before the flock, straighten up in front of each other, and each holding fast with his bill to the feathers on his rival's neck, they begin boxing in the most determined manner, cheered on by the flock with wild screams of admiration.

When one gives up the contest, another suitor takes his turn, and so on until there is but one acknowledged champion in the flock. He, amid shouts and cheers, marches off with the oldest dame, who congratulates him on his success; telling him how long and well he boxed, and how proud she is of him. The combats go on until each gander in turn is the best boxer of the dwindling flock, and selects the oldest unwedded female as his bride. The last and youngest goose, no matter how handsome she may be, is accepted reluctantly by the last gander; while she, poor maiden, longs for the day when she may be sought for and boxed for because of her antiquity.

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* The author of this story is a full-blood Indian, and an hereditary chief of the Pottowattomies.

After the flock is so paired, if any are left of either sex, they tag about after the last wedded pair, as mourners of the unhappy marriage. I once thought such a mode of securing wives would lead to disagreement and divorce; yet, strange to say, they live in perfect harmony. I have watched them when the young were just hatched, as they rejoiced together with bended necks stretched out over their little brood. I have admired singing birds in early spring, and rejoiced to see young deer in their native wild; yet never has my admiration been so aroused as when I have watched these infant flocks led by their parents floating gracefully about the surface of the lake as if moved by some mysterious power beneath the waves.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY DR. R. T. MORRIS.

LOONS ON A LABRADOR LAKE.

Boy!—gun!
Joy!—fun!
Gun bust,
Boy—dust.

OUR ALASKAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

THE LIARD RIVER REGION.

A. J. STONE.

The Liard, draining an immense basin to the West of the Rocky mountains, and receiving numerous considerable tributaries before crossing to the Eastern side has become a large stream ere it penetrates the range.

The chief affluents are the Black (or Mud), the Dease, the Francis, the Highland and Coal rivers. The area drained by these streams may be embraced as follows: From 56° to 62° N. Lat. and 126° 15′ to 132° W. Lon.

Dease river, rising in Dease lake, at an altitude of 2,660 feet, 58° 30′ N., 130° W., flows East of North 170 miles. For the first 25 miles it is narrow and rapid, yet navigable by small craft. Then follows a chain of lakes through which the river flows, and here the current is sluggish and the volume augmented by the accession of several considerable tributaries. Here light-draft steamers might easily make way.

The entire system comprised in this Dease drainage is well stocked with fish, notably the pike, arctic grayling, trout, white, and round fish. White fish are taken in autumn just before the closing of the streams, and furnish more of the food of the natives, probably, than all the other varieties combined.

Near its source the Dease flows through a narrow valley walled in by precipitous ranges, but these widen more and more as one descends, and long before the Liard is reached the mountains have faded from view, and the eye meets one wide expanse of tangle and desolation, the muskegs of the Northwest.

The bed of the upper Dease is mostly mud or sand and gravel, but quite a long reach of its lower course passes over a bottom of solid bed rock. Two short rapids one and 6 miles from the mouth are dangerous; the one from a mass of bowlders which obstruct the channel, the other from ledges of slate which project like knife-edges from the bottom, threatening to carve the boat of the voyageur. Ours was slightly damaged, though navigated by natives familiar with the rapids.

Spruce—the most important timber—borders the stream in places. This with aspen, black pine, cottonwood, and small birch, form the principal woods. Alder, of course, abounds, with many varieties of willow. A place known as "The Horse Ranch" produces abundant grass, and as many as 100 pack animals have wintered there comfortably, feeding on these native grasses.

A great variety of berries grow, some of them in great abundance, strawberries, gooseberries, red raspberries, black, blue and red currants, cranberries, and huckleberries are the chief, and the only ones made use of by the natives.

The Francis river rises in Francis lake on the Northern borders of the Cassiar mountains and after a rapid course of about 80 miles South Eastward discharges into the Liard, which latter stream has its true source quite near that of the Francis, but farther West. Rising in the Northern extremity of the Cassiar mountains the Liard laps with tributaries of the Yukon, and then flows in a general course Southeast to its junction with the Dease, receiving the Francis from the North on the way. From the confluence of the Dease the Liard flows East-Southeast to Hell's Gate, Highland and Coal rivers pouring in from the North and the Black from the South. Highland and Coal rivers drain an extensive chain of small lakes from 150 to 200 miles from the Liard, and are easily navigable by canoes. The Black from the South also drains some considerable lakes and the beautiful range Walker mountains. This whole region North and South of the Liard is dotted with lakes, some of them of considerable size.

As one nears Hell's Gate the timber increases in size. A tree 18 inches in diameter on the Dease or upper Liard is rare, while at one of our camps below Hell's Gate, where I built my boat, spruce and cottonwood 36 inches in diameter were common, some even reaching 40 inches. The lake region embracing the country from Black river to Hell's Gate is dotted all over with Hot Springs To the presence of these is no doubt due the luxuriant growth of grass noted by McConnell in his explorations in 1887. Rising, many of them, on lands elevated above the general level, their heated waters flow down toward the river, dissolving the snows in winter and stimulating the growth of vegetation at an earlier time than is found in other neighboring regions. Even in the severest weather the waters of some of them reach the river unfrozen, others forming ice cascades in many cases 100 feet high, and gorgeous with all the tintings of the rainbow.

The Indians informed me that they could boil meat in some of these thermal springs, but I found none where this would have been possible. Their waters are in many cases highly charged with minerals, but of what kinds and to what extent I was unable to determine.

A mid-winter visit to these springs proved it to be a favorite feeding ground for moose, the whole country being tramped by them.

From Cranberry Rapid, 4 miles above Black river to Hell's Gate the river is not navigable except on the ice. True, the Hudson Bay Company has carried York boats through, but it was done by Indian crews who risked their lives as white men will not do, and even the Indians will do so no more.

The gorge by which the Liard pierces the mountains is 80 miles long; then for 100 miles the river leaves the mountains, returning once more to their Southern base just below Fort Liard and thence to Nahanna Rock, where the river leaves the mountains finally and sweeps straight away for the McKenzie, through muskegs for 100 miles.

From the top of Nahanna Rock we had a splendid view of this country, and, though the air was smoky, we could trace the course of the Liard for about 60 miles.

Throughout this lower reach we found raspberries, cranberries, blueberries, and gooseberries in great abundance.

From source to mouth, with the exception of about 20 miles of the "Long Reach," the Liard is rapid, and even in the least dangerous places requires constant caution and a cool head to navigate it. Statements to the contrary by explorers are misleading, and inexperienced adventurers about to try their fortunes on its bosom should be warned in advance. Along the lower river, to the Mackenzie, the timber is about the same as before indicated, but the trees are larger.

Rock and willow ptarmigan are found in the mountains, and spruce partridges, Canada grouse and ruffed grouse in the foothills. Caribou exist in the principal mountain ranges, and goats high up.

The sheep, known to the Indians as black sheep (ovis Stoni), follow the mountains here across the Liard as far North as Beaver river, and are there replaced by the white sheep (ovis Dalli). All evidence leads to the conclusion that the 2 species do not intermingle, but are entirely distinct.

Moose are the food of the country, and are everywhere abundant to within 50 miles of the Mackenzie, where they almost disappear. Black and gray wolves and wolverines are found throughout the region, but foxes are scarce, not more than 12 black fox-skins are produced annually. Cross and red foxes are also rare. Otters and minks are caught in limited numbers, martens and beavers are the leading fur catch. Lynxes come and go with the rabbit crop. Sometimes they overrun the country, at other times they are scarce. Grizzlies are fairly plentiful in the mountains, and black bear skins are taken in goodly numbers. The last are the profits from snaring. Porcupines and marmots are abundant along the upper river, but rare along the lower reaches.

I have discovered in the Nahanna mountains, the Southern range of, what promises to prove a very interesting small mammal, entirely new to the savants of North America. I hope to give a description in a future letter.

The Nelson, Black river No. 2, Nahanna and Beaver rivers are the principal tributaries of the Liard below Hell's Gate; the Beaver and Nahanna from the North, the others from the South.

Very few fishes are taken from the Liard below the junction of the Dease, and those are of inferior quality as food fishes. This is probably because their food supply is short in this portion of the stream. Besides, anchor ice covers much of the bottom, which must still further restrict the food supply.

I was fortunate in having an opportunity to study this peculiar phenomenon. It began to form in November, directly after the river was closed by surface ice, but lifted during the last days of February and first days of March, 60 days before the surface ice went, and in many places where, for some reason, surface ice did not form anchor ice was present as elsewhere.

The volume of water in the river remained constant all winter, but there were many overflows caused by the accumulation of anchor ice, which forced the water above it to seek an outlet through its surface shackles, covering the former surface, sometimes, a foot. In this way masses of wonderful depth are sometimes formed.

When the break up occurred I stood on the bank and watched it. Immense slabs of it would detach themselves from the bottom and rise swiftly to the top, often leaping above the surface, then float away. These slabs were usually about 15 inches thick and entirely different in appearance from the surface ice. It seemed less solid than its neighbor.

During February and March the snow seemed literally covered with myriads of small, black insects, which, washed into the little pools by the dissolving snow, formed compact masses which shone like quicksilver.

Mosquitoes appeared about the first of March. Alder, birch and aspen, were the first trees to put on their spring garments.

A snow storm at Hell's Gate, April 21st, 22d and 23d, covered the earth to the depth of 18 inches, while another on the first of May spread a mantle 6 inches deep over everything.

The first robin of the season sang his song on Sunday morning April 24th, though many other small birds had preceded him. Saturday, April 30th, I saw ducks for the first time this season, and the next morning geese made their appearance. The Liard river is not the route of geese and ducks to any great extent.

SMOKE FROM OUR CAMP FIRE.

G. O. S.

When the Chairman introduced Col. James M. Bell, he asked him to tell us of his part in the pursuit and capture of Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perces, whom General Gibbon had a few days before fought and defeated in the famous battle of the Big Hole. Colonel Bell told this story so modestly and so gracefully that he won the hearts of all his hearers, but as he has promised to write that narrative for RECREATION, I need not recount it here.

When he finished the story of the Canyon creek fight he said,

"I do not suppose it is necessary for me to say anything here, of my humble part in the Santiago campaign."

Then there was a shout from everyone at the table:

"Go on," "Tell us about it," "You bet we want to hear it," etc.

The Colonel blushed and proceeded.

He said his part in that tragic affair was a small and unimportant one. He had but 4 companies of his regiment at the fight at Las Guasimas; that they were fortunate in being among the first troops landed when the 30 transports reached the harbor of Baiquiri; that owing to lack of proper facilities the process of landing these men in the small boats was a slow, tedious, and laborious one, but that finally they landed on the old rotten dock. He said General Young gave him a position on the road leading to Siboney, preceded by the First Volunteer Cavalry, and followed by a Squadron of the 10th Regular Cavalry. They marched until 8 o'clock that night, through the narrow and difficult trail, hoping to be able to reach Siboney. The heat was intense and the trail strewn with men overcome by it, obliging him to halt his command on the trail for the night.

During the 16 days that the troops were shut up in the hot decks of the transports they had subsisted on the travel ration, consisting of cold canned beans, corned beef, and hard bread.

This ration is intended only for temporary use, when troops are traveling by rail, or otherwise, for a few days at a time. No facilities were furnished on board for cooking rations, not even for making a good cup of coffee, and consequently the troops were much debilitated for want of proper food and healthful exercise.

After sleeping in the brush exposed to an all night rain, the line of march was again taken up at 4 a.m. on the 24th, and the column reached Siboney about 5 a.m. Two trails go out from Siboney in the direction of Santiago, the one to the left leading over and along the crest of a ridge, the one to the right up through a narrow valley densely covered with timber and underbrush, so thickly interlaced with tropical vines that it was impossible in most places to penetrate it. These trails form a junction about 5 miles out and about midway between Siboney and Santiago. The 2 squadrons of the 1st volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders), about 500 men, took the left hand trail over the ridge. The 1st Squadron 1st Regular Cavalry (225 men) followed by the 1st Squadron 10th Regular Cavalry (colored, 230 men) followed the right hand trail.

COLONEL JAMES M. BELL, U. S. A.

These trails were so narrow and difficult that in many places troops could only march in single file. Both commands were dismounted, all the horses having been left in Florida, and the men were armed only with carbines. Advance guards and flankers were thrown out and the command advanced slowly, owing to the difficulty of penetrating the jungles on either flank. Having advanced about 4 miles, a group of mounted Spaniards was discovered on a high point about a mile distant. A careful reconnoissance was made in front of the Regular Cavalry resulting in the conclusion by General Young, who was in command, that we were close to the Spanish lines; but owing to the dense jungle their exact location could not be discovered.

General Young then directed that the 1st Cavalry Squadron be deployed in line of battle, Captain Knox in the left center across the trail, Captain Galbreath on the left, extending toward the position of the Rough Riders, and Captain Wainwright and Lieutenant Wright on the right of the line, with orders to swing to the left and strike the left of the Spanish line. The command "forward," was silently passed along the line, but we had not moved more than 50 yards, when the close proximity of the Spanish line was made known to us by volley after volley of Mauser bullets, which came hissing and crashing through the brush, killing several of our men. The Hotchkiss guns were in position on the left of the trail, where they did very effective service. They were served by a detachment of the 10th Cavalry, and the corporal who was in charge was killed by the first Spanish volley.

General Young remained much of the time near these guns, directing their work, and constantly exposing himself to a galling fire, utterly indifferent to the danger of the situation. General Wheeler, soon after the engagement opened, appeared on the fighting line and moved about through the brush looking after the wounded men, with no more concern for his personal safety than if he had been on parade.

Colonel Bell said that in all his previous experience in battle he had been able to locate the enemy that had fired on him by the smoke; but in this instance there was none, and it was impossible, at first, to return the fire with any degree of accuracy. In a few minutes, however, the location of the enemy's lines was determined and a destructive fire was poured into them. Their left flank was doubled up by the 2 troops on the right, and after a desperate fight they were forced to fall back, although outnumbering us 3 to 1.

After the fight had been in progress about a half hour and about the time the Spanish lines began to waver, word came to General Young that the Rough Riders were being roughly handled, over on the left, and were sorely in need of help.

Two troops of the 10th Cavalry, then in support of the 1st (regular) Cavalry Squadron, under command of Captain Beck, were at once sent to the relief of the Rough Riders. They moved gallantly up the slope, through the brush, under a heavy fire, and charged the flank of the Spanish line which was opposing the volunteers, doubled it up and forced the enemy to retreat, thus extricating the Rough Riders from a precarious situation.

Too much cannot be said of the gallantry of the officers and men of this little regular force of 450 men, who in the dense jungle, on ground and position selected by the enemy, in less than an hour defeated and put to flight a force of Spanish regulars of 3 times their own number. The action was replete with examples of individual bravery. Captain Knox, of the 1st Cavalry, was dangerously wounded (supposed mortally). He, however, insisted on retaining his command until he became so weak from loss of blood that he was supposed to be dying, and was carried to the rear. He was shot through one kidney, through the liver, the lower lobe of one lung and had 2 ribs broken. Lieutenant Byram then took command of the troop and in a few minutes was shot in the head. The surgeon dressed his wound and ordered him to lie down in the brush at the dressing stand; but he insisted on returning to the fighting line and did so against the orders and protests of the surgeon. He kept command of his troop till he fainted and had to be carried to the rear.

Doctor Delgado, on duty with the 1st Cavalry Squadron, was conspicuous for bravery throughout the fight. Together with the hospital assistants, he was most of the time on the fighting line, caring for the wounded.

The courage and bravery of the other officers and the enlisted men could not be excelled and bore constant testimony to the gallantry of the American soldier.

"Who does not to-day," said Colonel Bell, "feel a thrill of pride, when he contemplates the daring deeds of these brave men?"

When Captain Knox was carried to the rear and lay in the brush, the surgeon, who had come up with the re-enforcements after the fight had ended, went to him and said,

"Captain, have you any message you would like to send to your family?"

The captain replied with feeble voice, "No, I shall carry my messages to them myself after this war is over."

A few minutes after Lieutenant Byram was carried to the rear, his 1st Sergeant was wounded, leaving the troop under the command of the 2d Sergeant.

"Meantime my orderly was shot, and while the doctor and field nurses were in the act of stanching the blood from a severed artery, a volley came and 6 bullets passed through the poor fellow's body, rendering further attention unnecessary. Strange to say neither the doctor nor the nurses were injured by this volley.

"A few minutes later my sergeant-major was shot through the body and before he could be carried to the rear he was dead. Just at this time I was wounded, a Mauser bullet having badly shattered my left leg below the knee. I prevented myself from falling, by the aid of my saber, and was soon carried to the rear. Eight men killed and 22 wounded was the result of this short engagement. We suffered heavily, considering the small number of men engaged, but we did the work cut out for us. We gained the position assigned to us and held it in the face of heavy odds. We felt we must do this for we were the first troops to go under fire and we must give the Spaniards a good impression of us. In short we felt it our duty to that day set the pace for the army."

When Colonel Bell sat down the audience rose up en masse and cheered him to the echo.

If we were to depend on the newspaper reports for our information, we should get the impression that the only troops who fought in the battle of Las Guasimas were the Rough Riders. That regiment had 500 men engaged, 8 of whom were killed. Colonel Bell had less than 225 men under fire, of whom 8 were killed. Any man with even a slight knowledge of arithmetic can easily figure out which of the 2 commands had the hotter place. It is simply disgraceful that the newspapers should so persistently have lauded the volunteers, while so studiously ignoring and belittling the services of the regular troops. Here were General Young, Colonel Bell, and several other officers who defended the Stars and Stripes in the civil war; who have since grown gray in the service of their country; who have been wounded and brevetted time and again, in the Indian wars, and who really bore the brunt of this deadly fire; yet there are thousands of intelligent American people who do not know the first Regular Cavalry was in the fight at Las Guasimas.

Fortunately, however, the daily newspapers are not the only recorders of history. People who have taken the pains to examine the official reports of General Wheeler and General Young, will have observed that some regular troops *were* in this fight. They will also have observed that there were some regular troops in the Battle of San Juan Hill, and that certain volunteers, who have been covered all over with cheap glory by the daily papers had so insignificant a part in that affair that 2 of the generals who commanded there have not thought it worth while to mention them in their official reports.

I would not be misunderstood as belittling the services of the valiant men who volunteered to wrest Cuba from the misrule of Spain; but I do earnestly protest against the fulsome advertising that has been given them by the daily papers, for political purposes, to the neglect of men who did better service there and who have spent all the best years of their lives in the service of the country.

Colonel Bell and Captain Knox were finally rescued from the hail of Mauser bullets at Las Guasimas and carried on stretchers 4 miles over rocks, ditches and through jungles, to the steamer dock at the coast. They lay there in the hot sun, on stretchers, for 4 hours before they were taken in small boats out to the hospital ship which lay in the harbor. They lay 3 weeks on that vessel, during which time she steamed up to Hampton Roads. She lay there a whole day while the Great Circumlocution Office at Washington was determining what should be done with the men on board. Finally she was ordered to New York and these men were put in the hospital at Fort Wadsworth. All this time the surgeons were insisting that Captain Knox could not possibly live more than a few hours; but finally he outgeneraled them all, and got well. He is now on duty in the Inspector General's Department, Washington, having been promoted to the rank of Major in that corps.

The bones of Colonel Bell's leg were reset as best they could be, and he is limping about with a cane, but will probably never again be able for active duty in the field.

Colonel Bell did not tell us all this, nor half of it, in his modest speech at the Camp Fire Club. I have gotten the most of it from official records and from men who fought with him, and suffered with him.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. R. TILTON.

OIL TANK ON FIRE—STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

BY COURTESY OF PACH BROS.

HARVARD '98 FOOTBALL TEAM.

CARL RUNGIUS, ANIMAL PAINTER.

W. T. HORNADAY.

In February, 1895, while walking down Fifth Avenue, I looked toward the window of Avery's Gallery, and saw a big picture which drew me across the street as if I were on the wrong end of a lariat. It was a profile view, life size, of the head and neck of a big bull moose, rushing through Maine woods in winter. The strength, aye, the majesty of it was tremendous; and as I gazed at it in a fair paralysis of surprise, I said to the wife upon my arm,

"Great heavens! Who has dared to do this thing—and in America?"

She said, with brevity and sense,

"Inquire within."

Avery's man said,

"That is the work of a young German, named Carl Rungius, of 107 Kent Street, Brooklyn, who has recently come to this country to paint our wild animals. He painted that picture in the woods of Maine."

For several good and sufficient reasons, the soul within me was glad.

America is very poorly supplied with painters of wild animals. Up to the present hour the people who decide what shall fill our art galleries and picture shows would rather have the walls covered with any old rubbish than to admit even the best wild animal pictures that our best animal painters can produce. The combine of art-gallery curators, hanging committees who cannot paint animals, and the patrons of art who find no good pictures in America, is so strong against wild animal paintings generally that thus far our artists have been utterly unable to make any headway against it. In 1897 the attitude of the New York Academy of Design toward an important animal picture offered for its fall exhibition was utterly indefensible. The men who can't paint wild animals dare not admit to their exhibitions the work of men who can.

Up to this time, the American animal painter who would sell his work for money has found it necessary to paint in black and white, for the publishers of magazines and books, or not at all. Even Thompson, who is crowded with orders so long as he is willing to produce illustrations, finds his oil paintings neglected by picture buyers. It has been very discouraging; but I think the end of the boycott is nearly at hand.

The coming of Carl Rungius (in 1894) to reside in America, and paint American wild animals and scenery, was an event of real importance. During the 4 years he has been with us, I have closely watched his methods, and now I know he is a man of genius and power. Men who admire our wild animals cannot become acquainted with him a moment too soon. Wherever they are seen, no matter what the subject, his pictures command instant attention and study. From every one who sees his work for the first time, quick as a flash comes the startled question, "Who painted that?"

One reason why I like Rungius is because he paints animals as I would paint them—if I could. He has spent 3 seasons in the Teton country—the grandest portion of the Rocky mountains—working like a beaver with rifle and knife, palette and brush. Each year he has brought back about 50 studies in color of big game and scenery, and half a ton of specimens to use in his studio. If the wealthy sportsmen and art patrons of America only knew what is in this man, he would have orders to burn!

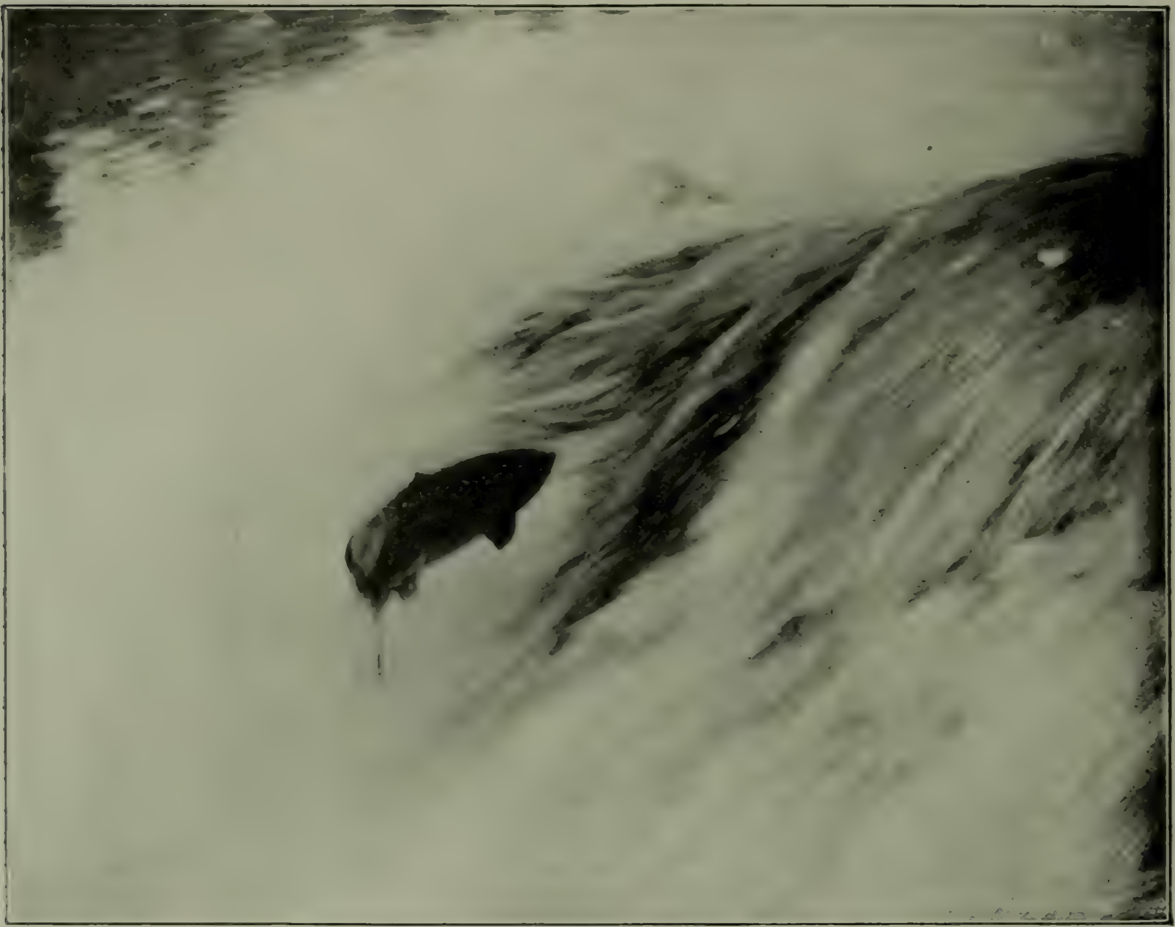
I like Rungius because I know that in painting our Western animals he will do full justice to the splendid panoramas of peak and plain, canyon and stream, prairie, bad lands, rocks and trees, which surround them. His handling of colors is, for an animal painter, really wonderful; but he acquired it by hard study under Paul Meyerheim in the Berlin Academy of Fine Arts. His 2 large paintings, each 36 x 56 inches, of moose and elk beside glacial lakes in the Rocky mountains, are simply superb, and well worth the very modest $500 asked for each.

Mr. Rungius was born in Berlin, 29 years ago, the son of a clergyman, and, as a good son of the Fatherland has served his term in the German army, rising to the grade of Lieutenant. He is unmarried, looks 6 years younger than he is, and personally is as delightful as his work. He possesses all the frank enthusiasm of a boy, and so far from taking himself too seriously, he is never satisfied with any of his pictures after they are a year old. The last time I saw him he assured me he is only just beginning to learn to put enough work into the foregrounds of his pictures.

At this moment, all that Carl Rungius needs for his career is sufficient sale for his pictures to keep up the supply of "divine afflatus." Even the most divine genius cannot live, move and have a being on praise alone. Rungius must sell pictures, or he cannot paint. Those who are acquainted with his work are anxious that his efforts on our grand game shall be so successful, financially, that he can go on under favorable conditions—and I wish the same support for Ernest Seton Thompson.

Partly as a matter of duty toward a man who is doing such commendable work in the delineation of our finest animals, and partly for the benefit of his readers, the publisher of RECREATION has recently entered into a contract with Mr. Rungius for an important series of pictures for reproduction in the magazine, beginning forthwith. He has also arranged to exhibit at the next sportsmen's show, in Madison Square Garden, a number of Mr. Rungius's paintings, all of which will be offered for sale at prices so low they should not fail to find purchasers. Sportsmen who have camped and hunted in the wild West, and know what it is to bring down an elk in a mountain park, or a steeply-sloping pine forest, will do well to see Rungius and his pictures, at RECREATION'S alcove.

He who becomes acquainted with this man's bright and beautiful work will do well; but he who has "the price," and becomes the possessor of some of it, will do better.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY DR. R. T. MORRIS.

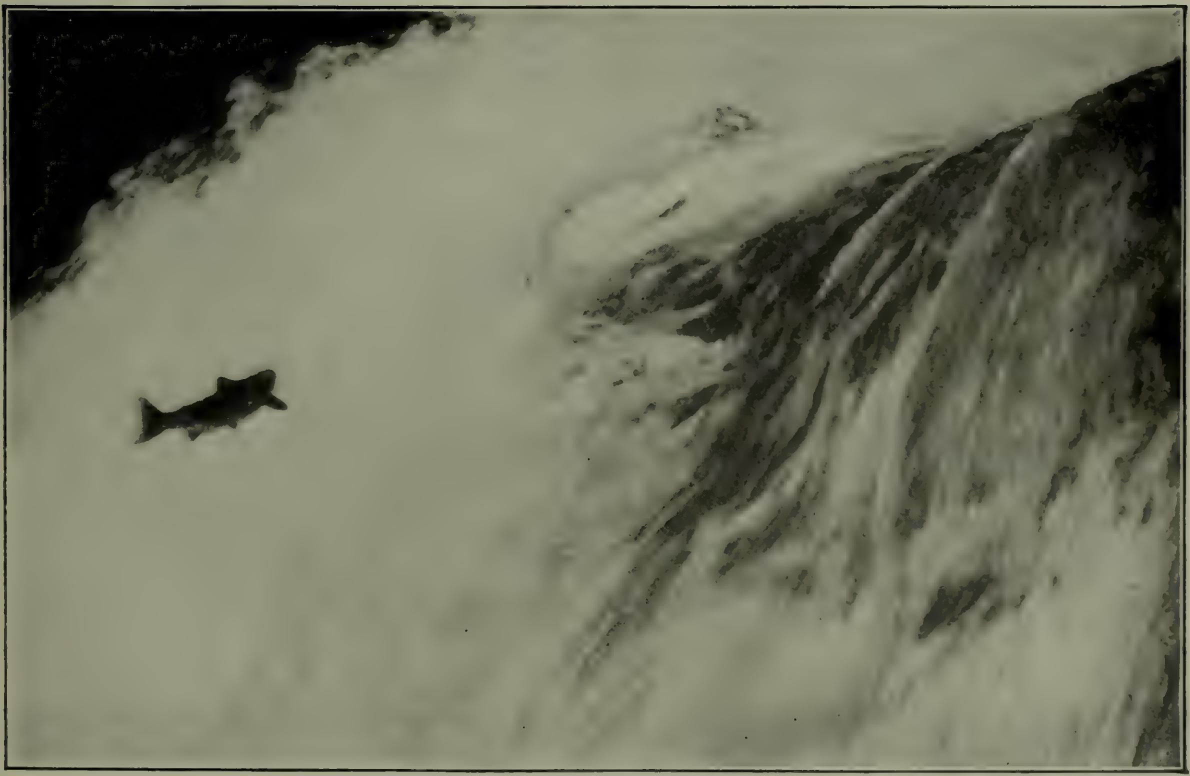
A LABRADOR SALMON, CLEARING A 12 FOOT WATERFALL.

This is probably the most remarkable series of this class of photographs ever made, and Dr. Morris is to be congratulated on his skill and patience. He says he is satisfied that in making these wonderful leaps, the salmon use their fins and tails to propel themselves through the air. He calls attention to the fact that the fins and tails of the fish in these 3 pictures are shown in varying positions, indicating that they were being worked rapidly.

"Darling," he entreated, "come to me."

"As a patriot I suppose I must respond to the call to arms," she murmured sweetly, as she gently acquiesced, believing there was an engagement in view.

CLEARING AN 18 FOOT WATERFALL.



HALF WAY UP.

PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

TALKING IT OVER.

HOW I LOST MY BOA CONSTRICTOR.

E. J. RANDALL.

A little over 2 years ago I was a stockraiser in Paraguay, S. A. There were, at that time, only 22 Americans and about 300 Englishmen in the entire country and among these there were few ladies whom my wife could call friends or acquaintances. She had little to do or to interest her; so she grew uneasy and homesick, and finally persuaded me to sell my stock and return home.

Previous to this I had moved my stock to an island, in the middle of the Paraguay river, which island was a sort of "no-man's-land." I applied to the proper authorities and, with the aid of influential men, succeeded in securing, from the Government, a 10 years' concession for the use of the island. As soon as I had secured the document which gave me possession of the island, I employed a number of extra peons and carts and in a few days, with their help and that of a sail-boat, I succeeded in getting all my cattle and 127 hogs to the island.

At low water the island contained about 5,000 acres of good pasture and timber land. I had no near neighbors whom my hogs could molest, so it was an ideal place for hog raising. As soon as each boatload was brought to the island I turned them adrift. They had formerly been fed in pens. For a day or 2 they were constantly seen about the camp; but as we did not feed them they soon disappeared. Sometimes I saw them in groups, when hunting, as that was a favorite pastime as well as a part of the business, in that country. After spending a year in this way, we moved to Ascension, the capital. Every Monday I either rode or walked down to the island, 15 miles away. I stayed 3 or 4 days, with the peon and his family whom I left in charge of the island, and then spent the rest of the week in the city.

About January the river commenced to rise. My gauge, at the camp, showed a rise of ½ to one inch each day. I expected every time I examined the gauge to see that the water was at a standstill, or beginning to recede; but no such thing occurred. Each day there was a steady rise. The water was fast covering my land, and by the first of February my 5,000 acres had been reduced to 500. I soon saw the necessity of getting off my stock. I again employed a number of natives, and some rowboats, and succeeded in getting my cattle to the mainland. The hogs had become very wild; but as the island was now small we soon became expert in catching them. When a hog was caught, we bound his legs together and finally, amid squeals and squirms, he was lifted on a pole and laid carefully in the bottom of the boat.

At sundown, on the third day, I was returning to the mainland with what I thought our last load. We passed a small island which I soon discovered I had not examined. I ordered the rowers to turn in, let me go ashore and see what the island looked like.

I had not gone far when I encountered a sow and 3 half grown pigs. Returning to the boat I told the boys of their "mentira." It was so late we decided to wait until morning and then return for the sow.

Early the following morning we were on our way to the island, which was almost submerged, so that we had to wade and splash about. At length we found the sow and 2 of the pigs. The third one was missing. I was sure I saw 3 the night before. While we were searching for it, I heard my companions call "Bebra! Bebra!" (snake). I saw them jumping, one after another, over its body as it crept slowly across our path. I could not see its head or tail on account of the tall grass.

I soon discovered that it had formed itself into an immense coil beside the path. I restrained the men, who were very anxious to attack it with their machetes.

Here was a good chance to get a large, fine, perfect skin. I had already killed 3 boa constrictors, during my stay in the country, but none so large as this.

At first I intended to shoot it. Then I thought I would not mar the skin with a bullet, but would club it. I gave it a crushing blow, when it began to move and I followed it up with more frequent blows, striking harder and harder; but all in vain. The monster glided from me and disappeared in the dense jungle.

The boys, who stood on the other side, said they plainly saw a swelling in the middle of the snake's body. I suppose that was where the third pig went—at least we never found it nor saw the snake again. I was sorry then, and have been ever since, I did not shoot the snake. The last boa I killed was such an easy victim I had concluded they were all easy to kill. In that case I had killed the snake, outright, by hitting it on the head with a clod of dirt.

PIKE FISHING.

REV. WM. MITCHELL.

Methodist preachers are frequently called on to change their abode. Communities differ as much as do individuals. They differ not only in occupation, but in their pastimes. My favorite amusement in my former charge was fishing. I lived alongside a river so near the ocean that weak fish, porgies, butterfish and crabs were to be had for the taking. When I moved to my present home, and saw only a fresh water pond, I said, " my fishing is gone." The few times I did try resulted in nothing. I soon noticed, however, that there were some who always caught something, and sometimes came back with a string of fish. Then I began to watch and inquire. I must have learned something for the last time I was out I caught 4 pike. One weighed 2 pounds 8 ounces. The readers of RECREATION may be interested in my observations.

To be successful in pike fishing the first essential is to have plenty of live bait. You need minnows. We call them shiners. As to your fishing line and its arrangement I refer you to the August number of RECREATION. You can easily make a trap for your bait. Take wire mosquito netting and shape it like a fly trap, leaving a little hole large enough for the fish to enter. Fill it with pieces of bread, put it in the water where there are plenty of little fish and in 10 minutes you will have all the bait you want. If you do not care to make a trap, use a fly-trap. It may not be so large, and get so many shiners at once, but you can reset it as often as necessary. You can buy glass traps, but they cost about $3 each. You can make a wire trap for about 10 cents.

Live tadpoles, or small frogs, make excellent bait for the fall of the year. Put the bait on the hook by slipping the hook into the mouth, then out at the gills, which can be done without injuring the fish. Pull the hook through until about 2-3 the length of the fish and then run it through the body. The tail is then free to move, and will be in motion as long as the fish lives. You will have more bites with live fish than with dead ones, even though they be fresh. Every now and then give your pole a forward movement of an inch or 2. This makes your shiner look as though it were leaping through the water, and is so tempting that the pike cannot resist, but makes the leap. He has struck, you notice, but is not hooked. Be patient, not too quick. He does not like to swallow a live fish. He strikes first to kill it; then he makes a grab and is off, as he thinks, but you know better. He is hooked. Do not lift him out of the water. If you do he will be off. Lower the point of your pole and pull him so that in a little while you have him swimming toward the boat. Wait until he almost reaches the side, then give a sudden lift, and you have him flopping in the boat.

Perhaps when he found himself caught he made for some candocks. He will if any are around. Keep cool. Do not pull nor tug, but wait and in less time than you could do it he will free himself. Then direct him to the side of the boat and lift him in.

During hot weather the fish will not bite in the heat of the day. They seem dull and listless. I tried day after day with no result, but when I arose at 4 o'clock in the morning and rowed toward the cooler water at the head of the pond it was not long before I was struggling with a large pike.

In the cooler weather of the fall, however, pike bite well about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Then instead of going for the coldest water go where you think it warmest. If there is one place warmer than any other there manipulate your bait and you will catch fish. You should keep your boat in motion all the time. Take a seat in the stern and scull, having your line trailing behind, or out from the boat. If you have a bite, and do not hook him move around that spot, and keep on trying until you get him. Small pike will usually keep on coming until they are caught. The older pike soon scent danger and after several trials are off.

Early in the season I have used pike belly for bait with a little success, but in the fall if I have no shiners I try a tadpole or the skinned leg of a frog, with good results; but I have failed to catch any fish on pike belly in the fall. They have learned that dead bait is not to be trusted.

When you go piking if you see candocks in abundance at any place go there and ply your bait all around them, for the pike hide there to pounce upon the unsuspecting little fish.

For some reason you will catch more fish when the wind is from the South. A moist South wind and a day not too clear are the best. If there has been a heavy rain and the water is quite muddy you may as well stay home. The fish cannot see the bait and therefore do not bite. I have seen pike caught that compare favorably with any salt water fish I ever landed. I saw one taken from our little lake that weighed 3 pounds 9 ounces, and I often see those that weigh over 2 pounds.

WUDUKISHER AND HER LOVER.

FRANK FARNER.

In the grand Northwest fir forest
Near the beach of great salt water,
On the banks of Leschi streamlet
Little milk-white running river
Flowing down from Cascade summits
Lived a little Siwash maiden,
Little cross eyed Wudukisher.
She had seen but eighteen summers
And as many snowy winters
Come and go while she had lived there.

In a teepee built of fir bark
Thatched with ferns and sallal bushes
Dwelt she there with old Duwamish
And his half a dozen Klutchmans.
Waded in the ice cold water
Of the roaring Leschi river;
Hooked the great big dog-head salmon,
Dragged it homeward to the teepee,
Smoked it in a hollow spruce tree,
Smoked it there with boughs of alder,
That the lazy old Duwamish
Then might take it to the village
In his log canoe of cedar,
Trade it there for fire-water,
For the white man's thinker tangler.

Oft this pigeon-footed maiden,
Little bow-legged Wudukisher
Tired of her lonely living
With Duwamish and his Klutchmans,
With the scolding snarling Klutchmans,
And the drunken old Duwamish;
Sighed and wished to have a lover
Who would build for her a teepee
Where they both might live in comfort;
She with only one to cook for,
Only one to carry wood for,
One and only one to fish for.
Envied she her white faced sister
Whom she thought should be so happy.

Thus she thought and then determined
When she journeyed to the hop-fields,
In the golden days of summer,
To the hop-fields in the valleys,
She would try to win a lover,
Such a lover as she sighed for.

For you know that in the North land
Hops are grown in great abundance,
And for miles the Siwash Indians
With their Klutchmans and their children
Go in great canoes of cedar;
Journey far across the water
To the hop-fields of the pale face,
Where the Klutchmans and the children
Gather them to earn some money
For their selfish Siwash masters;
So that at the season's ending
He may take it to the pot-latch,
Lose it there in games of racing,
Games of chance and drunken revel.

Little wolf-toothed Wudukisher
Fashioned her a comb of clam shell;
Polished it with bits of sand stone,
Till it shone as shines the moon beam
When it falls upon the water.

From the hill side near the teepee
Gushed a spring of wondrous beauty;
Water pure and clear as crystal;
So that when she looked upon it
It reflected as a mirror.

Sat she at its side for hours;
Combed her hair in many fashions
Just as does her white faced sister
With a mirror made of silver,
Thus to make herself attractive.

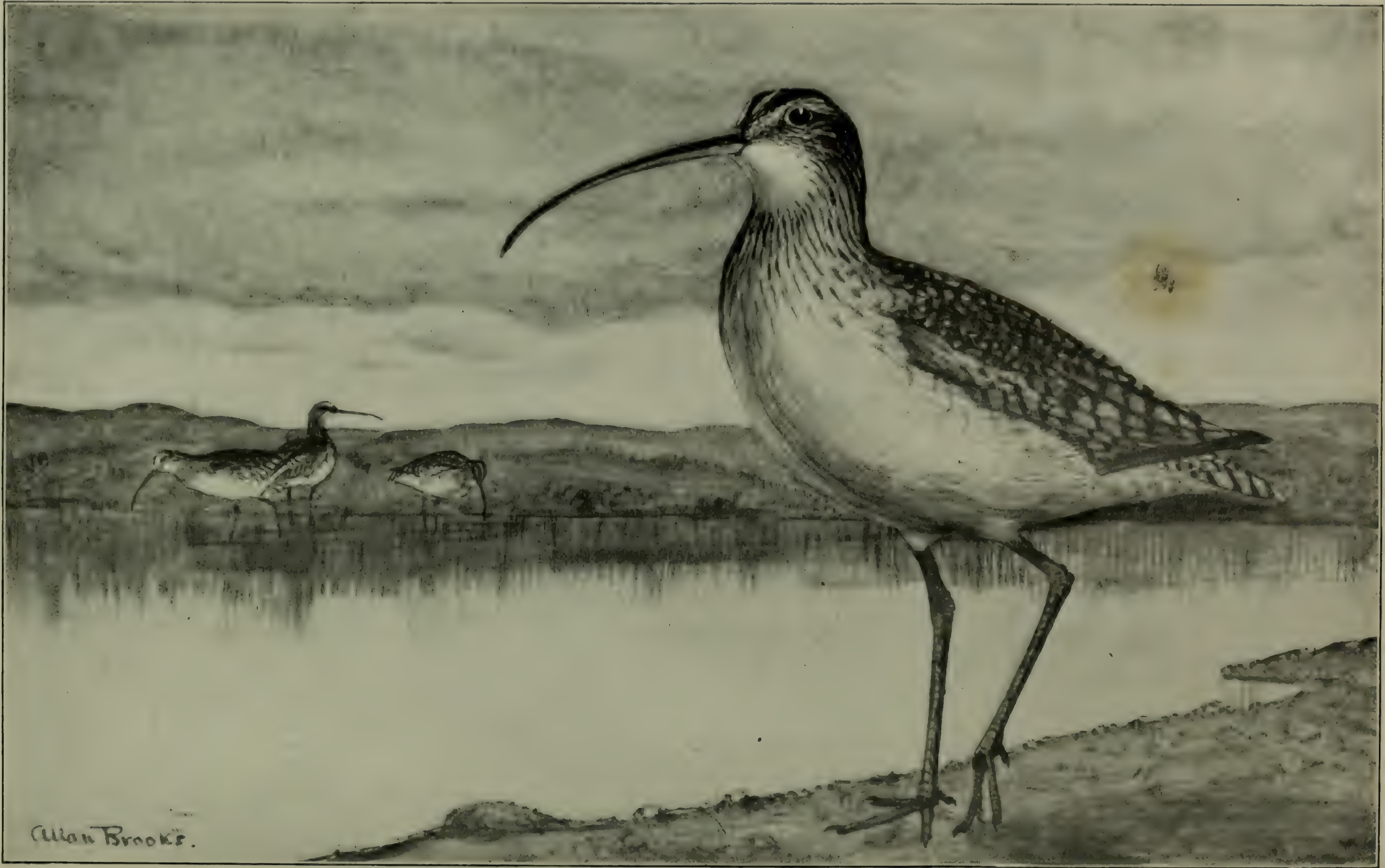
'Mongst the people in the hop-fields
When they met the next bright summer
Was a young man named Snohomish,
He the fleetest of the racers,
He the strongest of the wrestlers.

As she watched him Wudukisher
Thought if she might only win him
Then her life would be worth living.

So with all the art and scheming
That this little maid could muster
Did she try to win Snohomish.
And he, wily young Snohomish,
Was as anxious to be captured
As the maiden was to have him.
So that, ere the season ended
Pledges made they to each other.

When the frost had stopped the picking
Homeward journeyed they together.
Wudukisher never weary
Built for them a well thatched teepee
Near the beach of Puget waters;
Near the shell mound of her people.

But ere the honey moon had ended
Wudukisher to her sorrow
Saw that she had been too hasty;
Learned she that her young affection
Had been given one unworthy.
Then she planned that ere the coming
Of the next hop-picking season
She'd arrange, if she could do so,
To get rid of young Snohomish,
That she might then, quite unhampered,
Try to win another lover
Just as does her pale faced sister.


Allan Brooks.

THE LONG-BILLED CURLEW, *NUMENIUS LONGIROSTRIS.*

See page 139.

RAMBLINGS IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

S. A. LEWIS.

I always had great desire to see the Dismal swamp, and an opportunity to do so was offered me while spending a few weeks in the small town of Suffolk, Va.

One beautiful Sunday morning in February, '93, a party of 6 of us determined to visit that wonderful natural phenomenon, Drummond's lake, in the Dismal swamp. We walked about 2 miles along the N. & W. R. R. to one of the ditches which afford entrance by boat to the lake. We procured 2 small boats, an easy task, as the owner was absent, and made our way slowly and with difficulty toward the heart of the swamp. One of the boats was heavy and clumsy and after paddling a mile we exchanged it for a lighter one which was moored along the ditch. The transfer was made at the expense of a complete ducking for one of our company; but as the day was warm, the unfortunate suffered no inconvenience beyond being wet to the skin.

The ditch was about 12 feet wide and 4 deep, and we were obliged to use the oars as paddles. After 12 miles of paddling we reached the shore of the lake, almost exhausted. However, we were somewhat revived by partaking of our scanty lunch, though nothing short of a miracle would have made it a meal for one man much less for 6.

The ditch was almost straight and we could see ahead 2 miles or more; in fact, so far that the banks seemed to close up and the ditch to run to a point. The banks were covered with reeds and other vegetation which the eye could not penetrate beyond 10 or 12 yards. On both sides of the ditch, with the exception of about a mile at the start, is the impassable marsh. Frequently snakes would drop from the bushes overhead, or a fish zealous to capture a fly would spring out of water in front of the boats. There are indications of a slight current in the last 6 miles of the ditch toward the lake, while nearer the swamp shore none is perceptible.

The water of these ditches is palatable, having a slightly bitter taste imparted by the juniper trees abounding in the swamp. The traveler having tasted of this water, craves it. Quarts may be drunk with no ill result whatever, except an insatiable desire for more. Perhaps the resemblance of its color to that of beer contributes to its provocativeness.

A hardwood forest, 2 miles wide, surrounds the lake. The roots and fallen trees are covered with water and this strange forest is only passable in boats. The trees are large and tall, making a dense shade in which an oppressive silence reigns. Bear and wild cattle are said to abound there, but the watery aspect of that awful place indicates otherwise, unless those animals have developed aquatic tendencies.

The view from the shores of Lake Drummond is enchanting. At times the surface of the lake is calm and serene, only to be disturbed a few moments later, by some unseen force, so violently that the waves would swamp a small boat unless skillfully managed by one well versed in seacraft. No air stirs, not a leaf rustles, yet this commotion goes on as if caused by the unseen hand of Him who made the sea to roar and the tide to ebb and flow.

During the summer months the mosquito rules supreme, and few travelers venture into the birthplace of that sanguinary insect. The opossum and raccoon abound in the undisturbed seclusion of the swamp, and no doubt more highly prized animals could live there unmolested if proof against malaria and moccasin venom.

The lover of the weed little thinks as he enjoys his after-meal pipe, that he is drawing smoke through a reed which probably grew in the Dismal swamp, and was shaken by the ague-laden breezes of that dread place.

On the shore of Lake Drummond is a hotel where, during a few months, before the mosquito and other man eating insects have developed their blood sucking paraphernalia, the traveler can secure food and shelter. There you will be regaled with fried black-fish, which you may wash down with cool, foaming beer or a more inebriating beverage from which Uncle Sam never realized any revenue.

With all its hardships our trip was a delightful one and I recall it with pleasure.

Fisher: "That rod you forgot to bring along reminds me of a player on a foot-ball team."

Bates: "How's that?"

Fisher: "Left tackle, you know."

A POETIC EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson sent Mr. W. T. Hornaday a bronze mouse, as a Christmas present, and with it these lines:

'Twas mousie set the lion free more mighty deeds to do;
'Twas mousie shook the mountain till it trembled thro' and thro';
'Twas mousie broke the long blockade of piggie at the bar;
In lasting bronze we'll have him cast—this glorious mouse, hurrah!

To which Mr. Hornaday replied as follows:

Receive, good friend,
For what you send,
My most profound kow-tow.
To give me thought,
Or send me ought
Was good of you, I vow.

Until this date,
Exterminate
Would I all murine races.
Now, I aver
That sometimes cir-
Cumstances alter cases.

Close to my hand,
By my ink-stand
Most lovingly I've laid it.
This Mouse is good,
But, by the rood,
'Twere better had'st thou made it!

Now I opine
This Mouse of mine,
So virtuous and good,
Will guard my desk
Against a pesk—
Y paper-eating brood.

O! Mice of Merriam, the Bold,
Ye "sp. nov.," make room!
Your crowded ranks one more must hold;
Let this lone pilgrim come.

I'll name him now, by all that's wise,
And C. H. M. defy.
We'll call him—pending a "Revise"—
Mus Ernest Thomsoni.

I'M NO FISH HOG. THE OTHER FELLOWS CAUGHT 'EM.

IN THE WOODS OF ANDROSCOGGIN.

J. T. MONROE.

I had promised my young friend, Harry, a day's sport with the grouse, and on a fine October morning we started, with my dog "Skip" scampering joyfully ahead. A walk of a mile brought us to a bush bordered ravine through which gurgled the headwaters of Bog brook, on its way to the Androscoggin and the sea.

Here Skip flushed a big drummer, who headed for a clump of beech, and in a moment the voice of the dog was heard indicating the chosen tree. Harry, never having shot a grouse, was told to circle the tree until a good sight was obtained and bag the game. The report of his breechloader was soon heard and the bird darted away through the branches, but did not go far before I brought him to the ground.

On down the stream we tramped and from the left rang out Skip's well-known signal of "here she goes." Down the side of the hill, through brush and briar came the bird, plump into a large hemlock. Long before I could reach a position to shoot, the dog was barking under and around the tree in which the grouse sat. The moment my head emerged from the brush in sight of the bird she was ready to fly again, but hastily throwing up the gun I caught her before she could start. Sending Harry and the dog across the brook to beat the bush and still working down stream, we put up a flock of 4 or 5, but they disappeared ahead of us through trees too thick to afford a shot. Going on, the dog started one of these birds again, and I shot her just as her feet touched the limb of an old maple at the edge of a clearing. Passing through this pasture, which was dotted with pine scrub, Skip flushed first 3 and then 2 more birds, who whizzed straight ahead into a thick growth of swamp ash bordered with spruce. This time Skip could not locate them, and side by side Harry and I carefully advanced, peering up, around and everywhere.

Suddenly, near the top of a dead ash fully 60 feet from the ground I saw a dark, glossy coated animal which I at first thought a coon. Walking to within gunshot, I saw the animal was a good sized porcupine. I shouted to Harry, "Do you want to shoot a porcupine? If you do come here." He chose a position while I grabbed Skip's collar and at the report of the gun, down came a 15 pound birch peeler. His quills have been the death of many a brave dog; for once buried in a living body they work their way through flesh and bone for perhaps months, and if no vital spot is pierced in their passage will finally appear and may be extracted.

Continuing our search for the grouse I caught sight of a noble bird, standing erect with crest and ruff elevated. His pride went before destruction and he disappeared into my game bag. It being near lunch time we went to a farm house for a drink of water. Entering the porch to rest we were surprised to find Skip with every nerve in a tremor, whining with an occasional yelp under the impression that he "was treeing" a dead cock grouse which hung from the porch ceiling. I don't believe Skip enjoyed his dinner, for with every mouthful, he would gaze at the bird with a puzzled air and when leaving he glanced back several times to assure himself he was not needed to capture the bird.

We now entered a growth of wood with here and there an apple tree, just the ground for grouse, and while passing along an old wood road the dog flushed a big cock that smashed through leaves and branches straight toward a large fir. I caught a glimpse of the bird and sighting the choked barrel on him, pulled the trigger. I did not hear him fall, but walking on toward the tree I was surprised to find Skip holding the dying bird. Sending the dog back to the place from which he started this one, he flushed another that offered a much easier shot than the first. A little farther on Harry shot a rabbit. Soon after we came out on the highway and turned our steps homeward, carrying 5 grouse, a rabbit and a porcupine.

"This may very properly be termed 'killing game in season,'" remarked the star boarder as he mashed an ant which he had found in the pepper.

THE IGNOMINIOUS CAPTURE OF A KING.

S. H. KIRKBRIDE.

The king that forms the subject of this story possessed no kingdom, ruled no empire, held sway over no people; yet he was truly " Monarch of all he surveyed."

The Chama river, which rises in the Southern part of Colorado, just West of Cumbres, and flows South through New Mexico, emptying into the Rio Grande, is noted in the Rocky mountain region for its superior trout fishing.

In the summer of '95 the saw mill of J. D. Biggs and Company, near Chama, New Mexico, was idle and the men spent much of their time fishing. In a little while the fish, especially the large ones, became shy and difficult to catch. Along the river, near the village, were 6 or 8 pools, each having one or more large fish in it. These had been angled for so often they could not be induced to bite, but would rise to the fly, look at it, and then dart back to their covert.

These large fish soon became familiar to the anglers, who gave the largest ones nicknames. " Spotty " had conspicuous dark spots on its sides; one brilliant fellow was called " Rainbow; " " No. 6 " was so-called because he was in the sixth hole; and " Old Sleepy " deserved his name, for he was extremely slow in all his movements.

In a deep hole at the entrance to the canyon was a trout, that, because of his extreme size, brilliant markings, and quickness, was called " Rex." Most of the other big fish below had either been caught or driven away at the time I write of; but no one was able to capture " Rex."

There was considerable rivalry in the town as to who should be called the best angler. At last it seemed to be generally acknowledged the honor lay between the Methodist minister and Hank Duxsted, an engineer. It was finally agreed that whoever should succeed in catching the big trout should have the coveted title.

Both these men had spent much time in attempts on Rex's life. Duxsted, on his runs into Durango, had secured the best tackle to be had there, and had sent to Denver for the newest and best flies, patent minnows, spoons and bugs; but the wily trout could not be induced to take the " Peacock," " Willow," nor " Brown Hackle." Even the invincible " Royal Coachman " could not attract him. The " Domine " tried willow bugs, white wood grubs, the little hoptoads that fall after a shower, field mice, and he even anointed his hooks with anise and other scents. It was all in vain.

The " big guns " from Denver and the East, whom Colonel Broad always chaperoned, were duly told of the big fish and piloted to his hiding place; but even their skill was not sufficient to lure him forth. The king would not capitulate.

In the village was a boy of 14, named John Groves, who spent much of his time whipping the stream for trout for the railroad eating house. Johnnie's outfit was primitive. His fly book was a piece of paper, kept wet when he fished, that his leaders might always be pliant. His creel was a gunny sack; his rod a birch pole; and he wore neither waders nor rubber boots, but old shoes and a pair of overalls.

John was in a store one day while a drummer was showing his goods, which included a line of fishing tackle. Taking a card of great black bass flies the salesman threw them down with the remark that he could not sell such as those in Colorado and told the proprietor to give them away. The latter tore one off and gave it to John, who put it with his other flies.

A few days after this John was returning from a fishing trip on the upper Chama, and about 6 o'clock he reached the big trout's pool. Although he had been unsuccessful so many times, he determined to have another try for the big fellow. Opening his paper for a fresh fly his eye rested on the big black one. More in fun than with any expectation of success, he fastened it on as his leader.

The pool in which Rex lived was an ideal home for a trout. A great hemlock tree grew on the bank of the stream. As the water had cut into the earth, it had dug below the base of the tree, and its roots, spreading out, had made a dam. Another tree, that had once been its mate, had fallen parallel with the river, with its top out in the stream, leaving some quiet water between the tree and the shore. The banks were fringed with willows, nearly meeting on the lower part of the pool, which was about 25 feet in length.

John went above the pool and walked down softly, his body hidden by the fallen tree. Raising his head, just enough to see where to cast, he threw out his line and the big black fly lit on the water at its deepest part.

Immediately a black head shot up through the water, followed by a brilliantly spotted body, and the whole pool was thrown into great commotion. The line was taut and it seemed as though a giant was tugging at the other end. Johnnie had been so completely taken by surprise, that he had neglected his usual tactics of attempting to throw the fish over his head; but he had leaped on the log. From there he jumped into the water and started to run for the shore, dragging the fish after him. The surprise seemed to be mutual for Rex did not at first resent this unsportsmanlike method of landing a "rainbow" trout. He soon recovered himself and made a royal resistance.

Then the leader broke and John, turning around, saw the fish floundering in about 6 inches of water. Bounding forward the boy threw himself on his stomach in the water, covering the trout; and then he clawed and fought, wildly throwing up mud and grass and water in his frantic endeavor to land the fish. At last he succeeded in getting him safe on the shore, and then he danced and whooped in wild delight.

Forgetting his rod and bag of fish, John grasped Rex in his arms and started on a run for town. Before he reached the village store he and his capture were the chief attractions of the town.

Various estimates had been made of the weight of the big fish, ranging from 5 to 12 pounds. When he was put into the scales he weighed exactly 8 pounds 5 ounces, and measured 25½ inches.

The depot agent sent the fish to Denver, where he was mounted and to-day he may be seen in the office window of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, where he serves to advertise the Chama fishing grounds and to illustrate the strange vicissitudes in the life of a king.

NOTES ON LOONS.

J. H. HICKS.

As I have 5 loons to my credit I will tell a few of my experiences with the great Northern diver. My first close acquaintance with him was some years ago when a French Canadian hunter, François Ayotte, caught one alive in a net in Lake Muskalonge. Ayotte, failing to sell the bird, decided to kill it for its pelt and tried choking. Ten minutes' throat squeezing brought no results. Dislocation of the neck finally killed it. I shot my first loon on Lake Muskalonge, about 80 miles North of Montreal.

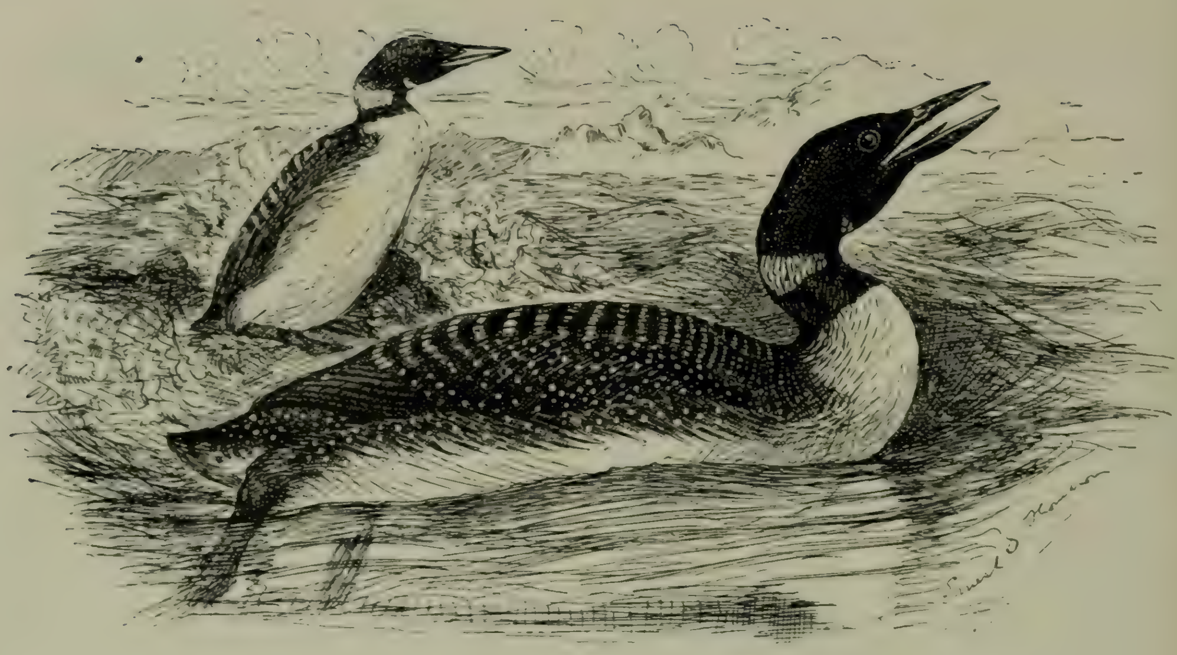
My rifle was one of the long Snider-Enfield rifles formerly used by the Canadian militia. Its bore I believe was .577. The cartridges had the old style bullets, fitted with wooden plugs at the point.

When half way across the lake a loon came within 250 yards, and against the protests of my companion I fired. The loon dived apparently simultaneously with the splash of the ball in the water a little beyond him. My companion laughed and rowed on. Before we had gone 100 yards we heard a splashing behind us, and there, a short distance from where he had dived, was the loon. He was dead when we took him in. The bullet had passed through the front of the neck, severing the windpipe, one end of which protruded through the wound as I laid him on the bottom of the boat. He was the largest loon I have ever seen.

Two birds were together when I got my second loon. My first shot missed, but neither loon dived at the report of the rifle. They sank their bodies below the surface and swam rapidly away with heads out. By the time I was ready for another shot they were 300 yards distant, approaching each other and swimming at right angles to me. I waited until their heads were apparently 6 inches apart and let drive between them. One loon, only, swam away; the other lay, white bosom upward, on the water. The bullet struck the top of its head. My third loon I shot through the neck at a distance of 200 yards. The fourth was killed by a shot that carried away the front part of the head. The fifth was another 250-yard shot through the neck. All 5 loons were killed during the same summer, with the same rifle, and from a skiff. The water was perfectly calm on each occasion.

When a boy, I accompanied my brother on a trout-fishing excursion among the Mastigouche lakes, 15 miles North of lake Muskalonge. While crossing Le Deuxieme lac in a small birch bark canoe our guide suddenly ceased paddling, seized his shot gun and fired at a loon not 40 yards ahead of us. She dived, but 2 young loons, her brood, remained on the water and deliberately swam up to us. Reaching carefully out I lifted the little creatures into the canoe. They were mere balls of black fluff and of absolutely no appreciable weight. They had probably been hatched that day and had not yet been told to avoid humanity. We put them back in the water, paddled away, and it was funny to see the little fellows sprinting after us until they were called off by the mother.

I have seen lots of powder and shot wasted firing at loons without a kill, but a man here succeeded in killing with No. 6 shot. He was hidden behind a bush and the loon came close to the shore. Last fall I was crossing Lake Muskalonge, hunting ducks, and got within 50 yards of a loon. Several hundred yards ahead were the ducks,



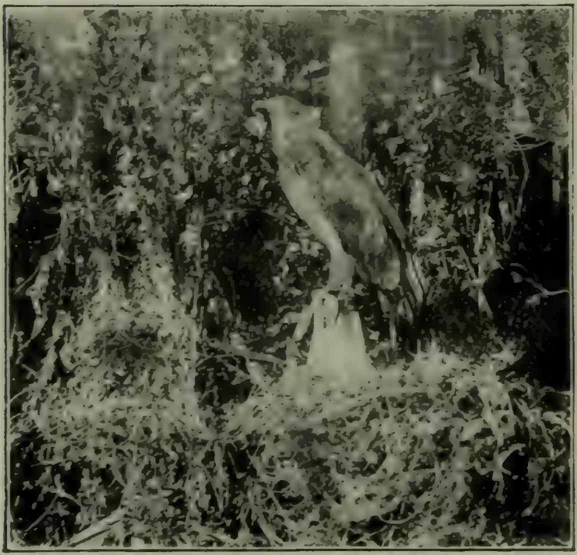
LOON, OR GREAT NORTHERN DIVER, *COLYMBUS GLACIALIS.*

and I did not feel much interest in him. He apparently knew this, for he seemed unconcerned and commenced "primping" his feathers. He rubbed his head along his back, tucked it under his wings, flapped them, and for 20 seconds at a time had his head half-buried in his side feathers. A load of shot would have settled him before he could have gotten his head into position for diving. I went my way and he went his.

I have noticed that loons usually do not dive at once if fired at with a rifle and missed, yet invariably they dive at the discharge of a shot gun. French Canadian hunters value the skin of the loon for gun cases.

The skin is tough and the feathers exceedingly thick and strong. Sometimes the hunters make tobacco pouches from the upper part of the neck.

A PUZZLE PHOTOGRAPH.



FIND THE OTHER BIRD.

There is another bird shown in this picture, besides the eagle. He is a familiar woodland neighbor everywhere, and is easily identified in the picture when you once find him. It requires a sharp eye and you may need a magnifying glass to find him.

Who can find him? You need not cut out the picture in order to answer this question. It will be easy to describe the location of the bird when you find it.

Sunday School Teacher: "Now boys can any of you tell me why they threw Jonah overboard?"

Tommy: "Why, mum, because he was a Jonah."

HOW TO PROTECT GAME.

A. E. POND, CHIEF WARDEN L. A. S., STATE OF N. Y.

In late reports of the Game Commissioners of different States I find much that is interesting and instructive. Statistics are generally dry reading; but thinking some readers of our official organ might like to know what is being done for game protection, I have selected from these reports the facts and figures which I herewith submit. Most of the game wardens inform the Commissioners of their States that game is increasing; others (with few exceptions) in the Western States wherein large game is yet to be found, say it is decreasing, and attribute this lamentable condition of affairs to the pot hunter and, in States afflicted with his society, to the Indian, who it seems knows no law or restraint.

Every State has game laws to burn; every year new laws are enacted, until the statute books are overflowing. Why then is the game being rapidly exterminated in some sections? Alas! there is but one reason: the laws are not enforced. To show what can be done by having adequate laws and good men to back them up, I quote from a letter received from L. H. Reutinger, Chief Warden of Ohio, who says:

"During the past year $8,798.00 in fines were collected; an increase of $1,899.28 over amount collected in '96 and of $4,078.80 over '95. This has been brought about by more perfect organization and by the great energy displayed by our wardens. The amount of fines collected, as well as the number of arrests and convictions in '97, have not been exceeded in any other State. We made 586 arrests and secured 527 convictions."

Mr. Reutinger and his Wardens may well be proud of such a record; but let us see which counties in the State are most worthy of congratulation. Read this list and mentally digest it, for to those interested in game protection it maketh the heart glad. Here it is:

County.	Arrests.	Convictions.	Fines.
Belmont	10	9	$ 50
Athens........ ...	6	5	350
Butler	12	6	150
Clermont	15	10	375
Crawford	12	9	155
Cuyahoga	14	9	225
Erie	18	13	275
Franklin	23	23	625
Hamilton	18	15	450
Lucas............	30	27	470
Stark	38	34	810
Summit	25	15	275
Ottawa	31	21	460
Van Wert........	9	8	130

The Ohio commission is propagating the Mongolian pheasant for distribution throughout the State. They liberated in '96, 200 birds and distributed 2,000 eggs, and in '97 2,000 birds and 4,000 eggs. They expect this year to do still better. Well done, Ohio! May your capable Chief Warden and his assistants have a steady job.

Now let us see what the commissioners of the Province of Ontario, Canada, have to say. G. A. McCallum, chairman of the Commission, in his report to the Lieutenant Governor, says:

"Each year brings further evidence that public opinion is being drawn to view the laws as a public necessity, and a growing sentiment in their favor is having more influence in preventing infractions of the law than all the prosecutions which have taken place. The protection of game birds, too, has brought the public to view in a more interested way the 'Insectivorous Bird Act,' as a wise piece of legislation for the farmer, gardener and fruit grower. Your commissioners do not pretend to say that there have not been infractions of the law during the year; for there have been and always will be, even if there were 20 wardens instead of only 4. Still, with the better class of the community, there is a growing feeling that the money devoted to the enforcement of game and fish laws is money well spent and to the benefit of the Province. We admit that some varieties of game birds and animals are gradually but surely growing scarce, for instance: The woodcock which used to be so plentiful is each year nearing its extermination, as is also the woodduck. It is not the Canadian shooting which causes this, for they are protected until almost the time when they migrate South, so our sportsmen shoot but few of them; but in the Southern States where they winter they are slaughtered by night and day for the market during the whole time of their sojourn there. As regards deer the Commissioners report that the plan adopted this year of issuing licenses to our hunters, has proved eminently successful, for not only was the slaughter curtailed by nearly ½ as compared with last year, but the plan furnished a handsome revenue. We think the close season as it exists, is positively the best which could be adopted, considering the conditions; for it is found that by it the does are preserved and the bucks thinned out. Almost every bag showed more bucks than does.

"It is a question how long we can allow dogs to be used in hunting deer. Many of the States of the Union have found it necessary to prohibit their use, and sooner or later this Province will have to do the same. Many people think the time has now arrived. Although the killing of deer in the water was this year forbidden, we fear from reports that many were thus killed. So long as dogs are allowed to pursue deer, it is idle to prohibit killing in the water, consequently we suggest that that clause be repealed. If sportsmen will not be honorable enough to exercise self-denial, and uphold the laws made to prolong their own sport, it is hardly to be expected that 2 or 3 wardens in a vast wilderness can always detect and punish law breakers. It is an easier matter to make laws for those who wish to protect and increase the game, than to control men who wish to kill everything they see in season and out.

"The Commissioners still think too many permits or licenses are given to boys and others for so-called scientific purposes. There is a strong feeling throughout the Province, that our bird life is too much sacrificed to the craze for collecting bird skins and eggs. Steps should be taken at once to limit the number of permits granted. We urge that a fee of not less than $5 be charged for a permit, and that no one under 18 be granted one, and then only when recommended by 2 well-known scientific men; also that the applicant be required to give bonds of at least $200, that he will collect for strictly scientific purposes and not for barter."

Here is a list of a few Canadian law breakers, with the punishment meted out to them:

Name of Offender.	Offence.	Result of case.
Jno. Thompson	Illegal possession of venison	$10
Jos. Labourin	Hunting close season	20
Batiste Roy	Hunting close season	20
Geo. McIntyre	Possession of beaver skins	45 days in jail
C. H. Steenberg	Selling grouse	$ 5
A. Bartlett	Killing a deer	20
F. J. Lovelace	Shooting grouse	10
Jas. Johnson	Hound at large	20
J. Doherty	Shooting without license	$25 and costs
Wm. Cross	Dealing in grouse	$60
Wm. Noble	Deer meat secreted in trunk	$50 and costs
Wm. Marsh	Not paying fine	30 days in jail
J. E. Tracy	Shooting grouse	$40
John Andrews	Fawn in possession	$20 and costs

From the report of the California Commission, it is evident more attention is paid to the fishery question than to game protection. Section 626, of the Penal Code, as amended by the last legislature, has unfortunately made some enemies for game protection. It allows the sale of game birds but 2 months in the year, while it is made lawful to shoot them 4 months. This is indisputably good law, although it has been called class legislation. However unjust the claim may be that it is a discrimination in favor of sportsmen, it cannot be denied that an adverse public sentiment has been aroused, particularly evidenced by the discharge of offenders tried in the police court. It is undisputed that the game of this State is decreasing. It therefore follows that it needs protection, not only within the confines of the State, but also in Alaska, where the destruction of wild fowl eggs does more to decrease the number of ducks than does hunting them here. The game of California is too valuable a resource not to receive the consideration it demands, but until all classes are united for protection, a law like sec. 626 only incites aggrieved parties to disobey it. The following table shows the receipt of game birds in San Francisco and Los Angeles markets and the value of each variety, season 1895-96:

	Canvas Backs.	Mallards.	Sprigtail.	Teal.	Widgeon.	Small Ducks.	Gray Ducks.	Black Jacks.	Red Heads.	Butter-balls.
October	58	1,057	1,528	5,374	1,469	357	...	52	8	...
November	1,569	15,034	10,261	19,016	15,903	4,959	206	247	116	9
December	2,360	18,056	10,614	33,176	19,544	12,809	321	333	281	96
January	1,995	10,831	9,230	19,035	12,809	7,049	144	1,192	43	189
February	277	2,587	3,389	5,924	2,797	708	...	177	71	34
Totals	6,259	47,565	35,022	82,525	52,522	25,882	671	2,001	519	328
Value	$2,626 00	$11,891.50	$5,305.50	$8,662.45	$6,659.58	$2,227.20	$98.00	$116.75	$79.58	$26.75

	Rails.	Larks.	Wild Pigeons.	Common Snipe.	English Snipe.	Curlews.	Plovers.	Gray Geese.	White Geese.
October	..	166	96	184	130	23	9	2,381	932
November	4	369	155	1,149	1,903	289	549	5,599	1,823
December	16	513	57	1,061	2,350	439	603	4,302	1,918
January	7	922	151	693	1,700	418	450	4,034	2,564
February	..	384	53	58	363	4	9	3,103	3,014
Totals	27	2,354	512	3,145	6,446	1,173	1,620	19,419	10,251
Value	$3.13	$98.00	$42.67	$212.55	$753.88	$45.33	$63.58	$4,042.30	$856.50

	Wood Ducks.	Wiretails.	Shel-drakes	Quails.	Doves.
October	140	..	5	2,419	180
November	37	2	4	57,112	2,517
December	123	56	32	70,370	1,112
January	138	31	176	41,374	1,158
February	2	..	...	6,091	193
Totals	440	89	217	177,366	5,160
Value	$36.67	$6.83	$18.00	$15,116.08	$252.73

	Brant.	Honkers.	Swans.	Cranes.	Bitterns.
October	714	...	...	34	..
November	4,837	340	51	82	5
December	3,845	763	285	85	4
January	3,751	881	156	99	16
February	3,172	427	26	85	..
Totals	16,319	2,411	518	385	25
Value	$2,040.00	$703.50	$174.25	$192.50	$10.00

Total value.................... $62,362 01

The successful introduction in a number of States of pheasants, has induced the Game Commissioners of New Jersey to try the experiment in that State, and early in the spring 243 of these birds were purchased and distributed. Owing to the severe winter of a few years ago and the continued shooting of quail this bird has greatly diminished in number, so much so that 1,032 Western quail were recently bought for propagating purposes. The Commissioners are alive to the necessity of increasing and protecting the fauna. Last year there were over 300 prosecutions of persons violating the laws, and about 95 per cent. were convicted. Here is a sample of Jersey justice:

Name of Offender.	Offense.	Result of case.
Samuel Adams....	Sunday shooting......	$20 and costs
Italian No. 40.....	Killing robin	60 days in jail
A. Fishel	Killing woodpecker...	$20 and costs
Henry Moebus....	Possession of rabbit...	20 and costs
Geo. Van Pelt ...	Killing rabbit.........	30 days in jail
Thos. Everitt	Possession of squirrels.	$20 and costs
J. H. Rhome	Hunting with ferret...	50 and costs
Jas. Staso.........	Possession of robin....	80 and costs
Chas. Conklin.....	Killing woodcock......	90 days in jail

Minnesota's Game Commissioners are at present gunning for Indians, and as pointed out in the report, some legislation is badly needed. The Indians kill much more game than is killed by the white man, and do it in the interests of unscrupulous traders. Trading posts are established all along the borders of the reservations and the Indians are encouraged to kill game whenever they can get it. The destruction of ruffed grouse alone by Indians in the Northern and Eastern portions of the State is enormous. Seventy thousand of these birds, it is estimated, have been shipped over the Iron Range R. R. this year. One trader claims to have shipped 18,000. The position taken by many of the transportation companies has been the cause of much annoyance and expense to the Commissioners. Many shipments have been seized in the possession of railroad companies, billed beyond the borders of the State contrary to law. In their desire for business the railroads accept all the chances of discovery and prosecution. Cars are left out in their yards for the sole purpose of shipping game out of the State. These cars have been loaded at night in out of the way places where the wardens find it difficult to locate them. When the railroad companies and the game dealers combine to break the laws, it is pretty hard to watch them with the amount of money appropriated.

This year Massachusetts gave us the best Sportsmen's Show ever held, and a few extracts from the report of its commissioners will prove of interest:

"In many respects our game laws are inferior to those of a majority of States where game is protected. A few persons engaged in the cold storage business are allowed to keep game and sell it after the closed season has begun. They claim to purchase little that is killed in this State and none that is killed after the closing of the season; but they do not deny receiving it in large quantities from other States, whether killed in or out of season, they do not know. But they do know that much of it is sent in direct violation of laws which forbid its transportation out of said States. That these men are honest in their statement that they do not purchase game out of season is not doubted, and if the traffic stopped with them, there might be little cause to complain; but they sell to hundreds of dealers, for whom they cannot be responsible, many of whom do not hesitate to buy game unlawfully taken. Consequently the system of cold storage vitiates the laws for protection and renders it difficult to enforce them. The game in the State is worth as much and more than the inland fisheries, and it is to be regretted efficient means are not adopted for its maintenance and increase. The open season is too long for the limited amount of game in this thickly settled State."

I regret I am not able to give a detailed account of fines, convictions, etc.; however, enough has been written to give readers of Recreation some idea of the difficulties different States have to contend with, in endeavoring to protect the fur and feathers of the country.

THE VANCOUVER HOG SQUEALS AGAIN.

[This letter is printed *verbatim et literatim*.]

Vancouver, B. C.

Editor RECREATION: I was more than surprised to see you had grit enough to publish my letter. And now while we have the ball a rolling allow this game hog, as you call me, to roll it once more. I see that I am not alone in calling your attention to the way you are insulting your subscribers.

I remember when you started RECREATION how you begged all sportsmen to subscribe so you could make it a success. What did I and hundreds of others do? We sent our dollar. Yes I did more I paid $3 in advance for 3 copies, 2 for my friends and one for myself. What thanks did we get, or are we getting now? You are insulting your best friends. Yes you are killing the goose that laid for you the golden egg.

You are constantly telling your readers what an immense amount of good you are doing by calling people game and fish hogs. Now let us see. Are you doing any good? With the exception of a few dudish cranks in the East the verdict from the sportsmen at large will, if you investigate, be as I tell you.

Do you think for one moment that I or any of your 300,000 readers would ever think of RECREATION, of you or any of your insulting remarks when they are in the woods after game, or at a trout stream after trout? Do you think there is one man among your 300,000 who while out shooting ducks or other game would stop shooting at noon, unload his gun, call his dog and put him under chain while the ducks are flying plentiful and within easy range, simply because you and your magazine tells them "they must not kill but so many ducks each day and if they do they are game hogs"? Do you think these people while hunting would ever think of you, your magazine or a single word of your fatherly advise? I think not. If they should I will simply say there are more fools throughout the United States and British Columbia than I thought.

These stay at home sportsmen are the ones who help you make this howl about game hogs. They never go hunting or fishing, and if they should, they might burn a little powder, and this would be about all. I am well acquainted with this class of people. It has been my misfortune to be on certain hunting trips with them and I know what I am talking about. A few years ago I was hunting in the Olympic mountains I ran onto a band of elk one day and counted 62, most of which were not 50 yards away. I had my .45-90 Winchester with chamber filled.

Did I kill a dozen or more? Did I kill the largest and finest bull? No! I was after meat for camp and picked out a fat calf and broke its neck.

There were 4 in our camp and this was plenty. Had there been 100 in our camp I would have killed enough for all—perhaps 4 or 5.

Now you call me a game hog, is there a single subscriber among your 300,000 that would have done as I done and allowed the other 61 elk to go their way? I doubt very much if Mr. Shields this great "dictator" would have let this band of elk off so easily.

Now as for duck, grouse or quail shooting. When I get a day off I go prepaired with plenty of amunition. I go for a days sport and they can not come too fast nor too thick and nothing will stop me unless darkness or out of shells.

What a foolish game law and what an undesirable country to live in where they tell you, Now if you go shooting to-day you can kill only 5 ducks, or 5 pheasants, or 10 quail; as soon as you kill this amount you must come home and while on your way home, should a grouse, quail or deer offer you a splendid shot, you must close your eyes and pass by and remember or think of nothing but the game law.

So Mr. Editor you think I am jeopardizing and am liable to loose my position because I am so successful to find and kill plenty of game? I will lose no sleep on this score. But one thing "Uncle Sam" might do, after granting me a few days leave of absence to go and have a hunt and if I should return empty handed or with a duck or 2 as you say "all true sportsmen should," he might think I am too lazy to hunt, and if a person is lazy in the field he will be lazy in his office, and such people should be asked to send in their resignation. No! Mr. Editor when you go to Washington call over and see "Uncle Sam" at the Treasury Department, tell him he has a representative out at Vancouver, B. C., who never goes hunting until the season is open but when he goes, he by means of his hammerless gun, his expert shooting and his fine Gordon setter retriever returns home after a day or 2 with more ducks, geese, quail or deer, than he can carry and his friends enjoy them for a week or 2 to follow.

Kindly Mr. Editor will you tell "Sammy" about this, tell him that at least he has one game hog in his employe that can shoot and do it fast and quick and when he shoots he shoots to kill and when he kills, he kills them dead and when he counts his game in the evening, he has some to count and plenty to give to his friends. If you will tell him all this, I will bet a half-days salary against your 300,000 subscribers that my salary will be raised, much less shut off.

This letter is written on Official paper, it perhaps cost our Government not over one cent, better tell him about this and the way the Government is being robbed out here.

I hope you can find room for this letter, giving my views of this game hog question and I am more than anxious to see your answer to it. Give it to me good and strong for I will never trouble you again after this and when I loose my position out here I will come East and we will go out and kill a dove, some sparrows or perhaps a woodchuck. We might have extraordinary luck and get 2 or 3 fish ducks in some of your Eastern ponds.

Geo. H. Webber, U. S. Customs.

The severest criticism that could possibly be made on Mr. Webber is to print his letters. I have given him plenty of rope and he has hung himself.—Editor.

ANOTHER U. S. OFFICER SENDS GREETING.

Here is a copy of a letter sent me by the United States Deputy Collector of Customs at Port Huron, Michigan; but thank God he belongs to a different class from that in which the Vancouver shoat has put himself. [The name of the writer of the following letter will cheerfully be given to any one entitled to know it, though he requests that it be not printed. The letter runs thus:]

Port Huron, Mich., December 17, 1898.
Geo. H. Webber, D. C., Vancouver, B. C.

Dear George: You convey the idea in your letter to Recreation, that you are a bad man a "Daddy a Coyote, and Mammy a Sage hen" sort of a cuss.

Many moons before you first sucked a cigarette, there was a society on the upper Yellowstone, called the A. O. S. In some respects the members thought as you say you think, but failed to put their thoughts in writing—this being before the age of the typewriter. Their ranks were composed of the élite of the period. In fact their vassels were legion—especially of the squaw sex.

Had you been accepted by this famous band the service would no doubt have been saved the excrement cast upon it by one whom the Almighty suffers to exist at the wrong end of a gun. Get a transfer George, to this Port, and we will teach you to shoot ducks. You know we "Eastern dudes" use teal to bait mink traps with; but we eat canvasbacks if shot sitting. Small game, should never be shot on the wing, unless you are able to put the charge in the head. You are liable to hurt your pet tooth on a grain of shot, dontcherknow.

I wish you would ask the editor of Recreation about the A. O. S., for it's a safe guess that you will need a letter of introduction to its chief squaw-man, rather than to the L. A. S. You are positive "game was made to kill;" while we are certain that razor backs should be placed in cold storage during the open season, which, to my regret, seems to last the entire year in your district. Yours, Chad.

A WESTERN MAN CALLS HIM DOWN.

Spokane, Wash.

Editor Recreation: I'm "riled." Because why? Because I have read a letter in your December issue from that ignoramus at Victoria, B. C., who takes delight in making public his swinish proclivities and who poses as a representative Western sportsman. He's no such thing. You know that well enough yourself; yet there may be those among your readers who would get a wrong impression from his grunting. To such I want to repeat, with emphasis—he's nothing of the kind; and I would not be a loyal son of my beloved State of Oregon, nor a loyal citizen of my adopted State of Washington, nor yet a loyal member of the fraternity of Western sportsmen in general, if I did not resent Webber's imputations.

Western sportsmen are sportsmen in every sense. They are built on the snow-capped plan—pure white and always up before breakfast. That there should be one such as Webber in the sunset land is a misfortune for which I humbly apologize.

Had Webber been with me during the 2 delightful months I spent in the woods (I'm mighty glad he wasn't), he would only have had to paddle the length of the lake any summer's day, to have seen 10 or 20 deer, at close quarters, with an occasional moose or caribou thrown in for good measure. If the exertion of paddling were too fatiguing he could have lain in his sty and with a field glass have watched their movements. He could have caught more trout than his boat would carry if he knows how to get them without a set line or a gill net—which I doubt. He could have gotten his desired 40 ruffed grouse every day in the week if he could hit them. He could have had fat roast duck and apple sauce for every meal if he could "stalk" the ducks in open water, and climb a tree for the apples on a deserted farm. He could have seen more small animals, such as foxes, squirrels, muskrats, martins, minks, weasels, otters, and his cousins the hedgehogs, and more birds of all kinds, than he ever saw in the woods of the Northwest. At least I did, and all this in the vicinity of Moxie Pond, in old Maine. The conditions are not greatly different throughout that state while there is a varied and ever increasing supply of game in all the Eastern states where good anti-swine laws are made and enforced.

What an elegant roast for a Chinese funeral that hog, with the United States earmark, would make! L. B. Akin.

And here's another.

ANOTHER WESTERN MAN RESENTS WEBBER'S GRUNTS.

Rockton, Wis.

Editor Recreation: Lest the communication of Mr. Webber, of Vancouver, B. C., in December Recreation convince your readers that Western sportsmen, as a rule, kill all the game and catch all the fish they can, I ask a little space in which to assure them that in the West as in the East inordinate greed is "the exception which proves the rule" that a great majority of sportsmen are content with capturing as much game as may be needed for food.

I have hunted from Lake Erie to the head waters of the Columbia and with hundreds of different men. To be sure some of them have caught and killed for the brutish love of slaughter; but by far the most had other thought than killing. The most genial gentleman and most delightful companion whose society I have ever enjoyed afield has forgotten the game, his rifle, himself, in admiration of a bit of grand mountain scenery. On the other hand the man who wants to kill it all is almost invariably so near to disagreeable as to make one feel uncomfortable from the first day out till the good-bys are said.

During the open season of '97 I was with a party in the Jackson's lake country of Wyoming. Wm. L. Simpson, of Jackson, was one of our guides. He is not greedy himself nor will he tolerate the exercise of the trait in others.

He, in common with most of the men we met while there, were anxious to prevent any waste of either game or fish. Mr. Simpson is a gentleman, too, as are by far the greater number of the men we met in his community. During a month's stay among those people we did not once hear a sneering remark about any man because of his personal cleanliness. They seem to understand that a man may wear a clean shirt without being a "dude."

If the Governor of Wyoming will but select such men as Mr. Simpson for his game wardens he can rest assured that the game laws will be most fearlessly enforced and that the "kill all I can" class of shooters to which Webber belongs, will soon migrate.

Your "roasts" are a little severe I admit, but the case you have is serious and needs heroic treatment.

Say, Coquina, I wonder how many thousand men are laughing at your being denominated "a meadow-lark hunter?" V.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

The New York State Fish, Game and Forestry League met at Syracuse, December 8th, to draft amendments to the game laws which will be submitted to the legislature at its next session. President W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons, congratulated the League on its success and urged renewed efforts to increase the membership. The report of the treasurer showed a balance on hand of $90.11.

On motion the privileges of the floor were extended to James Annin, jr., superintendent of the Caledonia fish hatchery; Assistant Chief Game Protector M. C. Worts, and Game Protectors Spencer Hawn and Mr. Lamphere.

The following amendments to the game laws were recommended:

"Making the close season for black bass from December 1st to June 1st instead of from January 1st as the law now reads.

"Abolishing the law which permits the shooting of ducks in the spring and making the close season from January 1st to September 1st.

"Making the open season for rabbits September 1st to December 15th, to conform with the law in regard to woodcock, grouse and squirrels. A man seen in the woods after December 15th, with a gun, cannot then claim he is hunting rabbits.

"Prohibiting the sale of quail, ruffed grouse and brook trout at all times."

"To increase the number of fish, game and forestry protectors; to abolish the moiety system and to increase the salaries of protectors to at least $1,000 a year each.

"Reducing the bounty offered for the destruction of fish nets, put out in violation of law, 50 to 60 per cent.

"To strike out the word 'wild' from the statutes regulating the sale of moose, elk, deer and antelope."

The following officers were elected for 1899:

President—Cornelius W. Smith, Syracuse.

Vice-president—R. B. Lawrence, Long Island.

Secretary—Ernest G. Gould, Seneca Falls.

Treasurer—A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay.

Legislative and law committee—C. B. Lapham, Canandaigua; F. J. Amsden, Rochester; W. E. Wolcott, Utica; A. E. Pond, New York City; W. S. Gavitt, Lyons.

Auditing Committee — Aaron Mather, Honeoye Falls; Thomas D. Hunt, Dunkirk; G. W. Weaver, Lockport.

Following is a list of the delegates:

G. M. Weaver and W. J. Jackman, Niagara County Anglers' Association, Lockport; S. A. Wood and T. A. Knapp, Sundown Fishing Club, Poughkeepsie; E. G. Gould, Honest Fisherman's Club, Seneca Falls; W. E. Wolcott, Black River Fishing and Game Association, Utica; G. O. Shields and R. B. Lawrence, New York Association for Protection of Fish and Game, New York; A. C. Cornell, R. P. Graus, George H. Strough and W. H. Thompson, St. Lawrence River Anglers' Association, Clayton; G. O. Shields and A. E. Pond, League of American Sportsmen, New York; C. B. Lapham, F. A. Christian, H. R. Whitney, A. C. Cappon and F. G. Halsey, Fly Casters' Association, Canandaigua; E. L. Stone and G. Ralph Huested, Fish and Game Association, Mannsville; C. H. Mowry, D. H. Bruce, J. H. Forey and George B. Wood, Anglers' Association of Onondaga County; E. F. Burnett and Henry Kellick, Spencer Sportsmen's Club, Lyons.

The following resolution was introduced by W. E. Wolcott of Utica:

Whereas, The vast and increasing lumbering operations in the Adirondack wilderness threaten irreparable damages to the future interests of this state by reason of the evil effects which the continued thinning out and removal of the forest will surely entail. The wilderness is of the greatest importance as a source of water supply and because of the influence it has on the meteorological and hygienic conditions. Public sentiment is strongly in favor of state ownership and the electors have repeatedly indicated at the polls their hearty approval of forest preservation. In view of these facts and in the interests of hunters, anglers, tourists, invalids and guides and for the welfare of the whole commonwealth we respectfully urge the legislature to provide funds for the purchase of additional lands in the Adirondacks.

Unquestionably the most important action taken by the convention was that recommending the prohibition of the sale of ruffed grouse, quail and brook trout at all times. I knew when I introduced this resolution in the Convention it would meet with strong opposition. I am aware that many sportsmen are not yet ready for this radical measure; but I was pleased to see that only 3 men in this representative gathering of the leading sportsmen of this State were opposed to it. In the somewhat heated discussion which followed the introduction of the resolution we won over 2 of our opponents and when the question came to a vote, there was but one voice against it.

This is one of the most signal victories ever achieved in the interest of game protection. We realize that it will be difficult—most likely impossible—to pass such a bill at the present session of the Legislature; but it is high time the leading sportsmen of the state, and of the country at large, should go on record as opposed to trafficking in those species of game and game fishes which are so rapidly disappearing. If we cannot pass such a bill this year, we certainly can a year or 2 hence. The ruffed grouse is easily the king of game birds to-day; yet in most of the states where he was once plentiful, he is rapidly nearing extermination, and 5 years hence, it will be almost impossible to find one of these birds in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New England, Michigan or Wisconsin, unless market hunters and game dealers are prohibited from selling them.

It is not alone the market shooters that must be combated, but the men who snare these birds. A delegate in the convention said one man told him of having snared more than 1,400 ruffed grouse during the months of September, October and November, 1898, and that he then had 3,000 snares set.

Another delegate said he had seen 50 to 100 ruffed grouse hanging in front of each of several markets in Syracuse and that on careful examination, he was unable to find shot marks on more than one in 10 of these birds.

Reports come from all portions of this state and of New England, telling of the work of these vandals, and it is safe to say they destroy a great many more birds than the shooters do, in the aggregate. Their work is carried on silently and stealthily, while the man who shoots birds in a thickly settled country must constantly reveal his whereabouts and his occupation. Prohibit the game dealer from selling ruffed grouse and the occupation of the snarer and the market shooter is gone. They will then turn their attention to something more commendable, if not more profitable. Stop the fish dealers from handling brook trout, and the men who catch them with nets, who dynamite them and who fish for them with hook and line at night, will stop their infamous butchery and go to farming, or breaking stone.

Quails have become so scarce in New York that there is scarcely a hope of their being again abundant, unless thousands of birds are shipped in from abroad and propagated here. Even this plan could never succeed so long as they may be sold in the market. Stop the traffic and we may again be able to find them in large numbers in the farming districts.

FOR UNIFORM GAME LAWS.

A bill providing uniform fish and game laws was unanimously adopted at a recent meeting in Chicago, of the game wardens or their representatives from Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota, North Dakota and Indiana.

The bill as adopted by the committee will be urged upon the several legislatures at their next session for passage. It provides for a closed season for whitefish and lake trout, in Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, from October 15th to December 1st; prohibits the catching of any variety of fish within 400 feet of any dam, all the year round; provides that lake trout and whitefish weighing less than 2 pounds gross or 1½ pounds dressed shall not be taken or offered for sale; requires the labelling of all packages containing fish or game delivered to common carriers for transportation; makes the officer of one state the agent of any other; prohibits the storage of fish or game in cold storage warehouses during the closed season; makes the open season for killing deer from November 1st to November 20th, and prohibits the sale of venison during the first 5 days of the open season; prohibits the shipment of game from each of the states subscribing to the bill; imposes a tax of $25 on non-resident and $1 on resident hunters of all game, and empowers the commissioners of fisheries to take fish at all seasons of the year for restocking and propagation in other waters.

One of the most important sections of the bill is that relating to cold storage. It reads in part as follows: " It shall be unlawful and is prohibited to have in possession during the close season therefor, any fish or game, whether lawfully or unlawfully taken, and it is hereby made the duty of any owner or occupant of any cold storage warehouse to permit the examination of the premises by any officer authorized to enforce the game laws, who shall seize any fish or game found in the possession of the warehousemen during the closed season."

Another vital part of the bill is that prohibiting spring shooting. This proposition is now endorsed by nearly all of the best sportsmen everywhere and the sooner all states adopt this measure the better for all concerned.

It should not take more than half a day to pass this joint bill through the legislatures of the 4 states named.

COLD STORAGE GAME IS POISONOUS.

Here is a communication of vital importance to everyone who eats game. The writer, Dr. Robert T. Morris, is one of the most prominent physicians in this city. He is an adjunct professor of surgery at the New York Post Graduate Medical College, the author of " How We Treat Wounds Today," " Lectures on Appendicitis," and other valuable scientific books and papers.

I asked Doctor Morris for an opinion on this all important question and he replies as follows:

New York, December 15, 1898.

Dear Mr. Shields: Answering your query about the unwholesomeness of cold storage game, I would say that when albuminous substances, like meat, milk, eggs or cheese are subjected to a temperature sufficiently low to prevent the free development of the common bacteria of putrefaction, they seem to be still open to attack by certain saprophyte bacteria, the toxines of which are harmful. These toxines in milk, ice cream and cheese often prove violently poisonous, and many fatal cases are reported.

In meats, especially in cold storage game, the toxines do not often accumulate in sufficient quantity to produce dangerous symptoms, but they are apt to cause pretty severe gastro-intestinal irritation, and I presume few people who have eaten much cold storage game have failed to suffer at least from diarrhœa from its effects. One might eat a good deal of cold storage game before coming upon any important quantity of toxines, but there is always so much speculation about it that when ordering game at a restaurant I make the waiter interview the chef to make sure that no cold storage game will be sent to fill my order. Cold storage game is not served at any decent restaurant because it loses flavor and juice to such an extent that a good class of people keep away from any place where any such stuff is served to patrons. A certain restaurant near here is in disfavor with several patrons whom I know because the steward, apparently, wishing to economize, tried to deceive patrons with cold storage game. Perhaps he rendered a bill for fresh game and pocketed the difference in price. I do not know about that but I do know there was an exodus of good game patrons. Restauranteurs do not know why they lose such customers, but the customers know and they tell other people. Every first-class restaurant should state on the menu that no cold storage game is offered to tempt the palates and to test the inwards of the guests.

Yours truly,
Robt. T. Morris, A.M., M.D.

This raises a question of great importance, not only to sportsmen, but to all others who eat game of any kind that is kept in cold storage. If there is danger in eating game that has been thus preserved, it should be widely advertised and I should be glad to have a free and full discussion of the question. Will not physicians and others who have known of persons being poisoned by eating cold storage game kindly make known the facts and thus oblige all readers of RECREATION?—EDITOR.

STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: I believe, if we can get a law passed in all the States prohibiting the sale of any kind of game or game fishes, at any season of the year, it will do more to accomplish our purpose than any other one thing we can do. Limiting the bag does not have the desired effect. Our deer limit in this State is 5, yet I am satisfied that some of the old hunters in the Northern Peninsula are killing from 50 to 100 a year, for which they find a ready market in Detroit, at prices that are better than average day wages. These men begin hunting about 2 weeks before the legal season opens, and on the first day of the season they begin shipping. They keep up their shipping until the last day of the season. The 5 deer limit is no earthly good. What we want is a law that will prohibit the sale of game. Then we can squelch the market hunter; and, when he is out of business we can regulate the sportsman hunter with a limit bag. In fact, I am satisfied that 9 out of 10 of the sportsmen, so-called, make every effort possible to kill their limit, and even more.

I know a lot of hunters who have hunted as hard as they could every day since the season opened to get deer enough to pay their expenses. They are more interested in the price of game than any other one thing I know of during the open deer season, here in Michigan.

I have just returned from a trip North; and, when I got 2 deer, I came home. While in that territory, I was told by one man, a native, that he had killed 45 deer in 17 days. This was on the 15th of November and he said he had not used the coupons from his license in order to get them to Detroit, either. He made this statement openly, in the presence of 3 or 4 hunters, but it would be impossible to convict him, in the Upper Peninsula. I am satisfied that he and others are making good wages hunting for the market.

Before we prohibited the sale of trout, it was impossible to give them any decent protection. Since that has been done, some of the remote streams in the North are so full of trout that a man could fill a basket in half a day. Prevent the sale of venison, and in less than 5 years a man could kill 2 deer, in the Northern Peninsula, in one day, without half trying. He is mighty lucky if he can get one in 10 days.

I will be one of a party that will go into the Northern Peninsula next fall, who will practice what they preach, and will bring down not more than 2 deer each. I know other parties of this kind that will be made up here in Grand Rapids.

A friend of mine in this city is in the Upper Peninsula now. He has been there since a week before the season opened, and I am informed, though it cannot be proven, that he has already killed 7 deer, and that he is looking for more. I am almost ashamed to admit that he is one of my friends, but he is, and a good fellow. Still he is unreasonable in his desires for game.

ANSWER.

I heartily agree with you as to the necessity of prohibiting the sale of game everywhere and at all times. This is one of the important planks in the platform of the League, which is printed on page 3 of the Constitution and By-Laws. We are ready to aid state divisions in any way possible in securing the enactment of such laws. I would suggest that you have some legal friend draw up a bill embodying this principle, for presentation to our Legislature early in its next session. Then, if you can have some friend in the Legislature introduce and push the bill, so much the better. If you can first induce such law maker to join the League, that would be still better. Then he can advocate the passage of such bill on behalf of the Michigan State Division of the L. A. S., as well as on behalf of all friends of rigid game protection.

I am personally opposed to the 5 deer provision in your present law. No man should ever kill more than 2 deer in a season and, as you say, no matter how modest a man may naturally be in his tastes, when allowed by law to kill 5 deer, he is mighty apt to play the limit when he gets into the woods. Read Percy Selous's article on page 464 of December RECREATION. It will do your soul good to find that you have one man in your division who has determined to quit when he gets 2 deer, even at the expense of a quarrel with his friends. It would be a good plan to have that letter printed in a circular to distribute among the sportsmen of your state. It would make a good campaign document when you go before the Legislature and the sportsmen, to ask for such an amendment to your law.

THOSE OHIO GAME LAWS.

On page 63 of July RECREATION appears an article calculated to create a false impression as to the enforcement of Ohio laws for the protection of game birds. Last winter our game dealers had exposed all through the season grouse, or as called by the dealer pheasants, quails, turkeys, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and squirrels at times, and made no attempt to conceal or hinder their sale to anyone during the open season, although the law specifies they shall not be sold. The dealer evades the intention of the law by producing prepared bills from other States, claiming the game was killed in the State from which shipped, and thus evades the law in this State. The fact is well known that restaurant keepers here refused quail at 50 cents a dozen at the beginning of the open season, and many dozen were "refrigerated" during the shooting term, for hotel keepers and restaurants who had them on bills of fare many days after the season for them had ended. The game warden had resigned his office before the season commenced, and the pot-hunters and sneak-shots took every advantage of it. Ohio game laws are deficient in incentive to those who would gladly inform on violators.

Doves, rabbits, and meadow larks can be killed at all times, and under such pretexts every gun owner, without a conscience as to others' rights and privileges, uses every opportunity to destroy everything that comes in his way. Spasmodic efforts are occasionally made by the Game and Fish Protection Society to get a game warden to prosecute offenders, but it usually ends in a big blow out at a grove somewhere in the country. Willard Barringer, Dayton, O.

A THANKSGIVING HUNT.

Thanksgiving day dawned bright, cold and clear, an ideal hunting day. I was early afoot, bound for the hills West of the station where, I had been told, grouse were plentiful. Reaching the first thicket I began to investigate the most likely places in hope of flushing a grouse. I heard a covey of quail calling, but they were scattered through an almost impenetrable thicket, which deterred me from following them.

While kicking at a brush pile I disturbed a large hare taking his usual daytime rest, in fancied security. He went bounding forth at a catch-me-if-you-can pace. Letting him go until he was nearly out of range I quickly sighted and sent a load of No. 6 shot from my full choked barrel after him. He turned a somersault and lay still. I was about to pick him up, when casting my eyes to the left I was astonished to see another crossing at right angles about 40 yards distant. A quick shot and he, too, was ready for my game pocket.

While rambling through more thickets I was rewarded by hearing the familiar "whir, whir," of a brace of grouse, flushing from an old tree top. A snap shot and one of them slopped to keep company with the 2 hares. After a fruitless attempt to bag his mate, or to find others I concluded to start homeward. In the first field I crossed I saw a hare sitting in a bunch of wild grass. I thought it unfair to shoot him in that position so walked up until he took to his heels. He ran only about 30 yards though, for a well directed shot tumbled him over. A few yards farther I started another hare, and before I left the field 4 had been added to those already in my pockets.

What gave me more satisfaction than the mere fact of killing a goodly bag of game, was that in killing the 6 hares and one grouse I had fired only 7 shots.

J. T. Maris, Rose Farm, O.

HERE IS ANOTHER DISGRACEFUL "RECORD."

Lincoln, Neb.

Editor RECREATION: Mr. W. S. Bentley, of this city, referred to me your letter of the 8th, in which you inquire as to the authenticity of the report that 1,493 ducks were recently killed by a party of sportsmen (?) who live here.

I enclose a brief summary of the facts, and will procure the affidavits if you want them.

A party of 5 sportsmen claim the record for duck shooting, by reason of having slain 1,493 of the fowls in a 2-days' shoot at "Duckland," Utah. The ducks were mostly red-heads and mallards, although there were some teal in the lot. W. S. Bentley, of Lincoln, has in his possession the names of the sportsmen (of whom he was one); their individual records on each day's shoot, and affidavits taken before a notary public, setting forth the facts as above. Photographs were made of the ducks, as they lay on the floor of the hotel office in a town near Duckland. The shooting was done on November 16th and 17th, both days being ideal for the sport at hand. One of the hunters killed 285 the first day, this being the highest individual score.

Ernest B. Fairfield.

No I don't care for the affidavits, Ernest. Your word is good. But what of the men who did the slaughtering? Mr. Bentley and his friends would, if they were decent men, be so heartily ashamed of their "record" that they would burn the affidavits and the photos and never mention their brutal work again so long as they live.—EDITOR.

MY LARGEST BUCK.

In the fall of 1894, I spent 2 weeks deer hunting in Wisconsin. There were 4 of us in camp on Big Thornapple, and for nearly a week the hunting was tame. One bright October day C. and I started across country toward Little Thornapple, about 3 miles distant. Arriving at an old logging camp at 11 a.m., we sat down to enjoy a lunch of crackers and cheese. All at once, as I was looking toward C. and beyond him, a large pair of antlers came in sight, and presently an old buck stood in full view in the old tote road. I immediately touched C. and said in a whisper, "Look!" at the same moment reaching for my .38-40 Winchester. The deer stood on a knoll, about 6 rods distant, and his first jump took him out of our sight. I sprinted to the top of the knoll and could see the big fellow making off to some safe retreat. Instantly my rifle was at my shoulder, and taking a hurried sight I let go at him. Down went his white flag, while he humped himself together and left the tote road. He stopped 15 rods distant, with his tail toward me. I fired again. My friend C., who had perched upon the camps, now began shooting and for a few moments we had a lively time. It was pitiful to see this monarch of the forest in his last struggles. First he fell on one knee, then tried to rise, then went down on both knees, and rolling over fell heavily on his side. We found my 2 first shots had entered in the rear, passing the entire length of the body, and making a sad mess of stomach, lungs and intestines. Only those who have hung up a big deer can realize the work we had in swinging our trophy clear of the ground. This deer weighed 248 pounds, 4 days after he had been killed.

A BIG BAG OF DUCKS.

> H. T. Denham and E. A. Kimball returned yesterday with one of the largest bags of ducks ever brought to Tacoma as the result of a single day's shooting. They had ducks in piles all over their buggy, and underneath the carriage was a box which carried several dozen of these fowls. Their friends were feasting on ducks during the day.
>
> The 2 sportsmen killed 113 ducks in a single day's shooting. This eclipses the old record made several years ago by W. A. Eberly and W. R. Dodge, who bagged 104 in a day. W. A. Eberly and a friend recently bagged 134 in a day's shooting. This will probably remain as the record for some time.—Tacoma, Wash., Ledger.

I wrote Messrs. Eberly and Denham for their version of this story and they reply as follows:

Mr. Eberly and I killed 135 in one day and must admit we are a little bit ashamed of it, even though they are a migratory bird in this section. I don't think any 2 men should kill over 50 to 75 ducks in one day.

H. T. Denham, Sec. and Treas. Tacoma Rifle, Rod, and Gun Club.

We did kill 135 ducks and are ashamed of it—but not sufficiently so to deny it, or to lie about it.

I thank you very much for writing me regarding this.

W. A. Eberly, Tacoma, Wash.

I am glad to know Messrs Eberly and Denham are not so black as painted by the newspaper reports which were sent me. One of these stated that these 2 men had killed 325 ducks in one day. At least 20 of my Tacoma subscribers cut out the article and sent it to me, with the request that I deal with these men as they deserved, but they make so manly and so honorable a confession as to disarm criticism. I am heartily glad they have reformed and that they are not likely to repeat the offense.—Editor.

A GAME LIMIT.

The article in the Daily Report suggesting that wild game would be a gold mine to the different counties of the State if properly protected from the onslaughts of the pot-hunter and game hogs, the men who kill everything in sight, has been well received by the farmers and sportsmen of the State. They realize that something must be done to preserve the game of the country; that the visiting city man or Easterner, who spends money and may become a land owner, looks at game with the same eye that he looks at an attractive waterfall or at sea-bathing—that is, as one of the attractions of the place he chooses to visit. It has at last passed beyond the era of small minds, has this game question, and the public, from one end of the State to the other, is willing to admit that the game should be protected. When, as the action of various County Supervisors recently has demonstrated, the people are thoroughly aroused to the necessity of preserving what is left of our game from wanton slaughter, there is no longer any question of the justice of the Legislature taking action for the whole commonwealth of California.

As the article referred to points out, the close season established by the law at present is good, but does not meet the exigencies of the case. What is needed is a limit on the number of game birds or deer that may be killed. Suppose it were lawful to pick flowers in Golden Gate Park. Would it be just to let one man pick thousands, leaving only a few for the people who congregate there on Sunday? It is clear that rather than do that it would be better to say, "You shall pick only so many lilies and so many pansies," and so on. This would prevent one from robbing the many of their rights. So it is with game. In justice to the farmer, over whose lands the hunter shoots; in justice to the hunter; in justice to all, a limit on the game to be killed by one man seems to be the best method to preserve the game.—Western Sports, San Francisco, Cal.

The leaven is working. They will all come to our way of thinking, in time.

GAME LAWS ARE ENFORCED.

The annual meeting of the New Haven County Fish and Game Protective Association was held in that city in October. The progress reported for the past year was surprising to the most sanguine of its members, and the encouragement received by the association has spurred it on to renewed efforts, and broader fields. Already the game fields in that vicinity show a marked increase in their stock of birds, and the vigilance of the game protectors supported by this organization, will be gratefully commended by all true and loyal sportsmen.

Some of the local prosecutions are as follows: One case in East Haven cost a violator $31.82; another paid $18.50, another in Hamden $17.85, one in North Haven $20.60, and one in Branford $37.72.

Thus the good work goes on. Many of the members of this association are also members of the L. A. S., and the others should be. This course would greatly strengthen both organizations.

NEW JERSEY'S GAME LAW.

Deer shooting has been prohibited by law in this state for 3 years. The old law allowed 10 days' shooting, October 25th to November 5th. The hunters in Gloucester county think that law, if properly enforced, was all right as last year deer were more numerous than for years past. We know the very men who favor the new law violated the old. What can we now expect from them? Will they continue to violate the game laws? If they do and are not called to account we are opposed to the new law to a man, as none but poachers can obtain venison. We want our share if killing is to be done. The country is so wild in the Southern part of the state that only hunters get near enough to the woods to report unlawful acts. A warden should be stationed there during the fall and winter.

Sportsman, Gloucester Co., N. J.

PAYING BIG FOR RABBITS.

A few days ago J. H. Green, of North Plainfield, went into New York State to hunt rabbits, the time for their shooting being legal in that State. He shot 4 of them.

Knowing he had legally shot the rabbits in New York State, he did not attempt to conceal them after his arrival within the limits of New Jersey, where rabbits are still prohibited game. On the train Percy C. Ohl, an officer of the Union, Middlesex and Somerset Counties Game Protective Association, saw Mr. Green with the game swung over his back. Mr. Ohl had game warden Sebring, of Bound Brook, notified, and the latter went to Plainfield and made an investigation of the case.

On looking into the law he saw there was a penalty of $20 for each rabbit found in the possession of anyone in New Jersey before the open season arrived. The law made no allowance as to where the game was killed. Possession of the rabbits was all the law provided for. Mr. Green consulted a lawyer and found that though he had shot the rabbits legally in New York, he was guilty of a technical violation of the New Jersey game laws, and last Thursday he paid $60 to Warden Sebring for the 4 rabbits found in his possession.—New Jersey paper.

GAME NOTES.

Quails and rabbits are numerous in this neighborhood. Most of the birds have raised 2 broods. I also noticed several California quails, though whether they nested here or not, I am unable to say. They were undoubtedly strays from some of the big preserves East of here.

Nearly all land in this vicinity is posted and since the Pratt estate closed about 1,000 acres 5 or 6 years ago small game has been on the increase. I think in the big preserves is the future of the game of America.

I should like to say a word about the naphtha launch nuisance. These boats, full of people who don't know anything about shooting, chase the ducks off their feeding grounds. If this continues all ducks will be driven from this vicinity. There is a law against this method of shooting and we protest regularly every season, but apparently to no purpose. The game and fish commission should have a fast launch and a warden patrolling this part of the Sound during the entire ducking season. One or two arrests and some heavy fines would break up this business and legitimate shooters would have a chance. Nothing that I know of will run ducks so quickly as to chase them on the feeding grounds with boats. The birds get no chance to rest and soon leave.

A. S. Doane, Dosoris, L. I.

You will oblige a number of sportsmen by writing a personal letter to S. S. Locklin, of Livermore Falls, Me., concerning side hunts. Game was plenty around here until the hunts, of which Mr. Locklin is the ringleader, were organized. Now game is growing scarce. I think with him it will help stop the killing and I know it will be considered by all of the local sportsmen as a great favor.

P. D. Q., East Livermore, Me.

ANSWER.

I did not take time to write Mr. Locklin a personal letter, but I did send him several marked copies of RECREATION, containing comments on side hunts that have occurred in 2 different places within the past 2 years. Also marked copies of other issues, containing letters from readers approving my criticisms on these side hunting game hogs. From these Mr. Locklin has already learned what decent sportsmen think of this relic of savagery, known as the side hunt. It is to be hoped he has passed these copies of RECREATION around among his friends who were to participate with him in the game drives. If so, we may also hope the hunt was declared off.—EDITOR.

I would like to echo what W. S. Mead of Woodstock, N. Y., says in June RECREATION in regard to foxes as game destroyers. He hits the nail square on the head. I believe foxes kill more grouse in this town every year than all of our guns together. A friend of mine told me last winter that in a ½ day's hunt he saw where foxes had killed 2 grouse and one rabbit that morning and this is going on every day in the year. One of our most successful hunters said to me not long ago that unless the State paid a bounty on foxes, or something was done, our bird shooting would be ruined entirely in 5 years. I was very sorry to see the law amended to admit killing rabbits with ferrets, for when the rabbits get scarce again the foxes will kill more birds. Last week I heard where there was a litter of foxes and soon a party of 4 were after them with a crowbar, hoe and 2 shovels; also a pound can of black powder and about 6 feet of fuse. When we reached the hole it was under a large tree so we could not dig them out. We shoved in the can of powder with the fuse attached. Then we plugged up the holes with dirt and lit the fuse. The explosion lifted the dirt a little but most of the smoke stayed in and I think killed the foxes. We found the bones of a lamb and enough feathers to stuff a pillow.

E. S. Billings, Smyrna, N. Y.

Inclosed is clipping from a state paper, showing that the misguided sportsman still exists:

> BAY CITY, Mich., Nov. 28.—Bay county sportsmen will endeavor to induce the next legislature to change some of the game laws. They ask that the prohibition of spring shooting of ducks be withdrawn and that the open season for quail and ruffed grouse be changed from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1 to Oct. 15 to Dec. 15. The sportsmen say the prohibition of spring shooting has not increased the number of ducks as expected; but claim that ducks have been fewer this fall than in 15 years. With regard to the other change, they say Oct. 1 is too early for quail inasmuch as the birds are not then full grown.

Discouraged in their efforts to secure the enactment of uniform game laws in the surrounding states and envious of their neighbors "across the line," the Michigan sportsmen seek to amend the laws, so that they too, may kill the duck that is Northward bound in springtime, to lay the golden egg. It seems a shame that men who class themselves as sportsmen will persist in this "penny wise, pound foolish" policy.

The clause quoted in regard to amending the quail law, is in line with the views of the majority of sportsmen in this vicinity, and meets with general approval.

M. E. Denison, Benton Harbor, Mich.

The shooting season closed here December 15th. Because of scarcity of work in this vicinity there was more than the usual amount of shooting done; still a liberal amount of game is left for breeding. Since the snow fell I have been hunting foxes, and find there are many rabbits left, notwithstanding hundreds were killed. Ruffed grouse are more plentiful than usual. They are too wary and swift of wing for the majority of our shooters. Quail were not bothered this year, consequently, with another good season for breeding, they will be abundant. Last week while tracking a red fox I saw it jump from a large tree where it had been sleeping, curled up on a limb. The tree leaned a little, just enough to catch the snow on the North side. Reynard had been nearly to the topmost branches. He will not climb another tree, nor destroy more game, for a charge of shot from my new Baker, caught him at 40 yards.

J. T. M., Rose Farm, O.

One day last summer I came upon a large flock of grouse in a thicket at the edge of a field. Two birds flew away, and the rest ran into the thicket, "puttering." I took a little detour and got right in among them. I could hear them on all sides chattering and running over the ground, or hopping up among the low branches. Soon one appeared in full sight on an old fence not 15 feet away. I watched her fully 10 minutes. With a Stevens pocket rifle I could easily have cut her head off; but a camera would have been even better than the rifle. At length I moved out in the field and lay down out of sight. Then the scattered birds began calling to each other like chickens. Those in the trees dropped to the ground; the 2 that had flown away came sailing quietly back, and soon they were all reunited. I came away empty-handed, but with a satisfaction greater than if I had killed half the flock. J. L. W., Cornish, Me.

Jack Curry and I have just returned from a week's quail shooting down in Tennessee. We found birds quite plentiful. We bagged, one day, 120 over our Llewellin setters, Dash, Florence, Gipsy, Kate Tyler and Nellie. They are all grand field dogs and beauties. W. W. Storcer.
Mt. Sterling, Ky. —Exchange.

The friend who sends me the inclosed, says:

"Please give these swine a good roasting. Disgrace them in the eyes of all true sportsmen, as all of their kind should be. I am a staunch friend of RECREATION, and if all shooters and fishermen would read it and abided by its teachings there would be plenty of fish and game for all time to come."

I pity the dogs that are forced to associate with such miserable swine as these. If they are "grand field dogs," as Storcer says, they should belong to gentlemen.—EDITOR.

It was a beautiful night for a sail from the main land to the Fire island shooting grounds. We started at about 5.30 in Captain Jean's sloop, a 38-footer. Having a fresh Westerly breeze we reached our anchorage, which was within 10 minutes' row from the blind, at 8 o'clock.

It was just beginning to make light when we put our stool out and fixed in the blind. We had been there but a few minutes when a small flock of plover came over giving us a beautiful shot. Then they flew thick. We got all told, 11 plover, 7 yellow legs and a number of oxeys and ringnecks. The sun was pretty well up by the time we left the blind, and on reaching the boat, a hungry crowd, we were pleased to find that the captain's boy had a good hot breakfast all ready for us.

E. D. Lentilhou, New York City.

We subscribe for 7 papers and magazines but to none do we look forward with the pleasure we do to the coming of RECREATION. It is usually several days before my wife will allow me to get hold of it; at least not until she has devoured it, ads and all. We unite in commending you for the stand you have taken in regard to the game hogs; also the firm and yet gentlemanly manner in which you deal with such insulting letters as that from Geo. H. Webber, Dep. Col. U. S. Customs. His letter in the December number made me almost regret that I was a citizen of a country having such an unworthy man in office. He has certainly lowered himself in the estimation of every true sportsman. It's the cur that's hit the hardest that howls the loudest.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. G. Arnold, Chicago, Ill.

A SHAMELESS BEAST.

A subscriber in Massilon, Ohio, sent me a clipping from a paper published in that city telling of a disgraceful record made by a local game hog. I wrote him asking if the report were correct and here is his reply:

Massilon, O., December 4, 1898.

Editor RECREATION: In regard to killing those 175 quails in one day I will say that it is a fact. They were killed 10 miles South of Coshocton. Besides I have shot over 500 this season and expect to kill many more.

Yours, etc.,
Ray L. Markel.

It is against the law to sell quails in Ohio. What did Markel do with his 500?

The attention of State Game Warden Reutinger is called to Markel's brag.—EDITOR.

It is interesting to note the success hunters have met with in Northern Ontario, including the Muskoka lakes, the Magnetawan river, Georgian bay and Haliburton districts. The open season for deer runs only from November 1st to November 15th and in these 2 weeks the Canadian Express Company alone carried 1,754 deer carcasses from the regions mentioned. Chief Game Warden Tinsley, of Toronto, predicted that the 6,000 sportsmen who went into these districts would get one deer each, and this prophecy has come true, judging from the number of deer carried by one express company alone, and considering those used in camp and shipped by other transportation companies.—Toronto Globe.

I want to thank you for recommending George C. Jones, of Carritunk, Me., to me as a guide. After corresponding with him I went up there and I found him all that could be desired, both as a guide and a gentleman. You will do any one a favor to whom you may recommend him. I got my moose the second day out and he was a good one. His horns spread 56½ inches, he was 6½ feet high at shoulders and weighed, with head on, in Boston, 709 pounds. I also got 2 deer. The section around Carritunk is as good as any for moose, and any one who can travel a reasonable distance in a day, would be almost sure to get a shot, with Jones as a guide. R. W. Hill, Elyria, O.

I have read your articles on the destruction of game and am doing all I can to prevent it. I work among cats. In the farming districts they destroy enough game to send them to prison for life. One summer, in 2 weeks on a farm, I saw a pet female cat catch quails and rabbits and whippings did not break her of the trick. I saw her have 10 rabbits and 5 quails. Every farm has from one to 10 cats and they kill thousands of small game. The game laws of New York protect you if you kill hounds running deer. Will it protect you if you kill cats? If not let us have a law that will. Each dead cat is equal to 60 birds or rabbits a year. J. M. Austin, Middletown, N. Y.

Complaints were made to me during the summer, from towns in Litchfield county, about persons violating our game laws. In one case 3 Italians were hunting before the law was off and, for want of larger game, shooting song and insectivorous birds. One of the men was arrested, and as he acknowledged killing 5 robins and 2 blue birds, was fined $7 and costs. The law says the fine shall be $1 for each bird killed or had in possession. I have no doubt the offender was ignorant of the law; but he will long remember the instruction he received from the Court and the amount of money he had to pay.

F. C. Barnes, Game Warden, Litchfield Co., Conn.

The following re smoking will be appreciated by all lovers of the weed. I was once with a hunting party on the Upper Ottawa, and we had as guide a French Canadian or "habitant" as the natives are called. He smoked, of course, and one evening at the camp fire the smoking habit was discussed. Our habitant was called upon for his reasons for burning the weed. After puffing away in contemplative silence for a few moments, he replied,

"When I am in de wood all by mesef, long ways from home or de camp, I feels bad, ver lone some. Den I takes out me pipe, sets on log, smoke, smoke and I come glad." A. V. Harmer, Cadillac, Mich.

I have just finished reading C. H. Bennett's letter to you, printed in November Recreation.

I lived on Raquette lake 3 years and a meaner man than this same Bennett could not be found anywhere. From what Mr. Hartley says and the letter Bennett wrote you, your readers will draw their own conclusions.

If I could only catch Bennett with game of any kind, out of season, I would climb on the witness stand with both feet, and the L. A. S. would again inhale the fragrant odor of roast pork.

R. N. Finck, New York City.

Will you, or some reader, tell me how to preserve game, such as turkeys, ducks, and squirrels? This query applies to this latitude, where the weather frequently becomes warm in late fall and winter, or early spring.

R. P. Burhaus, City Editor Gazetteer, Denison, Tex.

There is no way of preserving game in its natural condition except in cold storage. Several compounds have been put on the market, at different times, which were recommended for this purpose, but none of them have proved successful. The best way is not to kill any more game than can be eaten within a few days.—Editor.

The game in this locality is gradually decreasing in quantity as the country becomes older and more closely settled. The smaller varieties, such as red and gray squirrels, rabbits, quails, ruffed grouse and prairie chickens, can still be found in considerable numbers. There are several small lakes and streams within a few miles of this city, on which fair duck shooting can be had during the spring and autumn flights. Pickerel, the gamiest fish we have, are often taken from some of these lakes.

H. L. Hill, Lake Mills, Ia.

You should not shoot ducks in the spring. —Editor.

Grouse were scarce here last fall: few broods being raised on account of wet weather. Woodcock were also scarce. Few were found on their usual summer grounds. All I got, or heard of, were killed high up in the timber. There was no flight to speak of. Something has gone wrong with them, but whether because of better guns or of high market price, I do not know.

Squirrels were wonderfully abundant. There was plenty of food for them, and they came here in freight cars, I think. Some big bags were made.

Deer in Vermont were not so plentiful as they were supposed to be before the season opened. E. L. Ward, Fair Haven, Vt.

A few of our local sportsmen have leased 640 acres for a park in which to propagate game. It will be stocked with pheasants, quails, woodcock, grouse, gray and black squirrels, hares and rabbits. I think the enterprise will be a success, as the promoter, Mr. P. R. Sleight, is a hustler.

This State should take pattern after Oregon, and have a State hatchery for pheasants. They are the coming bird—gamy, hardy, and good breeders, and I think readers of Recreation in New York will agree with me. Will not our sportsmen take it up and see what can be done toward establishing such a hatchery?

B. J. P., Newark, N. Y.

There is a small lake covered with a heavy growth of rushes, 2 miles from here where a large number of teal, pintail, mallard, and other ducks breed each spring, and where many more would do so if left unmolested during the close season; but they are hunted more or less throughout the spring and summer, and many of the old ducks are shot on the nest every spring. I have called the attention of the State game warden to this state of affairs.

I hope the influence of the L. A. S. will soon be felt in this State, and game wardens appointed who will do their duty.

Chas. J. Campbell, Englevale, N. D.

Mr. Leland Frazier, of Dewitt, Mo., was hunting geese near that place, in the winter of '96, when a flock of 6 ringneck geese came to his decoys. Mr. Frazier was using a Winchester repeating shotgun. He fired at and brought down the leading goose. The others flew a short distance, then circled back over their fallen comrade. Mr. Frazier shot another, the flock circled, and again returned to lose another member. This continued until all 6 were killed; all falling within a radius of 30 yards. This is vouched for by people whose veracity cannot be questioned.

J. D. French, Dewitt, Mo.

G. G. S. Lindsey and Dr. Bruce L. Riordan have returned from the Magnetawan River district, where they have been camping since the end of last month with D. A. Cameron, C. C. Ambery, and F. Swift, of Walkerville, and T. Minty, of Seaforth. They report deer plentiful, and brought down some big bucks. Ex-Mayor Boswell, Dr. Lesslie and J. F. Stupart, of the Observatory, came down from Ahmic Harbor, yesterday with 5 deer. Four hunters were detained last night at Burk's Falls, on a charge of shooting deer in the water.—Globe, Toronto.

Harry Anderson has just returned from a pilgrimage to the Muskokas, and brought back with him 10 deer and a fat and sassy coon.—Herald, Hamilton, Ont.

Barney Swayze, William Hildreth, Alfred Parmenter, Harry and "Nug" Anderson, John Bloom, Charles McCardle, and "Ham" Land, have just returned from Muskoka with 10 deer, one coon and a porcupine.

—Herald, Hamilton, Ont.

Those porkers on page 437 of June RECREATION will spoil if not extra well salted. They have been fattened by running wild, and the meat will be very soft. I believe they should be left in the brine about twice the regular time. Every body should have a .30-40 to turn loose on these "Swinus Merganser" and exterminate them as soon as possible. And then there is "G. W. H.," of Seneca Falls, N. Y., taking 900 bass in one season, keeping the family well supplied with fish. He must have kept the whole bristled family of the State in fish.

Dan Wogaman, Piqua, O.

R. T. Bartlette asks, in October RECREATION, how to teach a dog to tree game, and stay at the tree. My experience in grouse shooting is, never to allow the dog to get excited if you want him to do good work. If you teach him to work quietly, and take his time, the chances are that he will not bark until the bird flies, and if the bird is not frightened it will rise into a tree where the dog can see him. With the game treed the dog will continue to bark till you come to him. Dogs that I have trained to hunt grouse were equally good for coons.

M. P. Edy, Clarenceville, P. Q.

In reply to L. F. Boeltger, Jr., as to whether any reader of RECREATION had ever seen a dog drive a woodchuck into a tree, I can say I have, and he wasn't long in getting in there either. I have seen a dog not more than half as large as a woodchuck kill a full grown one in a short time.

There are a number of fox squirrels, also a few gray and red ones here.

Rabbit hunting is good in season. Some quails and a few ruffed grouse can also be found, but they are protected until 1900. RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine published.

L. H. Ashline, Clarksville, Ia.

In June RECREATION W. B. Scoten in speaking of a fox, says: "We had no chance to shoot, as he did not come within range." In Virginia we hunt foxes for the sport. We ride to hounds in the early morning. When the hounds give tongue, the fun begins. If we strike the trail of a red we know it means a hard ride, while 2 grays have often been run to cover in a day. There is no bounty offered for his scalp in this region and any man caught shooting a fox would be severely censured by all true lovers of the sport.

J. H. Montague, Jr., Richmond, Va.

Was out 65 days with a party, starting August 27th. We got some large elk heads. They were unusually heavy in beam and had from 12 to 15 points. The longest pair of antlers measured 48 inches; the shortest, 38½. We also got 2 good antelope heads. There is a scarcity of buck antelope in Jackson's Hole, though there are plenty of does. The killing of bucks should be forbidden for a number of years.

Game is not properly protected in Wyoming. Any hunter can kill more than he should. W. A. Hague, Fridley, Mont.

On our trip to Hubbard county, Minn., we were successful in killing some large deer. The largest buck had 11 prongs on one side and 12 on the other. Length of antlers 26½ inches, spread 23½ inches. Longest prongs 9 inches. Weight, dressed, 2 weeks after being killed, 245 pounds. We had 2 more bucks that dressed 233 and 218 pounds respectively. Ducks were plentiful; bluebills, mallards and canvasbacks. If there is such a place as hunters' paradise we think we found it.

Hoeffken and Bradley, Norwood, Minn.

I have just returned from a 6 months' trip during which time I seldom got my mail, and learned what a necessity RECREATION has become to me. I am an old time hunter and have always tried to station myself where I could create the greatest havoc with the game I was after. The first time I read your opinion of game hogs, I thought you meant me, and I guess you did. I am a complete convert, however, and if I should get a copy of RECREATION that contained no hot shot for this kind of swine, I should feel disappointed. "Go for 'em." You are doing grand work and I only wish you had commenced a few years sooner.

James Hanks, Earlham, Ia.

As predicted last fall, ducks have left this country. It is a sad sight to see this splendid marsh deserted. Not a whistle of the duck's wing, not a quack from old mother mallard. Last year I saw shipped from here every day package after package; I have not seen a single one this year. Forty miles from here the market hunters have built a freezer and joined with the native hunter they will soon make that district as barren of game as this is. Wake up everybody, and stop the sale of game.

J. C. French, M.D., Wheaton, Minn.

Richard Hawke, of Ishpeming, Mich., recently killed a gray wolf, on which he was paid a bounty of $17. He says it was chasing a deer that was almost exhausted, and that the wolf would doubtless have caught the deer within a few minutes more if he had not killed it. Hawke let the deer go unharmed, which speaks highly for his sentiment and his high standing as a sportsman.

A Hamilton, Ontario, paper says that recently James Crooker, John Jackson and some more young men of Waterdown treed 3 coons up a dead oak, 50 or 60 feet high and without a branch on it. Andrew Rumsteller, a tree climber of much local fame, in a short time dislodged the animals and at the bottom of the tree a dog finished them.

Chickens afforded good shooting here in September. Jack Rabbits are plentiful all the year round, but not hunted till December. Coyotes and wolves are numerous where the country is hilly. Ducks and geese are plentiful for a few weeks in the spring while on their flight North to their breeding grounds. A. E. Flint, Irene, S. D.

I have just got back from camping. All the boys who camped with me read RECREATOIN and know what a game hog is. I am sorry to say we fell in with several, but we made it hot for them. We made them so ashamed, they will not show their face in public for a long while.

E. S. Kenar, Watertown, N. Y.

There is good deer hunting and plenty of small game, turkeys, grouse, quail, and rabbits within 10 miles of our country seat. Our laws are good but not very well enforced. We have plenty of game hogs and it pleases me to have RECREATION roast them. B. J. Minter, Franklin Co., Pa.

A friend, while hunting grouse, recently made a remarkable shot. He fired at a wounded bird on the ground and when he reached the spot found a rabbit had been killed at the same time.

Louis F. Boettger, Jr., Callicoon, N. Y.

It is a fact that in the past a large number of moose in the Lake Kippewa district have died of old age. We expect the number which die prematurely by the bullet to increase annually. I think we have the moose country of North America.

J. O. B. Latour, Kippewa, Quebec.

Feed has been good for game this year, and sage hens and grouse are increasing. Mountain sheep are reported quite plentiful on the Teton range, between here and Jackson's Hole.

W. L. Winegar, Elgin, Idaho.

Will some reader of RECREATION please tell me where I can get some coon hunting within 25 or 30 miles of Boston?

L. B. Anthony, 94 Robinson Street, Lynn, Mass.

Will some of the readers of RECREATION inform me how to cure deer horns, when they are in the velvet, so the horn will not slip? W. H. Hackett, China Flat, Cal.

As there are few game hogs here we have plenty of squirrels, rabbits, and quail. There is no magazine so good as RECREATION.

W. H. Rauson, Sandusky, Ohio.

There is not much here to hunt; in the fall some ducks, geese, brant, snipe, quails, chickens, ruffed grouse and pheasants.

Roy Slade, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Game is scarce, although this section used to be great for ducks, geese, cranes, prairie chickens and quails.

H. A. Van Epps, Farnhamville, Iowa.

Deer and turkeys are plentiful, with an occasional bear, black, brown or silver tip.

A. W. Ivins, Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico.

Duck shooting here was good last fall, but the wild goose crop was a total failure.

Wm. R. Welden, Whitman, Mass.

TWO EGREGIOUS LIARS.

Belvidere, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: I have been a reader of RECREATION for some time and have been amused at the crusade you have entered upon against those whom you term game hogs. Candidly I do not think you will accomplish much. The chances are that when the average man gets an opportunity to go out for game or fish he will not quit simply because game is too plenty or the fish are biting too freely.

What prompts me to write you is an incident that occurred last fall in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan. I was up there with a party, including a number of professional guides, and in the camp there were several copies of RECREATION. One day while one of the guides was looking over the magazine he called our attention to a number of statements you made regarding game hogs. He then told us he had guided a party once that you were a member of, and that you were the biggest game hog that ever came into that part of the country. This statement was corroborated by another of the guides. They went on to tell about your whipping a trout stream, and after you had made a catch of more than 40 brook trout you still continued to fish and did not even take the trouble of returning the fish to the water, but threw them out on the bank to die.

This is a pretty strong statement against you, but my experience with human nature has been that the man who is so anxious to criticise and reform his fellow men will generally bear close watching himself. I questioned both of these guides closely to find if you had happened to tread on their corns; but they seemed perfectly free from any feeling in the matter and simply told the story on you as a joke, more than anything else. F. P. Eldredge.

ANSWER

The guide who told you the story about my trout fishing is a liar and the truth is not in him. The other guide who you say corroborated his story is also a liar, and the truth is also not in him, either. If you will kindly give me their names and addresses I will send them marked copies of this issue of RECREATION.

1. I never employed a guide on a fishing trip, in my life.

2. I have never been with a party on any fishing trip where a guide was employed.

3. I never caught 20 trout in one day, in my life, though I have frequently been where I could have caught 200 in a day, if disposed to make a hog of myself.

4. I am a woodsman, by birth and training, and while I have hunted and fished in nearly every state in the Union, including all parts of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, I have never employed a guide but twice that I can now remember. One of these trips was in the Rocky mountains and the other was in Wisconsin. As a rule I do not need a guide in any country.

5. I will give you $100, if you will prove, by any evidence that would be accepted in any court of record, that any one of these statements is not strictly true.

You never made a greater mistake in your life than when you assume that my war on the game hogs is not doing good. If you could sit at my desk 3 days and read the letters which come from all parts of the United States and Canada, you would be entirely cured of this delusion. There is not a mail that does not bring half a dozen letters from men who have been roasted in RECREATION, or who personally know men who have been. The first class write me to this effect:

" I never knew until you got after me that there was any harm in killing all the game I could. I have always done this, and so have all my friends. We have always considered that the man who could kill the most game, or catch the most fish had won the highest honor. Since you have begun your war on us, we have been thinking this matter over. We find we have been making hogs of ourselves, as you say. When we compare the game supply of to-day, with that of a few years ago, we find it has been rapidly diminishing. Now we have decided to do as you advise—that is to quit when we get enough, and endeavor to save some game for next year."

The second class of men I refer to write me in this wise:

" Your crusade against the game butchers has had a wonderful effect in this vicinity. There are certain men who formerly killed all the game they could, and then boasted of it among their friends. Some of them have, in consequence of your work, quit this and now kill only a reasonable quantity each time they go out. Those who are thicker skinned still go on with their slaughter, as before; but we notice they do not boast of it nowadays. They have learned that their course is unpopular, and now when they come in with a big bag of game or fish, they sneak up a back alley and in at a back door as if they had been stealing chickens. Keep up your crusade on these fellows, and they will in time quit their hoggish work."

I can see by the hundreds of letters that come to my desk that my work has been the means of saving hundreds and thousands of birds and fishes, and at least some thousands of head of big game within the past 3 years.—EDITOR.

IN DEFENSE OF MR. HALL.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: In June, '98, RECREATION you criticised a Mr. Hall for catching 100 black bass in one day.

I am sure you do not wish to do anyone an injustice, and I am certain that when your attention is called to the facts in the above case, you will be only too glad to make it right, and take Mr. Hall's name out of the fish hog class. If you will look over your letter files you will find one from me stating that I have made a rule at Kabekona Camp requiring guests to return to the water all fish that could not be used. In the same letter I called your attention to a picture of a large string of bass which appeared in another paper, in connection with the letter Mr. Hall wrote describing his trip to the camp. I wrote you then thinking you might class him as a fish hog, on account of the picture, and explained to you that no such picture of fish had been taken by Mr. Hall or any one else at my place. Also that the paper in question had rung in an old stock cut, that I was in no good humor about it, and had told them so.

Here is a part of Mr. Hall's letter which puts an entirely different aspect on the case.

"Practically there is no limit to the number of bass that can be caught. It depends on whether one is fishing for sport or a record. Having no ambition in the latter direction, my wife and I limited our combined catch to 100 or less a day, and never exceeded that number, and the result was that we had lots of time on our hands, in which to practice with the camera and loaf about. The wise policy pursued at Kabekona Camp of returning to the water all uninjured fish, save such as are used for food, will preserve these lakes for many years to come—the grandest fishing grounds in this country."

I am anxious that you should place Mr. Hall right in this matter.

H. G. McCartney.

SECRETARY BLISS A FRIEND OF GAME AND FISH PROTECTION.

The Honorable C. N. Bliss has, during his term as Secretary of the Interior, made a most excellent record as a friend of game and fish protection. Here is an extract from a letter he recently wrote Hon. A. T. Vogelsang, President Board of Fish Commissioners, San Francisco, Cal.:

"Your letter is to-day referred to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and directions given him not to permit the work to be neglected or delayed, and to cause the dam to be removed at the earliest practicable date, and that if this cannot be done before the next spawning season, he must cause to be constructed such a fish-way as the laws of the State of Nevada require, and not to permit fish to be taken within the prohibited limit at the dam. Furthermore, I have directed him to instruct the agent to see that the Indians observe strictly the laws of the State of Nevada in the matter of obstruction of the river and taking fish therefrom.

"I am glad to note the interest you take in the matter, and assure you of my disposition to co-operate with you heartily and to the full extent of my authority, to see that the State laws are observed both in letter and spirit, and shall be pleased at all times to be advised of any infraction of those laws by persons under the jurisdiction of this department, whether whites or Indians, which may come to your knowledge, as well as to have any suggestions you may feel disposed to offer in matters of this kind, in which the Secretary may have discretionary power."

I wish all the governmental offices might be filled with such men as Mr. Bliss.

IS HARD ON FISHERMAN.

A few days ago mention was made in the Dubuque, Ia., Telegraph of the capture of a large seine near Specht's ferry, on the Wisconsin shore, by the game warden of that state. The owner escaped, but lost a seine worth $50. The warden captured 2 other fishermen last week, Gus Pust and Ed. Capritz of this city, who were seining in the Mississippi 6 miles below Cassville. The warden got their seine, which was 1,800 feet long. It was burned, and the men were taken to Lancaster for trial before Judge Baldwin, who imposed a fine of $25 on each, with the costs. Pust paid the bill, but Capritz could not pay and was sent to jail for 2 months.

Warden Roschi says he is going to break up this flagrant violation of the game laws, and has a force of deputies out along the river who are lying in wait for seiners. It would not be surprising to hear of other captures.—Galena Gazette.

Here is a game warden who is made of the right kind of stuff.

NOTES.

Professor B. W. Evermann, of the United States Fish Commission, and who is well-known to readers of RECREATION through his many valuable contributions thereto, left Washington in December last for a 3 months' tour of the West India Islands. He was placed in charge of the expedition sent out for the purpose of making a careful collection of the fishes of these waters and has a full corps of assistants, including the well-known artist, A. H. Baldwin, who is making paintings of the more important species of West India fishes. The party sailed on the Fish Hawk, which has been placed at Professor Evermann's disposal, and some interesting reports of the work will be published in the spring numbers of RECREATION.

CAUGHT A DEER WITH A FISHHOOK.

Wesley Welch, of Bleecker, N. Y., while fishing on Reck's pond, in Fulton County, New York, saw a deer swimming, a short distance from the boat. Mr. Welch had a lot of trolling hooks, one of which was large and attached to a stout line. He went in pursuit of the deer, and as he approached the animal, threw the hooks at its head. A large hook caught in the deer's nose, and the line was drawn under its leg, pulling the deer's head under water and drowning it. Mr. Welch secured the game.

—Rantoul, Ill. Press.

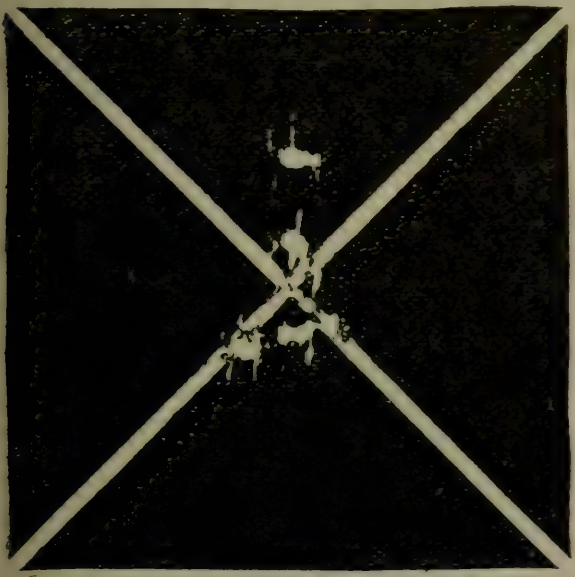
Fishing for deer will no doubt become a custom now, among pot hunters who care nothing for sport. They can save their ammunition by taking their deer with hook and line.

A BIG BASS.

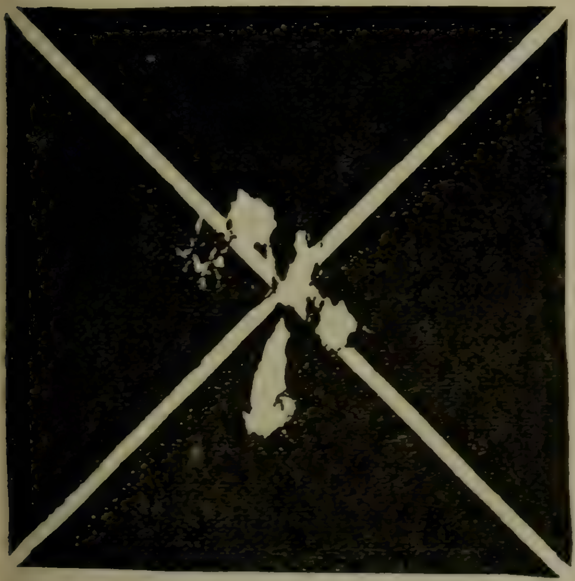
The largest yellow bass ever caught in this or any other country, so far as known, was taken with a hook and line on Lake Mendota, off McBride's point, by Isaac Palmer, during the snowstorm yesterday. The fish weighs, according to affidavit, 8 pounds and 10 ounces, and measures 24⅜ inches in length and 17¾ inches in girth. Con Kreuz bought the big fish, and, after it is photographed, he will have it mounted and placed on exhibition in his cigar store.—Madison, Wis. paper.

THE WINNERS.

RECREATION'S rifle competition closed September 30th and it was my intention to have the prizes awarded early in October; but one of the gentlemen whom I had selected as judge was out of the city at the time and did not return until a few days ago. As soon as he came home, he and his associate met at this office, by appointment, and carefully examined all the targets that had been submitted. There were 50 entries, and some of the shooters did phenomenal work. It took the judges 3 days to figure out the best scores, and to award the prizes as earned.



TARGET NO. 1, MADE BY DR. A. B. JORDAN.

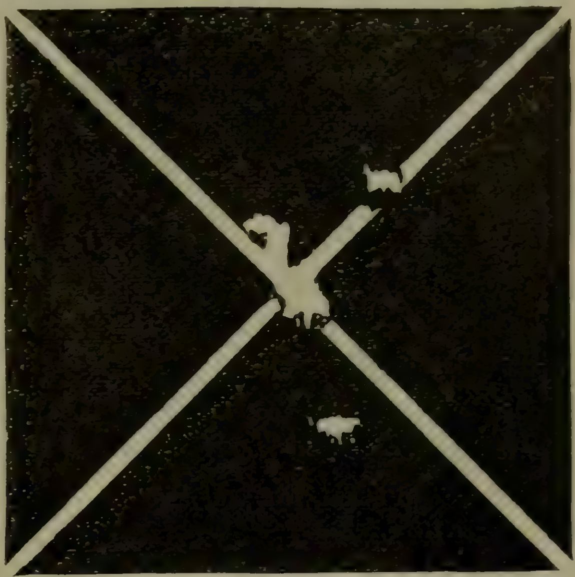


TARGET NO. 2, MADE BY DR. A. B. JORDAN.

The winners are:

Dr. A. B. Jordan, Marblehead, O., first prize, with a string of 1.42 inches.

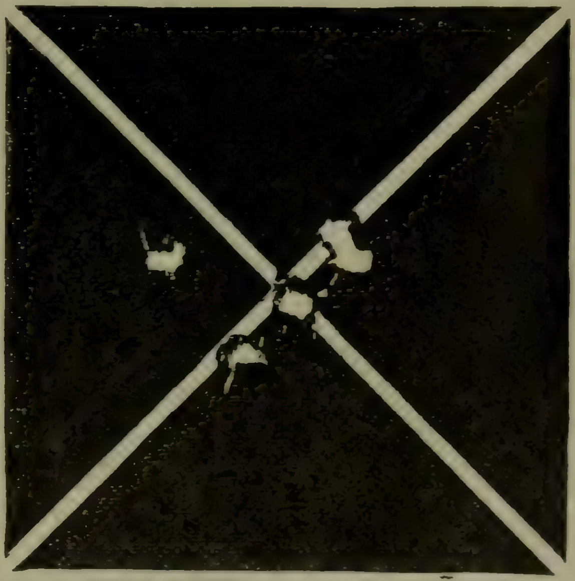
Dr. A. B. Jordan, Marblehead, O., second prize, with a string of 1.45 inches.



TARGET NO. 3, MADE BY H. C. FRENCH.

H. C. French, Brattleboro, Vt., third prize, with a string of 1.52 inches.

H. C. French, Brattleboro, Vt., fourth prize, with a string of 1.53 inches.



TARGET NO. 4, MADE BY H. C. FRENCH.

E. M. Phillips, Cape Neddick, Me., fifth prize, with a string of 1.62 inches.

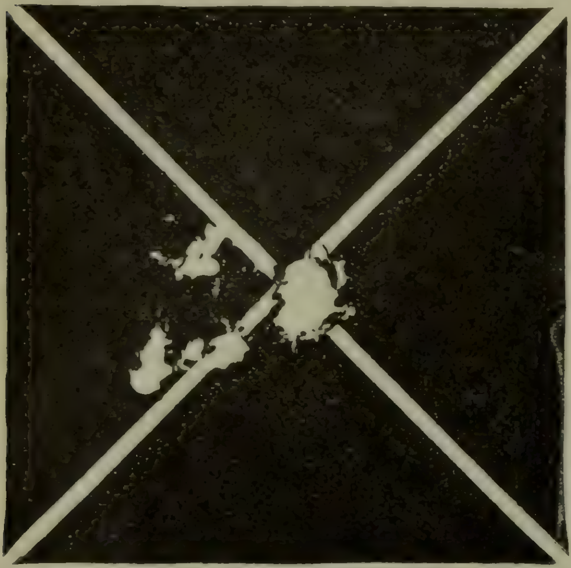
The judges awarded honorable mention to the following:

Dr. A. B. Jordan, Marblehead, O. Target No. 6, 1.63 inches.

H. C. French, Brattleboro, Vt. Target No. 7, 1.73 inches.

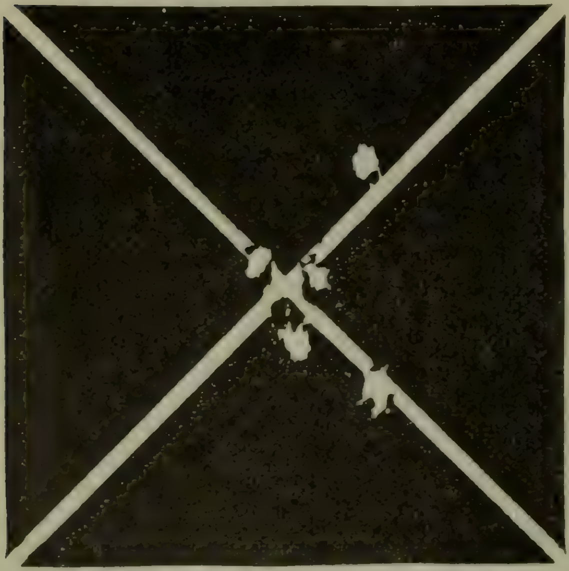
O. M. Barnes, Debeque, Col. Target No. 8, 1.75 inches.

Dr. A. J. Marling, Greenville, Ohio, Target No. 9, 1.77 inches.

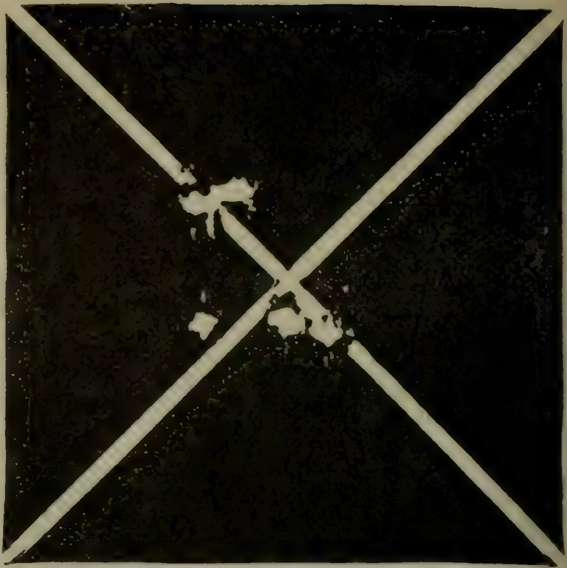


TARGET NO. 5, MADE BY E. M. PHILLIPS.

Here are reproductions of the winning targets. I realize that the veracity of the makers of these targets, and possibly the judgment of the gentlemen who have passed on them, will be criticized; but I have taken occasion to carefully investigate the standing of the men who made these winning targets, and believe the work has been honestly done. Mr. French is too well known among riflemen to need any endorsement. He is a prominent member of the Brattleboro team and an old time prize winner; so there can be no doubt as to his targets having been honestly made. The judges are both civil engineers and expert riflemen of national reputation. They do not, however, wish to be involved in the controversy that is likely to follow this announcement, and have requested that their names shall not be published.



TARGET NO. 6, MADE BY DR. A. B. JORDAN.



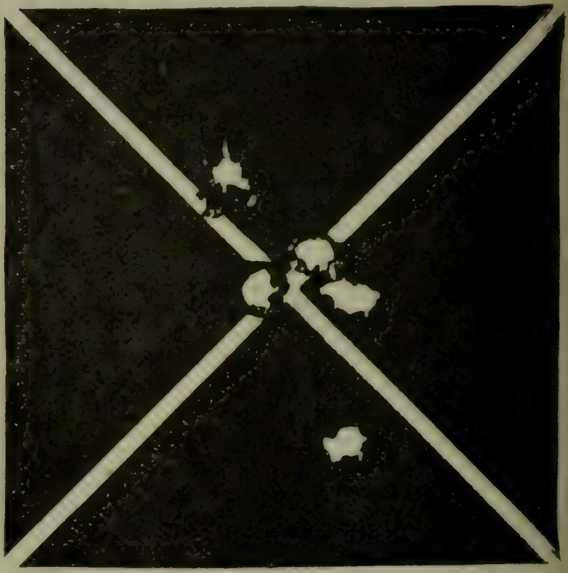
TARGET NO. 7, MADE BY H. C. FRENCH.

I wish it were possible for all the contestants who have sent in targets to feel perfectly satisfied with the work of the judges. They have done their work conscientiously, and well, and are entitled to the thanks, not only of the prize winners but of all whose targets have been placed before them.

A VETERAN'S OPINION OF THE .30.

Medicine Bow, Wyo.

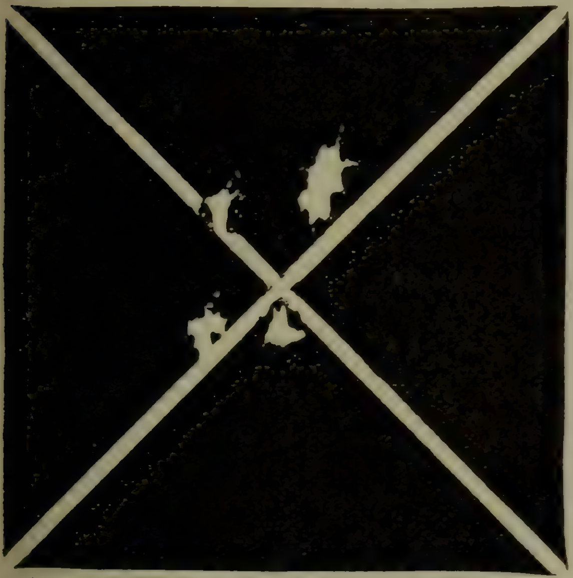
Editor RECREATION: I am an old hunter and trapper and was a good rifle shot when but 9 years of age. My father emigrated



TARGET NO. 8, MADE BY O. M. BARNES.

from Kentucky to Missouri when St. Louis was a small town and Kansas City and St. Joseph were only trading points.

I began hunting with a flint lock; percussion guns, if there were any, were not known so far West at that time. I thought the flint lock was pretty good, even if I did have to pick my flint sometimes and try it again. When it went off, something would drop. My next gun was a percussion lock Kentucky rifle. It was a wonderful gun and attracted much attention, but G. D. caps were costly and not so plentiful as flints. Guns, like everything else, went on improving and I finally got a breech loader. Since then I have owned Sharp, Spencer, Ballard, Remington, Marlin, Stevens and Winchester rifles. They are all good guns. The Remington is hard to beat. The .32-20, .32-40 and .38-56 Winchester cannot be beaten by any black powder gun. They are strong, durable and accurate.



TARGET NO. 9, BY DR. A. J. MARLING.

I am now using the .30-40 single shot, smokeless powder Winchester. For long distance shooting it is the best gun made. I first used the .30-40 magazine rifle, but no repeater will shoot as well as a single shot. The only trouble with the .30 is that you are liable to kill something in another State, for they will shoot across an ordinary county. The first shot I ever fired from a .30 killed an antelope over 1,000 yards away. He was running, and the steel jacketed bullet happened to hit him in the head. He did not have a whole bone in his skull. The next shot was at 800 yards, standing. It took off both fore legs, just below the knees. I think the gun will carry 500 yards point blank. Of all firearms I ever handled, give me the small bore, Winchester single shot.

The Winchester Arms Co. issued a beautiful calendar for 1898. Two hunters are shown leaning over a dead caribou. One of them, with his finger on the bullet hole, says, "the .30 did it"; and I tell you the .30 will do it every time, with a good man behind it.

Uncle John.

THE REPEATING SHOTGUN.

Hamden, Conn.

Editor RECREATION: In May RECREATION, "Subscriber" requests information regarding the Winchester repeating shotgun.

I have used this gun 5 years, on quail, woodcock, grouse, squirrels and ducks. I had shot double guns for a number of years, but since owning the Winchester I have no use for the double barrel.

Though I can lay no claim to skill as a marksman, I will try to prove the superiority of the repeater by recounting a number of shots made with the Winchester shotgun.

Three years ago a companion and I were hunting in a small swamp. Our dog flushed a grouse. We each fired 2 shots at the bird, but without success. My companion's gun was a double barrel, and he started to reload while we were walking toward the spot where the bird got up. We had gone but a few steps when up jumped another grouse. I fired and missed, but quickly throwing another shell into place I had the satisfaction of downing the bird. My companion had not yet reloaded, and had not my gun been a repeater the bird would have escaped.

One day soon after this, I was strolling through an open field, with the Winchester across my arm. At the edge of the field, a bevy of quail rose from the grass. I fusilladed them with 4 shells but they kept on. As they disappeared in the distance, a gray squirrel skurried along the top of a nearby fence. He didn't get far, however, before I killed him with the fifth shell.

While shooting over decoys, last November, I dropped one duck with the first shot, and 2 with the third. This, of course, was while firing into a flock, and would have been impossible with any gun except a repeater.

If a repeating rifle is superior to other rifles, why should not the repeating shotgun be better for all purposes, than other styles of shotguns? W. H. Avis.

AMERICAN GUNS FOR AMERICANS.

Mt. Pleasant, W. Va.

Editor RECREATION: I am much interested in the discussion going on in your Guns and Ammunition department, as to the relative merits of American and foreign guns. My brothers and I have owned a dozen Belgian guns, but we never knew what it was to have a gun that wouldn't shoot loose at the breech and scatter like a pepper-box, until we sold the whole assortment to a junk dealer and invested the proceeds in 3 American guns—a Baker, a Remington and a Winchester model '93. These guns are the acme of perfection, being simple, durable and close, hard shooters. A neighbor has a Smith which I would like to tell about; but since the makers decline to advertise in RECREATION I likewise decline to discuss its merits. American sportsmen's magazines, American gun makers and American sportsmen should all co-operate.

Not only will the average American gun outshoot and outwear the Belgian gun, but it far excels the high-priced English product in everything essential to the highest proficiency in a firearm. Only last week my $35 Baker beat a $150 foreign made gun at 40 yards, both in pattern and penetration. A wealthy banker here has a $250 English 10 gauge; but concedes that my 12 gauge Baker is far the superior weapon. I have shot or have seen shot all sorts of guns—American, English and Belgian—under all sorts of conditions, circumstances and situations, but have never seen a foreign gun, no matter what the cost or how finely finished, that could equal the American gun of moderate price for shooting qualities or durability of mechanism.

My advice to any one about to pay $10 or $15, for a Belgian gun, is to raise a V more and get an American hammer gun of cheap grade, or put all his money in the savings bank and cut a club for hunting purposes. It will save money, worry, vexation of spirit, and unrealized expectations. It will be nearly as effective at long range, save him constant attendance at the repair shop and keep his early religious training inviolate. American guns are the most simple in construction, the most durable in action, the most ingenious in mechanism, the closest, strongest, shooters in the world and the Baker is the hardest hitter and the safest of all the Americans. J. W. Walker, Jr.

IT'S SO, AND THAT SETTLES IT.

Rossland, B. C.

Editor RECREATION: The world is utterly wrong in using the silly 8, 10, 12, aye, even 16 gauge, but the gunmakers refuse to allow an innovation because they have these bores in stock. There is only one bore in the world fit to use, and that is the 28.

In the London "Field," 8 or 9 years ago, I fought the battle of the 28 against 12 or any other bore. And at last I won, although every sportsman in England began by calling me "fool." But what I don't know about sport isn't worth the trouble of knowing. With my 4½ pound, specially made, 28 bore I have shot in Africa, and over all the United States and Europe. But with the 28 you must be able to shoot straight.

The late Lord de Clifford was my brother in law and used to shoot with me. He was the champion pigeon shot of the world. He won the Monte Carlo pigeon handicap with the 28; and over and over again I "wiped his eye" over pheasants, partridges, hares, rabbits, etc., when he was using a 16 or a 12. In Scotland I shot hundreds of driven grouse, blackgame, etc., and the last time I was shooting I lent one of my 28's to the head keeper. He went mad over it. Buffalo Bill and Annie Oakley broke glass balls with it at Kensington, London, and said they had never imagined such a gun.

With black powder it is a toy. You must use Schultze, nitro, or doubtless any of your new U. S. powders, the names of which I don't even know. The charge I use is 13-16 ounce of shot and 29 grains Schultze.

A 12 bore is to my mind an ancient blunderbuss; in '98 we use the tiny Lee Metford. I have my 28 here and would lend it you for trial if I knew how to send it. It will entirely revolutionize the gun trade; there is nothing like it. I have killed 20 jacksnipe with it without a miss, also 20 rocketting pheasants, ditto wolves, etc. Where you are all wrong is you study guns, while you should study loads.

MARLIN OR WINCHESTER?

Albany, Ore.

Editor RECREATION: Having noticed the discussion, in RECREATION, of the relative merits of Winchester and Marlin rifles, I would like to give the result of my own observation. I have used both guns and studied their work. It is also my habit when I find a man who uses a rifle, to ask his opinion of it.

In October '93 I bought a '91 model, .22 calibre, Marlin. I never saw a nicer, more accurate, or better balanced gun. I used it a year and took good care of it; yet at the end of that time it would not throw out the shells. Next I got a .32-20, single shot Winchester. It did good work and seemed to have an almost indestructible action. Next I tried a '73 Winchester, of the same calibre. I used it 2 years, dragged it through the mud, stalking geese, and had it out in all sorts of weather. When I disposed of the gun it was good as new. I now have a .38-55 Marlin, but being a new gun I don't know how it will wear.

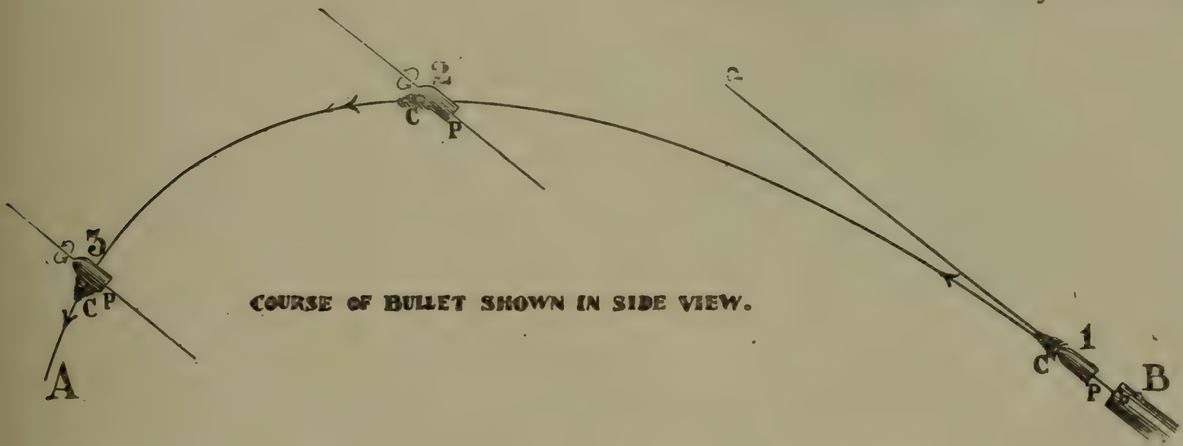
A Marlin barrel on a Winchester frame would make an ideal magazine rifle. I have never heard the accuracy of the Marlin nor the durability of the Winchester questioned. I have used, seen and heard of Marlins with defective actions; and I have known of Winchesters that "shot out" quickly. I also know of both Marlins and Winchesters that have been used for years and are in perfect condition; and this is the rule, where they are well cared for. The difference is slight, but it is there, nevertheless. The side ejection of the Marlin is no advantage; the mortised cover to the '73 Winchester is much better. If you want a nice gun get a Marlin; if you want a good gun get a Winchester. Melville T. Wire.

Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, "Bird Neighbors" and a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

DRIFT OF PROJECTILES.

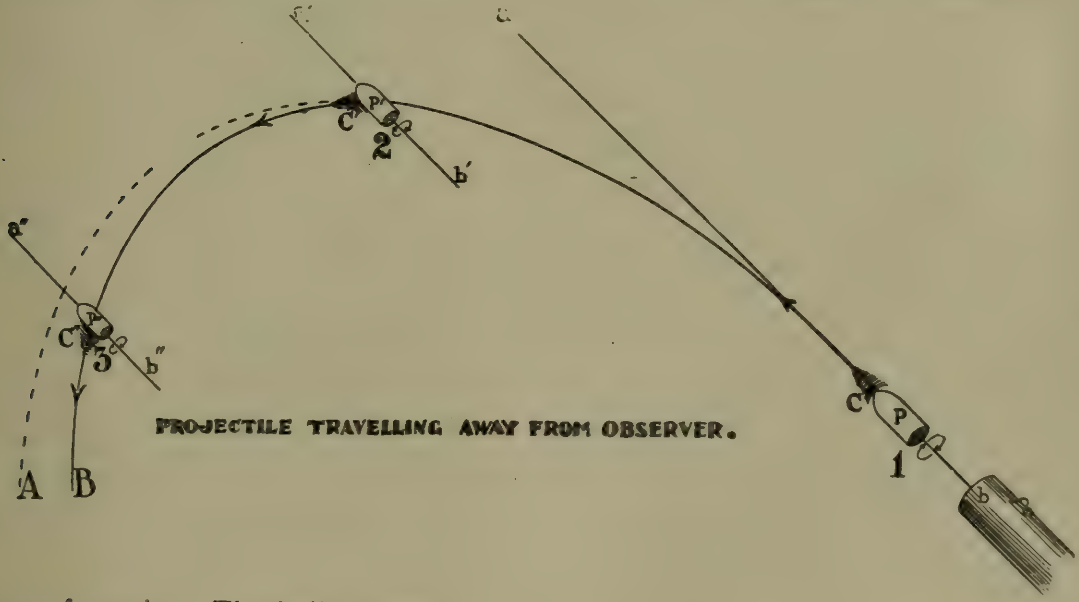
G. P. SERVIN.

Dr. Wyk Wager says he does not believe a rifle bullet drifts, simply because he does not understand why it should. I suppose he will be greatly surprised to learn that the drift of all kinds of projectiles fired from rifled barrels is not a matter of opinion but an established fact. The drift of different guns, on known ranges, has been accurately measured. For instance, the drift of the bullet from a Springfield rifle on a range of 1,000 yards is 43 inches to the right.



COURSE OF BULLET SHOWN IN SIDE VIEW.

I have never seen a reason given as to why a bullet drifts; but it is evidently a simple one. A projectile fired horizontally, and rotating to the right, begins to drop as soon as it leaves the gun. This is owing to the action of gravity. The bullet traces a curve to the ground; but in the mean-time the axis of the bullet has remained horizontal because of the twist. The bullet in dropping through the air increases the pressure of air on its under side. The air pressure being increased on the under side of the bullet the friction of the bullet on the air is also increased on the under side. The under side of the bullet is moving to the left, and thus the bullet tends to roll to the right on the cushion of air formed under it. This explanation applies equally to a bullet fired at an angle of elevation, the axis of rotation always remaining at this angle while the bullet traces its parabolic curve, thus increasing the air pressure on one of the moving faces of the bullet and producing the drift.



PROJECTILE TRAVELLING AWAY FROM OBSERVER.

I should like to hear from any reader of Recreation who uses a .22 calibre No. 4 Remington rifle. I consider mine better than a Stevens because of its superior action in extracting the shells, throwing them clear of the gun, which the Stevens does not do. How do the 2 guns compare in accuracy? I have never shot a Stevens?

Garrett P. Servin, Jr.

The accompanying diagram No. 2 represents the course of projectile viewed as fired almost directly away from the observer. The bullet is shown in 3 positions P, P′ and P″ and is supposed to be rotating to the right as shown by the arrows at the base of bullet. It will readily be seen that as the bullet advances its axis, represented at a b, a′b′, and a″b″ always remaining parallel to itself the cushion of air (c, c′, c″) moves from the point to the under surface of projectile. This as has already been explained causes the bullet to traverse the course represented by the full line instead of its normal course in dotted line. The measured distance AB represents the amount of drift.

Fig. 1 is a simpler diagram illustrating the same supposed shot, but without perspective.

The projectile (P) is revolving as if the upper side were moving into the paper as shown by small arrows. It will be seen that the axis of projectile always remains parallel to gun barrel, as (a b). C represents the cushion of air formed in front of P and always along the path of the projectile. The positions 1 2 3 show how this cushion moves from the point of P to its under side. The action of the rotation of P in positions 2 and 3 tends to make P move in a direction which would be in this diagram represented by a motion into the paper.

VELOCITY OF SHOT.

Armin Tenner says one pellet of No. 1 shot, imparted with a velocity of 990 feet per second, at 40 yards, represents a striking force of 5.28 foot-pounds. No. 1 soft shot has 71 pellets to the ounce and No. 1 chilled has 73.

Not being expert in figures, I am unable to work out this problem. Will you kindly work it out for me, not in algebraic symbols, for I do not understand them.

D. McCutcheon,
849 Washington Street, Dayton, O.

ANSWER.

Mr. Tenner measured the time of flight of the charge of shot over the 40 yard range, by means of an ordinary chronograph. From this time of flight the mean velocity over the range is calculated. The velocity thus found is not the striking velocity at 40 yards, but the mean velocity—i.e., the actual velocity at about mid range, or 20 yards. To find the striking velocity at 40 yards we may assume that each pellet travels independently of the others, and with the known 20 yard velocity as a starting point. You would calculate the remaining velocity of the pellet at 40 yards by means of any tables (such as Bashforth's) for spherical shot.

Knowing the velocity at any range the energy is found by the regular formula

$$E = \frac{W.\ V.^2}{2g};\ \text{in which}$$

E = The energy in foot founds
W = The weight of shot in pounds.
V^2 = The square of the velocity in ft. sec.
g = The acceleration of gravity.

You cannot work problems in gunnery in plain English. They can only be demonstrated in algebraic terms.—Editor.

THE 16 GUAGE.

I have been greatly interested in articles in Recreation concerning the 16 gauge gun. That gun undoubtedly gives greater penetration than the 12 or 10, thus having much advantage over the larger bores for killing range. This has been often proven, in wildfowl shooting from a blind, ducks being killed with the 16 when they could not be reached by either 10 or 12 gauge guns. The chief objection to the 16 is that it will not carry so much shot as a 12, and therefore has a smaller killing circle. I have a theory concerning the 16 gauge which I submit for criticism. It would take a 16 gauge shell, 3′ inches in length, to hold the charge of a 12 gauge, 2⅝ inch shell. Now if a 16 gauge were made, of the average weight of a 12, say 7 to 8 pounds, and chambered for a 3 inch shell to carry the load of the 12, would not the pattern of this gun be equal if not superior to that of the larger one? Would not the killing circle be increased to almost that of the 12? Would the penetration be decreased? In moulding balls to be used in shot gun, what proportion of tin to lead will give best results? Do cup wads much improve the pattern of a full choke gun?

J. F. M., Slate Hill, Pa.

THE MORRIS RIFLE TUBE.

I often notice in Recreation questions relating to light charges for sporting rifles, the object being, I presume, to find a charge suitable for small game or for gallery work. There has been in use for many years in Great Britain and the colonies an instrument which facilitates the use of small loads in large guns. It is known as the Morris tube, and is made in 3 parts—a breechpiece, the tube proper, and a perforated cap which screws on the muzzle. Formerly this tube was made to fit the various sizes of shotguns, and rifles of the larger calibres. Lately, however, it has been successfully adapted to rifles of the .303 calibre. The tube fits in the barrel of the rifle and takes a cartridge consisting of a C. F. bottlenecked shell, loaded with 3 grains of black powder and a 38-grain lead bullet of about .22 calibre. This cartridge is capable of accurate work up to 25 or 30 yards; although I think the use of a lighter bullet—say about 30 grains—would be an improvement. I hope some American manufacturer will make something of a similar nature for use in American rifles. By the use of a secondary firing pin, working in a false breech, the ordinary short rim fire .22 cartridge might be used for the purpose. I think such an instrument would soon be in demand.

Red Deer, Ottawa, Ont.

PENETRATION OF 10 AND 12 BORES.

In October Recreation, Dr. G. R. Rusker makes inquiry regarding range of 8 and

10 gauge shotguns. Forty years' experience has taught me that the bigger the gun (other things being equal) the better the results. For all around shooting, in this section, give me a 12 gauge, 7 pound, hammerless, with 28 inch barrel. Left full choke, right open. The gun must either be a Baker or some other which has not only the trigger block but a firing pin block also. A gun which may be jarred off by falling or by firing the first barrel is not a safe gun to use. A 10 bore should, at 35 yards, put No. 4 shot through a one inch pine board. The charge being 4¼ drams black powder and 1⅛ ounces shot. For a 7 pound, 12 bore I consider 3¼ drams of black powder quite as heavy a load as 4¼ drams, in a 10. I have never been able to put No. 4 shot through an inch board with a 12 bore gun, nor have I ever seen it done. Perhaps some RECREATION readers have had a different experience from mine. If so let us hear from them.

D. T. Tuthill, Orient Point, N. Y.

A NEW EXPANSIVE BULLET.

In May RECREATION, page 391, is an article on "How to make explosive bullets." The bullets described, however, cannot be worked through a magazine. I have perfected a bullet that can be used in a repeater with perfect safety. From its appearance or weight it cannot be distinguished from an ordinary bullet. It contains no gun-cotton or other explosive substance, yet its effect is wonderful. Cut No. 1 shows the bullet before and after being fired through a 2 inch dry rock-maple plank, distance 75 yards. The rifle used was a .38-55-330 Winchester. Cut No. 2 is a section of a 2 inch spruce plank (the effect is the same in spruce or maple) sawed to show track of bullet. At the entrance the hole is clean, round and of the diameter of bullet; at the exit it is from 2½ to 3 inches in diameter. I have never used this bullet on man nor beast, but think it adapted for large game or Spaniards.

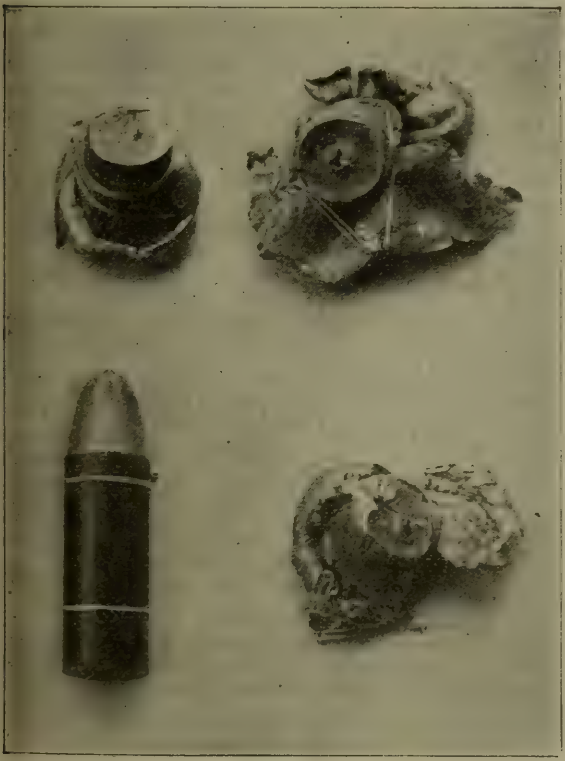


FIG. 1.

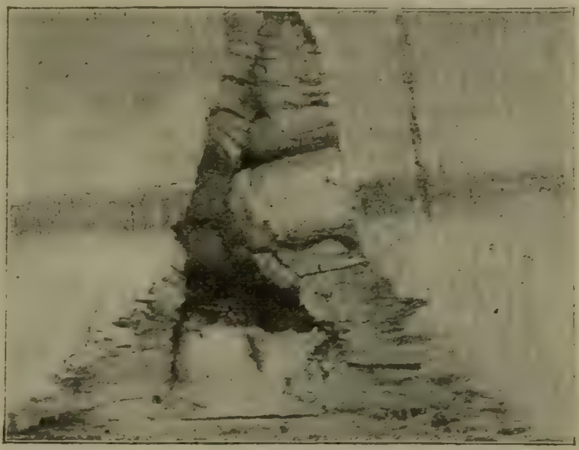


FIG. 2.

S. A. Skinner, M.D., Hoosac Falls, N. Y.

STILL DEFENDING SMALL BORES.

A. S. Marshall writes in RECREATION, that I, after saying the .32-40 was large enough for any game in America, am now using a still smaller gun. That is not exactly the case, as the .25-35 I now use is larger in its work than a .50-100. So I really have a gun larger than the .45-90 he advocates. The .22 is all right in its place, and that is for birds and squirrels; though I have killed 2 antelope with a .22 short. As to attacking a big bear with a club or a pop gun, I have never done either. But I have killed over 100 bears with a .32-40, and never gave one of them a chance to show fight. I have known a man shoot a bear with a .50-120, and get badly wounded himself. W. W. Babcock, of Galesburg, Ill., can tell some interesting stories. I know him and will vouch for his having killed several full grown bears with a club. A .30-40 smokeless is more destructive to game than .50-120 English express rifle. Borrow a .25-35, Mr. Marshall and give it a trial; then let us hear from you again.

M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont.

THE RIFLE FOR BIG GAME.

I endorse the opinion of Hank Hunkamunk on the rifle question, as given in February RECREATION. The small bores may be all right for those who want to pump shot after shot into an animal so long as it moves. I have handled rifles 45 years, and have compared the killing power of small and large bores, with light and heavy powder charges, on large and small game. Were I again going where large game is found I would take a .45 calibre, 11 pound Remington-Hepburn, No. 3 rifle, 32 inch barrel. In it I would use 2⅞ inch Sharp's shells, with 110 grains powder, a 325 grains patched hollow point bullet and triple F.G. black powder. No smokeless for me. I want to hear the sharp, stunning report awake the echoes of the canyons and crags. Then if you know how to point your rifle the game is yours, and no second shot will be needed. Use Lyman hunting sights in their simplest form. I use his rear double peep and make my own bead sights.

Sangamon, Le Roy, Ill.

LEAD BULLETS AND SMALL BORES.

P. K. Dugan asks, in February RECREATINO, if the .30-30 Winchester can be used with black powder and lead bullet. Owing to the quick twist in the rifling of the .30, lead bullets will not prove satisfactory unless used with a very light charge of powder. With a full load they strip, and lead the barrel. I find the .30-40, soft point, just the thing for big game. It is the most deadly cartridge I know of, and I have killed game with almost every calibre from .22 to .50. For deer I prefer the .25-35. Its recoil is less and its ammunition cheaper; morever it is an excellent gun for target shooting, especially in a high wind. Mr. Conyngham thinks the small bore smokeless rifle hard to clean. These guns should never be cleaned. All that is necessary is to draw an oiled rag through the barrel before laying your gun away. I have fired one at least 1,100 times; it was never cleaned, yet is in good condition and as accurate as when new. O. M. B., DeBeque, Col.

THE .22 MUSHROOM BULLET.

In answer to .40-82, will say I have used the .22 calibre short, smokeless, mushroom bullet in my Stevens and see no superiority in it over the solid ball. There certainly can be no advantage in using it for target work. For game it is not equal to the solid ball, as it is so much lighter and gives less shock. I shot at a stone jug, at 30 feet, with a mushroom ball. It went through one side and flattened against the other side of the jug without even cracking it. I then used a solid ball .22 smokeless, which went clear through the jug, cracking it so I lifted upper half off. This .22 short smokeless is a fine little cartridge, no noise or smoke. It is away ahead of the C. B. caps, having much better penetration and less noise. I would like to know why they don't load the .22 long rifle cartridge with smokeless powder.

Sportsman, Otsego, Mich.

SETTLING A SCORE.

In October RECREATION, Mr. Marshall scores advocates of small bore rifles, and calls the .25-35 smokeless, a pop gun. His .45-90 is a pop gun compared with a .25-35 using smokeless ammunition. The .45-90 bullet has a muzzle velocity of 1,480 feet a second; whereas the .25-35 has a velocity of over 2,000. Holding the .45-90 point blank at a mark, 300 yards away, the bullet will fall more than 54 inches: the .25-35 falls only 26. This will show any reasonable person that the small bore smokeless had the greater killing power. With soft nosed bullets, it will tear a larger and a deeper hole in game than any large calibre rifle. This I can prove from experience, as I have owned many large rifles, including .45-90 and .50-110, and feel much safer hunting dangerous game with a smokeless powder arm than with any back number large calibre.

M. M. Conlon, Traverse City, Mich.

THE .25-25 STEVENS.

I heartily recommend to Q., Battle Creek, the .25-25 Stevens rifle. It is just what he wants. I had an old .22 Winchester rebored by the Stevens Co., to take their .25-25 shell; making of it a rifle similar to their .25-25 Ideal. For accuracy and penetration it cannot be excelled. With a slightly hardened bullet it will penetrate 11 inches of pine. By reloading the shells the ammunition costs no more than .22 short cartridges. If smokeless powder is used the cost is a trifle more. I use smokeless powder, as I find the penetration greater and the report less than with black powder. Last fall I shot a coyote with it at about 300 yards. The bullet passed clear through him without breaking a bone. He ran 30 yards and fell dead.

E. G. Rickart, Dear Lodge, Mont.

THE KRAG-JORGENSEN.

The United States Government secured the patent for the manufacture of this rifle in this country by paying Colonel Krag a royalty of $1 on each rifle. About 75,000 rifles are in the hands of the military authorities in this country, and the Government arsenal at Springfield is now turning them out at the rate of 250 a day. In a short time the output will be at the rate of 500 a day, and Congress has been asked to appropriate $800,000 for the expense of manufacturing additional guns. The Norwegian and Danish armies are equipped with this rifle, and France has shown an inclination to adopt it, but hesitates because it is not a French invention. Colonel Krag, the inventor, who has just been in this country on leave of absence, "was deeply impressed with the Unietd States, and especially with the intelligence of its citizens. For this reason," he said, "I believe the United States can, out of such material, equip soldiers to serve behind rifles much more quickly than any other country." Colonel Krag is the present chief of ordnance of the Norwegian army.—Scientific American.

NOTES.

In the June RECREATION Mr. Hambledon gives his opinion in regard to the .30-30 smokeless rifle. I doubt if he ever used one of these guns or saw one used. I own a .30-30 Winchester model '94. I am perfectly satisfied with its work, and its recoil is not great. If Mr. Hambledon will try one of these guns and see the great killing power it has, he will never again carry a cannon on his hunting expeditions. The large calibres are, no doubt, effective enough, but why carry one when a gun weighing much less and equally effective, can be had?

Dan Wogaman, Piqua, O.

Will some reader please tell us which is the better gun for killing deer; the Marlin repeater using Marlin .30-30 smokeless cartridge with full metal patched ball, or the Winchester repeater using .30 calibre smokeless Winchester cartridges, with full metal patched bullet? Or is there a gun better than either? Which is most deadly, the full metal patched or soft point bullet? We have been reading RECREATION 2 years, and would like to express our appreciation of your efforts to make it the leading sportsmen's magazine in the country. Every one says it has improved greatly in the last year and if you could see our copy at the end of the month you would think every man in the city had read it.

Y. M. C. A., Findlay, O.

In May RECREATION you printed a letter from A. Hedger on "How to Make Explosive Bullets."

The mixture he uses is,

Potassium chlorate ....2 parts.
Flowers of sulphur.........1 part.

In your September number, C. E. Ashburner remarks that this mixture "is about as explosive as baking powder would be."

Well, this mixture is explosive—at least when rubbed in a porcelain mortar. This I know from experience.

As yet, I have not had occasion to try it in a hollow pointed bullet, but should like to hear, through RECREATION, from some one who has. Potassium chlorate, and not chloride, is the material that Mr. Hedger refers to. A. E. M., Chicago.

I should like to ask, through RECREATION, if there is a special buckshot gun manufactured. I have tried all kinds, from an 8 bore, 14 pounds, 36 inch duck gun down, and never found anything smaller than the above that would give a satisfactory target and good penetration at 75 yards, with even the smaller sizes of buckshot. The 8 bore, with 7¾ drams black powder, was all right at that distance; but in this climate a gun of that weight is too heavy to tote through swamps and hummocks. Still, a gun is required that will make a good target at 70 yards and shoot hard enough, at 30 yards, to break a bear's ribs.

R. I. O. Travers, Fort Myers, Fla.

To make explosive bullets take chlorate of potassium and black antimony, equal parts by weight; mix carefully with a wooden spoon; add ground glass to make it more sensitive. Fill the bullet with the compound and cover with wax of any kind. It is not advisable to keep these ingredients mixed but they can be combined as required. It is dangerous to keep this preparation in a bottle with glass stopper for obvious reasons.

C. E. Ashburner, Richmond, Va.

May I add, to the continued discussion of different loads and charges, that I have recently tried against several other loads, and found remarkably satisfactory, in a 16 gauge gun, the following: Thirty-two grains smokeless powder, one Field wad, one ⅜ felt wad, one Field wad, ¾ ounce shot, one top-shot wad, (U.M.C.) Acme shell. If others owning 16 gauge guns will experiment with this load, I should be glad to hear the result, but I need hardly add that the details of wadding, etc., should be carefully followed. C. S. D., New York City.

I hope the gun cranks will not heed Dr. Mack's poetic roast, which appears in January RECREATION. Out of the mouths of babes shall come wisdom, and from the pens of many cranks shall flow much good stuff. Keep on shoving your quills, brethren. We want all the discussion we can get of guns and ammunition. The rifle is undergoing an evolution, and it is going to take a lot of investigation on the part of practical shooters to determine just which of the many changes now being made shall be improvements.

Mr. M. Frasier, of Rondout, N. Y., wants to know the killing range of the American Arms Co.'s semi-hammerless, single barrel, shotgun. I own one of their 12 gauge Damascus grade guns. There is no better arm made. My gun will put 27 No. 8 shot in a 6 inch circle, at 60 yards. I shot with it, last winter, 2 grouse at 13 measured rods. The load used was No. 2 shot and 3¾ drams f.f.g. powder. I should think the American Arms Co. would find it profitable to advertise in RECREATION.

E. W. Dearborn, Uplands, N. H.

In answer to Scott Kneeland's inquiry, in September RECREATION, I would say I have used 4 different Marlin repeaters and found the ejecting qualities perfect in all of them. They worked as well with empty shells as with loaded cartridges. I now have a .32-40 Marlin, with Lyman sights; and use Peters semi-smokeless cartridges for long range shooting and the short range cartridges for squirrels. I have used several other repeaters and find them all good, but prefer the Marlin.

C. S. Bassett, Kalamazoo, Mich.

In answer to Mr. Frasier's inquiry in September RECREATION would say: I bought an American Arms Co. single barrel, semi-hammerless gun, last fall, and am well satisfied with it. It is superior to any single gun I ever used, both for pattern and penetration. It killed wild ducks at 70 yards. The load used was 3½ drams powder and 1⅛ ounces No. 2 shot.

E. G. Fadden, Mayan, Que.

I have used all sorts and calibres of rifles, from the old Springfield to the .30-30 Winchester. I think the .30-30 good enough for any game we have in this country. I have hunted with men using .45-70's and .45-90's, and I killed as much game as they. I use the full metal patch bullets and have had no trouble from "leading."

A. P. Waterbury, Sugar Loaf, Col.

Will someone kindly tell me, through Recreation, the best load for a 20 gauge shotgun, and its range and penetration.

R. S. Hamilton, Berlin, Wis.

NATURAL HISTORY.

WILD PIGEONS IN KENTUCKY.

Jeffersonville, Ind.

Editor Recreation: On the afternoon of October 12th near Cobb Station, Caldwell county, Kentucky, I saw a flock of about 30 passenger pigeons. They were flying low, just clearing the tree tops, and going in a Northwesterly direction. I heard and recognized the well remembered whistle of wings, and looking up I discovered the pigeons almost directly over me. I had a good view at close range, and, on account of my familiarity with the bird am sure I was not mistaken.

It seems hardly possible that these pigeons which existed in such vast numbers but a short time ago, could all have been killed. I incline to the opinion that they have sought new fields and that at some future time we may see them return to their old feeding grounds. Owing to the destruction of the forests and the consequent reduction in their food supply we cannot expect a prolonged visit from them; but I believe we shall see them again.

Assuming they have found a refuge elsewhere and are still in existence, it will require only a scarcity of food to start them on their travels. This is likely to occur sooner or later and when they emigrate I predict they will revisit their old haunts. In case they do return it will be interesting to note the point of their first appearance and some idea may be obtained as to their whereabouts during the years of their absence.

F. C. Koons.

ANSWER.

It is scarcely possible that the passenger pigeon does exist anywhere to-day, in great numbers. It is true, as stated in recent issues of Recreation, that when the last great nesting place was destroyed, in the Indian Territory, the birds were not all killed, by any means. They left there in vast numbers and went South; but reports have since been received from nearly all portions of Central and South America and it may be regarded as definitely settled that the passenger pigeon does not exist in either of these countries. The pigeons so often reported from there are of other species. What has become of the passenger pigeon no one knows. They have doubtless broken up into small flocks and it is safe to conclude that most of them have since been killed off.

It is gratifying, however, to hear such reports as this of Mr. Koons. It is barely possible that, if let alone, these small flocks of pigeons may increase and that they may again become plentiful, but it is hardly likely that the game hogs and pot hunters will permit this. It is more than likely that whenever even a few pigeons are found anywhere, most of them will be killed. It is indeed sad that so noble a bird as this should be exterminated, but such seems to be his fate.—Editor.

THE RED SQUIRREL AGAIN UNDER FIRE.

Norway, Me., October 3, 1898.

Editor Recreation: I am glad the red squirrel question is at last up for an airing, It is needed. A meaner or less desirable little beast does not live in the woods of Maine.

I notice David Bruce of Brockport, N. Y., believes an insect and not the red squirrel is responsible for the large number of mutilated gray squirrels. I won't say he is entirely wrong, but I think his statement is greatly out of the way. I once killed a gray squirrel, with rocks and clubs, immediately after it had had an encounter with a red, and on examining the carcass, found unmistakable fresh teeth marks on him. On others I have shot, I found scars of a surgical operation which was never performed by any insect. Hunters here estimate that only one out of every 6 or 8 gray squirrels escapes the attacks of the red. As I haven't shot a squirrel for 5 years, I can't speak on that myself, but I do know the number of unmutilated is small.

Red squirrels are afraid of weasels, kingbirds, mankind and hornets, and I believe of nothing else. They will flee from a hawk, but the hawk can't catch them.

Red squirrels have a larger proportion of pure cussedness in their make up than anything else I know of in the shape of quadrupeds. Their delight in injuring their betters, the grays, is only one instance. They will destroy eggs of any kind, for the sake of deviltry, as they don't eat the eggs; and they share with boys, snakes and milliners the responsibility for the growing scarcity of birds. I have seen a red squirrel lie in a tree top and watch a ruffed grouse till she moved off her nest, in order that he might smash the eggs. He will kill chickens for the joy of seeing the blood run, not even doing it to suck the blood, like a weasel. They will even fight rats and serve them the same as they do the gray squirrels, but I have knowledge of only one instance of this.

Mr. Bruce also mentions migratory habits of the gray squirrel. I don't think our Maine grays are travelers. I have never heard of them traveling, and I have certain knowledge that they have been shot in the same woods every successive season for 20 years. But they are not numerous, and I believe the little red devil is to blame for their present scarcity.

The red squirrel is the spryest, and most athletic animal in this region (except the weasel), and comes pretty near being king of the forests—or if not the king, the boss! I hope that through the pages of Recreation you can stir up the hunters of this land into eternal and unremitting destruction of the red squirrel.

I see that some give good reasons for believing the chipmunk is a bird eater. I have always supposed they were strict vegetarians, but am inclined to think, in view of the evidence, I have been mistaken.

D. C. Clark, Norway, Me.

PROOF OF GUILT DEMANDED.

Schenectady, N. Y.

Editor Recreation: Stories of the red squirrel's skill in a certain line of surgery have been current hereabouts for many years. I heard them when a boy, and old men whom I consulted then said they had believed them from their youth. Notwithstanding the claim for credence which these stories possess by reason of their long acceptance here, I think they stand on a frail foundation. In view of the large number of persons who have recently written Recreation in support of the damaging charge now made against the red squirrel this may be considered an unjustifiable statement, but I believe many of these observers were unconsciously influenced by preconceived opinions which they were zealous to confirm. For instance: Mr. Paul Scheuring says he saw a gray squirrel jump from the top of a pine tree, that stood at least 50 feet from the water's edge, into the river to get away from a red. Now with all due respect to Mr. S. a broad jump of 50 feet from a swinging limb, and while being hotly pursued, is a good deal of an athletic feat for any squirrel; and while I may be mistaken, I am inclined to take this as evidence that Mr. S. sometimes speaks a little extravagantly. I think I may say the same of Mr. E. S. Billings, who says he saw a red mutilate a gray so quickly it was hardly perceptible that his rapid course along a log was interrupted. A gray's skin is strong, and not easily severed, even with a sharp knife, and that he should be almost instantaneously changed by a red, in spite of resistance, seems a rather large story to believe.

I do not wish to prolong the controversy over this matter, but should be glad to see it either positively or negatively demonstrated by evidence which would leave no room for differences of opinion. Personally, I cannot accept it on the foundation on which it stands. Could not some of the gentlemen who have such good luck in striking these cases, forward to the editor a few skins which have scars clearly testifying to their having been mutilated sometime before being killed by the hunter? This would be evidence which would satisfy us all. Who will produce it? Alfred Smith.

LONG-BILLED CURLEW, *NUMENIUS LONGIROSTRIS.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

See page 104.

This is the largest of the American Limicolæ, or shore birds, and is generally reckoned a prize, both by the sportsman and the ornithologist, as it is seldom found abundantly anywhere.

Here in British Columbia it breeds in fair numbers in the Southern interior, and is rarely found on the coast during migrations.

In the breeding season it is tame, and courageous in defense of its eggs or young. No man, dog or coyote can come within a quarter of a mile of its nest without the birds attacking him. They make a great outcry, hovering over one's head and swooping downward with great swiftness, passing sometimes within a few feet; at the same time uttering a harsh, grating cry very different from their usual musical whistle.

The young, like all birds of their family, run as soon as hatched. They then have short, straight bills. They are clever at hiding, and as long as the old birds keep up their warning outcry the young remain squatted behind some tuft of grass.

So far as my observation goes the female turns over the care of the young to the male, who also seems to do most of the incubating. As in the case of most shore birds the female is much the larger, and has a longer bill than that of the male.

During migrations the curlew is wild and restless and seems to spend far more of his time in the air than other waders do. He will beat about and balance himself against the wind for hours together, especially during stormy or threatening weather, generally keeping at a great height, his shrill whistling betraying his whereabouts.

While incubation is progressing the bird that is not thus engaged occupies a conspicuous post in the neighborhood of the nest, generally on top of a hill, fence, or straw-stack, and as soon as an enemy appears it gives the alarm. Then both birds instantly rise into the air and drive the intruder away. I have seen them follow a hawk or harrier a mile or more.

It requires great patience to find the nest, as the old birds are very circumspect in going to and leaving it; running in a crouching fashion through the grass for a long distance. They are good eating at all times, as they do not seem to frequent the sea coast so much as the European curlew does.

AMERICAN MAGPIE.

The American magpie is a resident of Colorado, and breeds here the latter part of April or first of May. Its contrasting colors make it a striking bird. It flies slowly and with its long, wedge shaped tail, looks overbalanced. Years ago I was told they made nice pets, and I procured a young one. I intended to make it the prize magpie of all, but my hopes were shattered, and so, later, was the magpie's skull. I had only 2 hands and they were not enough to keep the bird out of mischief.

I never heard a magpie talk but once. While walking with a friend one alighted at our feet. We stopped and my friend said, "Hello, Maggie!" Imagine our surprise when it answered "Hello." I stooped and it hopped on my knee and began biting my finger and laughing heartily. It would say "Hello!" "Come kitty, kitty," and several words I have forgotten. We found it belonged to a ranchman in the vicinity, who had taken it from the nest when quite young.

The nests are large and bulky and, being built early in the season before the trees are leaved, are conspicuous objects. In the foot-hills magpies build in wild plum bushes; on the plains, in cotton-wool, box-elders, and willows. I have found nests 3 to 20 feet above the ground. Most sets I found contained 7 or 8 eggs, but on April 17, '98 in company with Stuart Garbett, I took a set of 9. In this vicinity, in the last few years they have changed their breeding grounds. The majority of the birds formerly nested in the foot-hills; now you find them on the plains along the river. I have in mind several plum thickets in which, a few years ago, every bush contained 2 to 3 nests. Now they are deserted.

W. L. Burnett, Fort Collins, Col.

FOX RAISING.

The trading companies of Alaska have, by repeated experiments and at great expense, succeeded in raising foxes for their skins, and have found the business profitable. The silver gray, or black foxes, were tried. They are said to destroy their young. Be that as it may, the companies gave them up as a failure. The common foxes, both white and red, would not pay to raise. So it was decided to introduce a European species, the Siberian, or blue fox, an animal bearing 5 to 8 young at a litter, about every 8 months. They are fine foxes and their skins are worth $15 to $20 each. They proved a great success, as I know from the number of their skins I have seen at Kadiak and elsewhere. They burrow, and in summer feed on the hordes of mice inhabiting the grass covered islands where these foxes are kept. In winter they are fed on dried salmon and a kind of meal mixed with seal oil, which gives the pelt a glossy appearance. The foxes are looked after by trusted agents, who receive a monthly salary and a certain per cent. of the increase.

None but male foxes are killed, and these generally in their second year.

They can be bought for $300 a pair. There are many islands in Alaska and British Columbia suitable for fox raising. Some would have to be stocked with rabbits, as there are no mice on them. Cattle could be raised on the same islands without interfering with the foxes.

The valuable fur bearing animals are fast disappearing from North America, and fur farming will be one of the paying industries in the near future.

L. L. Bales, Seattle, Wash.

RED SQUIRRELS, HAWKS AND OWLS.

I have lived in the woods all my life and have hunted from New York to California. If evidence was needed in support of Mr. Billings' charges against the red squirrel I could give it. I am surprised any one should defend the red rascal. Any country boy can tell of his misdemeanors. In a recent number of RECREATION a writer argues that hawks and owls be protected. He evidently never read the indictments of those birds which are written after every fall of snow. Often, when tracking rabbits on the snow, I have seen the trail end abruptly between the imprints of owls' wings. Within 3 months I found the remains of 4 grouse killed and partly eaten by hawks, as shown by the tracks in the snow. Sentimental pleas for such vermin as red squirrels, hawks, and owls are common. If inspired by soft hearts, they are certainly formulated by equally soft heads.

E. A. White, Ely, Minn.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Edward Dickson, a hunter who lives at Sulphur Springs, Lewis County, Washington, near the foot of Mt. Tacoma, recently caught a Rocky mountain goat, which he now has in a corral at his ranch. He was riding over a mountain trail, when his dog jumped the goat, and after running a short distance, it turned and fought the dog. Dickson roped it, tied it up to a tree, went back to his ranch and got a man to help him lead it in. He reports the goat as in good health and enjoying the typical billy appetite. The animal is, however, exceedingly pugnacious, and fights every living thing that comes near him.

I shot a duck last fall which I at first thought was a male bluebill, but on closer examination, concluded it was a cross between a bluebill and a redhead. I should like to know if they are at all common?

H. S. Noxon, Wellington, Ont.

ANSWER.

About 50 cross ducks are known to science. The most common is that of the mallard and black duck. Crosses between the bluebill and redhead are rare. Whenever a cross duck is killed it should be sent at once to a taxidermist and thence to some museum.

Mr. Metzger, of Union City, Pa., is opposed to the taking of birds' eggs for the cabinet under any conditions. Although I am opposed to excessive robbing of nests I think a moderate system, for scientific purposes, is justifiable. I always try to get eggs by taking advantage of opportunities; such as the old birds being killed or nest being destroyed accidentally. In such cases there is no destruction of bird life.

William H. Dunham, Lodi, Mich.

I recently saw an old merganser duck and a flock of 11 young which were so tame they allowed me to walk within 50 feet of them and never noticed me. Let us have more natural history notes; also pictures of birds from Allan Brooks.

William H. Dunham, Lodi, Mich.

I recently mounted a white Canada porcupine, a rare animal in this section. It is a perfect albino and had pink eyes.

John Clayton, Lincoln, Me.

I bought this specimen from Mr. Clayton and shall exhibit it at the Sportsmen's show in March next.—Editor.

THE OSCULATIONIST.

NIXON WATERMAN, IN L. A. W. BULLETIN.

Oh, I'm Lieutenant Hobson, and I sunk the Merrimac,
But now I'm cruising on the land to seek the merry smack:
I lecture forty minutes to the multitude and then
Kiss everyone in sight except the children and the men:
  Grave girls, brave girls, girls who seem afraid;
  Cold girls, old girls, whose teeth are tailor-made;
  Hired girls, tired girls, short girls and tall,
  Tongue-tied and cross-eyed, I kiss 'em one and all.

The editors are howling mad because I've got a snap,
'Tis envy stirs 'em up and so I never care a rap;
And if the ones who howl the most and rant and rave and scoff
Had half a show, why, don't you know, you couldn't choke 'em off.
  Sly girls, shy girls, hasty girls and slow,
  Some who cling like everything, and some who touch and go;
  Giggling girls, wiggling girls, large girls and small,
  Thick or thin, I wade right in and kiss 'em one and all.

I'm likely to be "fired" from the navy, so "they say,"
But what care I, since I may kiss five hundred girls a day?
So long as I may press their lips I think I'd be a dunce
To long to face the cannon's mouth the way I did it once.
  Fat girls, flat girls, sour girls and sweet;
  Girls with beaux and pigeon-toes and No. 11 feet;
  Lithe girls, blithe girls, and girls whose looks appal,
  But having faced a cannon's mouth I face 'em one and all.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

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Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW YORK.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Albany,	C. D. Johnson,	Newtonville, N. Y.
Allegany,	J. D. Holden,	Belmont, N. Y.
Broome,	M. A. Baker,	Whitney's Point, N. Y.
Cayuga,	H. M. Haskell,	Weedsport, N. Y.
Chemung,	Fred. Uhle,	Hendy Creek, N. Y.
Erie,	E. P. Dorr,	103 D. S. Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
	Marvin H. Butler,	Morilla, N. Y.
Essex,	Warren H. Broughton,	Moriah, N. Y.
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Oneida,	E. J. Breeze,	Forestport. N. Y.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown, N. Y.
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Rensselaer,	Capt. J. B. Taylor,	Rensselaer, N. Y.
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LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park Street, Bridgeport, Ct.
Hartford,	Abbott C. Collins,	783 Main Street, Hartford, Ct.
(County Warden, care Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.)		
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

Harvey C. Went, Sec.-Treas.

HE JOINS THE LEAGUE AND TALKS BUSINESS.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: Your letter received, and I hand you herewith $1 for membership in the L. A. S. I am greatly pleased to learn that the New York game markets are closed. This means the saving of tens of thousands of birds to the people of the West, to say nothing of the East. The repeal of Section 249 N. Y. Game Laws is a great achievement for the L. of A. S. Great reforms in game protection laws and their enforcement must always be accomplished through a national organization of sportsmen.

I read RECREATION every month. It is an ideal sportsmen's magazine. The reports and letters from all parts of the country are deeply interesting.

I am pleased with the stand you have taken on the question of market hunters and the sale of game. The taking of game for purposes of merchandise, is simply theft of the people's property for personal gain and should not be tolerated anywhere. It is a disgrace to the name to call men sportsmen who are engaged in this infamous business. They have been recognized for years as ignorant, shiftless and lazy. They are of little account as citizens in any community.

While at our club house on Post lake, Wisconsin, last fall, I made a trip down the Wolf river and there, miles from any habitation, was a ragged, dirty old man living in a hut. He was trapping and killing everything he could convert into money. He said that had been his occupation for years; that when he cleaned out all living creatures in one locality he moved to another. This species of *mephites* must be driven out of every locality.

I learned by a careful inquiry that within a radius of 6 miles of our club house men and boys had killed and sold, for 20 cents each, about 400 ruffed grouse, during the fall. The object in killing these partridges seemed to be to buy cartridges to kill more partridges to buy more cartridges.

I did not learn of a single person among them who had ever done a single hand's turn to increase the supply of game. Our club members (who never sell game) put out 8 bushels of wild rice there, and in the spring they intend to release 25 ring-necked pheasants to propagate. We also had placed in streams last fall a large number of trout fry, in several lakes bass, and we have an order in for several thousand more fish to stock the depleted lakes in that vicinity.

To stop the sale of game, if not for more than 2 years, would mean to increase its supply amazingly. To provide food for the game birds which remain North during the winter would be a noble and profitable occupation. Not one in 100 sportsmen ever puts out a nut or a handful of grain for any wild bird or squirrel. Let this be made a study and practice: How to increase the food supply, instead of giving all thought to guns, ammunition and dogs and the watching of brother sportsmen. It would give us more pleasure than does this eager killing. One-half of all of our game birds are migratory. They are bred in the North. We have 2 months—October and November—in which to hunt them. They stay in the South through November, December, January, February and March, during all of which time they are slaughtered mercilessly and sold. This is unfair. The L. A. S. should protest and use every influence to stop the selling of game and the shipment of it, this would reduce the killing to a trifle of what is now being done. We should begin at once with our Southern friends to stop this winter market hunting. Especially should we help our friends in Texas who want it stopped, by aiding them to secure amendments to their game laws.

There should be no shooting of game on Sunday, and there should be places of refuge for migratory birds where they must not be molested at any time.

The only place where water fowls are not killed is in the inaccessible North where man cannot reach them, and during this time our laws say they must not be killed nor their nests robbed.

I trust your League will get after the wicked people in Boston, Washington and all other Eastern Cities, to whom our game is being unlawfully shipped and sold. You should shut up the market as quickly as possible.

Many states now forbid the sale of their own game. If it can be stopped in one State it can be stopped in all. I will not say anything of the shameful Game Laws of Illinois, only we are going to set ourselves right soon. Recreation and the L. A. S. should appeal to the Governor and the sportsmen of Iowa to save their game from the market hunter and shipper. I hope to see every state adopt a game warden system soon. This winter should see great things done for game.

I am strongly in favor of licensing guns in all states, for restraint and revenue. We have had years of sport for nothing and few sportsmen have ever given one nickel for food, for propagation or for the privilege of hunting.

We must make a united effort at once to have Congress pass the bill which the Hon. George E. White, of Chicago, offered last summer. It was drawn by the Hon. F. S. Baird, Attorney for the G. B. & F. P. A., and was introduced in the Senate by the Hon. H. M. Teller. It is in the nature of an amendment to the Interstate Commerce law, making it a misdemeanor for any transportation company to receive and ship any game out of a state where such shipment is forbidden by statute. This bill strikes at the very basis of all this game destruction and its passage will mean more for game protection than 100 wardens in each State could ever do.

I am pleased with the new addition to our ranks, the "Kodak Sportsman." Give us more of his work, and fewer of the pictures of destruction and death of our beautiful game birds and animals.

Maurice R. Bortree,
State Game Warden.

ANSWER.

The League is pushing its work in the Southern states as rapidly as possible and we hope to organize divisions in all of them within the year. Then we may hope to provide some kind of protection for the migratory birds that winter there. This is greatly needed and I beg every Southern sportsman to join the League at once and help us.

The officers of the League are urging the passage of Mr. White's bill which Brother Bortree refers to. We are also working hard for the passage of Senator Hoar's bill which forbids the importation of or traffic in the skins or plumage of birds, for millinery purposes. Why don't all sportsmen and lovers of nature, who want to see the game and the song birds protected chip in their dollars and help us? Why should it be necessary to invite you so often?—Editor.

SOME GEORGIA GAME HOGS.

Savannah, Ga.

Editor Recreation: I have taken a great deal of interest in reading your just attacks on pot hunters and game hogs, because I am heartily in accord with your views regarding the ruthless slaughter of game. I do not believe any man has the right to kill more game than he can conveniently consume, and do not think that, after using the privileges extended by a property owner to hunt game on his land, anyone has the right to slaughter whatever game comes his way and then dispose of it on the market.

I enclose a clipping from the Savannah "Evening Press," of December 8th, in which is extolled the ravages of a few game hogs, on a recent hunting trip on Ossabaw Island near this place. This island, and many other small ones like it, near here, are literally alive with deer and other game, and large numbers of deer are killed there annually, by the same herd of game hogs. The sportsmen here (and unfortunately there are but few of them) some 3 or 4 years ago had enacted a law prohibiting the killing of deer from January 1st to November 15th, thus allowing only from November 15th to January 1st to hunt them. As a result these game hogs kill as many deer as possible in that time. There is a large field here for the League of American Sportsmen. If something is not done to check the game hogs, the next few years will see the last of deer hereabouts. If I am not mistaken Ossabaw Island is the property of the United States.

J. D. H.

Why don't you join the League and induce your friends to do so? You know the constitution provides that as soon as we have 25 members in any state we shall organize them into a division, turn back 60 per cent. of the membership fees into their own hands and put them to work in the interest of game protection on their own ground. The first thing the Chief Warden (President) of a state division has to do is to appoint local wardens in each county. These are offered a reward of $10 for each conviction secured for the violation of a game or fish law. It thus becomes the duty of every member of the League to look out for and report to the local warden or other officer of the League, any infraction of game laws which he may hear of.

This is the most effective machine for the enforcement of game laws that has ever been devised by sportsmen and it is doing good work in the states where divisions have been organized. If all sportsmen would join the League as they should, enable us to organize divisions in all the states and to build the membership of the League to such proportions as it should have reached ere this, we would within the coming year be able to cover every section of the entire United States so effectively that it would be well nigh impossible for any man to kill game or take fish unlawfully without being detected and prosecuted.

The national body can do little toward enforcing game laws in any state where we have not a local organization. It is strange that J. D. H. should invoke the aid of the league to protect the game in his state, without himself first having become a member and thus aiding toward the formation of a local branch.—EDITOR.

WE ARE HUNTING BIG GAME.

As soon as the legal season for selling venison closed I made a tour of the big hotels and restaurants up town and tried to buy some. In only one case did I succeed. This was at Delmonico's. Then I wrote Mr. C. C. Delmonico as follows:

Dear Sir: On December 5th, I went to your cafe at Broadway and 25th Street, with a friend, asked the waiter if they had any venison and he said, "Yes." We ordered a venison steak and it was served to us. We ate a part of it, brought the rest away, and it has been carefully preserved.

As you are doubtless aware, the legal season for killing deer in this state closes on November 15th, and the legal season for selling or having same in possession on November 20th.

The League of American Sportsmen was organized for the purpose of enforcing the game laws and we are looking for violations thereof all the time. We do not wish to involve anyone in expensive or unpleasant litigation, but we do insist that the game and fish laws of the state shall be observed. The penalty for selling venison out of season is $100. In addition to this, the offender may be prosecuted in a police court and fined for committing a misdemeanor.

I do not believe a prominent house like yours would willfully and deliberately violate a game law, at this late day, and should like an assurance from you that you will not hereafter allow game of any kind to be served on your tables illegally. If you will give me this in writing, I shall not prosecute you. Otherwise it will be my duty to proceed against you.

Please understand this is not a threat. It is simply the discharge of a duty with which I am charged under the Constitution and By-Laws of the L. A. S.

Awaiting your kind reply, I am,

Yours truly, G. O. Shields,
President.

In due time I received the following reply:

Delmonico's, Office Beaver and South William Streets, City.

December 21, 1898.

Dear Sir: Replying to your letter dated 15th inst., to our Mr. C. C. Delmonico, would say: We do not intend to act contrary to the law, and will see that no repetition of the occurrence you refer to takes place in the future. Yours respectfully,

Delmonico's,
J. C. Hill, Atty.

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

A WORD FOR THE L. A. S.

PEMIGEWASSET.

A clear-headed, observant man cannot fail to be impressed with the recent growth of a national sentiment which favors the protection of our birds, fishes, the larger wild game and the forests. This wave of popular feeling is spreading over the entire country, penetrating its remotest sections, arousing the people to an appreciative sense of dangers which clearly menace the inhabitants of our woods and waters. And I believe that in future the labors of RECREATION and of the L. A. S. in furtherance of this important work will be looked back upon with the respect and admiration they so thoroughly merit.

It is to be regretted that a greater number of people cannot be brought more speedily to realize the necessity of immediate action in the direction of legislation and of the enforcement of laws, but we must be content with the increase of a favorable sentiment and trust the resultant reforms may not arrive too late.

In its power to accomplish the ends in view I believe the L. A. S. stands alone; that under its form of organization lie the only effective means of remedying the existing evils, and I appeal most earnestly to my friends, to all sportsmen, to lovers of Nature the country over to enroll themselves in this body of reformers, and to do it now! The power of such a league lies in its active membership, and as the core of the plan under which the L. A. S. was conceived is a federation of state organizations, the immense influence of a large membership is easily understood.

Each section of this country has its individual problems in game protection and there are those in which the country as a whole is interested. Now if you are a member of a local organization you are no doubt doing a large share of your duty toward the community in which you live; but no local association unaffiliated with others can do much in the most important work of all—legislation. With state divisions of large membership intelligently officered by active men, work on state laws becomes the special province of the League.

So if you are a true citizen of the Republic, do your full duty; dig up your little dollar, join the L. A. S., benefit your particular locality and contribute also to the national movement.

WELL KNOWN MEN COMING.

Among the prominent men who have recently joined the L. A. S. are Stanley Waterloo, late editor of the Chicago "Evening Mail," Ex-President of the Chicago Press Club, and author of "Ab, a Tale of the Caveman," "A Man and a Woman," "An Odd Situation," etc.

Romeyn B. Hough, author of "American Woods;" Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, Professor of Zoology in Columbia University (Curator of a Department in the A. M. N. H.); Madison Grant, Sec. N. Y. Z. S.; Henry G. Dorr, owner of Childwold Park, Adirondacks; Dr. Robert L. Walker, of Carnegie, Pa.; Manly Hardy, naturalist, Brewer, Me.; James M. Southwick, Curator of the Museum, Providence, R. I.; W. H. Brown, African explorer and hunter of bad beasts and bad men; Professor F. A. Lucas, Curator Comp. Anatomy United States National Museum; Ottoman Reinecke, editor Buffalo Freie Presse; Dr. F. A. Crandal, Jr., Curator Zoological Garden, Buffalo; Frank A. Ward, Ward's Natural Science Establishment, Rochester, N. Y.

AN IMPORTANT RECOGNITION.

At the suggestion of Mr. W. T. Hornaday I recently wrote the New York Zoological Society requesting a contribution to the League's war fund, to be used in prosecuting game law violators. In due time I received the following letter:

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.
General Office, 69 Wall Street.

President, HON. LEVI P. MORTON.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Levi P. Morton, *ex-officio*,
Henry F. Osborn, *chairman*,
John L. Cadwalader,
Charles E. Whitehead,
John S. Barnes,
Philip Schuyler,
Madison Grant,
W. W. Niles, jr.

GENERAL OFFICERS:

Secretary, Madison Grant, 11 Wall Street.
Treasurer, L. V. F. Randolph, 39 William Street.
Director, William T. Hornaday, 69 Wall Street.

New York, December 16, 1898.

Mr. G. O. Shields,
President League of American Sportsmen.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor of December 14th, and being in entire sympathy with the sentiments therein, I presented the matter to the Executive Committee of the New York Zoological Society, and take pleasure in transmitting to you a copy of a resolution passed at this meeting.

I trust you may be successful in obtaining the same amount from other Societies, for this purpose.

Yours very truly,
Madison Grant,
Secretary.

Attached to the letter was the following:

Resolved, That the sum of $100 be and is hereby appropriated from the General Fund of this Society, and paid into the Treasury of the League of American Sportsmen, to be expended under the direction of the League Warden for the State of New York, Mr. A. E. Pond, in the actual work of enforcing existing laws for the protection of the birds and quadrupeds of this State.

Passed by Executive Committee, December 15, 1898. Madison Grant, Secretary.

ENDORSES THE L.A.S.

The Annual Congress of the American Ornithologists' Union was held in Washington, November 14th and 15th. Mr. Witmer Stone, chairman of the permanent committee on bird protection, read a report from which I quote:

> "There is a constantly increasing interest in bird protection. Much important work has been accomplished during the year outside the committee, such as the establishment of the League of American Sportsmen, Mr. Hornaday's report to the New York Zoological Society on the 'Destruction of Our Birds and Mammals,' and Senator Hoar's labors in behalf of his bill in Congress to prohibit the importation of wild birds' plumage for purposes of ornamentation.
>
> "Senator Hoar's bill strikes at the root of the whole question of bird millinery, for so long as it is permissible to import 'aigrettes' and similar feathers, it is almost impossible to prove that dealers are violating the law and selling American plumes, as they insist that they are all imported. With the importation stopped, the traffic would be practically at an end. Senator Hoar writes that his bill passed the Senate at the last session with but one dissenting voice, and now awaits the action of the House.
>
> "The establishment of the League of American Sportsmen is a matter for congratulation. Though its work is primarily directed toward the protection of game, the birds also come in for their share of attention, and we look for most satisfactory results from co-operation between this organization and the bird protective societies."

Every member of the A. O. U. should be also a member of the L. A. S.

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass. Photographic goods.
Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City. Photographic goods.
W. H. Longdon, Bridgeport. Conn. Sportsmen's goods.
New York Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson Street, New York City. Condensed products.
Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y. Traps.
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis. Moccasins, hunting shoes, etc.
Novelty Cutlery Co., Canton, O. Pocket cutlery, ink erasers, etc.
M. A. Shipley, 432 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Fishing tackle.
Willis Arms & Cycle Co., Kansas City, Mo. Bicycles, athletic and sportsmen's goods.
Reuben Woods Sons' Co., 324 S. Salina Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Sportsmen's goods.
Edward Paddock, 94 Hudson Avenue, Albany, N. Y.
D. T. Abercrombie & Co., 36 South Street, New York City. Tents, etc.
W. H. Longden, Bridgeport, Ct.
V. Kindler, Saginaw, Mich.
William Shrive, Yonkers, N. Y.
T. W. Tignor & Sons, Richmond, Va.
T. B. Davis Arms Co., Portland, Me.
P. Haerr, Springfield, O.
Stark & Weckesser, Dayton, O.
J. C. Stamp, Wheeling, W. Va.
R. D. & William Lathiel, Savannah, Ga.

I hope to be able to add materially to this list, from time to time.

NOTES.

A number of memberships expired during January and renewal notices have been sent out. It is earnestly hoped that every man and woman of them will renew promptly Not only this, but every member should induce one or more friends to join. The League needs nothing so badly as a rapid growth in its membership. Those who have read this department of RECREATION each month have seen that the officers of the League are really working, and that they are really getting results. They could do a great deal more work, however, if they had more money, and they must depend entirely on the growth of the membership roll for funds. Why don't *you* turn out and hustle?

I suggest that you teach the Ohio sportsmen a little about the L. A. S. There should be enough sportsmen in the Buckeye state to organize a local division. A lodge with energetic officers would do a great deal of good, and the sportsmen should not be so slow in joining. This is not an organization that needs anyone to solicit membership personally. Every sportsman should become a member, so we can have better game laws enacted and see that they are enforced. I know a good L. A. S. game warden could find plenty of violators of the law in this county, and think there are other counties in the state where a game warden would do equally well. S. D. Gibson, Portage, O.

The membership of the League still keeps crawling up, and now foots 1,251. We have recently organized the Wyoming Division, with Dr. Frank Dunham, of Lander, as chief warden, and at this writing the Wisconsin Divisions are in process—making 11 state Divisions in the field. Next!

Don't forget the annual meeting of the L. A. S. will be held at Hardman Hall, 5th Avenue and 19th Street, in this city on the second Wednesday in February. Will you attend?

Occasionally I take down my old "Kentuck," a 5 foot muzzle loading squirrel rifle, and get a few red squirrels. They have driven out the grays so that 10 reds are left to one gray. Have taken several turns at black ducks and have had fair luck. A few days ago I picked up from a farmer an old muzzle loading fowling gun 5 feet 10 inches long. I tinkered it into shooting trim and killed a fish hawk with it that measured 5 feet 8 inches from tip to tip. Am having him mounted.

B. C. Broome, Middle Haddam, Conn.

The roast of H. K. Glidden, in RECREATION does him no injustice. He is the biggest scoundrel out of doors. His methods are too contemptible to think about. We had the man here and we know him. We got rid of him as soon as possible, and had him fired from the Sportsmen's Association in New York.

Wm. Simpson, Jackson, Wyo.

THE 1898 COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CREW.

Intercollegiate Boat Races, Saratoga, July 2, 1898. Three miles straightaway.

Bow—A. G. Betts.
No. 2—C. H. Machen.
No. 3—H. H. Oddie.
No. 4—F. V. Jones.
No. 5—E. P. Shattuck.
No. 6—J. W. Mackay (captain).
No. 7—O. W. Erdal.
Stroke—B. B. Tilt.

Coxswain—M. G. Bogue.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

PROFESSIONALISM IN ATHLETIC EVENTS.

W. H. MAXWELL, JR.

With this issue, RECREATION enters a new field, and will deal with college athletics in the same manner as it treats of other branches of sport. Nothing can be successful unless it has a definite aim, and the aim of "College Athletics" will be to promote in every possible way the best interests of all the athletics of the collegiate world.

That RECREATION has done more to protect the game of this country from indiscriminate slaughter than any other magazine or any individual is acknowledged by all. In the same way it will do its best to keep professionalism of every kind out of college athletics, and to preserve their purely amateur character. Professionalism in any sport lowers everyone and everything connected with it.

An amateur takes up a thing because he loves it. A professional enters a contest for the money there is in it, and reduces it to his own sordid commercial basis. It is an open secret that some of the most prominent colleges and universities have at times not only given free tuition to well-known athletes in order to have them entered under their banners, but have through the various athletic associations of these institutions even paid their living expenses, and given them salaries, charging the whole expense up to advertising. Then American athletes wonder why Englishmen refuse to enter contests with us. The men who are willing to hire out as athletes are usually not quite up to the general standard of the amateur college athlete. The professional has nothing to raise him above his commercial interests, and in entering him in a contest his university insults every college with which it competes.

Except in a few isolated cases it seems impossible for any college to procure the services of a purely amateur coach. This is a hard reality which we Americans have to face, for we have not a large leisure class, as England has, who are willing to give up their time without money compensation, for the advancement of sport. No man who has business interests at stake can afford to spend the time necessary for training a crew or a foot ball team. Every sport has been reduced to a science, and to whip any team into shape, in a thoroughly up-to-date manner, a coach must give his days and nights to the work. For the present at least we are forced to put up with professional coaches, but the time is coming when these will be looked down on as are professional contestants at the present time.

As RECREATION appears but once a month it will be impossible for it to give more than criticisms of past contests, and announcements of coming events. In criticising it will endeavor to be just and impartial. It will say only what it believes to be for the good of athletics, and will be fair to all.

If RECREATION can be the means of uniting all our colleges and universities in a movement tending toward the downfall of professionalism in athletics it will consider its purpose well accomplished. Every move it makes will be in this direction, and it invites the co-operation and aid of all to reach this end.

HOW ABOUT THE '99 BOAT RACES.

At the present writing it seems there are to be 2 boat races this season, one at New London, between Yale and Harvard, and the other at Poughkeepsie, between Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. If Yale does not recede from her position, which is hardly a creditable one, this arrangement will surely take effect.

Coach Courtney of Cornell has made it known, in no uncertain terms, that he will not coach a crew for 2 races to be rowed under conditions approaching those of last year. He has also said his crew shall not pull 2 hard races in the same season. This last decision he would probably reconsider if the place for the race could be satisfactorily arranged. Be that as it may, the Cornell coach is right in the stand he has taken, and it is to be hoped nothing may make him recede from that position. If those having Cornell's aquatic arrangements in charge are as weak this year as they were last, and if they yield to other influences, the interests of good sport demand that Mr. Courtney save them from their folly. When the Ithacan diplomats realize that they are confronted with the alternative of losing Courtney or of rowing one race they will probably screw up their courage to the point of the enforcement of Cornell's demands.

Without exception the undergraduates of all the rowing universities would like to see one large regatta held, on a fair course. Yale seems to be the only college standing out against such an arrangement. This plan if carried through would show the relative merits of the different crews, but it need not be called a championship contest. Yale has said Harvard is the only antagonist whose scalp she seeks. Such may be the case, but would it not be more sportsmanlike for Yale, in view of her defeats during the past 2 years, to give way and withdraw her objections to a 6 cornered race? Harvard would make no objection as she wants to win such a contest.

It is hard to say just who is to blame for the muddled state of the intercollegiate rowing situation. If Yale and Cornell can only come together on a fair agreement all will be well. Cornell has in the past shown herself perfectly sportsmanlike in every position in which she has been placed, and will no doubt again pursue the same course. This time Yale should make the concessions. Mr. Courtney is right. On 2 different courses, within 2 weeks, no crew should row 2 races.

TRACK TEAMS FOR '99.

The 2 colleges where the training for the track team work seems to have been most thoroughly taken up this year, are Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania. Yale is working hard, but the old time dash and vim seem to be lacking in the preliminary training.

At Harvard the candidates for the team began training in the gymnasium about the middle of January. The team will be weakened this year by the loss of J. S. Bremer, in the hurdles; A. W. Robinson, F. H. Bigelow, and L. W. Redpath, in the sprints; D. Grant, in the mile; and J. G. Clark, in the broad jump. Still the fall work has developed several promising new men. These are H. J. Brown, '02, and LeR. F. Spear, '02, in the weight events; A. M. Butler, '02, in the dashes; J. H. Converse, '02, in the hurdles; and G. W. Mathews, 1L., in the distance runs. Beside these, T. E. Burke, in the half mile, and E. H. Clark in the weights, who were ineligible, and J. F. Dunham in the dashes—who was laid off on account of injuries, last year, will be able to compete this season. Of last year's men who won points in either the dual games with Yale, or the Mott Haven games, W. W. Hoyt, F. B. Fox, J. W. Hallowell, H. H. Fish, C. D. Draper, S. H. Bush, E. J. Green, W. G. Morse, A. U. Rice, S. G. Ellis, A. L. Nickerson, W. D. Hennen, H. B. Clark, and S. F. Mills are eligible again this year. The most promising men in the different events are:

120 yard hurdles—F. B. Fox and J. W. Hallowell.

440 yard run—T. E. Burke and H. H. Fish.

880 yard run—C. D. Draper, S. H. Bush and M. D. Whitman.

One mile and 2 mile runs—H. B. Clark, G. W. Mathews, E. W. Mills, O. W. Richardson and A. W. Foote.

Dashes—E. J. Green, J. F. Quinlan, D. G. Harris, C. D. Daly and A. M. Butler.

220 yards hurdles—W. G. Morse, J. B. Rorer, L. Warren, R. McKittrick and J. H. Converse.

High jump—A. N. Rice, W. G. Morse, S. G. Ellis, R. A. Ferguson and C. M. Rotch.

Broad jump—A. L. Nickerson, C. S. Edgell, A. N. Sheldon and W. G. Morse.

Weights—E. H. Clark, W. D. Hennen, S. G. Ellis, S. F. Mills, P. M. Jaffray, W. A. Boal, H. J. Brown, LeR. F. Spear and E. H. Kendall.

Pole vault—W. W. Hoyt.

The pole vault is the only event in which there is not a good second man.

Pennsylvania's friends do not seem to be particularly happy over her chances for again carrying off this season the championship in track athletics. Of last year's championship team Fetterman, Remington, Winsor, Hoffmann and McKibben, who won 14 of Pennsylvania's points, with others who showed promise of future development have left college. The captain and Trainer Murphy are making every effort to develop the material on hand, and bring out the new men, and though the outlook may not be as bright as that of last year Pennsylvania will probably render a good account of herself.

The teams of both Yale and Princeton are stronger than those of last year, and when the count of points is made at the intercollegiate games the scores of Eli and Nassau will cut more of a figure than they did last year.

Taking all the teams as they now stand Harvard has the best chance of carrying off the honors. She has more fast men, and better new material than all the other colleges put together. The athletic pick of all the schools in the country went to her last fall, and she will undoubtedly make hay while the sun shines.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

The second annual meeting of the Society of College Gymnasium Directors was held in the latter part of December, in the rooms of the director, Dr. W. L. Savage, of the Columbia University Gymnasium.

Among the medical directors present, from the prominent colleges, were: Dr. J. W. Seaver, of Yale, the president; Dr. W. L. Savage, Columbia, secretary-treasurer; Dr. D. A. Sargent, Harvard; Dr. William G. Anderson, Yale; Dr. F. H. Cann, New York University; Professor George Goldie, Princeton; Dr. W. A. Lembeth, University of West Virginia; Dr Frederick W Marvil, Wesleyan; Dr. J. B. Crenshaw, Johns Hopkins, Dr. R. T. McKenzie, McGill University, Montreal; and Dr. M. A. Mosher, matron of the Young Women's Department, University of Michigan.

Dr. W. G. Anderson of Yale, read a paper on "Some Tangible Results of Gymnastics," and showed in detail a number of experiments he made during the year of the actual results of physical training. In experimenting to see what difference would be caused by developing one hand, and letting the other go, Dr. Anderson found that in a large number of cases the left hand showed greater strength than the right by actual tests, after the latter had been exercised alone. In the same way the development of muscles in one side of the body, by exercise entirely on that side, was found to have been followed by a development of the corresponding muscles on the other side, in some cases better than the development of the used muscles.

Dr. J. W. Seaver, of Yale, read a most interesting paper on "The College Athletic Trainer." He attacked the present system of engaging trainers for college teams, and criticised severely the class of men hired for training, and declared a large number of men engaged in some of the best colleges were unfit for their positions. He cited specific instances where men who had few qualifications to recommend them for their work had been hired.

Dr. Paul C. Phillips, of Amherst, read a paper on "The Kind of Exercise for College Students," and Dr. D. A. Sargent, of Harvard, one on "The Hygienic Value of Strength Tests."

After the discussion of these papers a conference was held on the question as to whether credit should be given for gymnastic training in a college curriculum, and the relation of athletics to gymnastics.

A committee which was appointed at the last meeting of the Directors reported in favor of continuing the use for another season of the appliances selected last year. The Society will meet next in Boston and possibly within a few months.

NEWS OF THE CREWS.

The Cornell crews started in on their spring work in the latter part of January, and are now training every day under the direction of Coach Courtney.

Captain Fisher's complaint about the lack of interest shown by the Freshmen in regard to aquatics has had the desired effect, and the youngsters now take a strong interest in all their work.

From what the captain of the crew has said in regard to the choosing of a course for the intercollegiate races, it is easy to see where Cornell would prefer that the contest should take place. Probably Captain Fisher and Coach Courtney will insist on Poughkeepsie. If they do the whole student body of Cornell should back them up.

Reports from Yale show that of last year's crew Captain Payne Whitney, '98, is the only man who, owing to graduation, will not be able to row this year. The other men who rowed on the '98 crew, and who are back this year are: H. P. Wickes, '00 No. 2; J. P. Brock, '00, No. 3; R. P. Flint, '99 S, No. 4; J. H. Niedecken, '00, No. 5; F. W. Allen, '00 (captain), No. 6; J. C. Greenleaf, '99, No. 7; W. B. Williams, '00, stroke; and J. McC. Walton, '99 S., coxswain. Of the substitutes, R. A. McGee, '99 S.; G. C. Greenway, '00, and J. W. Cross, '00, are back in college. The indoor work in the rowing tanks began shortly after Christmas. Captain Allen says the new material which answered his call for candidates is better than any for several years past, and he thinks the Freshmen will turn out an 8 equal to the 1900 crew which rowed at Poughkeepsie in '97.

The Dunham Boat Club is making extensive arrangements to turn out an even larger number of scrub crews this year than last. The plan is to pick eights from the different classes, dormitories and eating clubs. There is a special desire to have the Freshmen class turn out a number of scrub crews in order to find all the promising material. These crews, however, will not be allowed to train on Lake Whitney, but will row in the harbor.

Harvard rowing, next to that of Cornell, seems to be in better shape than that of any of the other colleges. She has her coaches all selected, and seems perfectly satisfied with them.

Mr. O'Dea, who coached the Wisconsin crew last year, will train the Harvard 8 for the June races. He did his rowing mainly with Australians and Englishmen who had rowed under the English university colors, and at Henley; and from them he got his ideas of rowing. Mr. O'Dea will make no radical changes in the stroke, as his ideas coincide with the general Harvard rowing theories. It is said that Coach O'Dea does not believe in a very long slide and a short body swing for long distance races. It can be safely said there will be but little change in Harvard's stroke from that of last year. The only changes that may be made will be perhaps less body swing, and some immaterial shifting of the rigging of the shell. The men went into active training shortly after the holidays.

The rowing authorities at Pennsylvania are making a great effort to get out all the rowing men in college by promising that merit shall be the only qualification necessary for a seat in the boat. It seems peculiar that such a promise should have to be made, or any men of last year's 8 quoted as examples in order to support the statement. If a crew were ever chosen on any other lines it would merit defeat. Possibly this explains why Pennsylvania has not won oftener. Coach Ward has now had the men in charge for the past 2 months, and has expressed himself as well satisfied with the progress made.

Captain Mackay of the Columbia 'Varsity called out the crew candidates on January 4th. About 125 men responded. Coach Peet immediately took charge, and everything is now moving along smoothly on Morningside Heights. Of last year's crew beside Captain Mackay, Messrs Oddie, Tilt, Machen, Whigham, Erdal, Shattuck, and McLintock are all trying for places in the '99 boat.

BASE BALL TEAMS FOR '99.

There is no question but that the base ball teams of this season will be fully the equals of those of '98. A good many of the best men have left the colleges, but in almost every case there is an excellent player to fill the vacancy.

The outlook at Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton is especially good. Princeton will suffer least of all from losses, Harvard and Columbia the most, while Yale will lose nearly all of her pitching staff.

Greenway's absence from the box will be especially felt at Yale; as Fearey and Chauncey, the substitute pitchers, have also graduated, only Hall and Hecker are left. In every other place the Blue should be strong. Aside from the pitchers all of last year's 9 have returned, excepting Wadsworth, first base, and Hazen, third base, whose places can be filled without difficulty from the substitute list. Those men now in college are Sullivan, catcher; Captain De Saulles, second base; Camp, short stop; Eddy, left field; Wear, center field; and Wallace, right field. The subject of a good pitcher will be a source of great anxiety at New Haven next spring, and it looks now as though some new man will have to be found, and developed.

Harvard has lost by graduation, Captain Rand, left field; Chandler, center field; Burgess, right field, and Hayes, pitcher. Robinson, third base, has not returned to college. Cozzens and Foster, 2 of the substitutes, have also graduated. Harvard's losses, though great, will probably not be extremely serious, except possibly in the outfield. The men now left are Friz and McCormick, pitchers; Reid and Davis, catchers; Lewis, first base; Captain Haughton, second base; Laughlin, short stop, and Sears, outfielder.

Columbia, on account of only having put a university base ball team in the field last season, for the first time in some years, is in perhaps the worst position of all in regard to material for her 9. Captain Pell hopes to be able to induce many new men to come out, and try for places. The services of Dr. J. J. Cotter have been secured as coach, and Leo Feschel of last year's team will pay a great deal of attention to developing the pitchers. Now that the cage in the new gymnasium is all ready for practice the work of the men can be prosecuted without hinderance. The outlook is bright for a good team from the Blue and White, and Columbia will send out a 9 worthy of the name.

Princeton seems to be in about the best condition of all the teams, as she will lose but 3 men: Kelly, first base; Captain Butler, short stop; and Easton, left field. With Hillebrand and Kafer back again, she will have a strong battery, and Kelly's loss will be the only one felt at all. It is expected, however, that some new man can be trained up to fill his place creditably. Besides her battery, Princeton will have the following old men back: Burke, second base; Hutchings, third base; Watkins, center field; and Suter, right field. Harrison, substitute pitcher, has also returned to college.

CAN THEY AFFORD IT?

Many newspapers, all over the country, have stated, on what they call good authority, that both Yale and Harvard will resign from the Intercollegiate Athletic Association in the near future. It hardly seems possible that there can be any truth in the report, but nothing has been heard as yet to the contrary from Cambridge or New Haven. The papers printing these reports claim the 2 colleges in question intend setting up a little intercollegiate athletic association of their own, with only 2 members —Yale and Harvard.

It would seem the rankest folly to do any thing more than laugh at the report. Yale and Harvard have a duty to perform which they cannot evade. Of the great universities they are the oldest in the land. They must keep the position they have always held in the popular mind. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Cornell, the University of Pennsylvania, and others of less note stand for all that is good in culture, and in athletics. All these colleges owe aid and help to the others in every way, and as much in athletics as in anything else. The purest amateur sport we have in the country, sport not as pure as it might be, but still the best we have, is found in our college athletics. Yale cannot withdraw from any of the responsibility that her position imposes on her, Harvard cannot withdraw.

If any withdrawal is made, for no matter what reason, that reason will surely be misunderstood, and more harm will come to both Harvard and Yale from this rash step than from any move they have ever made.

COLUMBIA'S CREW COACH.

In '97 those in charge of Columbia's aquatics deemed it best to secure the services of a graduate coach who would serve without pay. Mr. J. A. B. Cowles, '83, was selected to train the men, and it is due to his untiring efforts that Columbia stands where she does to-day, for in '96 the rowing interests of the blue and white had reached their lowest ebb. This was shown in the terrible defeat she suffered that year at the hands of Cornell and Pennsylvania, and in the fact that in '97 she came very near not having any crew at all.

It is hard to say whether the recalling of Dr. Peet was wise or not. Time can only show. It seems though that the employment of a professional coach, as Dr. Peet is, cannot fail to work serious injury to Columbia. A good and a winning crew is not made in a year, or even in 2 years. Mr. Cowles took charge of Columbia's rowing when it was in the most demoralized state it had ever been, and was fast bringing order out of chaos. He taught the men his stroke, and his ideas. Now Dr. Peet must either accept Mr. Cowles' teaching and reap all the glory of the victory which will soon be Columbia's, or start in all over again, and undo the progress that has been made. If this last is done, it will be another 3 or 4 years before Columbia can hope to put a respectable, much less a winning crew on the water.

SOME RECORD BREAKERS.

When we look back and see how the records in the different branches of sport have changed it seems more than wonderful. In 1876 the jumping record was 18 feet 3½ inches. The present record is 23 feet 7⅝ inches. This is a difference of almost 6 feet. Authorities on the sport of broad jumping attribute this advancement entirely to science and system in training and style. The jumpers of former years, when considering the records made last season, claim that if the men who held the records in their day, had had the advantages that the training of the modern athlete gives they could have improved their jump from a foot to a foot and a half.

Of all the different events in track athletics none has shown the steady and marked advance, from season to season, as that of the running broad jump. It reached its height this year when 3 men broke the intercollegiate record of 22 feet 11½ inches made by Victor Mapes, of Columbia in 1891, and 2, the world's record of 23 feet 7½ inches, made by M. M. Rosengrave, at Sydney, Australia, in 1896.

The new intercollegiate record is held by Meyer Prinstein, of Syracuse University. The record is 23 feet 7⅝ inches, and was made at Berkeley Oval on May 28th last. J. P. Remington, and A. C. Kraenzlein of the University of Pennsylvania were the other 2 men who broke the Mapes record.

FOOTBALL CAPTAINS.

The following have been elected as captains of the principal college football teams for '99:

Yale—Malcolm McBride.
Harvard—W. A. M. Burden.
University of Pennsylvania—T. T. Hare.
Cornell—D. A. Reed.
Brown—H. S. Pratt.
Lafayette—E. G. Bray.
Wesleyan—R. W. Rymer.
West Point—W. D. Suntle.
Dartmouth—J. Wentworth.
Columbia—E. Stow.
Williams—L. L. Draper.
Amherst—W. D. Ballantine.
Virginia—H. T. Summersgill.
State—J. Randolph.
Washington and Jefferson—J. A. Matthews.
Bucknell—H. B. Reimer.
Chicago—W. S. Kennedy.

THE NUMBER CHOSEN.

The following table shows the number of men from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, West Point, the University of Michigan, and the University of Pennsylvania who have been given places on the All-American foot-ball team since 1889.

	Y.	H.	P.	C.	W. P.	M.	Pa.
1889,	3	3	5	0	0	0	0
1890,	3	5	3	0	0	0	0
1891,	5	2	3	0	0	0	1
1892,	3	5	2	0	0	0	1
1893,	3	3	5	0	0	0	0
1894,	5	1	2	0	0	0	3
1895,	2	2	2	1	0	0	4
1896,	2	2	4	0	0	0	3
1897,	4	2	2	0	0	0	3
1898,	2	4	2	0	1	1	1
	32	29	30	1	1	1	16

During that time Yale has had 24 substitutes, Harvard, the same number, Princeton, 21, the University of Pennsylvania, 14, Cornell, 4, West Point, 4, Lafayette, 2, Brown, 1, and the University of Wisconsin, 1.

AS GOOD AS A BANK.

Few things pay better than a good football team. When it has built up a reputation it can pay the expenses of every other athletic interest in a college. The total receipts from the Harvard-Yale game at New Haven were $34,342, the expenditures being $3,791.80. The net proceeds were thus $30,550.20, of which Harvard and Yale each received $15,275.10.

The receipts of the Yale-Princeton game were $24,944.00, and the expenditures $4,482.57. The net proceeds were $20,461.43, of which Yale and Princeton each received $10,230.72. From these 2 games alone Yale pocketed $25,505.82. When the other games played are taken into consideration it is safe to say the profit of the Blue will figure up nearly $30,000.00.

Harvard netted $26,750.68 on her football, and Pennsylvania almost as much.

COMING EVENTS.

The Yale and Princeton gymnastic teams will this year, instead of giving a mere exhibition, as heretofore, engage in a contest, and a decision will be rendered by 3 judges, selected from among the leading gymnastic experts in the country. This contest will be held in New Haven some time next month, and arrangements are being made for competitions in wrestling, and fencing as well as an exhibition in boxing.

The schedule for February, of the Yale University basket-ball team, is as follows:

February 2d—Middletown Y. M. C. A., at Middletown.

4th—Washington Heights Y. M. C. A., at Washington Heights, N. Y.

8th—Trinity College, at Hartford.

11th—New Britain A. C., at New Haven.

24th—115th Separate Company of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., at Poughkeepsie.

NOTES.

The intercollegiate fencing tournament between the teams of Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, and Annapolis will be held in New York City some time in March, the exact date not having yet been definitely fixed. For this tournament the Racquet and Tennis Club, of New York, offered 5 years ago a bronze swordsman as a perpetual challenge trophy. Harvard won the first 4 years, Columbia winning last season. Reports from Harvard say the material for the team is all that could be desired. All the members of last year's team, M. D. Diaz, '99; J. G. Palfrey, 3 L.; and M. Green, 3 L., are eligible this season, and in addition more than 20 new men have come out to take instructions from Professor Louis Rondelle. Equally favorable reports come from Columbia where the men are being regularly trained under Professor Goupsey. Harvard also intends sending a junior team to compete for the national junior championship at the Fencers' Club, New York, in April. This team will be selected from men who have never won a medal in the Amateur Fencers' League. At first the junior tournament was open only to members of the Interscholastic Fencing Association, but any athletic club or college may now enter a team.

At last Yale is about to take a step in the right direction. The general opinion of the authorities of the New Haven Navy seems to be that a graduate amateur coach should look after the crews. This is a move that all of the rowing colleges should have taken long ago. No man, no matter who, should be paid to coach an athletic team, if any good instructor can be possibly obtained to train the men without recompense.

The change of coaches, and the possible change of system may tend to put the Blue back a little in aquatics; but it will not be long before her crews will again be in the front rank. The change will be well worth the cost of a few years' success.

No definite conclusion has yet been reached as to who will look after Yale on the water. Dr. Percy Bolton seems popular among the influential graduates. "Broncho" Armstrong, ex-captain of the crew is also talked of. Of the 2 Bolton is the more experienced. At present these men are the only ones whose names are prominently mentioned for the place.

The Harvard University Gymnastic Team will give a joint exhibition with the team of the University of Pennsylvania. The exhibition is to be held at Philadelphia in the early part of this month. The Harvard team will be chosen from the following: F. W. Ball, Sp.; J. P. Jones, '02; E. B. Blakeley, '02; G. DeG. Cooper, 2 L.; C. Ratcliffe, 3 L; C. G. Herbert, '00; C. T. Richardson, '02; W. F. Baker, '02; J. B. Burnet, 1 L.; L. W. Nagle, '01; E. E. Franchat, '02; R. H. Gould, 1 Du; E. W. James, '01; P. Bartelett, '02; L. L. Greene, '02; A. A. Bryant, 2 G.; D. W. A. Armistead, Sp. E. B. Blakely is the captain of the team, and F. W. Ball is the manager.

Captain Wright of the Brown University Track Team is arranging a series of indoor athletic meets to be held in Providence during the winter term. The idea is to get the men into shape for the spring meet at Worcester.

Doctor Savage, the Physical Director of Columbia University, in conjunction with Captain Stevens of the Track Team, is arranging a series of contests to be held on alternate Saturdays in the new gymnasium.

Dr. W. B. Peet has been engaged to coach the Columbia crews for the season of 1899. Dr. Peet entered Columbia with the class of '86, and on leaving college turned his attention to rowing, in which sport he had been particularly successful as an undergraduate. As a coach he proved himself a success by leading Columbia to victory several times, and notably in '95 at Poughkeepsie.

Columbia is preparing a water polo team to compete in the tournament to be held at the sportsmen's show at Madison Square Garden, in March. Strict requirements must be met by all candidates for the team and if Columbia puts out a team, every man of which can meet these requirements, she ought to come pretty near first place.

The floor of the new gymnasium at Columbia has been recently put in shape in preparation for the dual gymnastic exhibition to be held in March, between Columbia and Yale.

The spring work of the Yale University Track Team will not begin this year until the middle of this month. Usually the men have started training in January.

Deer, moose, ducks and grouse were plentiful here this year, but were killed off at a rapid rate by poachers out of season. One man is said to have boasted that he killed 18 deer in the summer, while hunters have come in from one day's outing with 7 or 8 grouse before the open season. Your articles on game hogs are excellent, and I trust you may never grow weary in the work. RECREATION is a hummer.

T. B. Scott, Duluth, Minn.

Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, "Bird Neighbors" and a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

HE LIKES THE SAVAGE.

Brooklyn, October 31, 1898.

Mr. Arthur Savage,
Genl. Mgr. Savage Arms Co.,
Utica, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I have just returned from my hunting trip with one bull moose and 2 bull caribou—all killed stone dead in their tracks, with one of your incomparable .303 rifles. I shot the moose at a distance of 350 yards, without elevation from the 200 yards fixed sight, across a lake, and had 3 holes through him before he could more than turn round once. There were 3 bulls following one cow, and I had my pick. I tried the rifle for accuracy, and at 100 measured yards put 5 shots in a space less than 5 inches in diameter. Three of the shots could have been covered with a silver dollar. All 5 shots were delivered with reasonable rapidity and without ascertaining whether any of them were hitting the target. My guide was so much pleased with the rifle that he begged me to sell it to him at the full price, but I could not be induced to part with it for any money.

I fired at a bull caribou on a lake, at an estimated distance of 700 yards without elevating the sight, merely holding a little over his back, and wounded him in one leg, as the pool of blood in a track made by a fore foot showed. That was the first and only thing that ever got away from me after firing at him with my Savage, and I have killed deer, moose and caribou with it, not to mention ruffed grouse, rabbits, etc.

Yours truly,
Noah Palmer.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR GUN.

The Gun Bore Treatment Co., 5 & 7 Warren Street, New York, will fix your gun up so it will be waterproof, so it won't rust, burst, clog up with mud, gain or lose time, run down at the heel or leak wind.

The treatment is chemical, and changes the color of the bore to a dark blue or black, making the surface hard and smooth, and penetrating the pores of the metal, filling them and preventing the entrance of ravaging agents. The treatment cannot fill up pits and rust spots. Metal once gone cannot be replaced, but all further pitting or rusting is arrested. There is no change in the resisting power of the metal or its tensile strength. The company guarantees that the finest gun or rifle shall be treated without injury and with the results it claims. The work is done by the most careful and experienced workmen. The time required for treatment is 5 to 6 days, according to the character of the metal. The treatment may be equally well applied to the exterior of gun barrels with the most satisfactory results, and when treated they are guaranteed moth proof.

The value of a gun consists in what it can do, or the condition it is in when you wish to sell it. The gun bore treatment makes a gun shoot better and sell better. Have your guns treated when new, and thus increase their value and efficiency.

THE PARKER IS A WINNER.

The Parker Gun in the hands of Master Guy Grigsby, of Louisville, Ky., the 13 year old wonder of the shooting world, is entitled to special mention. Master Guy won the Kentucky Futurity, a 50 live bird match at the Kentucky Gun Club Grounds, November 24, 1898, with 49 kills and one dead out of bounds. He killed 44 straight, losing his fifth bird dead out, hit hard with both barrels. He also won the Nelson County Fair Handicap, score 14 out of 15. On November 23d he won the Club Gold button, killing 10 straight. On November 18th in another match he killed 18 straight, all he shot at. All of these phenomenal scores were made in company with Kentucky's best trap shots, and there are many and some good ones.

Master Guy is small of his age, weighing only 75 pounds, and has always shot a Parker gun. He uses a 12 bore, 28 inch "Titanic steel" barrel gun, weighing 7½ pounds, and in the Futurity had a 25 yard Handicap. Master Guy says the Parker gun is superb, as do many others. It is correctly named the "Old Reliable."

LAUNCHES FOR TRANSPORTS.

Eight steam launches are being built by the Gas Engine and Power Company and Seabury & Co., of Morris Heights, for the War Department for use on the following transports: Mohawk, Mobile, Massachusetts, Manitoba, Mississippi, Michigan, Minnewaska and Chester. These launches are 30 feet long, 8 feet wide and 3 feet draught. They are fitted with Seabury fore and aft compound engines, with cylinders 4 inches and 8 inches in diameter, and 7 inch stroke, and Seabury water tube boilers. They will have a speed of 9 miles an hour.

The same company has supplied the hospital ships Missouri and Relief with 2 steam launches each, and the officers in charge say they could not get along without them. They are used in carrying supplies to and from the ships, which are often 2 to 3 miles from shore, and for towing barges, which at times have 150 persons on board.

That beautiful book, "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," sells at $2. Treats of all the principal game birds and birds of prey. The book and Recreation one year $2.50.

"Bird Neighbors" sells at $2. With Recreation $2. Both books and Recreation $4. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

BOOK NOTICES.

A WARNING TO PUBLISHERS.

Recreation has received a copy of a new bird book; but to my great disappointment I find in it not one line on the all important subject of bird protection. The volume has been returned to the author; and hereafter I will not notice any bird book, save to rebuke its author, which fails to call attention to the urgent necessity of better protection for our fast-vanishing birds. I am tired of reviewing bird books written for revenue only, by people who do not seem to care a rap whether our birds are all exterminated or not. Any ornithologist who does not know that many of our finest species of birds are being literally annihilated is too ignorant to write about birds; and any ornithologist who knows the facts and neglects to advocate better protective measures for birds should be ashamed to write at all.

I am sick of printed cant about the study of birds, from men and women who have never yet lifted a finger to check the slaughter of the innocents that is now going on. It is time to give the study of birds' names a rest, and to devote some attention to measures for saving the birds themselves. What is the matter with American ornithologists that more of them do not brace up, and do something worth while for the prevention of bird slaughter?

Hereafter every bird book that is published in this country will receive notice from Recreation according to the record of its author as an active bird protectionist. It is time readers were informed which of our American ornithologists take an active interest in the preservation of our birds, and which do not. Of the latter, I intend presently to prepare and publish a list.

NELSON'S "REVIEW OF CHICKAMAUGA."

My old friend, Mr. W. H. Nelson, of Kensington, Md., has written a history of the battle of Chickamauga, in heroic verse, which is fully up to his high standard. Readers of Recreation know and honor him for his poems on the Spanish War, which have been published in Recreation during the past few months. These poems place Mr. Nelson unquestionably at the head of the list of living American poets, and his story of Chickamauga, beside being much longer and more studied, is fully equal in poetic fire and dramatic realism to the poems mentioned above.

I can give no better idea of the high character of "Chickamauga" than by quoting the closing stanzas. These are as follows:

Brave, patient Thomas, they who died
Smiled in the Angel's face with pride
  That they had died for thee;
And they who lived, thine own brave band
Proud Army of the Cumberland,
Created by thy loving hand,
  Laughed with a soldier's glee,
If they but knew thy loving eye
Swept o'er them as their line went by.
  They knew thy loving pride;
And when that host was broken up
Thou left to drain, alone, thy cup,
Stretching to ours from thy great heart,
And thrilling 'neath the venomed dart,
  That quivered in thy side,
Ran tender lines that ached and stung
With every pain thy bosom wrung,
  And felt it as our own.
We're jealous for thee, loving chief,
We will not even share our grief
But hoard it with the proud belief
  That this to thee is known.

Immortal Chief! our love we pay,
Our tears we pour, our prayers we pray
Knowing that o'er no common clay
  Is our devotion shown;
As we, long since, were wholly thine,
When blood was our communion wine
And Death was our High Priest divine
  So Thou art all our own.

Long five and thirty years are past
Since that September, sighing, cast
  O'er Blue and Gray her leaves;
The Cause which fired opposing ranks
And crimsoned Chickamauga's banks
  Sleeps in their silent graves.

A thousand years shall come and go,
A thousand mild Septembers glow
  And their soft radiance shed,
But o'er these graves one flag shall fly,
Its glories striped against the sky,
Its gleaming stars set proud and high
  Above these hallowed Dead.

Chickamauga; published by the author, W. H. Nelson, Kensington, Md., price, 50 cents.

A TROUTLESS TROUT BOOK.

A book of 272 pages, and many illustrations, on "The Trout," but without even one picture of the fish other than a trifling vignette on the title page, is a decided novelty in bookmaking. It is also evidence of inexcusable blundering on the part of some one. There are 6 full-page plates of men on the banks of trout streams, doing various things, any 2 of which I would willingly exchange for one good representation of *Salmo fario*. The picture on page 15, entitled, "A Difficult Stalk," and showing a man on his stomach "stalking" a trout, surely will cause every big-game hunter to smile.

While this very attractive book is a sincere attempt to do justice to the British trout, it is an insufficient specimen of bookmaking. Without the slightest introduction to the species treated of, the Marquis of Granby leads off with a long, rambling discourse on "Trout Fishing," which occupies 140 pages. Then Colonel F. H. Custance follows with 104 pages on "Trout Breeding," and it is not until we reach page 237 that we are told precisely what fish is being treated of, and what are its nearest allies. The real value of the book lies in these chapters, which contain much valuable information.

The 27 pages filled by Mr. Shand on "The Cookery of the Trout," doubtless will be valued by some readers, but I fancy their total number will be small. Most users of the book would no doubt gladly exchange about 6 pages of the cook's discourse for a good index, such as no book of this character should ever be without.

Really, it is a pity to see these handsome volumes of the "Fur, Fin and Feather Series" so provokingly defective when a little more judgment on the part of the publishers would make them fair models for works of their kind.

The Trout. By the Marquis of Granby, Colonel F. H. Custance and A. I. Shand. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 12mo. Cloth. 11 plates and numerous diagrams. Pp. 272.

PICTURE TAKING AND PICTURE MAKING.

Under this title the Eastman Kodak Co. has issued a little book that is of great value to amateur photographers.

Realizing the growing desire of many amateurs to do better work, the publishers have endeavored to help them make not mere photographs, but pictures. The book covers not only the technical but the more artistic side of photography and contains many reproductions from pictures by the best photographic workers, thus illustrating practically the lessons which it draws.

The subject of lenses and stops is covered fully, so far as it applies to the equipment of the ordinary hand camera. There is an exhaustive chapter on the photographing of moving objects which will give the beginner an idea of the lines on which he can work successfully and will save him many plates and films by telling what cannot be accomplished with ordinary apparatus. The first principles of portrait and landscape work are laid down and much space is devoted to flash-light work.

The directions for developing films and plates are complete and concise; there is a chapter on bromide enlarging and another on making lantern slides.

To the subject of printing especial attention has been given. The manipulation of gelatine and collodion printing-out papers, of developing-out and blue print papers is covered carefully and to these have been added 4 special articles, by world famous amateurs, which alone are worth more to the ambitious beginner than the price of the book. It is a book that will help.

The Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., price, 50 cents.

A HANDSOME CALENDAR.

The Passenger Department of the Grand Trunk Railway has issued one of the most beautiful calendars I have ever seen. It contains a fine photogravure, 6 inches high by 10 inches wide, showing a magnificent view of Niagara Falls and of a portion of the rapids. In the foreground is shown the Grand Trunk steel bridge with 2 trains—a passenger and a freight—an electric trolley car and several teams crossing. A number of pedestrians are also shown on the bridge and all photographed sharply and accurately. On the left wall of the canyon is shown the new trolley railway line with several cars in motion and the terminus of the incline railway by which passengers reach this line.

People who have never seen the Falls would find this picture exceedingly interesting and instructive, and those who have been there would treasure it as a delightful souvenir. Send for it, mentioning RECREATION. Address W. E. Davis, G. P. A., Montreal, Can.

HOW TO TALK STRAIGHT.

Every one who has occasion to speak, to study or to write needs Alfred Ayers' 2 books, "The Orthoepist" and "The Verbalist," Mr. Ayers is recognized as the leading authority of this country on the pronunciation and use of words. In these books he answers many vexed questions regarding our treacherous language, "The Orthoepist," of course, treats especially of pronunciation and is alphabetically arranged, with brief notes on disputed points. "The Verbalist" deals with derivations and synonyms, is also alphabetical and is copious, but clear. Nothing could be more easy of consultation than these books are, and they are of hourly use in my office.

They are published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, $1.50 each.

SHOOTING QUAIL IN CLOSE SEASON.

> The notice of the Marion Gun Club has been called to the fact that several so-called rabbit hunters are shooting quail in violation of law. At a recent meeting of the club the following communication was drafted and sent to this paper:
>
> You are authorized to say that a reward of $10 will be paid for evidence sufficient to convict some of the rabbit hunters who are killing quails, in open defiance of the law. It is not the farmers or the farmers' sons that are doing this illegal shooting, but a gang that goes from town with hounds and bull dogs, shooting at everything in sight, regardless of all laws and the farmers' rights as well. Quail can't be legally killed or hunted before Nov. 10, and the fellows who have been disregarding this law had better look out. Some of them are known and others are being "shadowed," and there is going to be a "hot time in the old town" when the grand jury meets. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient. Marion Gun Club.
>
> Marion, Ind., Chronicle.

This notice has a good, business ring to it. If all local gun clubs would act as promptly and as energetically as this one has, the result would be the saving of thousands of game birds and animals within a year.

Why do not all such energetic sportsmen join the L. A. S. and thus extend its usefulness? If the Marion Gun Club had with it the Indiana State Division of the L. A. S., and the entire national organization, it would create a great deal more alarm among game law breakers, than it can single handed.

PURE WHISKEY

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

HAYNER'S
SEVEN YEAR OLD
RYE
CAUTION
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THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,
DISTILLERS AND IMPORTERS
DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A

FOUR FULL QUARTS,

EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID,

For $3.20.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your $3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of **pure** whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

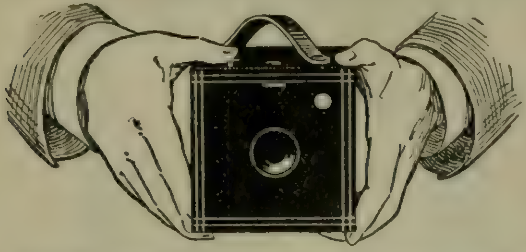
References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton, or Com'l Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 605-611 West Fifth St., Dayton, O.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Oreg., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

We guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees to.—Editor.

"There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak."



Half the charm of a photographic outing is lost if one carries along several pounds of glass plates and holders and has every moment filled with anxiety for their safety.

Kodaks

use non-breakable film cartridges, which weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds.

KODAKS $5.00 to $35.00.

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The breadth and softness of etchings can be obtained in enlargements by the use of Eastman's Royal Bromide Paper.

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"A book that will help."

Picture Taking

and

Picture Making

Is written in so simple a manner that the beginner can readily understand yet is full of meat for all amateurs. 120 pages, profusely illustrated.

The contributed articles are by

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Cardboard covers, 50 cents. Cloth bound, $1.00.

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Eastman's Flash Sheets

offer the cleanest and most convenient method of making flashlight pictures.

These sheets burn more slowly than ordinary flash powders, giving a softer light and consequently a more natural expression to the eyes.

Price per pkg., ½ doz. sheets, - 40c.

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

RECREATION'S FOURTH ANNUAL COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 3 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fourth will be held, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one opened on January 1, '99, and will close September 30, '99.

List of prizes to be announced later.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon, of each subject, which shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

DIFFERENT GRADES OF PLATES.

1. What is the difference between isochromatic, orthochromatic, and color-sensitive plates? Please give brief instructions for exposing and developing same. Can they be developed in ordinary ruby light? 2. How long will the average gelatine and collodion printing papers keep? 3. How long should dry plates keep? I enjoy RECREATION from cover to cover and shall always thank you for that sample copy, which led me to subscribe.

E. L. Dupuy, Blackstone, Va.

ANSWER.

There is practically no difference between the plates mentioned. The ordinary plate is not very sensitive to red, yellow and green and therefore does not render the color values in their proper relation. By adding to the emulsion or soaking a plate in a dye such as eosine, erythrosine, etc., and an alkali, such as ammonia (many other dyes are used to render the plates sensitive to special colors), the plates are rendered more sensitive to red, yellow, etc., and less sensitive to the blue and the violet.

The plate is developed the same as any plate, but the light should be deep ruby and the plate covered, except when it is necessary to examine its progress in developer. There is no set limit to their keeping qualities. The fresher they are the better. They would probably keep well for 2 months in a proper place.

It is impossible to say how long plates or paper will keep in a dry, cool place. I have seen plates several years old that gave good negatives, free from fog, and others that spoiled in 6 weeks in hot, damp weather. All photographic plates and papers are best when perfectly fresh.

McDONOUGH COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

The New York Herald's description of this "discovery" shows it to be identical with Dr. Joly's, which surely must have anticipated it by some years. It is thus described:

The process is purely mechanical, and an ordinary camera is used. The negatives are developed by the usual process, but before exposing the negative in the camera, a transparent screen, ruled with the 3 primary colors, is interposed between the negative and the object to be photographed. After developing the negative a positive plate is produced from it. When this is laid on the viewing screen, ruled with the 3 primary colors, the colors in the object photographed appear. Every hue of flower, tree, grass or other object can thus be accurately produced, and all by the sun, as in an ordinary photograph.

HOW PLATINUM BATH IS MADE.

Please explain the platinum bath mentioned on page 399 of November RECREATION. Where can I get the chemicals, and how is the saturated solution of citric acid mixed?

H. W. Dixon, Minneapolis, Minn.

ANSWER.

Chloride of platinum is put up in small vials, 15 grains each, and costs 65 cents to 75 cents a vial. Chloride of copper costs about 10 cents per 20 grains.

To make any saturated solution, put into a vial more of any substance than water will dissolve. For instance put a teaspoonful of salt in 2 tablespoonfuls of water and the salt will all dissolve. This is not quite saturated but merely a solution of salt. If a tablespoonful of salt is put into 2 tablespoonfuls of water and stirred, there will still be salt in the bottom of the vessel which will not dissolve in that quantity of water, because the water has dissolved as much salt as it can hold. Therefore the water is saturated with salt and hence you have a saturated solution of salt.

Now as to citric acid: Buy 2 ounces of the crystal of citric acid, at any drug store; put into a vial; add 3 ounces of water and shake. After settling the liquid will be saturated. That is it will have dissolved as much as the water will hold. Let this solution stand 6 to 12 hours before using.

Pour 2 ounces of this citric acid solution into another bottle; add the platinum salt and finally the copper chloride.

After a thorough solution and shaking it is ready for use. Take 1 dram to 15 ounces of water and if after toning a number of prints it gets weak add a little more, from time to time.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Will prints toned with the combined bath fade?

When does the next photographic contest open?

How good must a picture be to be printed in RECREATION?

Carl D. Hart, Atlanta, Ga.

1. No, they will not fade, if you maintain the correct equilibrium between the toning salt (gold) B, and the fixing salt (hypo) A. One or the other is apt to be used up quicker than the other, according to kind of paper used.

2. My fourth annual photo competition is open now and will close September 30th next.

3. You can best judge of that by examining the reproductions of amateur photos published in each issue of RECREATION.

NEGATIVE VARNISH.

Every negative intended for preservation, or from which many prints are to be taken, should be varnished; in fact, all negatives should be varnished systematically. The coating thus supplied, says Photographic Scraps, protects the film from the ravages of damp, mildew and stains which will sometimes occur from contact with the printing paper in a moist atmosphere. A good varnish should dry hard and be of a light color so as not to interfere with the printing. The following formula answers every purpose. Take of gum sandarac ¾ ounce, foreign oil of lavender ½ ounce, and alcohol 7 ounces. The gum sandarac should be taken from a fresh sample, when it will be of a light color.

COMBINED FIXING AND TONING BATH.

Sodium hyposulphite	2 ounces.
Chloride of gold	2 grains.
Water	16 ounces.

Dissolve the hypo in the water and add the gold. The bath should stand at least 24 hours before being used, and it is not in its best working condition until after several prints have been fixed and toned in it. Practically an old bath works better than a new one. For the proper working of the combined bath it is necessary to know the quantity of gold it contains, how much paper that quantity will tone, and on no account must that quantity be exceeded.

RETOUCHING VARNISHES.

These may be made either with turpentine or benzine, or a mixture of both; the turpentine naturally taking much longer to dry:

Dammar	1 part.
Turpentine (commercial)	5 parts.

or,

Dammar	20 parts.
Pure rubber	2.5 "
Benzine	500 "

or,

Dammar	10 parts.
Spirits of turpentine	75 "
Benzine	75 "
Oil of lavender	2 "

CHEMICALLY FOGGED PLATES.

Having been presented with the remains of a box of plates which were found to fog to such an extent as to be useless, it struck me, says T. E., that possibly a remedy might be found in addition of hypo to the developer, and in this I was not mistaken. On adding 3 drops of my fixing bath to the ounce of developer, every plate gave a perfectly clear negative of excellent printing quality. The simplest way to measure the hypo, in the absence of a minim measure is to fold lengthwise a strip of stiff paper, dip in a little solution, and count the drops as they fall into the developer.—Photography.

EXACTITUDE IN WEIGHING.

It is often said that a grain or 2 either way makes no difference in the result. This is wrong when speaking of many of the important chemicals now in use, and especially with several of the recently discovered ones. Furthermore it leads to a shiftlessness to which most of us are prone. Developing solutions are frequently condemned as of no use, when the fault lies with the careless compounder.

NOTES.

I should like to hear of the experience of some of the amateur photographers who have used the Karma rayfilter. Is it all that is claimed by the manufacturers?

I have about 50 good views and should like to exchange with brother amateurs.

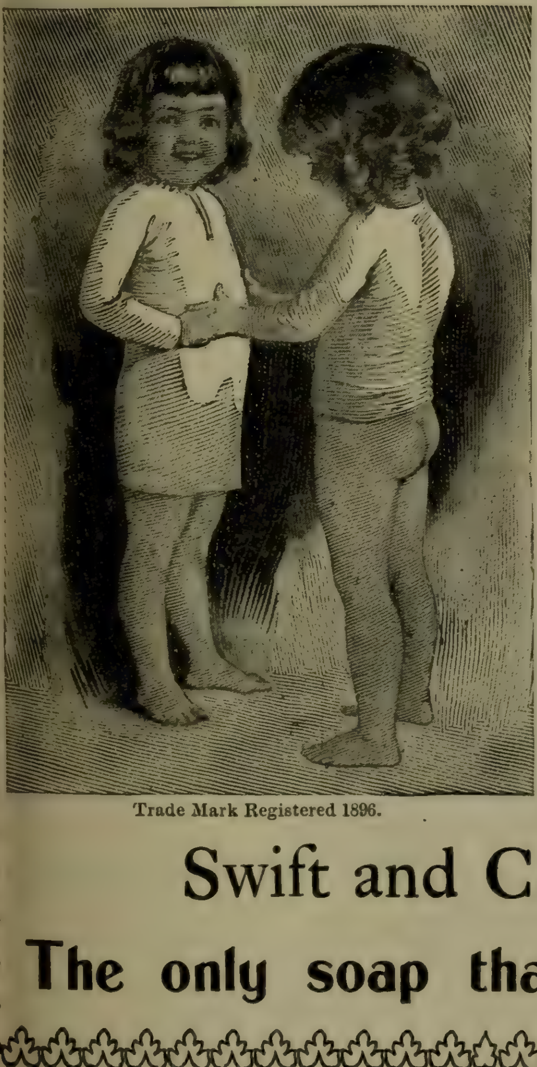
Neil Johnson, Centralia, Wash.

According to A. C. Austin, when it is necessary to dry a negative in a hurry the easiest way is to immerse it for 5 minutes in a solution of formalin, 1 to 16, blot it off with tissue paper and dry in the hottest sunshine, on a hot plate on the top of a stove, or over a gas flame.

To obviate frilling and pyro stains immerse the plate, after development and before fixing, in a bath made up as follows:

Alum (crystals)	1 ounce.
Water	16 ounces.
Hydrochloric acid	1 fluid drachm.

Pure Wool Soap



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Made for the skin of all people—for bath, for toilet—safe, clean, positively pure.

If your dealer doesn't sell Wool Soap, the purest toilet and bath soap on earth, send your name and address, and his, too, on a postal and we'll send you a sample cake free.

Swift and Company, Chicago

The only soap that won't shrink woolens

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak

By the

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FILM CARTRIDGE

of film photography the instrument loads and unloads in broad daylight. The film is put up in cartridge form and is perfectly protected from light by a strip of black paper extending the full length of the film and several inches beyond each end.

To load: simply insert this cartridge in the Kodak; thread up the black paper; close the camera and give the key a few turns, thus bringing the film into position.

The picture taking may then begin. The roll of a dozen exposures being completed the black paper covers all, and the cartridge can be removed as easily as it was inserted.

Film cartridges weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds and are **non=breakable.**

All Kodaks use light=proof film cartridges and

Load in Daylight.

$5.00 to $35.00.

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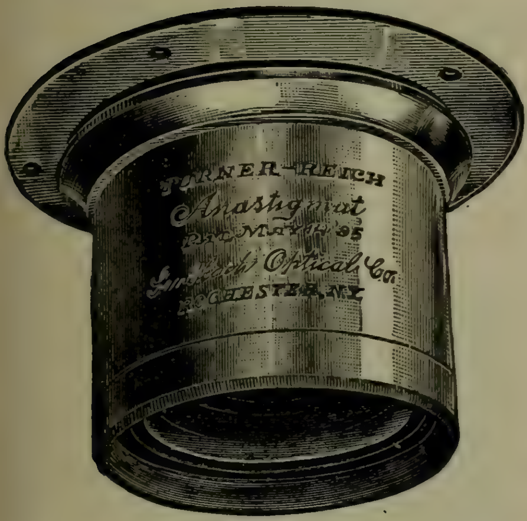
THE TURNER-REICH

ANASTIGMAT LENS

Is unsurpassed by any other in the market
It has an aperture of F:7 .5 . . . .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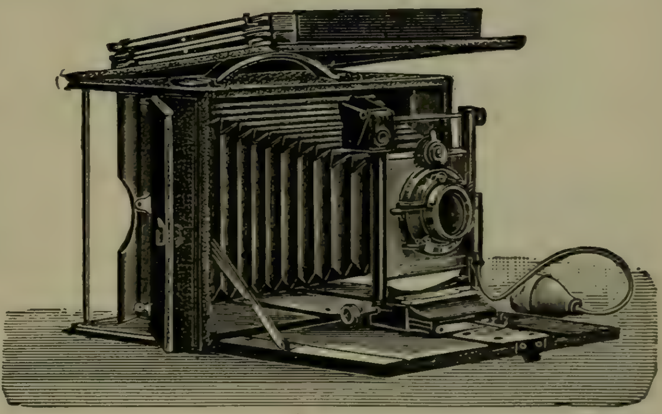
PRICES LOWER than those of any other Anastigmat lens

OUR LENSES ARE WORLD-RENOWNED
OUR SHUTTERS LEAD
Our CAMERAS are UNSURPASSED in WORKMANSHIP and FINISH

THE ONLY CONCERN IN THE UNITED STATES TURNING OUT A COMPLETE CAMERA, LENS, AND SHUTTER, ALL OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE



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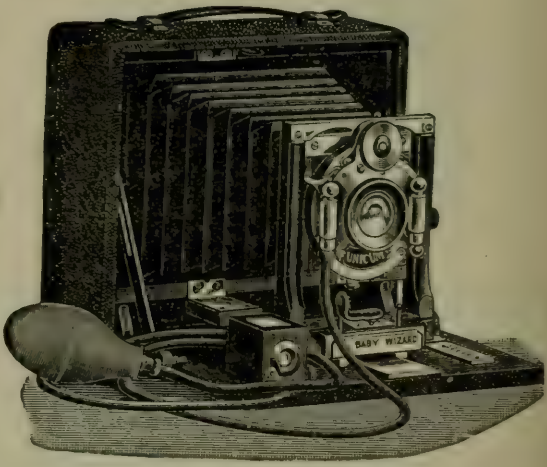
The Vital Points

To be Considered by the Sportsman
or Tourist in Selecting a Camera

ARE { Compactness
Durability
Lightness

OUR BABY WIZARD



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Makes a perfect picture 4x5 inches. Handsomely covered with Black Grain Leather, fitted with our Rapid Achromatic Lens, Improved Safety Shutter, two Tripod Plates and two square Finders.

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Our handsome new Catalogue fully describes these and many other Cameras. Send two-cent stamp for Catalogue.

Works and Executive Offices
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With the New Year...

we beg to announce that many improvements have been made in our entire line of Hawk-Eyes, and that we have also increased our facilities for manufacturing both Cameras and Films, which will enable us to fill all orders promptly as well as satisfactorily during the season of 1899. This illustration shows

Dimensions
$1\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches

Price, $9.00

The New Tourist Hawk-Eye

the ideal outfit for the traveler, which the critic can say nothing of but praise. Our success with this style of Camera the past season warrants our making it our leading specialty. All Hawk-Eyes load in daylight, and use Film or Plates. Catalogue free to any address.

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Do you hunt big game?

Do you sail a yacht?

Do you travel on railway trains or steamers?

If so, you need a ...Field Glass

GALL & LEMBKE
21 Union Square, New York
sell the best ever made.

Mention RECREATION when you write us.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPHIC NEWS

Tells you how to obtain the latest-improved, best, and cheapest Talking-Machines, Loud Records, Trade Discounts, etc. Read it and get posted. Free for two-cent stamp.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH CO., Cincinnati, O.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

(Taken on a Carbutt Orthochromatic Plate.)
By ALOIS BEER, Photographer to Emperor of Austria.

To Obtain Artistic Results

as much care must be used in the selection of the Plates or Films as the Camera.

CARBUTT'S PLATES AND FILMS

(STANDARD FOR 20 YEARS)

Give Universal Satisfaction

Also J. C. DEVELOPING TABLETS, put up in 3 sizes, price 25c., 40c., 75c.

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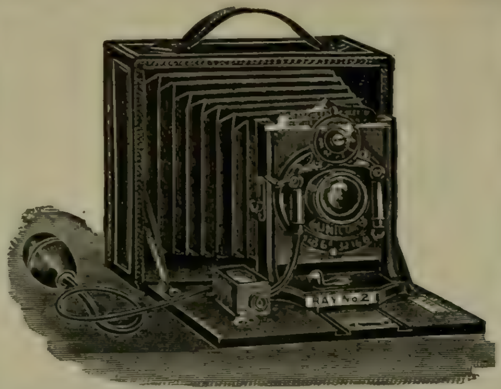

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To make the sensitizing solution, the following must be prepared in separate vessels, and the mixture only made just at the time of sensitizing:

A.

Citrate of iron and ammonia	450 grains.
Water	4 ounces.

B.

Ferricyanide of potassium	300 grains.
Water	4 ounces.

Equal parts of the above are mixed to form the sensitizing solution.

To apply the solution let a glass strip, about 3 inches wide, have bound around one end and securely tied with thread, a double fold of clean swan's-down or flannel and with the aid of the swab the sensitizing solution is applied in a perfectly even manner over the entire surface of the sized paper. Dry in a dark room and expose under negative, printing deeply.

The best prints will be made from freshly-sensitized samples of paper, and the operation entails no trouble.

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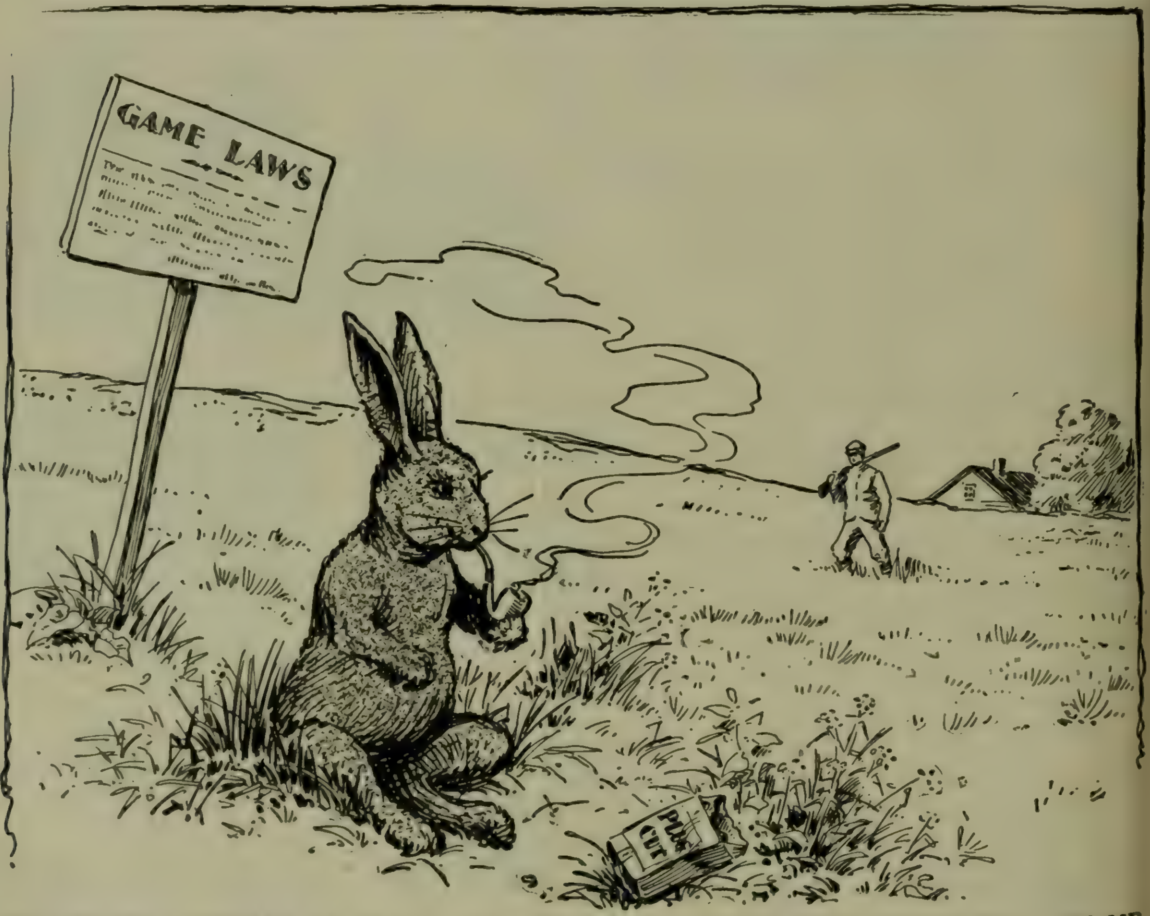

THE HUNTER: THERE'S MY MEAT. IT'S THE CLOSE SEASON, BUT NOBODY WILL SEE ME

DR. HUNTER'S

NEW BOOK ON Consumption

AND ALL LUNG DISEASES

PUBLISHED FOR FREE CIRCULATION

DR. ROBERT HUNTER, recognized everywhere as the greatest living authority on diseases of the breathing organs, has just published a book on Consumption and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. This book has created a sensation in medical and newspaper circles, because it shows beyond any question that Consumption, *as treated by Dr. Hunter*, is a curable disease. The book tells plainly the true nature of Consumption; its causes; its unmistakable symptoms; how to prevent it, and *how it can be radically cured.*

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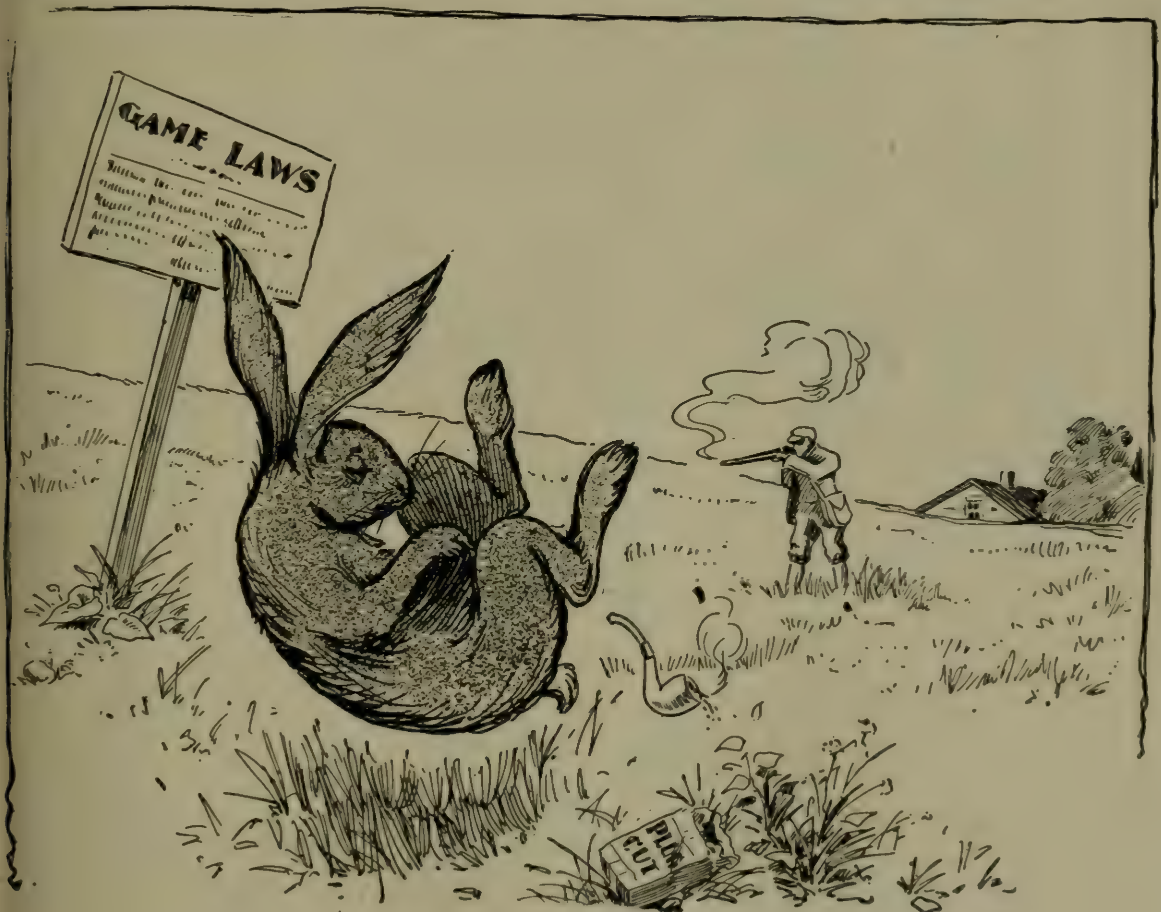
"Dr. Hunter's recent book on Consumption and its wonderful cures that have been reported, effectually remove all doubts as to the curability of this dread disease."

Any reader of RECREATION can secure one of these free paper covered copies by simply sending a request to

Dr. ROBERT HUNTER, 117 West 45th St., New York



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I guarantee this firm will deal fairly with all who may entrust business to it.—EDITOR.

Though Nature's voice is muffled, yet
The man who closely harks
In winter time is apt to get
The drift of its remarks.

ENGLISH,
RUSSIAN,
FRENCH
AND GERMAN

officers from their stations in the Pacific almost invariably travel by the New York Central on their trips to and from the Fatherland, on account of the wonderful speed and comfort of its trains.

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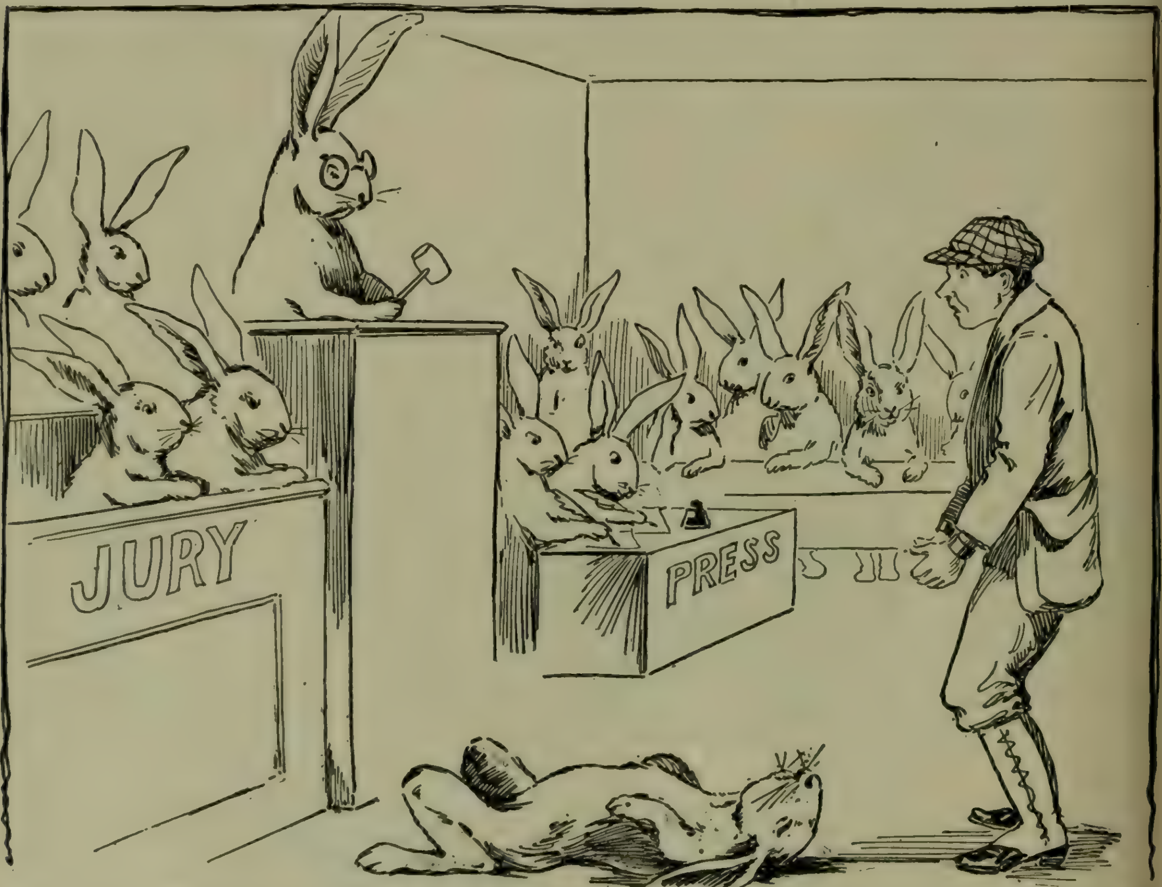

THE JUDGE: YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF KILLING ONE OF US IN CLOSE SEASON, AND I WILL SEND YOU TO THE PEN FOR 6 MONTHS.

With apologies to the Baltimore-American.

The photographs you refer to are mainly of deer, though there is one showing a porcupine, another showing a woodchuck, and another a blue heron. The deer pictures are unquestionably the most beautiful ever made. In fact, they are the only flashlight photos ever made of live game. They are exceedingly clear, sharp and brilliant. There is one of a doe and 2 fawns, taken at a distance of about 10 feet. The spots on the fawns, and even the texture of the hair, the eye-winkers, etc., are shown distinctly. There are several other pictures equally clear and sharp, but this is the only one of a group of deer. The others are of single bucks and does.

It would certainly be a great satisfaction to any lover of nature, and especially to any sportsman, to have a series of these pictures, showing deer as they roam about the lakes and streams in the night, entirely unconscious of the proximity of man.

The enlargements are from the original negatives and lose nothing in point of sharpness and brilliancy by being enlarged. They are made by a skilled artist and none of them go out without being carefully inspected and approved by the photographer who made the negatives.

The edition is limited. I have had this set of enlargements made in response to hundreds of inquiries from people who saw a few of them in my exhibits at the Sportsmen's Shows in this city and in Boston.

No finer series of pictures has ever been made for decorating the library, hall, dining-room, den or office of a sportsman or a naturalist.

I should be glad to have your order for at least a sample picture, and am sure that if you see one you will want the entire set.

Prices, 12 x 17, $3.50 each; 18 x 24, $5 each.

Hoping to hear from you by early mail, I am,

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields,
Edr. and Mgr. RECREATION,
19 W. 24th Street, New York.

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That salt-shaker is filled with **Pepsalt.**
It cures and prevents indigestion.

PEPSALT is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with ***Pepsalt*** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. ***Pepsalt*** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it. Price 25 cents, postpaid.

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Olivette Relish
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Made of Queen Olives, rare herbs, spices and a delicious sauce. An absolutely new and unique condiment and food combined. Tempting and appetizing. Get a jar at your grocers.

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EXCLUSIVISTS
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OLIVES AND OLIVE PRODUCTS.

It's so cold, "they say," in Greenland,
It will just freeze off your hair;
So that, gee whiz! is what it is
That makes the polar bear.

"Do you give any thought to the future?" asked the clerical looking man, solemnly.

"Do I!" exclaimed the giddy young thing. "Well, say! you don't happen to know of any real nice, eligible young man, do you?"—Chicago Post.

"They say the life of some insects is less than a week."

"Yes, they're a sort of a 6-day race."

The Big Game of North America

ITS HABITS, HABITAT, HAUNTS, AND CHARACTERISTICS
HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE TO HUNT IT

A Book for the Sportsman and the Naturalist

EDITED BY
G. O. SHIELDS ("COQUINA")
AUTHOR OF "CRUISINGS IN THE CASCADES," "RUSTLINGS IN THE ROCKIES," "HUNTING IN THE GREAT WEST," "THE BATTLE OF THE BIG HOLE," "CAMPING AND CAMP OUTFITS," ETC.

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CONTENTS

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Elk Hunting in the Olympic Mountains. W. A. Perry ("Sillalicum").
The Wapiti (Poem). By "Wah-bah-mi-mi."
The Caribou. By William P. Lett ("Algonquin") and Dr. R. B. Cantrell.
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The Mule Deer of Southern California. T. S. Van Dyke, author of "The Still Hunter," etc.
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The Hon. John Dean Caton, the eminent naturalist and jurist, author of "The Antelope and Deer of America," etc., says of this work:

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ARE EQUAL TO REAL DIAMONDS AS TO LOOKS AND WEAR.

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The Club
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
NEW YORK HARTFORD LONDON

Why THE CLUB COCKTAILS Are Best

From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
39 Broadway, New York
Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.

Mr. J. C. McCabe, of Ft. Worth, Tex., with some friends, made 7 trips to Indian Territory during the past season. They found quails abundant and had fine sport. The detailed score which he furnished shows that these gentlemen killed a great many more birds than they should have killed, but they have evidently not had the benefit of proper teaching as to what constitutes a reasonable bag of game. They will no doubt be more moderate in their killing next year, as RECREATION and the L. A. S. are exerting a healthy influence all over the Southwest.

About 25 years ago I was made captain of a party of 8. We hunted with dogs, and in 3 days killed 23 deer. The 2 front quarters and the hind quarters of one of my bucks weighed 252 pounds. On that hunt I killed a large buck which was spotted like a fawn. He had a fine pair of horns. Some rascal stole the skin. I intended to have it mounted. I don't think there was ever another deer like it.

C. M. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont.

I have just received my eighth number of RECREATION and think it is the best magazine I ever read. I am pleased with the way you roast the Game Hogs and hope the time will come when real sportsmen will be organized in such a way that they can prevent the hogs from doing harm.

L. P. Francis, Omaha, Neb.

THE WAR BAG.

One of your interesting and instructive books on outdoor life, "Camping and Camp Outfits," commends the use of the war bag. We found some improvised ones wonderfully convenient this summer. Having arrived with our trunks at Milton, N. S., we wished to drive 16 miles inland to Greenfield on the Port Midway river, for some trout fishing, and there was no room for a trunk on the wagon; so we borrowed two meal bags, put the rubber boots at the bottom, then the fishing suits, then the rest of the impedimenta, tied them up, and there they were, ready to go under a wagon seat, in the bow of a canoe or on the back of a guide. As you say, they are easily unpacked—simply hold them up by the two lower corners and shake them. F. G.

"Wild Animals I Have Known" is one of the most remarkable books of the day. Publisher's price, $2. The book and RECREATION, one year, $2.

This relates to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

Mr. Hayseed (arriving at city hotel)—I s'pose I kin hear the gong here when it rings for dinner, can't I?

Clerk—We have no gong. We have breakfast from 6 to eleven, dinner from 12 to six, supper from 6 to eleven.

Mr. Hayseed—Jehosaphat! How am I to git time to see the city?—New York Weekly.

For Sale: At 50 per cent. discount from following list prices:

1 .44 Russian model mould, for 4 round balls	$2.00
1 .44 R. M. set tools, with double mould	2.60
1 .38 pistol tools and double mould	2.50
1 .44 Ideal (R. M.) No. 2 special	3.50
1 .25-20 Ideal No. 3 special	3.00
3 .25-20 Ideal moulds, .77-86 and 98 gr. each	1.10
1 .25-20 Ideal resizing die and pin	2.00
1 .45 round, Ideal mould	1.10
1 Ideal loading flask	2.25
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Miner's Business Academy, 607 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Exchange: Unmounted photos of birds' nests and eggs, for others of similar subjects or of live game. Mine are first-class and average 1-3 size. Only first-class photos wanted.

Wm. H. Fisher, 1602 Mt. Royal Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

For Exchange: .32-20 Winchester, model '92, with loading tools, all clear and free from rust, for .25 calibre rim fire, single shot, Winchester or other. Must be clean and bright inside.

G. L. Dwinell, Marshfield, Vt.

For Sale or Exchange: One pair Swede racing skates, in good condition; blades 16 inches long; tin tops; straps complete. Owned at one time by Axel Paulson.

F. C. Pierce, Livingston, Mont.

For Sale or Exchange: Fine English setter, 9 months old, partly broken. Also .30-30 Marlin.

Josiah Winants, 8 Centre Street, Little Falls, N. Y.

A Brooklyn tailor displays this sign: "We make bloomers out of your old pants for 75 cents."

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EXTRA DRY
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.

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of absolute **PURITY,** fine **BOUQUET** and moderate **PRICE** has brought

Great Western

to the first place in American Champagnes, and enabled it to displace the high-priced foreign wines in many homes, clubs and cafes.

The vintage offered this season is especially dry and pleasing.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,
SOLE MAKERS,
Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by Wine Dealers Everywhere.

It was a little thing, just 4 lines, tucked away down in an obscure corner of RECREATION (my Ad, I mean) but didn't it bring results!

I sold the gun, could have sold 20 more, at my own price. I had many letters asking particulars and making offers, and several containing checks. What a proof of circulation! Why, letters came from Oregon, Nebraska, Texas, California and all over the country!

Take out the Ad or I shall be a bankrupt from buying postage stamps to answer them.

I have advertised before but never with such quick and satisfactory results, nor where the letters showed such a high class of readers. RECREATION is certainly the leader of its class.

Alfred Chasseaud,
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In answer to S. L. Batchelder I name following: King Philip pond and Wallamona-poag pond, Wrentham, Mass., for black bass, pickerel, white perch. Open, June 1st to October 1st.

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F. C. Holmes, Mansfield, Mass.

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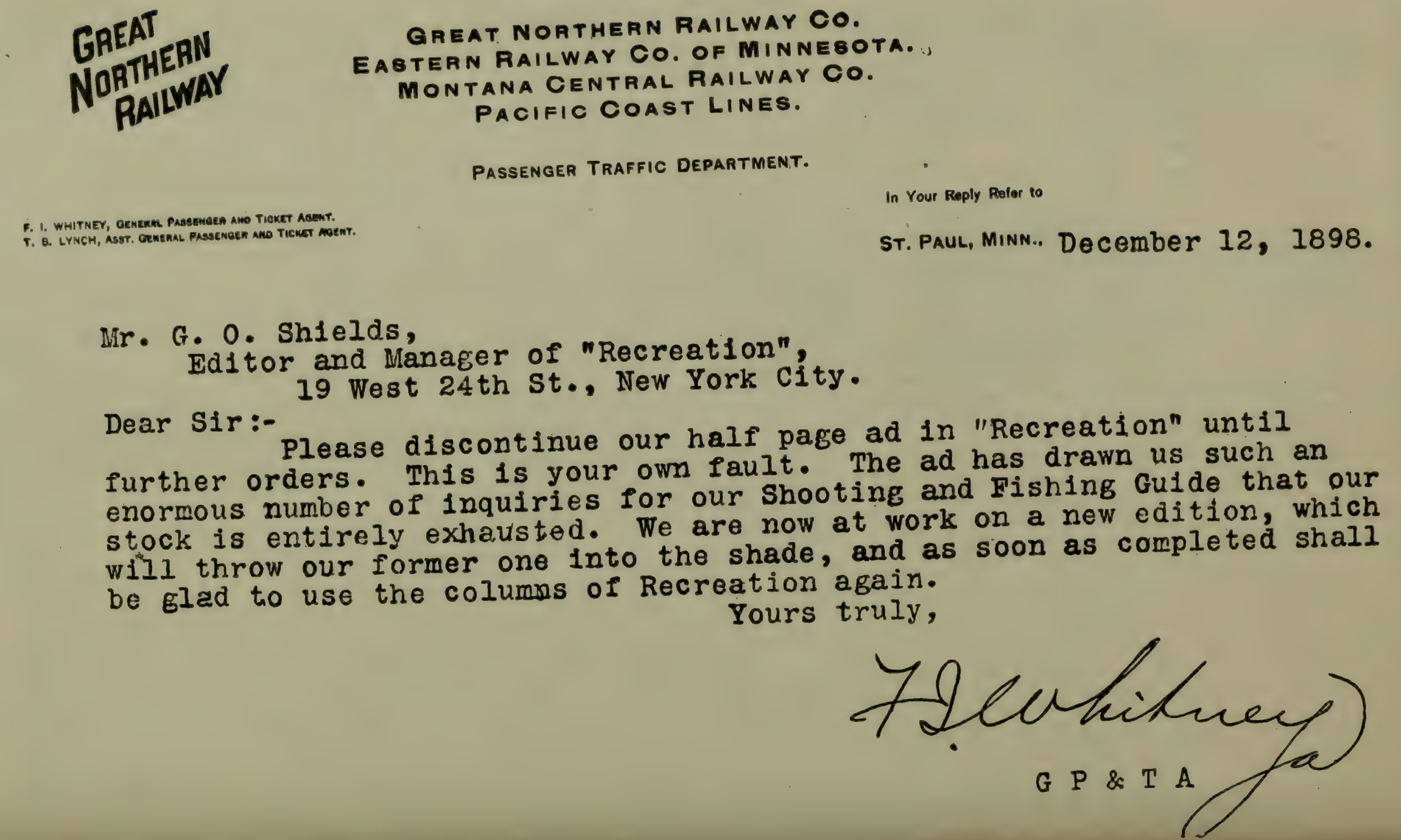

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In Your Reply Refer to

ST. PAUL, MINN., December 12, 1898.

Mr. G. O. Shields,
Editor and Manager of "Recreation",
19 West 24th St., New York City.

Dear Sir:-

Please discontinue our half page ad in "Recreation" until further orders. This is your own fault. The ad has drawn us such an enormous number of inquiries for our Shooting and Fishing Guide that our stock is entirely exhausted. We are now at work on a new edition, which will throw our former one into the shade, and as soon as completed shall be glad to use the columns of Recreation again.

Yours truly,

F I Whitney

G P & T A

On the American Market but Three Months.
Already Smoked by Over a Million former Consumers of Expensive Havana Cigars

100 prepaid anywhere **LUCKE'S ROLLS** at Surprising price of **$1**

A REVELATION IN TOBACCO-QUALITY

HOW THEY SMOKE. They draw freely. They smoke evenly. They hold the ash in the same way the finest cigars do.

HOW THEY TASTE. In flavor **Lucke's Rolls** are rich yet delicate. They are not appreciable to boys and cigarette-smokers. But to the man who has learned to appreciate the *nectar* of nut-like richness in fine cigar-stock, they are an exquisite treat.

HOW MADE. By a native Porto Rican method—four-leaves hand-rolled,—three for a filler, wrapped in another. The stock is "stripped,"—freed from all stems,—then run through powerful blowing machines which separate every vestige of dust and "short" particles. American cleanliness, with Porto Rican richness, is the result.

OF WHAT STOCK. A choice, not an ordinary Porto Rico leaf; grown on fresh broken loam ground. It is a stock pronounced quite equal to the Vuelta crops formerly raised in Cuba and which, in the old days, made Havana cigars a real treat.

WHY SO CHEAP. Our immense and close purchase of this leaf—the less than cigar-size of the Rolls—and the quick method of making them—are what make the low price possible.

YOU TAKE NO CHANCES.

If you don't find ***"Lucke's Rolls"*** equal in richness and delicacy of flavor and aroma (not size) to any 2-for-25c. cigar now on the American market—if not *glad* to get them—we will return your dollar in full—no discussion or delay about it. Internal Revenue laws prohibit our sending you a sample. But we want you to try them; so send us $1, and we will forward box of 100 (mild, medium or strong) on the above understanding. We pay delivery cost. In case of refund, we will pay return-cost also.

Was ever a fairer proposition made you?

J. H. LUCKE & CO. LUCKE BLOCK, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Most extensive manufacturers in the world of fine special smokes.

Here are reports printed in several other California papers, marked copies of which have been sent me, with requests that the hogs should be exposed:

> One of the biggest killings reported yesterday was that of George Wolf and A. C. Davenport, of Stockton, Cal., who are credited with 15 dozen doves from 5 o'clock a.m. to dark.
>
> Charles Chase and Joaquin Costello, also of Stockton, who went in the direction of the islands, came back with 13 dozen.
>
> Charles Gall had 12½ dozen and lost about 20 birds.
>
> Gerlach brothers, who went in the direction of Collegeville, brought back 5 dozen birds, and Louis Hansel and a party succeeded in finding 6 dozen.
>
> Henry Lonjers, Charles Haas and W. E. Johnson, all of Stockton, brought in the biggest bunch of birds of the whole outfit. They returned late with 270.

Well here they are in the pen. Every one who knows them will avoid them hereafter.

I have received the Shattuck hammerless gun as premium and find it A No. 1 in every respect. It is a close shooter. I wonder how you can give such valuable premiums, and again I wonder that every sportsman doesn't go to work for you and earn a good gun, which he could surely do.

C. E. Newkirk, Centreville, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

We have abundance of quails, squirrels, rabbits and grouse in this vicinity. Thousands of rabbits were killed last season, and as the law protecting them was repealed, they are likely to be greatly reduced in number. Not many quails are shot since the law prohibiting their sale in this State was enacted.

Over 30 foxes were killed here last winter. I received 2 pairs of pheasants, through the courtesy of Mr. Reutinger, our game warden, and turned them loose in good cover.

J. P. M., Portersville, O.

This has been a great season for prairie chicken, quail and ducks and a good year for birds to hatch and rear their young. Jack rabbits are getting numerous and they are good game. Late in the fall we had a good many geese, brants and sand hill cranes. They came on the grain fields nights and mornings, making fine sport.

A. A. Mosher, Spirit Lake, La.

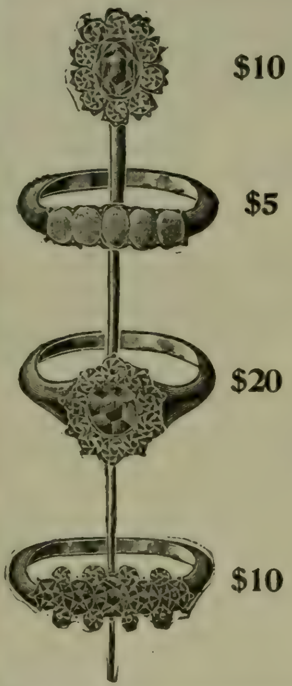
The San Francisco Argus says Mrs. W. S. Parks of Napa County, California, has killed during the past 2 years, with a Winchester rifle, 70 deer, 1 mountain lion, and 1 bear, besides a good deal of smaller game.

If this is true, she has been extravagant, so far as the deer are concerned. I trust this gentle hint will reach her, and that she will heed it in future.

MRS. T. LYNCH

1 and 3 Union Square ❦ NEW YORK

Diamond Importer and Cutter



These Goods are Fine White Diamonds and Real Opal Sapphire Pearl or Turquois center

The $20 Ring is worth $30

Seeing is believing

Send for inspection

DIAMONDS bought of us may be returned, at full price paid, within

One year

Jewelry or watches within

30 days

thus you are bound to be satisfied.

WRITE
FOR CATALOGUE
MAILED FREE

GOODS SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS
MONEY BACK IF YOU MAIL IT AND ARE NOT SATISFIED

E. Howard, Waltham, and Elgin Watches

20 per cent. less than Wholesale List Price

GRAND
IMPERIAL SEC
Imperial Sec
Rheims
PRODUCED BY
Germania Wine Cellars
Hammondsport & Rheims

A GREAT OFFER

BY **GERMANIA WINE CELLARS**

Hammondsport and Rheims, N.Y.

We are determined to introduce our goods among the very best people in the country, and we can see no better way of doing this than by selling them a case of our goods, containing eleven bottles of wine and one bottle of our extra fine, double-distilled Grape Brandy, at one-half its actual cost. Upon receipt of $5.00, we will send, to any reader of RECRATION, one case of our goods, all first class, and put up in elegant style, assorted, as follows:

1 Quart Bottle Grand Imperial See Champagne
1 Quart Bottle Delaware
1 " " Riesling
1 " " Tokay
1 " " Sweet Catawba
1 " " Sherry
1 " " Elvira
1 " " Niagara
1 " " Angelica
1 " " Port
1 " " Sweet Isabella
1 " " Imperial Grape Brandy

This offer is made mainly to introduce our **Grand Imperial Sec Champagne** and our fine double-distilled **Grape Brandy**, without which no Sportsman or Hunter should start on an expedition, as it is very necessary where such exercise is taken. This case of goods is offered at about one-half its actual cost and it will please us if our friends and patrons will take advantage of this and help us introduce our goods

Mention RECREATION

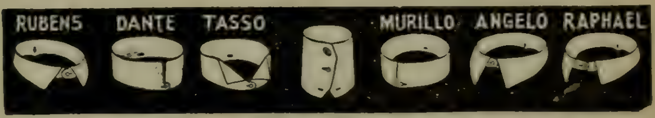
LINENE COLLARS AND CUFFS

Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth and finished alike on both sides. The turn-down collars are reversible and give double service.

NO LAUNDRY WORK

When soiled, discard. **Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25c.** ***By mail, 30c.*** Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO. Dept. L, BOSTON



"Hello, Black!"
"Hello, White!"
"Hear about Brown?"
"Yes. Gray told me."
And then they went into Green's to take something for the blues.—Life.

The Good Man—Do you know there are breakers ahead of you?

The Wicked One—Ye—hic—yes. I s'pose my—hic—wife and her mother'll break my—hic—head when I git home.—Chicago Daily News.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE L. A. S.

ARTHUR F. RICE, Secretary L. A. S., 19 W. 24th St., New York.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed ONE DOLLAR for membership fee for one year.

I certify that I am eligible to membership in the L. A. S. under the provisions of the constitution, and refer to 2 League members (or to 3 other reputable citizens) named hereon.

Name..

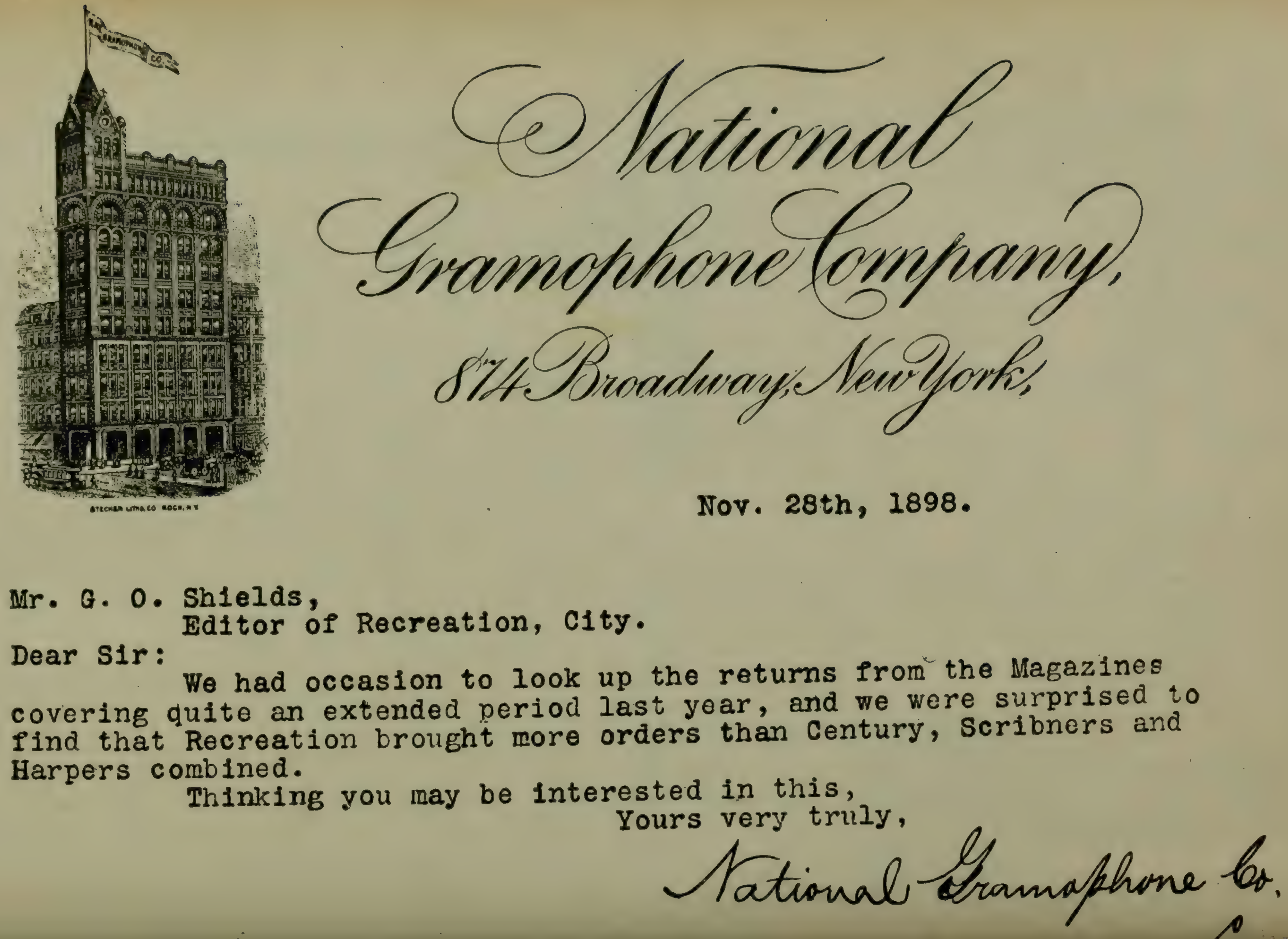
Street or P.O. Box______________________________

City or Town______________________________

....

Detach this, fill out, and send in with your dollar, AT ONCE

References



STECHER LITHO CO ROCH. N.Y.

National
Gramophone Company,
874 Broadway, New York,

Nov. 28th, 1898.

Mr. G. O. Shields,
Editor of Recreation, City.

Dear Sir:

We had occasion to look up the returns from the Magazines covering quite an extended period last year, and we were surprised to find that Recreation brought more orders than Century, Scribners and Harpers combined.

Thinking you may be interested in this,

Yours very truly,

National Gramaphone Co.

What's the Use

of walking when you can get a first-class, high-grade bicycle for nothing?

How?

By getting 75 subscriptions for

Recreation

If you live in a town of 3,000 or more, and if you are a hustler you can get these in 2 days.

I can give you the names of 20 people who did this in 1896, and who now have their wheels.

Write for particulars.

RECREATION
19 West 24th Street
New York

TO CALIFORNIA
PACIFIC COAST
LIMITED

VIA THE

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

A New and Palatial Vestibuled Train, without an equal, put in service for the first time this season.

Leaves St. Louis every Tuesday and Saturday, 10:30 p. m., for Los Angeles and San Francisco.

EQUIPMENT CONSISTS OF

COMPOSITE CAR—Containing Reading, Writing and Smoking Room, Buffet, Barber Shop and Bath Room.

COMPARTMENT CAR—Containing Seven Private Compartments and Double Drawing-Rooms.

SLEEPING CARS—Containing Twelve Sections, State Rooms and Drawing-Rooms.

DINING CAR—In which all Meals are served A LA CARTE.

Heated with Steam. Lighted with Pintsch Gas.

A SUMMER ROUTE FOR WINTER TRAVEL.

NO HIGH ALTITUDES. NO SNOW BLOCKADES.

ONLY THREE DAYS TO OR FROM CALIFORNIA.

Entire train runs through without change.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

J. G. WARNER, Vice-Pres't. W. B. DODDRIDGE, Gen'l Mgr
H. C. TOWNSEND, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNEQUALED ATTRACTIONS

ON THE LINE OF THE

Union Pacific

FOR TOURISTS

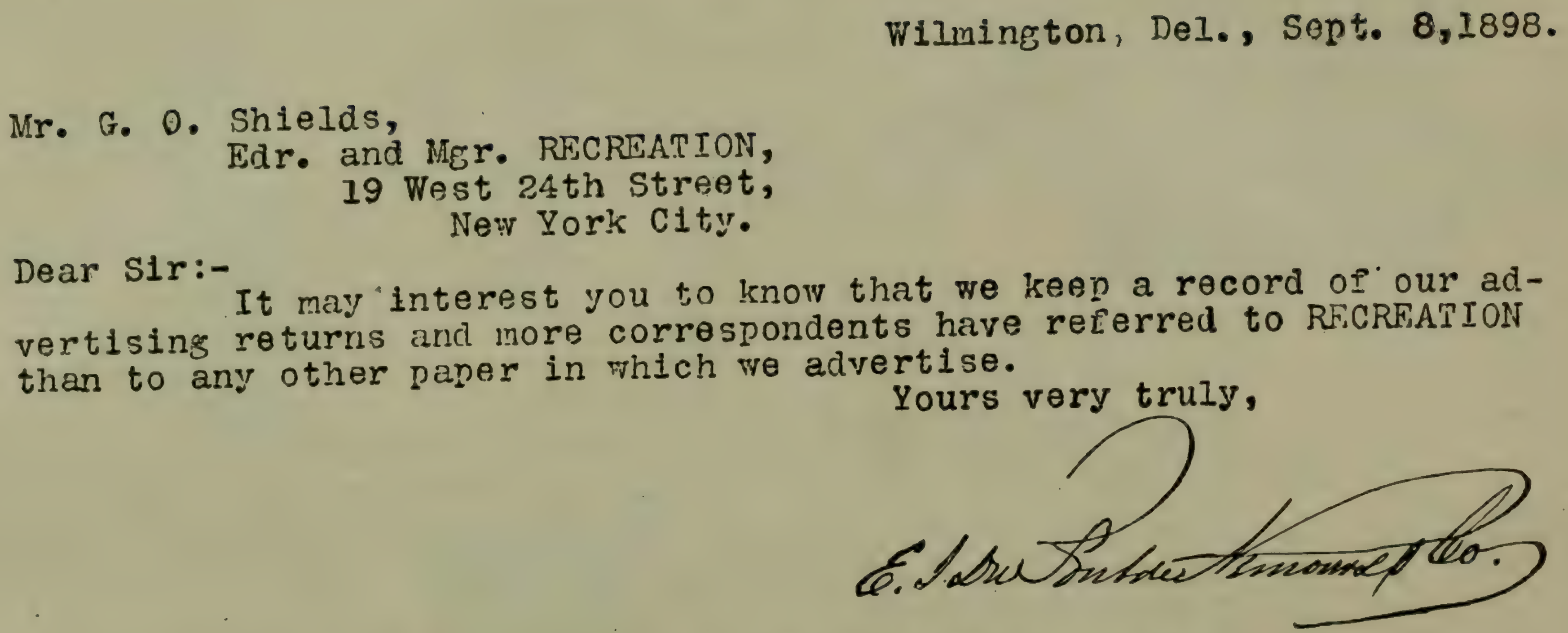
It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

Sportsmen will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

For Gun Club Rules, Game Laws, and any information relative to localities for Hunting, or for information in regard to the UNION PACIFIC R. R., call on or address any General or Traveling Agent of this Company.

R. TENBROECK, Gen'l Eastern Agent,
287 Broadway, New York City

E. DICKINSON, General Manager
S. A. HUTCHISON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt.
E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
OMAHA, NEB.



Wilmington, Del., Sept. 8,1898.

Mr. G. O. Shields,
Edr. and Mgr. RECREATION,
19 West 24th Street,
New York City.

Dear Sir:-

It may interest you to know that we keep a record of our advertising returns and more correspondents have referred to RECREATION than to any other paper in which we advertise.

Yours very truly,

E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co.

Nearly every advertiser who tries **RECREATION** speaks in equally strong terms of it. Why don't you try it?

The Messrs. Du Pont de Nemours & Co. are the largest powder manufacturers in the world.

If **RECREATION** pays them it would certainly pay you.

G. O. S.

Shooting in Michigan is fine; deer, ducks, quails and rabbits being plentiful.

A party of hunters, composed of some of Detroit's best known men, have been hunting deer with dogs. They shoot—or rather slaughter—game at their preserve at Turtle lake. I make the prediction, however, that they will not be bothered about their hunting with dogs. They were prosecuted for hounding, a few years ago, but got off in some mysterious manner. Still, they are not the only people who violate the game laws here, and get off without a fine.

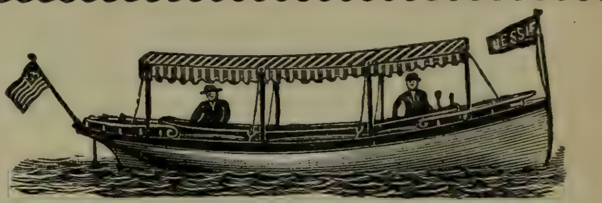
O. H. B., Detroit, Mich.

Coot shooting commenced here on October 1st and whenever there was a good day sportsmen were fairly successful.

The bass fishing was not a success last season but great sport was had with snapping mackerel. These splendid little fish were here in quantities. The only trouble about catching them was the scarcity of bait. Fifty to 100 was a fair average to the rod while the snappers were here and everyone had a good pull at them.

A. S. Doane, Dosoris, L. I.

Eat Pim-Olas (Patent Applied For)
Trade Mark
A delicious relish to stimulate the appetite and impart good cheer to the meal. Seville Packing Co. New York
Beware of substitutes.



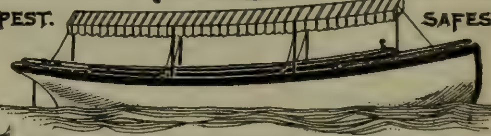
No Fire Smoke or Heat, Absolutely Safe. Send five stamps for Catalogue
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

This Beautiful .... VAPOR LAUNCH
14 ft. $160.00. Other sizes to 24 ft. ENGINES, 1 to 6 h. p.
Stationary, 1 to 20 h. p Pumping Engines all sizes. Send for Catalog
PIERCE ENGINE CO., Box 6, Racine Jct, Wis.

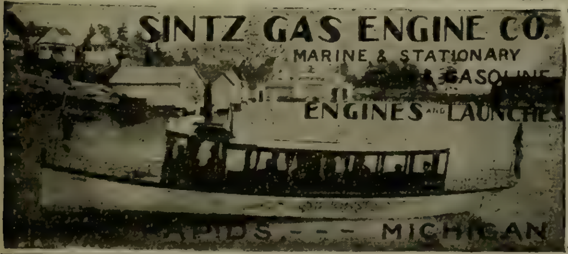
Buffalo Horns
polished or unpolished; also skulls, with and without horns.
Largest Stock in the World
Address E. W. STILES
141 Washington St., HARTFORD, CONN.

ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

Palmer Stationary and Marine Gasoline Engines and Launches
Send stamp for Catalog. Palmer Bros., Mianus, Conn.



GASOLINE Tuttle ENGINES AND LAUNCHES.
CATALOGUE FREE
CHEAPEST. SAFEST.
D.M.TUTTLE CO., CANASTOTA, N.Y.



The Best is always the Cheapest
We are the oldest builders of Marine Gas Engines in the United States and Guarantee Superiority. Enquire of your boat builders, or address us at home office or nearest branch office.
493 COLUMBUS AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
125 SO. SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
138 MORGAN STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.
99 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH.

Lieut. Schwatka used them in exploring the Yukon River in 1891.
Walter Wellman has them on his polar trip. 20-foot, with double skin and cabin, capacity 3,000 lbs. Weight 120 lbs. Make a package 7 ft. x 2 ft. 6 in.
Makes up into three packages to carry, 16 feet, capacity 1,500 lbs., weight 80 lbs.
Sportsman Canoes. 26 to 50 lbs., capacity 250 to 1,000 lbs. All are canoe model. Ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. No bagging or wrinkling between ribs. No joints or parts to loosen or wear. Lightest weight. Smallest package. Galvanized steel frame. Special make heavy canvas, water tight, and puncture proof.
Send 6 cents for beautiful Catalog, 40 Engravings
KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO. - - - - KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S. A.

NAVAJO INDIAN RUGS AND BLANKETS were made for the camp by a nation of campers. There is nothing their equal. A rare collection to select from. Also Indian Relics in endless variety for Indian Rooms, Dens, and Smoking Rooms. **12 Flint Spear Points, prepaid, $1**

Capt. C. W. RIGGS
No. 74 University Place
One Block North and One Block West from Wanamaker's
NEW YORK CITY

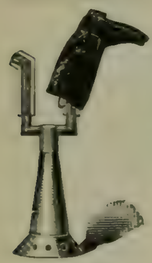
B. BERNARD & CO.

BUYERS OF

Raw Furs and Alligator Skins

Beeswax, Ginseng Root, Etc. Highest Possible Market Prices Paid. Send for Price List.

3 West Third Street - New York



Boot and Shoe Drier and Warmer

Just the thing to dry the inside of damp boots and shoes

No more foul smell about gum boots, as the drier keeps them sweet and clean; preserves the lining and keeps the gum from rotting; gives comfort; preserves health; dries and warms by hot air; can be set over a lamp, stove, or register. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price $1.50, weight 4 lbs. Circular free. PATENT APPLIED FOR.

D. H. WITMER, Man'f'r, Christiana, Pa.

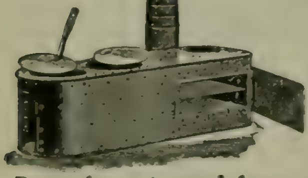
What's the difference (you who know so
Much of music, solve this riddle,)
'Tween a violin " virtuoso "
And a man who plays a fiddle?

LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.

Send for 96 Page Catalogue of

Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.

WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.



A Practical, Common-Sense Camp Stove

In 6 Sizes. Patent applied for

The lightest, most compact, practical camp stove made; either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape, combination cast and sheet steel top, smooth body, heavy lining, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.

" Wild Animals I Have Known " is one of the most remarkable books of the day. Publisher's price, $2. The book and RECREATION, one year, $2.

This relates to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION WHEN ANSWERING ADS.

Taxidermists' Supplies

WHEN you get a good specimen of bird, fish, mammal etc., that you would like to get mounted, send it to us. We will do it right and also make the price right.

Send five cents for new Taxidermists' Catalogue.

Artificial Glass Eyes

WE prepare and mount all specimens of natural history true to nature, in the best style of the Taxidermist's art, at reasonable prices.

We also keep a complete line of **Oologists' and Entomologists' Supplies**

FRED. KAEMPFER, Taxidermist,
88 State St., Chicago

HOMES BY THE SEA. Protected by Beautiful Islands. Game, Oysters and Fish in abundance. Lemons, Oranges, Pineapples, and all Sub-tropical Fruits and Flowers are grown to perfection. Climate delightful, Summer and Winter. Land fertile, high and dry. A nook in comparatively unknown, that **FLORIDA** offers to settlers and to Winter visitors advantages not found elsewhere. Seekers after health, pleasure or profit should read our Booklet, sent free by

THE LEMON BAY COMPANY, Englewood, Florida.

FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices. Send 10 cents for photos.

JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, Lincoln, Maine.

Taxidermy High grade, scientific work in all branches

Mounted Birds and Mammals

I can furnish, mounted to order, nearly anything in this line; also Heads, Wall Cases, Dead Game Pieces, etc. Bird Skins for scientific purposes.

GEO. F. GUELF

BROCKPORT, N. Y.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1

DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

FOR SALE

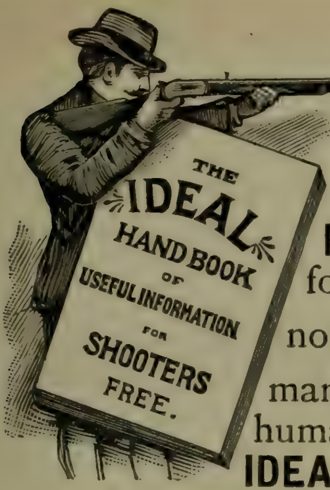
Living wild animals and game birds, for propagating purposes; Elk, Deer, Jack Rabbits, QUAIL (Western birds only), Fox Squirrels, Ducks, Geese, Swans, etc.

Address **CHAS. PAYNE**

BOX 913 WICHITA, KANSAS

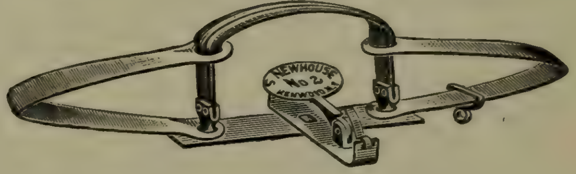
I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

EDITOR.



All Shooters of *Rifles*, *Pistols* and *Shot Guns* will find it to their interest to possess a copy of the *Ideal Hand Book*, No. 10, a **KLONDIKE OF GOLDEN NUGGETS** of information relating to *arms* and *ammunition*, not **FOR WAR** but **FOR PEACE**ful manly sports that elevate and invigorate humanity. **120 pages.** Send stamps for postage.
IDEAL MANUF'G CO., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

Newhouse Game Traps of Every Size
GOOD MATERIAL—CARE IN MAKING
Men who make a business of trapping in the season use the very best traps they can get.
IT PAYS
Don't load yourself with traps you are not sure of. Ask for **NEWHOUSE** or **HAWLEY & NORTON**, or write to the makers
ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., Kenwood, N. Y.



"Wild Animals I have Known" is the title of Ernest Seton Thompson's latest and greatest book. Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION one year, $2. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscribers.

Fred—That cigar you gave me did me lots of good.

Arthur—I'm glad of it. When did you smoke it?

"Oh, I didn't smoke it. I gave it to Howard and you know I hate him."—Harlem Life.

The Grand Rapids Cycle Company has issued a handsomely illuminated card, giving some interesting facts about chainless bicycles. Send for it. Mention RECREATION.

Dear Mr. Shields: I received the .32 calibre pearl-handled revolver from the Forehand Arms Company, and am greatly pleased with it. I got it in return for 8 subscriptions to RECREATION, and I thank you for your promptness and generosity.

J. B. Deacon, Jr., Pittsburg, Pa.

"Bird Neighbors" is one of the best books on Ornithology published since the days of Audubon. $2 gets a copy of that book and a yearly subscription to RECREATION. How can anybody afford to be without that book, when it can be had at ½ the publisher's price?

The lawyer's bill is like a good card player—always follows suit.

I enclose check to pay for ad. in November RECREATION and must say the results were far beyond my expectations. I received orders containing money for my hand-knit hunting jacket, from New York, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri and California, and inquiries from nearly every state in the Union. They came from both dealers and private individuals, and no doubt many more sales will yet be made. I wish to make a contract with you for 1899. Please quote me rates for a quarter page for 3, 6 and 12 months.

George F. Webber, Detroit, Mich.

"I wouldn't call the doctor a quack."

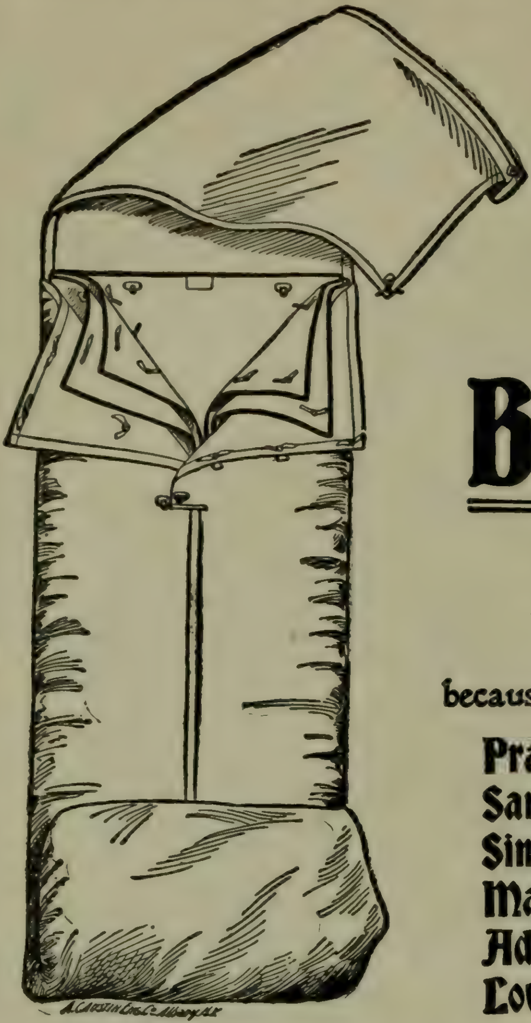
"Why?"

"It suggests a duck, and there are lots of birds with bigger bills than it has."—Cleveland Leader.

RECREATION is very popular in Jamestown. Nearly every sportsman to whom I have ever spoken in regard to it is a subscriber.

J. H. Westfall, Jamestown, N. Y.

. . Moosehide Moccasins and Slippers . .
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis.
Price, Men's, $2.75 ; Ladies' and Boys', $2.25
Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price
Write for our illustrated circular and price-list of hand-made hunting shoes and moccasins of every description.
Mention RECREATION.


A. Carson Eng. Co. Albany N.Y.

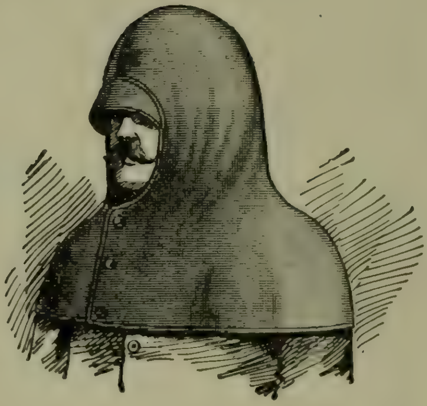
Kenwood Sleeping Bags...

have reached a sale of thousands
and are known all over
NORTH AMERICA
because they are

Practical
Sanitary
Simple in Construction
Made of Right Materials
Adapted to Every Possible Use
Low in Price

The Kenwood Storm Hood

...is...
RAIN PROOF
WIND PROOF
and COLD PROOF



It affords perfect protection to any one who is exposed to cold weather while walking, driving, working or sleeping. The price is $2.00. We send it charges prepaid. Write for free booklet and samples.

❧

THE KENWOOD MILLS
ALBANY, N. Y.

A VALUABLE PRESENT FOR BOYS.

THE INGERSOLL

Dollar Watch

2/3 SIZE.

is known the world over. We have demonstrated that it is possible to make a good watch for a **DOLLAR**. It is made to stand rough usage, and for boys it is just the thing; for men not wishing to carry a high-priced watch at work it will fill every purpose of an expensive watch. It keeps as good time as a hundred-dollar watch and years of hard knocks will not affect its accuracy.

Under the **GUARANTEE** printed below we have sold more than **2,000,000 WATCHES** in two years. If the watch were not a good one, our repair shop would be larger than our factory.

Our **GUARANTEE** is not a meaningless say so, but an absolute and unequivocal agreement.

READ IT.

GUARANTEE
R. H. Ingersoll & Bro
MAKERS
65 CORTLANDT STREET NEW YORK CITY.
AGREE THAT IF WITHOUT ABUSE, THIS WATCH FAILS TO KEEP GOOD-TIME THEY WILL UPON ITS RETURN TO THEM, WITHIN ONE YEAR FROM ABOVE DATE REPAIR OR REPLACE IT WITH A NEW ONE.

HONESTLY MADE.

Keyless wind and set, American patent lever movement, quick train; runs 30 hours to one winding. Good nickel case.

PRICE, $1.00 POSTPAID.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

"Watchmakers to the American People,"

65 CORTLANDT STREET, *Dept. 77.* *New York City.*

We have grouse, quails, sage-hens and ducks, with plenty of doves to practice on during the close season. Sage hens are most plentiful in the Eastern part of the State. Grouse and quails are abundant in the Western part. The duck receives the most attention from Nevada sportsmen. Along the Carson, Humboldt, and Truckee rivers, and at numerous small lakes, they are found in abundance.

Deer are not plentiful, but I think that in each of the 14 counties in the State, from 2 to 10 deer are killed every year. Last October I saw 4 which were killed within 15 miles of this city.

F. H., Carson City, Nev.

A LYNX IN FERGUS FALLS.

Mrs. A. M. Faber, of this place, recently discovered what she supposed to be an enormous cat, crouched on the limb of a tree near her woodpile about 5 o'clock in the evening. She attempted to drive it away with a stick, but it simply sprang down and took up a position on the woodpile. Finally she sent word to Jacob Niebels to come over and shoot it and he responded at once. He found it was no ordinary cat, and when a bullet had ended its career, he discovered it was a lynx—an animal that one would expect to find in some dense Canadian forest rather than in the heart of a city of this size. How it came here is a mystery, the only probable surmise being that it followed the river during the preceding night.

The animal is about 2½ feet long and when standing erect is about 18 inches high.

Fergus Falls, Minn., Journal.

If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

The Marion (Pa.) Independent tells of a man in that neighborhood who shot a screech owl, and, believing there was a bounty on birds of that kind, took it to a justice of the peace to make the proper affidavit. The justice assured him there was not only no bounty on the screech owl, but that, on the contrary, there was a penalty of $5 for shooting one. The justice said he was sorry; but, as the man had confessed to the violation of the law, he had no alternative but to impose the fine.

Good. He'll know more about the law next time. It's always safe for a man to look up the game laws before he starts out to shoot things.

On May 12th I packed my camping outfit, took the train for Santa Cruz, and by 5 p.m. my daughter Maud and I were at Laguina creek, 9 miles North of Santa Cruz.

Our camp was in a nice grove, in a canyon about ¼ mile from the beach. We had good trout and surf fishing, and also hunted rabbits, of which there are hundreds. I used a .22 rifle. There were plenty of quail, but as it was in close season we did not molest them. There was not a day while we were there that I could not have killed them from the tent.

I. D. Howe, San Jose, Cal.

Always mention RECREATION when answering ads.

THE ASSOCIATED PIRATES.

E. T. KEYSER.

"Where's Paresis?" inquired the Hoodoo anxiously.

Supper has disappeared some time ago, also Paresis.

"Been in the cabin for the last half hour," says Grouty, ridding himself of an intrusive caterpillar and sinking back on his cushion of rock.

"And the prescription department in there," moaned the Microbe. "O Lord, just my luck. Why didn't I take that drink at dinner?"

"What's that about a drink?" asked Paresis, emerging from the shanty.

The Microbe started to answer him but the remark was strangled at its birth and he gazed with a scared expression at the questioner.

The Reformed Cowboy's glance was turned on Paresis for an instant, then having satisfied himself that his holster was hanging in the cabin, he subsided in a heap.

For Paresis was transformed. Wearing a brand new and somewhat vociferous golf suit and a pair of tan shoes, he would be bad enough; but to these habilaments he had, with malice aforethought, added a white shirt, a standing collar and a 4-in-hand tie.

Taking unfair advantage of the stupefaction caused by his get-up, Paresis made his escape with his life and the Latona, which had been carefully tied up at the dock, ready for him; and hoisting sail, glided off into the river with his bow in the direction of Yonkers.

"I don't wish the youth any harm," said the Hoodoo, pathetically, "but I'd give a large percentage of my hard stolen wealth to have him capsize while we can see him."

The Microbe recovered sufficiently from his trance to shout out a request for the voyager to bring back some potatoes, bread, and a bottle of cocktails.

"Wonder what his glory cost him?" audibly mused the Cowboy.

"Five ninety-eight, reduced from 9.50," promptly answered Hippocampannini, who had followed Paresis from his boudoir.

"Sure?" asked Grouty.

"Oh, yes," said Hippocampannini, cheerfully, "saw the tag on the floor and pinned it to his coat tail while he was curling his mustache."

Happiness descended on the crowd again at this announcement. The honor of the camp was avenged.

As the canoe moved silently down the river, the convent bell of Mt. St. Vincent rang out the hour. The intervening space of moon-lit air reduced its tones to a far-away musical vibration which chimed over the water, and was re-echoed by the towering Palisades on the Western shore, to fall again on the ear like the shadow of a song. Listening to this, the paddler lessened his stroke and fell into a reverie—a sad one, judging by the expression of his face and the half suppressed sigh which escaped him.

The moonlight, the soft wind just rippling the water, and, above all, the solitude, unbroken save by the rattling chain of some distant schooner as it comes to anchor, all tend to recall memories of other days—and what are memories but regrets? Regrets for pleasures, for companionships, for loves that are past; regrets for errors and unkindness, now beyond recall. To which of these does that sigh owe its birth?

But suddenly, as if shaking off a momentary fit of weakness which shamed him even to himself, the canoeist put forth an effort which transformed his wake into a glittering band of phosphorescence, and quickly brought the little craft opposite the camp.

And then, Paresis broke the silvery silence of the night and disclosed that which caused his melancholy.

"That's a——poor cocktail they mix at the Getty House this Summer."

"Our bargain counter friend has returned," observed the Hoodoo, as Paresis, having tied up his canoe by the dandy halliard, appeared pained at its refusal to lie head to the wind.

"Judging by his present contortions," says Grouty, "I should say there has been a mark-down sale of spiritus frumenti, up Yonkers way."

Having convinced himself that profanity in Allopathic doses will not cure the Latona of her apparent cussedness, Paresis sadly left her to her own wicked designs and approached his comrades.

"Got the potatoes?" asked the Hoodoo.

"Forgot 'em," confessed Paresis, solemnly.

"The bread?" asked Hippocampannini.

Paresis turned his pockets inside out and finally admitted a lapse of memory in that direction also.

"Where are the cocktails?" demanded the Cowboy, anxiously.

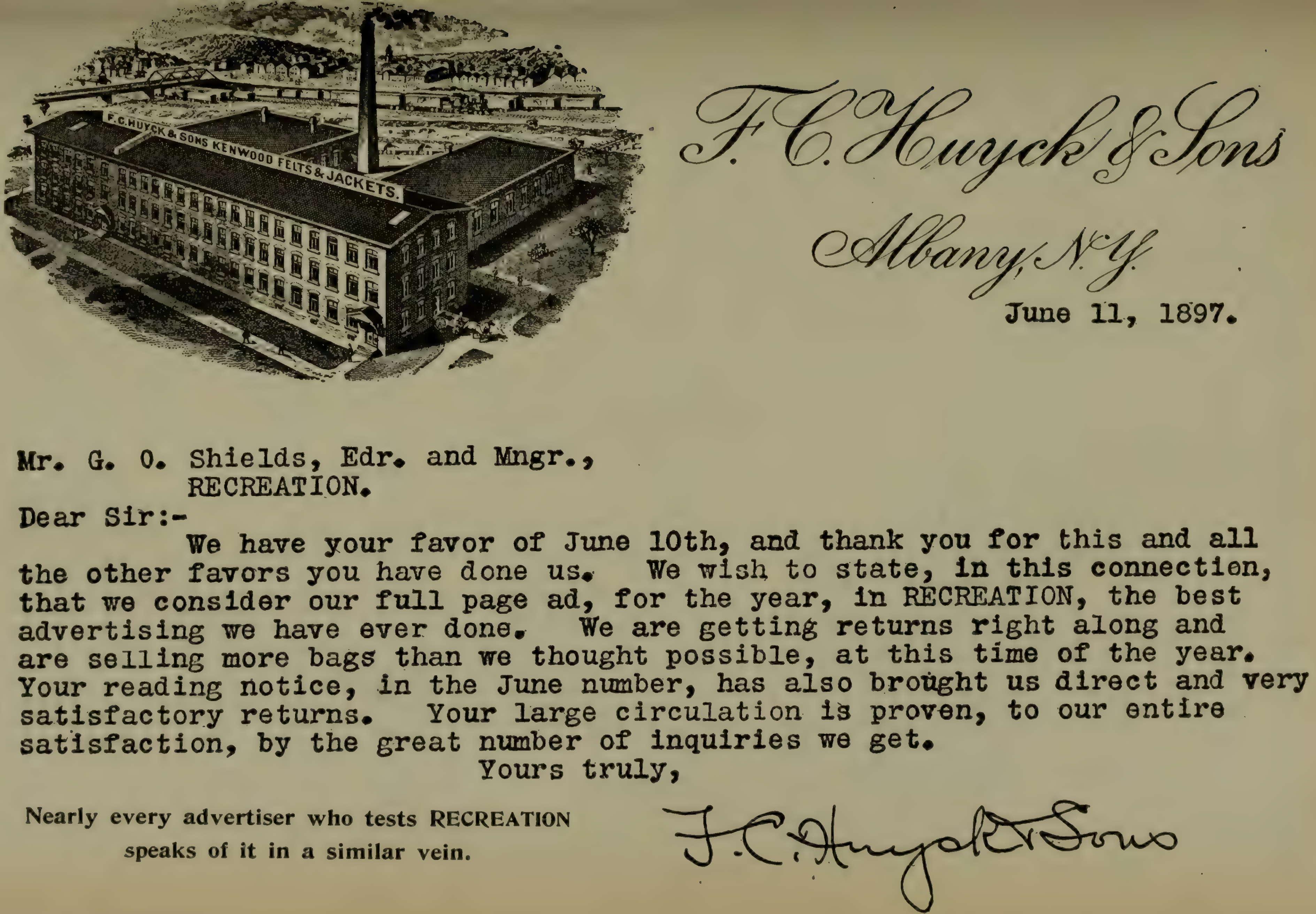
A gleam of happiness lighted the countenance of Paresis.

"Forget 'em too?" growled the Microbe.

"No!" shouted Paresis. "No, sir! No!"

"Well, where are they?" queried the Pirates in chorus.

Paresis smiled and unbuttoning his coat, suggestively rubbed his hand over the lower portion of his now crumpled shirt front, and sank gracefully into the Cowboy's place at the fireside, where the disgusted Pirates left him and sought their bunks.


F. C. HUYCK & SONS KENWOOD FELTS & JACKETS.

F. C. Huyck & Sons
Albany, N. Y.

June 11, 1897.

Mr. G. O. Shields, Edr. and Mngr.,
RECREATION.

Dear Sir:-

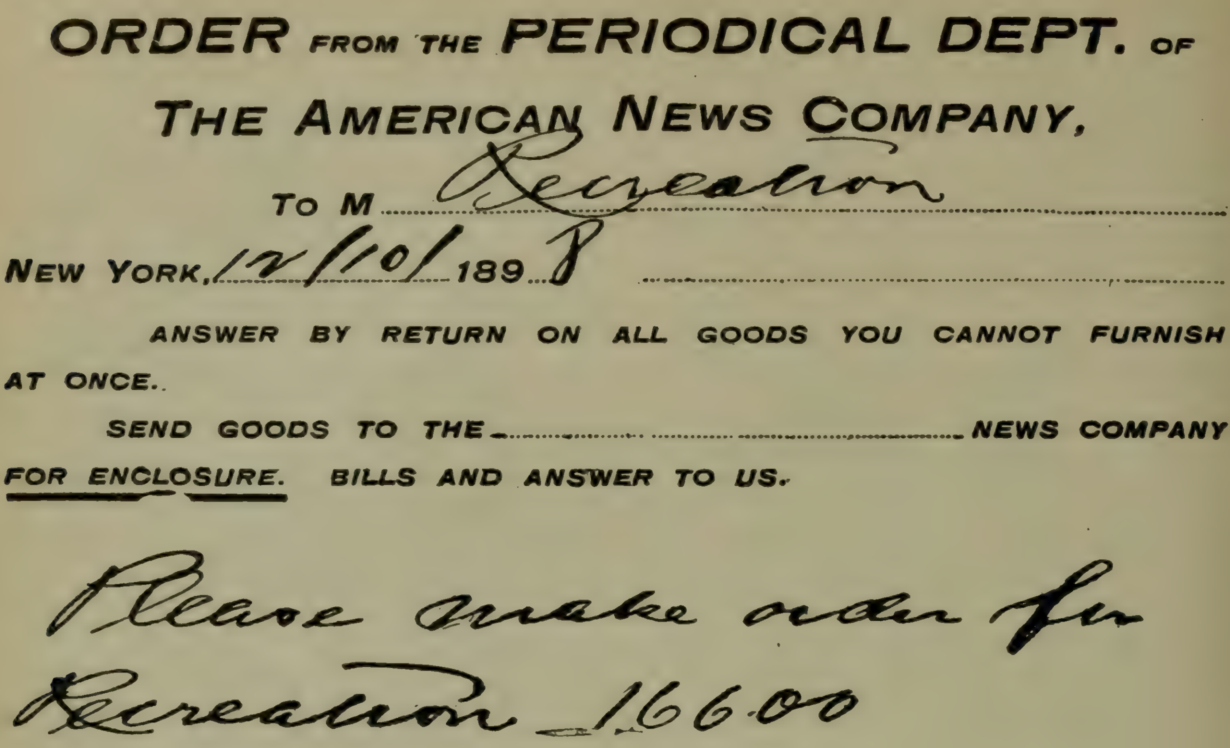
We have your favor of June 10th, and thank you for this and all the other favors you have done us. We wish to state, in this connection, that we consider our full page ad, for the year, in RECREATION, the best advertising we have ever done. We are getting returns right along and are selling more bags than we thought possible, at this time of the year. Your reading notice, in the June number, has also brought us direct and very satisfactory returns. Your large circulation is proven, to our entire satisfaction, by the great number of inquiries we get.

Yours truly,

F. C. Huyck & Sons

Nearly every advertiser who tests RECREATION speaks of it in a similar vein.

(36)



ORDER FROM THE PERIODICAL DEPT. OF
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

To M Recreation

New York, 12/10/1898

ANSWER BY RETURN ON ALL GOODS YOU CANNOT FURNISH AT ONCE.

SEND GOODS TO THE .... NEWS COMPANY FOR ENCLOSURE. BILLS AND ANSWER TO US.

Please make order for
Recreation 16600

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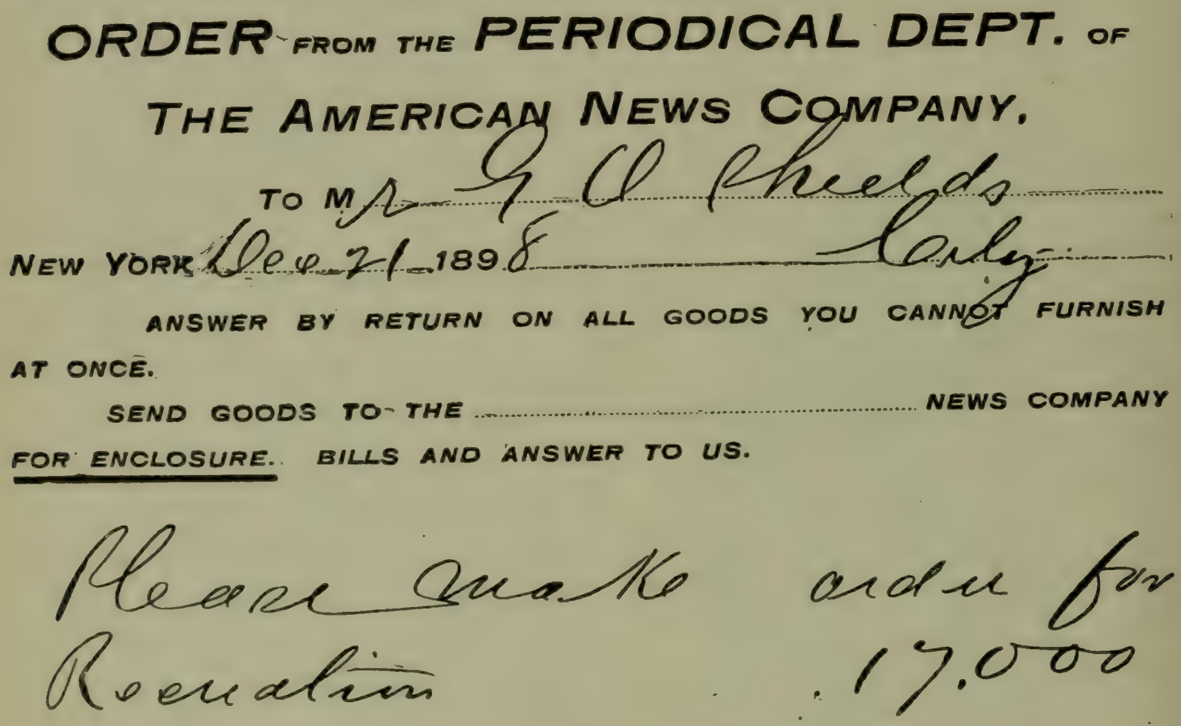


ORDER FROM THE PERIODICAL DEPT. OF
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

To Mr G O Shields

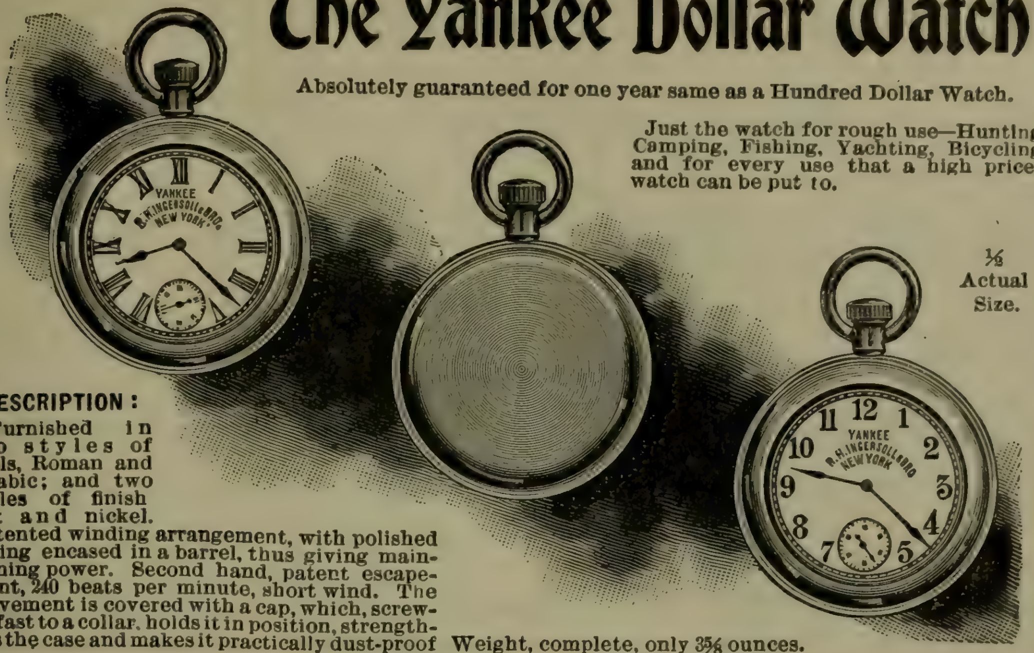
New York Dec 21 1898 City

ANSWER BY RETURN ON ALL GOODS YOU CANNOT FURNISH AT ONCE.

SEND GOODS TO THE .... NEWS COMPANY FOR ENCLOSURE. BILLS AND ANSWER TO US.

Please make order for
Recreation 17.000

Here are two straws that show which way the wind blows. I have 35,000 subscribers in addition to this news trade. Will gladly show my lists at any time to any advertiser.



The Yankee Dollar Watch

Absolutely guaranteed for one year same as a Hundred Dollar Watch.

Just the watch for rough use—Hunting, Camping, Fishing, Yachting, Bicycling, and for every use that a high priced watch can be put to.

⅛ Actual Size.

DESCRIPTION :

Furnished in two styles of dials, Roman and Arabic; and two styles of finish gilt and nickel. Patented winding arrangement, with polished spring encased in a barrel, thus giving maintaining power. Second hand, patent escapement, 240 beats per minute, short wind. The movement is covered with a cap, which, screwed fast to a collar, holds it in position, strengthens the case and makes it practically dust-proof **Weight, complete, only 3⅝ ounces.**

GUARANTEE
SOLD
R.H. Ingersoll & Bro.
MAKERS
65 COURTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK CITY
AGREE THAT IF WITHOUT ABUSE, THIS WATCH FAILS TO KEEP GOOD TIME, THEY WILL, UPON ITS RETURN TO THEM, DIRECT OR THROUGH AGENT NAMED ABOVE WITHIN ONE YEAR FROM ABOVE DATE, REPAIR OR REPLACE IT WITH A NEW ONE

☞ ***READ OUR ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE.*** ☜

MADE IN AMERICA BY AMERICANS.

PRICE, $1.00 EACH, PREPAID.

Your money back if you are not satisfied.

Large catalogue of interesting specialties free for the asking.

ROBERT H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,

"Watchmakers to the American People." 65 Cortlandt St., Dept. 77, N. Y.

Game Commissioner Collins, of Connecticut, recently said, in reply to a question:

> "I am informed from a reliable source that New York sportsmen come to Essex and shoot, or rather 'slaughter' the birds for wine suppers. What I mean by that is, a yachting party will enter a shooting contest and the man making the smallest score pays for the supper. It has come to my knowledge that hundreds of the birds have been found floating in the river, where they were thrown after being shot and counted."

I wish I could get the names of some of these New York chaps. Can any one furnish them?—Editor.

The Syracuse Herald published, in October last, another fish hog picture. It represents John Harlow and John Beers of that city, standing up, gazing at the camera, and holding a pole on their shoulders from which are suspended 14 pickerel and 2 muskalonge. The pickerel would apparently weigh about 2 to 5 pounds each and the muskalonge 10 to 15 pounds each. The string would probably aggregate 75 to 100 pounds. Instead of feeling proud of their catch, these men should be ashamed of it.

About 2 months ago a pigeon came to the farm of John McEwen, 2 miles East of this place. The bird is brown, a strong flyer and quite tame. On one leg is a silver band inscribed "K. 950." It is undoubtedly a lost carrier pigeon.

Dr. A. J. Marling, Greenville, O.

CALIFORNIA

IS THE REAL

WINTER RESORT

and the New York Central is the best way to reach it,—only ninety-six hours from Grand Central Station, New York, to the orange groves of California.

The best is the cheapest and the New York Central has no equal.

A booklet on the "Lake Shore Limited," containing also a novel and unique descriptive time table of this wonderful train, will be sent free by addressing George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

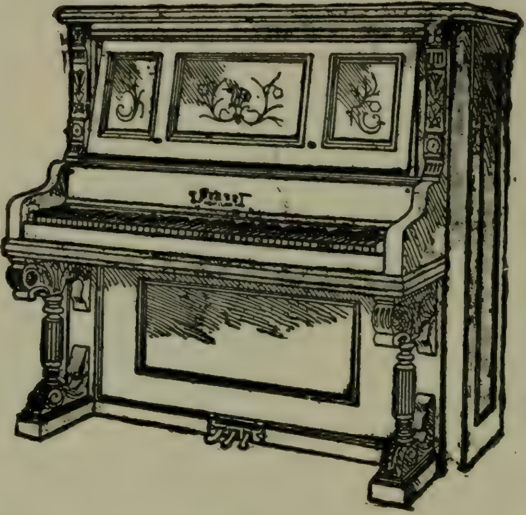
Popular Pease Pianos

MORE THAN 60,000 IN USE

Two New Styles
Now Ready

Exquisite in Tone

Catalogue and Full
Information Free



Sold on Liberal Terms
of Payment

Beautiful in Finish

And Delivered at
Your Home

OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE

316–22 West
43d Street
Pease Piano Co.
New York

Order Everything in the Musical Line

----- FROM -----

WM. A. POND & CO.

124 Fifth Avenue, New York.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Sheet Music and Music Books

GUITARS, BANJOS, MANDOLINS,
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ZITHERS, BAND INSTRUMENTS,
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COMPLETE CATALOGUES, ALSO
OUR READY REFERENCE
MANUAL,
FREE ON APPLICATION.

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AND TEACHERS.**

THE BEST
HUNTING
AND
FISHING
GROUNDS
IN THE **WEST**
AND **NORTHWEST**
ARE REACHED
VIA
THE
NORTH-WESTERN
LINE

For Illustrated Pamphlets and full information apply to your nearest Ticket Agent or address W. B. KNISKERN, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN R'Y,
CHICAGO, ILL.

STATEMENT

OF

THE TRAVELERS

Life and Accident ❧
Insurance Company

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Chartered 1863. [*Stock.*] *Life and Accident Insurance.*

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898

PAID-UP CAPITAL, . $1,000,000.00

Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included)	$22,868,994.16
Liabilities	19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders	$3,722,635.12

July, 1 1898

Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included)	$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities	19,859,291.43
Excess Security to Policy-holders	$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864	$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98	1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life)	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force . .	94,646,669.00

GAINS

6 Months—January to July, 1898

In Assets	$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders) .	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only)	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves . . .	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 Months .	2,937,432.77

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Medical Director and Adjuster
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel

NEW YORK OFFICE, 31 NASSAU STREET

THE HOGS ARE AFTER THE DOVES.

Here is a clipping from the San Francisco "Examiner":

> Marysville, July 31.—The fifth annual outing and dove stew of the Marysville Gun Club, at Shelton's Grove to-day, was attended by about 500 persons from different parts of the State, to whom invitations had been issued. Over 1,800 mournful warblers, plump of form and luscious in flavor, were offered in sacrifice to the occasion.

All these men lack of being hogs is having a few bristles on their backs. Several of these men returned to the city with as many as 200 doves each, for 2 days' shooting. J. J. J., San Francisco, Cal.

WHITTIER UP-TO-DATE.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,"
But the way things just at present drift
The "Yanks" will soon be there.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

"You ought to have one of those phonographs in your home. It repeats everything——"

"I don't need one; my wife belongs to a sewing society."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mere wealth won't make a man, ah! no,
As we so oft have said,
Some chaps who have a lot of "dough"
Might be much better bred.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

The season of Dog Shows and exposure is at hand. You don't want to lose your youngsters. With Spratts new style CONDITION TABLETS and DISTEMPER CURE you are safe. Send for full list of modernized medicines to Spratts Patent, 239 to 245 East 56th Street, New York, Manufacturers of all kinds of Dog and Poultry Supplies.

This month we draw attention to the following items of our big list of POULTRY SUPPLIES:

Ground Beef
For Winter Feed

Cardiac
(A Tonic Powder)

Chick Meal
For Early Youngsters

With the three above mentioned in stock, you lose no birds. Spratts Patent Limited, 239 to 245 East 56th Street, New York, Manufacturers of all kinds of Dog and Poultry Supplies.

THE BLUE HILLS TROUT PRESERVE.

While en route to New York, from Springfield, Mass., I stopped at Meriden, Conn., to visit the hatchery of the Blue Hills Trout Preserve, near that city.

From the station I took the least direct but most attractive drive to the hatchery. This road leads through Hubbard Park, which has recently been much beautified.

After a drive of half an hour I reached the farm of L. J. Peck, where the preserve is located, near the road, in a beautiful valley. There I found the superintendent, Mr. H. J. Holdridge, who I learned had been with the company for about 2 months. Previous to that time he had been in charge of the Connecticut State Hatcheries, at Windsor Locks, and, for many years before, superintendent of a large hatchery in Rhode Island. Mr. Holdridge said that at the state hatchery he had raised Atlantic and land locked salmon, brook, lake and rainbow trout, but that the Blue Hills Company would confine their products to brook trout.

In the engine house the food is prepared by steam power for the various sized trout. This is no small item as the fish require several hundred pounds of food every week.

In the hatchery every preparation has been made for taking about 2,000,000 trout eggs. Pure, cold water is conveyed to the hatchery through 3 large pipes, directly from immense springs.

In the first pool outside of the hatchery building I saw several thousand handsome trout, measuring from 8½ to 9 inches in length. The superintendent asked me to guess at the weight of one of these. They looked as if they would weigh ½ or ¾ of a pound, each, but when he placed 3 average sized fish on the scales I was surprised to find they weighed but a trifle over a pound.

From these a large number of the eggs are procured.

The next 4 or 5 pools contained thousands of fish which are being grown for next season's market, and other pools were filled with yearlings of various sizes. I then visited the site of the new fly fishing pond, where good sport may be had for a reasonable consideration.

The surrounding hills approach within 200 feet of one another, making an ideal place for the pond, which is within sight of the cottage.

From present indications this company will be able to fill orders for almost any number of trout eggs, fry and market fish.

The natural resources afford an opportunity to raise trout fry and fingerlings in numbers sufficient to stock the entire state.

SHE CALLED HIM DOWN.

There was a young wife of Antigua,
Who said to her spouse "what a pig you are."
He replied, "Oh sweet one, do you speak of my gun,
Or do you refer to my figuare?"

TO "COQUINA,"

THE GAME HOG'S NEMESIS.

A. L. VERMILYA.

Mr. Shields, you're just a dandy,
So polite and yet so handy,
As you pull the bristles off the squealing swine;
As you swipe the low pot hunters,
Then so deftly wring the grunters,
And stand them up for show all in a line.

You are building for the future,
When you stop the brainless butcher,
Whose only thought is present means and ways,
And the coming years will cheer you,
When, with brother sportsmen near you,
You survey the goodly work of other days.

In the days now old in story,
When the bison in his glory,
Roamed in countless herds across the rolling plain;
There was sport for all the nation,
When men took their recreation;
Now, but memories of buffalo remain.

And the birds whose joyous singing
Though the vale and wood is ringing,
Ever weaker, ever thinner grow their ranks;
While on streams where sunbeams quiver,
Grassy lake or winding river,
There all day the fish hog squats upon the banks.

So run out your guns for battle,
Let us hear the bullets rattle,
As the shrapnel bursts among the frantic swine;
And like Dewey at Manila,
Keep it up and knock them silly,
And we'll back you all along the sportsmen's line.

For, Coquina, you're a ripper,
A peeler, and a clipper,
When you smite the game and fish hogs hip and thigh;
Give them hell from Maine to Texas,
Bang them on the solar plexus,
And—here's hoping you may never, never die.

I am ready to do whatever I have time to and can do to protect our game. It is a great shame to have it slaughtered by persons who have only one selfish desire, to get all they can for themselves. The amount of game in this country is sufficient to give all who wish to hunt a fair amount if this useless slaughter could be stopped. I have stopped spring shooting entirely and would like to see every sportsman and all others do likewise. It is a great mistake to disturb any game at or near mating time.

C. G. Baker, Denver, Col.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

Wild Flowers in California

Will soon break forth in their annual riot and smother the earth with a blaze of color.

But they are only one of innumerable charms of that summer-land, where thousands of winter tourists have fled from ice and snow, and found a region more delightful than the Mediterranean.

Only 2¾ days from Chicago, and 4 from New York, by The California Limited, Santa Fé Route.

Address General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
CHICAGO.

REMINGTON'S NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY FOR 1898.

This is by far the largest and most comprehensive directory of newspapers ever issued from Pittsburgh by the Remington Advertising Agency, and though it appears under a new name, it is practically a continuation of the old newspaper manual, for that business center of the United States. It is one of the most complete and reliable books of its kind, handsomely and substantially bound and the contents arranged for ready reference.

The directory contains full and complete lists of all newspapers and other periodicals published in the United States and Canada, with their days of issue, politics and circulation, and specially classified lists of the principal dailies and weeklies, and the best agricultural, religious, scientific and trade publications and leading magazines. All the lists are catalogued by towns in alphabetical order, and in the general list the population is given of each state, town and of the county in which it is located.

Containing as it does every particular necessary for the general description of each newspaper and periodical, it must be of special value to the general advertiser, as a reference work and in the compilation of his lists.

The directory is issued from the office of Edward P. Remington, Newspaper Advertising, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TAKES GRIZZLY PETE SERIOUSLY.

In October RECREATION, Grizzly Pete makes an attempt to convince me of the merit of large bore, black powder guns. He has only succeeded in proving himself one of the few degraded men who—calling themselves hunters—are really game slaughterers and hogs. He must feel proud of his record and of his old blunderbuss. A sportsman would not bang away at a bunch of cow elk. He would pick one out; shoot it, and let the rest go. Pete says he shot 3 bears through the head at 3 shots; yet implies that they were so far away he had to use a glass to see if their fur was good. If he is such an expert why did he not do the same kind of shooting at the elk, and not break the legs of so many more than he killed? What had he been doing with dynamite, that he should hide it when the fish warden came? No; Pete, I don't think you will get any decent hunter to degrade himself by coming to you for information on any subject.

M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont.

Dear Sir: I received your letter asking me if the report which you read in the evening press was so. It is. I killed over 1,000 quail and averaged over 21 birds a day. I used an old second hand 10 gauge gun.

Samuel Cable, Sullivan, Mich.

This hog deserves a place in the bottomless pit, as illustrated on page xxvii. of December RECREATION.

You are taking the right stand in publishing the names of game hogs in various localities. One of our leading meat market men and a hotel keeper are fine, fat fish hogs. They speared 120 pike in one evening, 162 on another. Am sorry to acknowledge that a member of our local gun club has made a practice of pot hunting and slaughtering game for years back. Grau will do differently this year if he remains with the club.

Game is getting scarce here, and unless our laws are enforced we will have no shooting or fishing. The selection of a game warden has been carried into politics, and we are represented by a man who knows nothing, and cares less, about the protection of game. We are trying hard to have someone appointed who will act in the interest of law abiding citizens.

Subscriber, New London, Wis.

Rabbits are plentiful here; also ground hogs. Squirrels are scarce in the bottoms but abundant in the flats. There are 2 fox dens on this place and the Batavia fox hunters have a hunt or 2 every fall and winter. Coons and 'possums are plentiful. There are a few woodcock and snipe and sometimes a flock of ducks or geese. The East fork of the Little Miami river runs on 2 sides of this place and if it were not for illegal catching of fish this stream would be as good for bass fishing as any in Southern Ohio. S. D. Martin, Bantam, O.

"Johnny, Johnny, didn't I ask you once to stop whistling at the table?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, do you want me to ask you again?"

"No'm. I don't want you to make no bad breaks."

"Bad breaks! What do you mean, Johnny?"

"Well'm, you said it was very impolite to ask for things twice at the table."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Kind Old Man (to sobbing urchin)—My little lad, you shouldn't cry that way.

Urchin—What other way kin I cry?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Mr. Isolate (of Lonelyville)—Have you told the new cook I go in on the 6:18 train in the morning, Amabel?

Mrs. Isolate (wearily)—Yes, Ferdinand, and she says she does, too!—Puck.

"See here, what burst this door off the hinges?"

"Man who rents the flat sneezed in his parlor, sir, an' there wasn't room for the concussion."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"How did you come out, Tom, when you went to see her father to press your suit?"

"Come out? In such a manner, dear boy, that there isn't enough left of that suit to take any further pressing."—Judge.

C&O ROUTE
F.F.V. LIMITED

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

95% On Time

Between

New York . Philadelphia
Baltimore . Washington
Cincinnati . Louisville
St. Louis and Chicago

Dining Cars . . .
Pullman Sleepers
Observation Cars

Strictly . . .
up to Date

Grandest Scenery in America

H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

...To "the" Pleasure Resorts of...

Texas and Gulf of Mexico

TAKE

THE MK AND T
MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

Via CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, or ST. LOUIS

WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPERS
FREE "KATY" CHAIR CARS

For further information, address
W. S. ST. GEORGE, Gen. East. Agt.
309 Broadway, New York

Where to Go!

THE Best Game Country in the Mississippi Valley to-day is along the line of the

for Good SHOOTING And FISHING

Iron Mountain Route...

IN MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
AND
LOUISIANA

Small Game is very abundant, and has been shot at very little. **Deer** and **Turkeys** are plentiful, and the fishing, for black bass and other game fishes, of the very best. **This Line** also reaches, direct from **St. Louis** or **Memphis,** by double daily through car service, the **famous hunting and fishing grounds on the Gulf.**

....SPECIAL FEATURES OFFERED....

Reduced Rates to Sportsmen **Side Tracking Cars On or Near the Grounds**
Hunting Cars Fully Equipped **Carrying Free of Dogs, Guns, and Camp Equipment**

WRITE for best locations, and other information, to Company's Agents, or to the General Passenger Agent.

C. G. WARNER
Vice-President

W. B. DODDRIDGE
General Manager

H. C. TOWNSEND
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Muskoka and Midland Lakes Resorts

Reached only by the

Grand Trunk Railway System

Is the Paradise for not only hunters, fishermen, and canoeists, but also those in search of health, where comfort and pleasure can be obtained economically.

The woodland and lake scenery would satisfy the most critical tourist.

Camping outfits can be purchased cheaply, or guides, thoroughly acquainted with the region, fully equipped for camping, can be secured readily.

Parties can be furnished with names of guides, and, by communicating with them, make all necessary arrangements in advance.

The following fish and game, in season, are to be found in abundance. the variety of which is not surpassed by any other sporting region in the world:

Fish.—Bass, pickerel, brook trout, lake trout, whitefish, perch, sunfish, salmon, trout, sturgeon, catfish. herring and muskalonge.

Game.—Deer, partridge, rabbits, pigeons, ducks, geese, plover, bear, woodcock, snipe, grouse, and moose.

A few of the other Principal Resorts.—Androscoggin Lakes, the White Mountains, the salmon resorts of Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, Lake of St. John region, the River St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands.

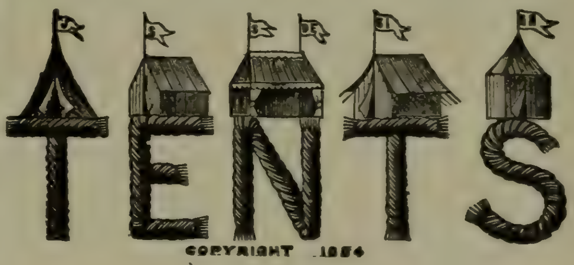
For descriptive books showing routes and rates, apply to M. C. Dickson, D.P.A., Toronto, Ont.; D. O. Pease, D.P.A., Montreal, P.Q.; L. R. Morrow, C.P.A., Chicago, Ill.; R. McC. Smith, S.P.A., Cincinnati, O.

Chas. M. Hays,
General Manager,
Montreal, P.Q.

Geo. B. Reeve,
Gen. Traffic Manager,
Montreal, P. Q.

W. E. Davis,
G. P. & T. A.,
Montreal, P.Q.

Frank P. Dwyer, E. P. Agent, 273 Broadway, New York.



AND CAMP OUTFITS

We manufacture the largest and most complete line of tents in the country, and our goods are celebrated for their wearing and waterproof qualities.

Send 4 cents in stamps for our new 40-page illustrated catalogue showing all styles of Tents and Camp furniture.

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.

202 to 210 S. Water Street, CHICAGO

Established 1840.

1899 Calendar.

A handsome 1899 Calendar, in colors, is being issued by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. This calendar has thirteen printings and is made by the patent transparency process, producing a beautiful color effect, especially when hung in the light.

Design embraces a government mail pouch suspended from a mail crane, finished with a pleasing color sketch at bottom of hanger. Size of calendar, 14 x 20 inches.

Sent to any address on receipt of eight cents in postage. Ready for distribution December 15th. To insure getting a copy send in your order now to

A. J. SMITH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, Cleveland, O.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: Answering note of M. P. Dunham regarding a shot through the heart causing an animal to drop in its tracks would say that I shot a large buck 3 years ago firing 9 shots. The animal ran out of sight and on following him I found his body at least 500 yards off, and discovered that the heart was shattered and recovered 7 bullets. Several years ago a number of articles appeared in an English medical journal on retained animation after the heart had been penetrated, some cases being cited of tigers, whose hearts had been shattered by explosive bullets, traveling many hundred yards into the jungle before falling.

Bernard Berens, M.D.

The game wardens of Wisconsin estimate that fully 30,000 deer were killed in the last open season. They base the estimate on the number of licenses issued.

Two coupons, permitting the transportation of game, were given with each license. The law, however, made no provision for the taking up of these coupons, and it was an easy matter to retain them to be used again. In this way the law, which limits each hunter to 2 deer, was evaded. This year deer, bear, grouse, rabbits and ducks have been killed. Coyotes are also to be found in places.

W. L. J., Durango, Col.

RECREATION is the only sportsmen's magazine of the day. I have taken alleged sportsmen's papers for the last 12 years and know what I am talking about. Have had my name on your list but 2 months yet am convinced RECREATION is just what the true sportsman wants. I like the way you roast the big bag fellows. It does me good to read some of the hits you give the porkers. The pictures in RECREATION are worth 10 times the subscription price of the magazine.

Wm. R. Welden, Whitman, Mass.

"What soured your life?" asked the Judge of the desperado. "You seem to have gone back on the world. Why?"

"'Cause it hain't squar', yer honor."—Detroit Free Press.

From toil I never run away,
From labor never shirk,
For I love to sit, day after day,
And watch the ant at work.

One reason why life's bill of fare
Seems rather incomplete
Is because of soup there's lots to spare,
But not enough of meat.

The days no longer shorter grow
But longer now, instead,
While nights get shorter, for, you know,
The sun, henceforth won't be so slow
In getting out of bed.

We left Ft. Washakie in company with General Copinger, U. S. A., on his way to meet Dr. Webb in Jackson's Hole, for a hunting and fishing trip. We went through Jackson's Hole, Yellowstone park, and made other side trips. We located 2 bear, 9 elk in one band, and 25 or 30 in another band of bulls, cows and calves, of all sizes. We killed 3 bulls, securing horns, heads, hides and meat.

As boss packer and guide, I had 4 saddle horses and 6 pack horses to look after. Made the entire trip bare footed, and with not a sore backed horse under a saddle. Each horse carried the same saddle first put on, for 6 weeks; traveling in all about 550 miles. H. M. Coulter, Lander, Wyo.

My quail hunting last season was stopped by the death of my dear old dog, "Duchie," who died in giving birth to pups on August 29, '97. I succeeded in getting them a foster mother, but too late. Only one, a fine dog, survived. Duchie was only 6 years old, but was a Solomon for wisdom. I hope "Little Duchie" will be as smart as his mother.
Coonskin, Canton, O.

Mr. Billings is right about the red squirrel. That they chase and bite gray squirrels I know by observation. The red is "the meanest little cuss we have," and I will put a bullet through him whenever he presents himself. F. M., Malden, Mass.

IT IS A BEAUTY
And the price is just as attractive

H. & R. 38 HAMMERLESS.
H. & R's
Latest Production
A NEW Hammerless Revolver
ABSOLUTELY SAFE
Ask your dealer for our Revolvers and insist on getting them.
Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.
WORCESTER, MASS., U. S. A.
Descriptive Catalogue "R" free on request.

...SMOKELESS POWDER PERFECTED...
After a series of exhaustive tests, the
LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.
now offers to the public, for the first time
...THEIR...
Smokeless Powder
FOR SHOT GUNS
.22 CALIBRE RIFLES
.25 CALIBRE RIFLES
.30 CALIBRE RIFLES
.38 CALIBRE RIFLES
.40 CALIBRE RIFLES
.44 CALIBRE RIFLES
.45 CALIBRE RIFLES
.50 CALIBRE RIFLES
All Kinds of REVOLVERS
MANUFACTURERS' GUARANTEE
All of the different kinds of Smokeless Powder manufactured by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. are Smokeless, Absolutely Uniform, High in Velocity, Low in Breech Pressure, Waterproof, and Guaranteed to give as good results, under any climatic conditions, at the end of a Day, a Month, or a Year, as when purchased. Metallic Shells can be reloaded indefinitely with this Powder, the same as with Black Powder.
Correspondence, as to Suitable Powder for Any Kind of Weapon, Solicited.
LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.
Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo.,
Memphis, Tenn., Pottsville, Pa.,
Denver, Col., Philadelphia, Pa.
99 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.

All Readers

OF

Recreation

USE

FISHING TACKLE or

GUN GOODS or

PHOTO GOODS or

BICYCLE and GOLF GOODS

If we sell you these in all their great variety of patterns, of **FIRST QUALITY,** at **MUCH LOWER PRICES** than you have been paying, you will buy of us and say "thank you."

Will you not?

You can get Split Bamboo Rods of us at 75 cents; Flies at 24 cents a dozen; 3-ply Snelled Hooks at 16 cents a dozen; Rifles at $1.75, and Cameras at 50 cents. But we don't make any hurrah about it for that is all they are worth. We don't want you to buy such stuff.

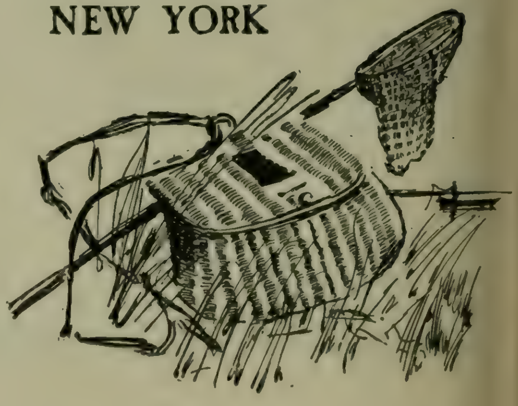
What we do *emphasize* is the fact that we furnish high-grade Sporting Goods at **LOW PRICES.**

Our illustrated catalog gives full information. Send for it. A proper use of it will save you lots of money. It will be ready in February. Do us the favor to send for it **NOW.** Mention Recreation.

Cornwall & Jespersen

310 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

Send now for a sample dozen of our best Trout Flies (with gut helper, turned wings). They will cost you 72 cents.



THERE ARE MORE

DAVENPORT SINGLE GUNS

SOLD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

They have merit, are well made, and shoot well.

Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

Send for new catalogue of single guns and rifles.

THE W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.

The past season has been one that brought us more than the usual sport with the gray squirrel. From the beginning of September until the end of October, there seemed to be thousands upon thousands of them migrating Southward. Buffon says, "The gray squirrel migrates to immense distances. It crosses rivers on a piece of pine bark and uses its tail as a sail." I would like to know if any of the readers of RECREATION ever witnessed anything of the kind. Where do these frisky little fellows come from? Why do they migrate? Where do they go?

W. B. S.

Quail and grouse shooting was good in this part of the State last fall, and some large bags were reported. Quail wintered well, and the prospect for shooting next fall is good. Snipe were quite plentiful this spring. Michigan has a law prohibiting spring shooting, but there were several hunters shooting, on the marsh above town, almost every Sunday during April. We have 2 game wardens in town but they do not seem able to stop unlawful shooting.

Hunter, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The ad. in RECREATION brought me 57 replies, and I could have sold a dozen rifles and revolvers.

A. S. Boothby, Saco, Me.

If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

SMALL PROFITS ∴ QUICK SALES

Trout Flies

FOR TRIAL SEND US

15c. for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, 24 cents Quality A Flies
30c. for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, 60 cents Quality B Flies
60c. for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, 84 cents Quality C Flies

Split Bamboo RODS

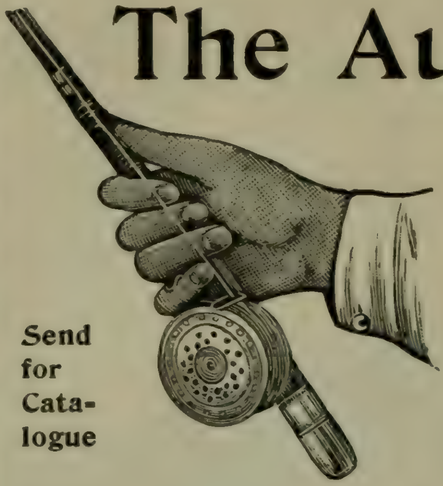
Fly Rods, 10 feet, 6 ounces,
Bait Rods, 9 feet, 8 ounces,
With Cork Grip
60c.

TRY OUR NEW
Braided Silk, Enameled, Waterproof
METAL CENTRE LINE

Size No. 5, 4½c. per yd.; Size No. 4, 5½c. per yd.
Put up in 10-yard lengths, connected

THE H. H. KIFFE CO.
523 Broadway, New York

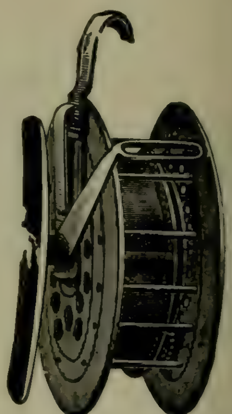
TACKLE catalog free on application.



The Automatic Fishing Reel

Send for Catalogue

If the fish tries running the line out, the resistance of the spring soon tires him. If he comes back, the reel winds the line as fast as he comes in. He can never unhook himself, as the line is always taut, and he can't get a dead strain on it. The brake controlling the spring is operated by the little finger of the hand holding the rod.



Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

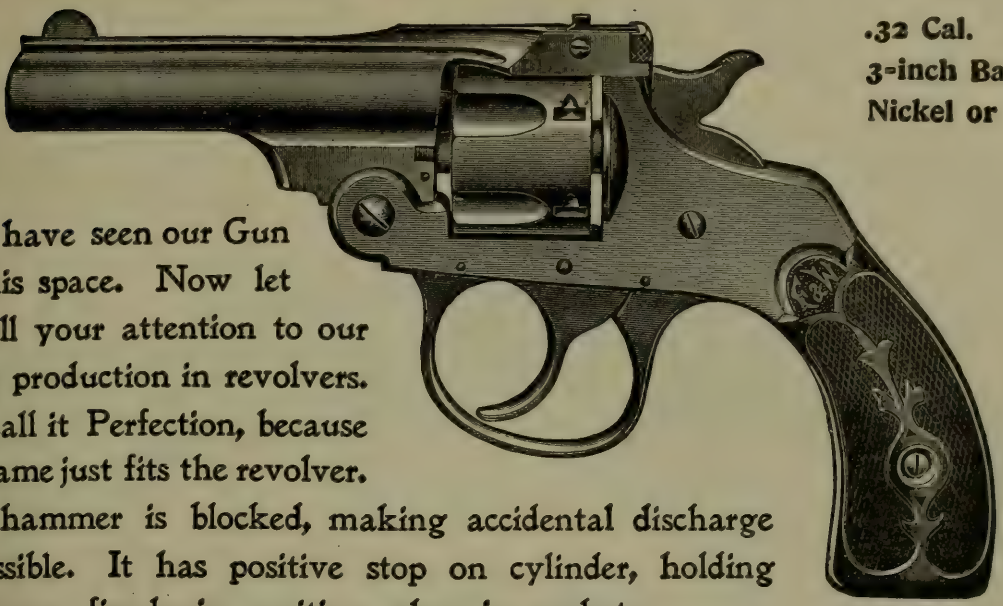
Trolling Rods

that will stand the terrible strain of lifting yards and yards of line, and, in many cases, a sinker, to say nothing of "striking" the fish—are hard to find: That is to say—they *were* hard to find, until the Bristol Steel Fishing Rod was evolved, which, with its special trolling tip and powerful action, makes a combination beyond compare. Have you got one? Send for Catalogue "R" which tells about the 18 different sizes and styles of "Bristol" rods, and contains cuts and illustrations pertaining to the needs of rod users.

The Horton Manufacturing Co., Bristol, Conn.

Mention RECREATION.

"PERFECTION AUTOMATIC"



.32 Cal.
3-inch Barrel
Nickel or Blue

You have seen our Gun in this space. Now let us call your attention to our latest production in revolvers. We call it Perfection, because the name just fits the revolver. The hammer is blocked, making accidental discharge impossible. It has positive stop on cylinder, holding the same firmly in position when in pocket. Weight only 12 ozs., and 10 ozs. in bicycle size.

No better pistol at any price. This retails at $4.00.

Forehand Arms Co. WORCESTER MASS.

...WHY...

are we selling more

VICTORY FLY RODS

than ever before?

BECAUSE

they stand the strain of hard casting, and have an action and finish that is as near perfect as it is possible to make.

Only the finest Tonquin Cane is used in their construction and every rod is

GUARANTEED PERFECT

Fly Rods, 4 to 8 oz. -	$15.00
4-Piece Fly (New) -	18.00
Bait Casting, 6 to 9 oz.	15.00

FINE FLIES AND LEADERS A SPECIALTY

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES
325 Broadway, New York

New Ithaca Guns

Self compensation, taking up wear at every point

GUARANTEED FOR NITRO POWDER

Close and Hard Shooting Guns at long range a specialty

Price but a little more than one-half that of any other good gun, and warranted in the most positive terms, shooting included

ITHACA GUN COMPANY, ITHACA, N. Y.

Send for circular and ask for special prices
Mention RECREATION

Manufacturers of fine Hammer and Hammerless Guns

Is Your Gun Worth Saving?
Is Your Time Worth Anything?

The Gun Bore Treatment

WILL SAVE BOTH

It is an absolutely effective and permanent protection against the **Rusting**, **Pitting** and **Leading** of the bore of Firearms.

Stop Cleaning Your Gun!

If this interests you, write to the

GUN BORE TREATMENT CO.

7 and 9 Warren St., NEW YORK

We have had a fine open winter. Deer, elk and antelope came through in good shape. A bunch of over 200 elk wintered within a mile of my ranch. We often saw them feeding on the hills where the snow was blown off. Soon deer and antelope will be coming in, as they go South across Green river. Antelope are plentiful here, in summer and fall, and one can see thousands of them in an hour's ride. There are a great many mountain lions and bob cats around, but one needs a good trailing dog to get them.

W. G. Warren, Echo Dell Ranch, Wyo.

South Park and the Snowy Range mountains used to be a great hunting ground for antelope, buffalo, deer and elk. The only thing remaining of the buffalo are the bleached and weather-beaten horns which are found in abundance around here. The few antelope that have escaped the murderous and brutish greed of the detestable game hog are protected by law; but what good does the law do if no officers are there to enforce it? There are still a number of deer and elk around but they are rapidly diminishing. Bob cats are fairly abundant among the mountains of the Snowy range. Snipe and ducks are numerous on the South Platte. Mohegan, Alma, Col.

If the North Pole is discovered,
(But it won't be, so we're told,)
No one will dare to climb it where
The climate is so cold.

Boy (to sea captain who has a reputation to maintain)—Did you ever get your leg bit off by a shark?

Captain—Did I? Well, rather. Dozens of times!—Tit-Bits.

Julia—What's a stag party?

Jane—As I understand it, one in which the dear men are both the stags and the staggerers.—Cleveland Leader.

ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION WHEN ANSWERING ADS.

The Best Untampered 8 Years Old

PURE RYE WHISKEY

STRAIGHT FROM THE STILL
SCHWEYER'S EIGHT YEAR OLD RYE
THE SCHWEYER DISTILLING CO. DISTILLERS & IMPORTERS CHICAGO ILL.
Charges Paid

TWO PROFITS SAVED

ADULTERATION AVOIDED
On the Only Purely Medicinal Rye Whiskey
Recommended by all Physicians

$3.60 FOUR FULL QUARTS Express Prepaid

The entire product of our great distilleries will henceforth be sold to the consumer direct. We will no longer allow middle-men to tamper with its purity. Pure whiskey is a rare article in America to-day. It is the adulterated stuff that harms.

OUR EIGHT YEAR OLD RYE IS ABSOLUTELY PURE AND BENEFICIAL TO THE CONSUMER.

To reach the hundreds of thousands who want *The Best or None* we make this offer:

We will send four full quarts of Schweyer's Eight Year Old Double Copper Distilled Pure Rye for $3.60, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.60. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $6.00.

We are the only actual distillers selling *a pure, aged, double copper distilled Rye to consumers direct* Our distilleries have a reputation of 27 years' standing for making *The Finest Rye.* References: Banks, Merchants and all Commercial Agencies. Address Orders to Shipping Dept.

THE SCHWEYER DISTILLING CO., 609 to 613 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

The Genuine SCHWEYER 8 YEAR OLD RYE

NOTE:—The Schweyer Distilleries have been well-known in the liquor trade for upwards of 25 years. Their change and future course of supplying consumers direct is said to be due to the increasing adulteration of their whiskeys by wholesale and retail dealers.—EDITOR.

BRONCHIAL INHALER

CATARRH CURED BY A NEW METHOD.

Two Months Medicine FREE

Sent to any part of the country. **Illustrated** explanation free

Eccles Med. Co
181 Tremont St
Boston, Mass.

THE BAKER IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Beautifully finished, durably constructed, accurate in shooting, latest improvements. The Baker Gun not only has all the advantages possessed by its leading competitors but has absolute safety appliances which render it the most desirable gun for general use.

FREE! We will send for a year, free to any one interested in shooting or hunting, our *Quarterly* which is nicely illustrated and contains stories, anecdotes and facts. A postal-card will bring it.

BAKER GUN & FORGING CO.
20 School Street, Batavia, N. Y.

In June RECREATION G. S. Morton, of Augusta, Me., refers to the Indiana Game Law, making the sale of game unlawful. Last fall I went into a fish and game store at Indianapolis and asked the proprietor if he had any quails; "No," he said; "but I have some short billed snipe," savé.

G. F. Webber, Detroit, Mich.

You should have bought a few of them and then sworn out a warrant for his arrest. That's the way to deal with such smart alecks.

Mr. J. R. Hegeman, Jr., of this city, killed an albino deer in October, in the vicinity of Mt. Katahdin. The body was white, while the neck and head were a beautifully mottled reddish brown.

The buck is said to have weighed 240 pounds when dressed.

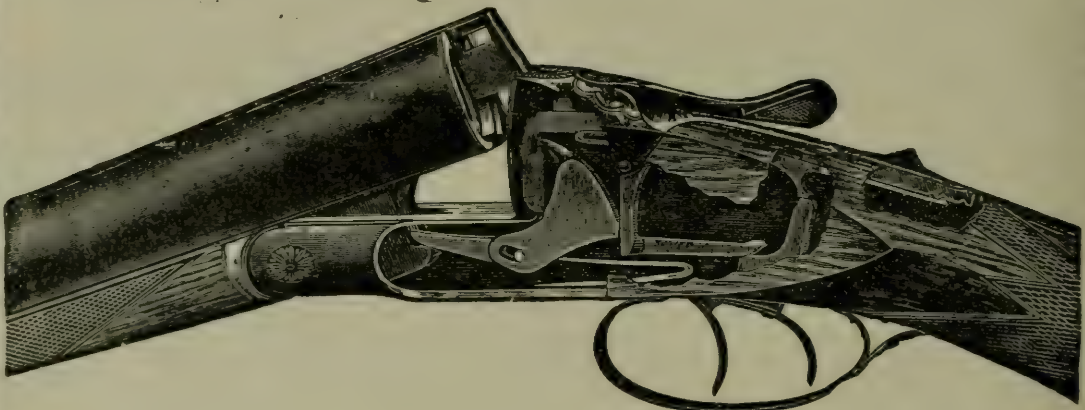
Keep Banging Away!

If you are shooting at the traps and using the

SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS

EJECTOR GUN

you are dropping your birds with great regularity. Buy a Syracuse Gun (made in all grades) and keep banging away. You need never fear anything is going to give out. Just shoot, and, if your gun is pointed right, you will kill your game.



SYRACUSE GUN

Is made from the best material and by the most experienced workmen. It is not an experiment. It has gone through all that long ago. There are three good points about the Syracuse Gun: a simple lock, a strong breech, and an ejector that surpasses anything in its line. Take a chance and see for yourself. Write for catalogue.

...MAKERS...

SYRACUSE ARMS CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

"The Old Reliable Parker is Superb"

So says Master GUY GRIGSBY, of Louisville, Ky., the 13 year old boy who on November 24, 1898, won the Kentucky Futurity, killing 49 out of 50 live birds, his 5th falling dead out of bounds.

In three other recent matches, including the Nelson County Fair Handicap and the Club Gold Button, which he won, he scored 42 out of 43 live birds shot at.

SIMPLEST, SAFEST, STRONGEST

THE BEST GUN IN THE WORLD

Send for Catalogue
New York Salesrooms
96 Chambers Street

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.

You are not up to date unless you have seen the

IMPROVED LEFEVER

Ejector and Non-Ejector
Single or Double Trigger

Our catalogue describes our

New Medium-Price Hammerless

This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER

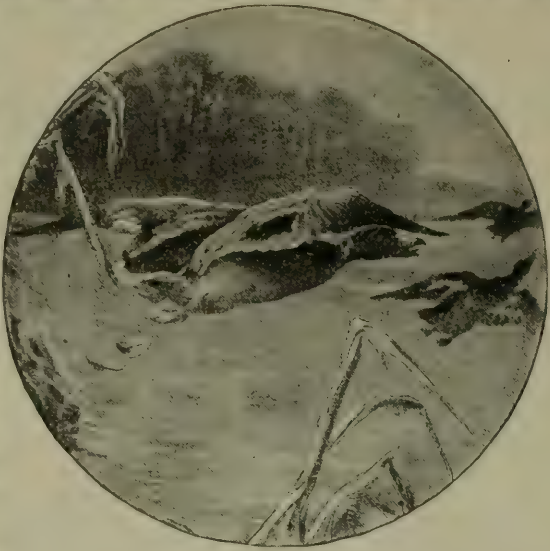
LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Our Association has made the present uniform game law, has stopped the sale of game killed in the State and its shipment out of the State; has limited the bag to 10 grouse and woodcock, 15 quail, 2 turkeys in one day and 2 deer in one season. It has also created the present game commission, and passed a law for paid game wardens, which the Governor unfortunately vetoed. All this in the last 3 years; so you can see we have not been idle.

J. O. H. Denny, Ligonier, Pa.

The 15th of July found my tent pitched at Pine lake, San Bernardino County, Cal. Charley Allen and Wen MacFarland were with me. We started early to get a deer, and had venison for dinner. About a week afterward Wen, with a .44 revolver, shot a deer through the heart. It ran about 30 yards. We saw in all 19 deer. We caught some trout below in Bear creek and in the latter part of August salmon trout in the lake commenced to bite.

A. G. Allen, Ontario, Cal.



Still Another Championship FOR

DU PONT Smokeless

At Cincinnati, Ohio, November 4, 1898, Fred Gilbert shot Du Pont Smokeless Powder and won the Sportsmen's Review Championship Cup, killing 96 out of 100 live birds.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.
Wilmington, Del.

VOLKEL
436 Sixth Ave.

FUR GARMENTS
OF
HIGHEST GRADE
AND
LOWEST PRICES

Near here is a delightful place in which to build a summer home, and enjoy the cool, bracing air of the Rocky mountains. There is a stream of clear pure water, which could be easily dammed to make a good trout pond. There is fine timber for fuel, and enough to build cabins for a large party of visitors. Pine trees are numerous, furnishing all the shade needed. I have no monetary interest in this, but if anyone wishes to know more regarding this locality, I will take pleasure in replying if stamps are enclosed.

W. H. Davis, Granite, Col.

On September 1st I instructed one of my men to shoot off some pigeons that had become a nuisance about the farm buildings. He did so, and on the leg of one of the birds was found a silver band stamped as follows: Miles 104 97. Can any readers of Recreation tell who the bird belonged to, or whether it could possibly have been sent out by General Miles?

G. S. Young, Alma, Mich.

"I'm on to you," said the spray of water. "You can tell me by my works."

"Oh, go away," answered the fire. "Every time you come around I am so put out."—Washington Star.

If you would live next to nature, read Recreation.

Some Rare Opportunities

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle
FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They can be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

"Recreation" 19 West 24th Street
New York

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, paper; or a Czar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a Photake Camera and outfit, listed at $2.50; or a Parker Fountain Pen, with gold point, listing at $2.50; or a No. 41 Stevens Pistol, listed at $2.50.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Powder, listed at $2.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruising in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Willsie Camera, made for cut films, and listed at $5; or a Boss Dandy Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $5.

SIX subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *American Game Fishes*, cloth.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Pocket Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $5; or a Waterproof Wall Tent, 7¼ x 7¼, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $7.5c.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a single-shot Davenport Rifle; or a Fishing rod, or a Yawman and Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5 to $6; or a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $6; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle, No. 44, listed at $10.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Kozy Camera, listed at $10.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport single-barrel, breech-loading Ejector Shot-gun, listed at $10; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a No. 2 Bullet Camera, listed at $10; or a Stevens Diamond Pistol, listed at $7.50 to $8.50; or an Adlake Camera, listed at $12; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a No. 4 Bullseye Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $12; or a Bo-Peep B Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $15; or an Elita Single Shot-gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listing at $18; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 4 Bullet Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $15; or an Improved Gramophone (Zenophone), listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 9¾ x 9¾, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a 4 x 5 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $22.50.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a 5 x 7 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $27; or a Kamaret, made by Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $16 or less; or a Shattuck Double Hammerless Shot-gun, listing at $25.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions, at $1 each, an Arlington Sewing-Machine, listed at $19.50; or a 5 x 7 Korona Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $32; or a Dinner Set, 100 pieces, English semi-porcelain, floral and gold decorations, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listing at $18.25; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $30 or less; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Syracuse double Hammerless Shot-gun, Grade O, listed at $35; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less.

FORTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Forehand, Grade O, or an Ithaca, Quality No. 1, plain, double-barrel Hammerless Breech-loading Shot-gun; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $30 or less; or a Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $25.

SIXTY subscriptions, at $1 each, a Lefever Hammerless Shot-gun, Grade H, listed at $44.

SEVENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Safety Bicycle, listed at $75.

ONE HUNDRED subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Wilkesbarre Gun, with Damascus barrels, listed at $125.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a fine Lefever Hammerless Gun, Grade E, with automatic ejector, listed at $120.

...NOW ON SALE...

PLATINUM, BROMIDE AND CARBON ENLARGEMENTS OF

Carlin's Photographs of...

Live Wild Birds and Mammals

Prices

Platinum or Bromide	5 x 7	Mounted	. . .	$1.00
“ “ “	6½ x 8½	“	. . .	1.50
Carbon	5 x 7	“	. . .	2.00
“	6½ x 8½	“	. . .	3.00
“	10 x 12	“	. . .	4.00
“	11 x 14	“	. . .	5.00

Bromide enlargements, of any size desired, made to order at corresponding prices.

⁂

List of Subjects

Canada Lynx	2	positions
Little Chief Hare	3	“
Hoary Marmot	1	“
Bushy Tail Wood Rat	1	“
Opossum	3	“
Coon	2	“
Eastern Chipmunk	2	“
Western Chipmunk (*T. quodrivitatus*)	2	“
Western Chipmunk (*T. lateralis*)	3	“
Musk Rat	1	“
Long-Tailed Jumping Mouse	1	“
Richardson Squirrel	2	“
Columbian Ground Squirrel	3	“
Red Fox	2	“
Weasel	1	“
Several Field Mice		
Red-Shouldered Hawk	1	“
Franklyn Grouse, A number of Cocks, Hens and Young		
Same of Canada Grouse		
Great Blue Heron	2	“
Florida Bob White	2	“
Richardson's Grouse, on Nest	1	“

Young of Richardson's Grouse	2	positions
Young of Ruffed Grouse	3	“
Western Night Hawk	3	“
Crossbill	1	“
Western Blue Jay	1	“
Canada Jay (Camp Robber)	1	“
Young Robins in Nest	2	“
Brown Thrasher	1	“
Brown Thrasher, Nest and Eggs	1	“
Young of White Crown Sparrow	1	“
Florida Barred Owl	1	“
American Long-Eared Owl	2	“
Nest and Eggs of Mountain Plover	1	“
Young of Mountain Plover	1	“
White Eyed Tow Hee	1	“
Nest and Eggs of Indigo Bird	1	“
Nest and Young of Marsh Wren	2	“
Broad Bill Duck	1	“
Florida Moccasin	2	“
King Snake	1	“
Milk Snake	1	“
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Virginia Deer	2	“
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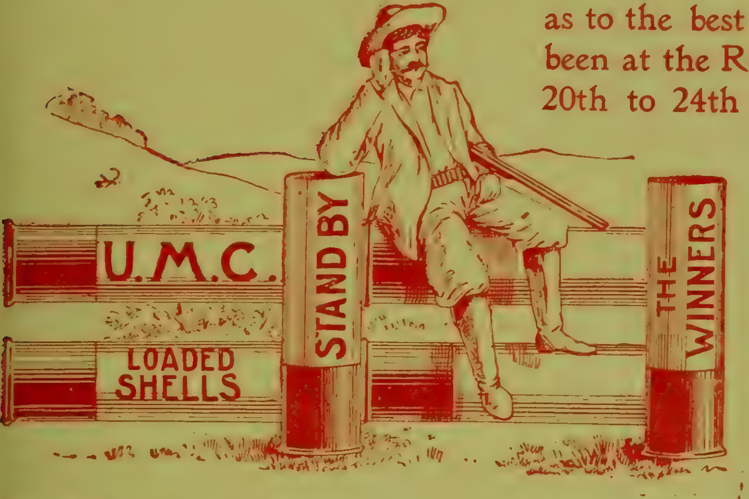
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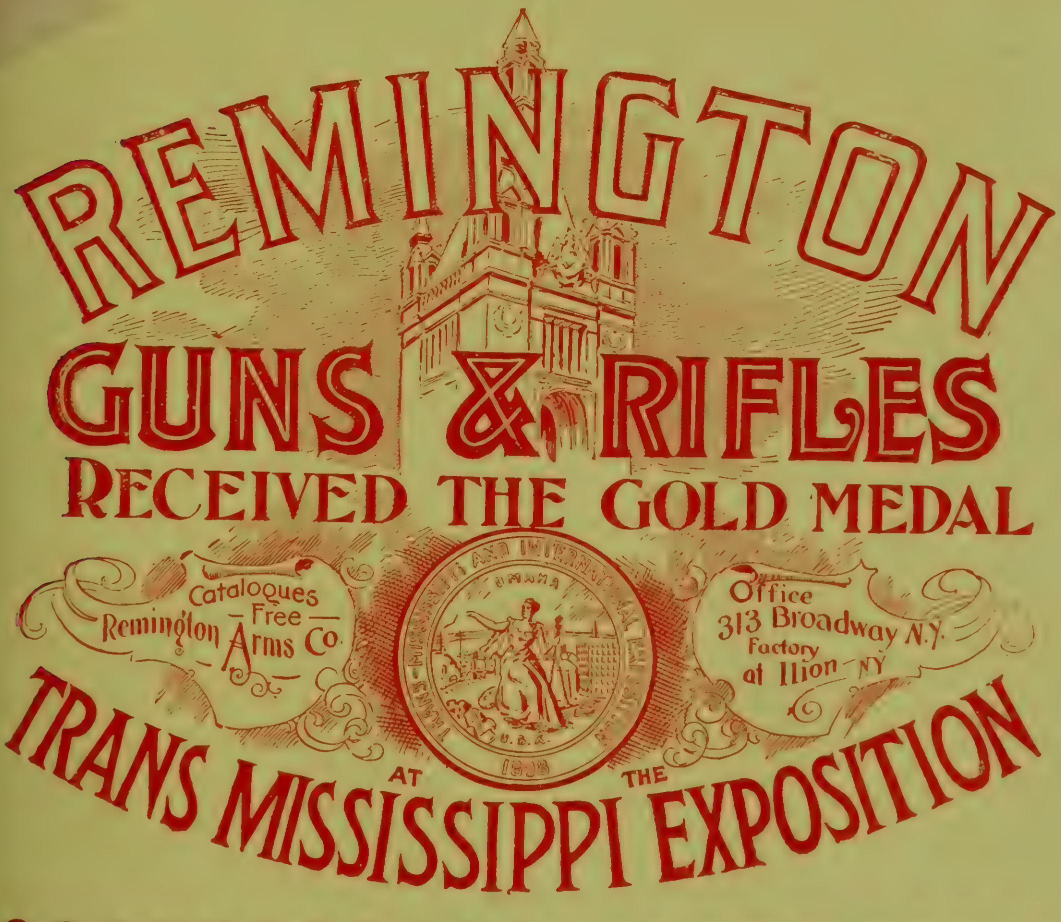
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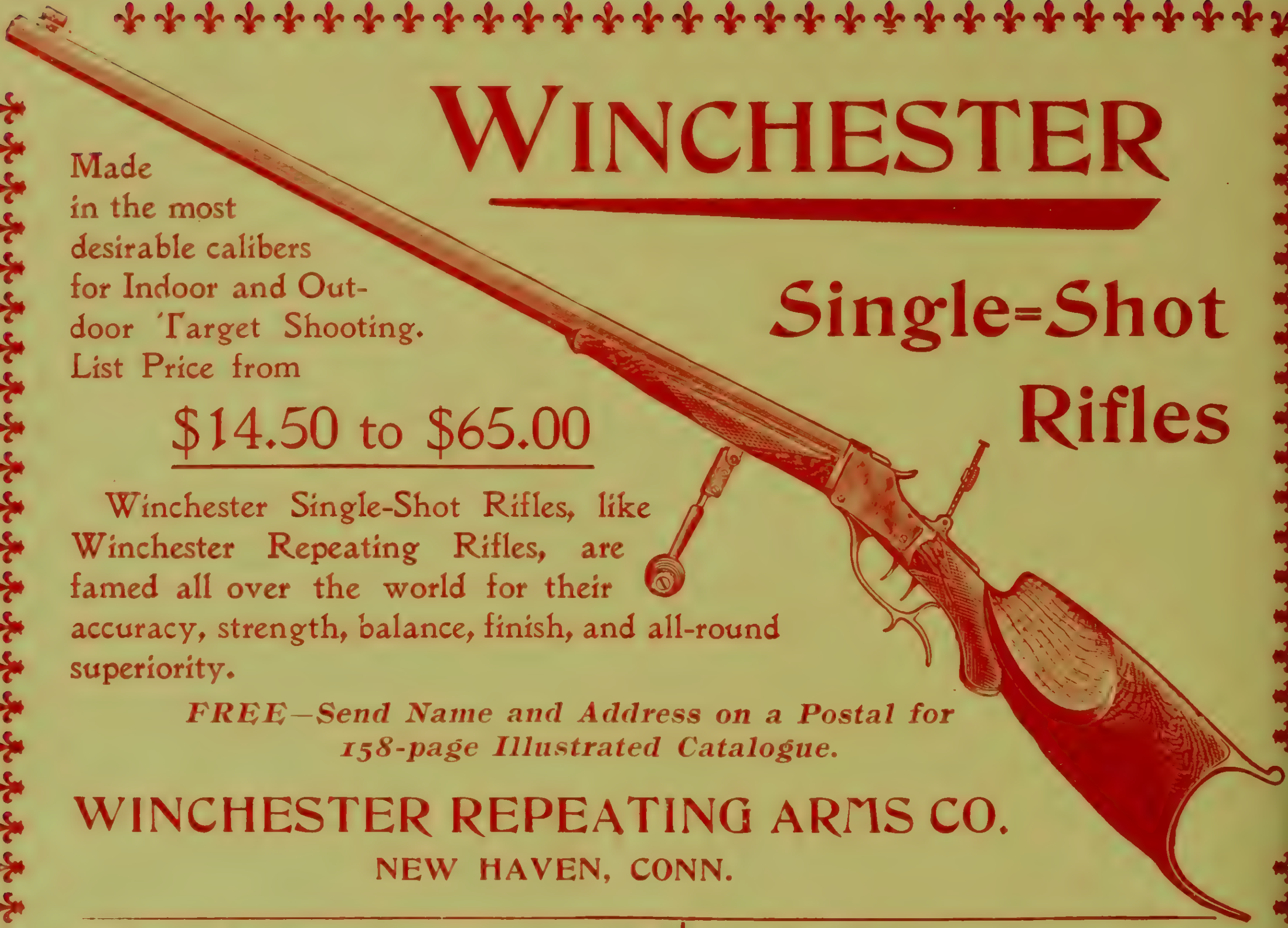

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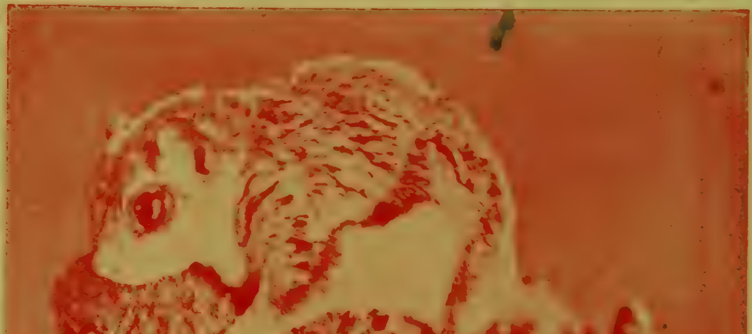

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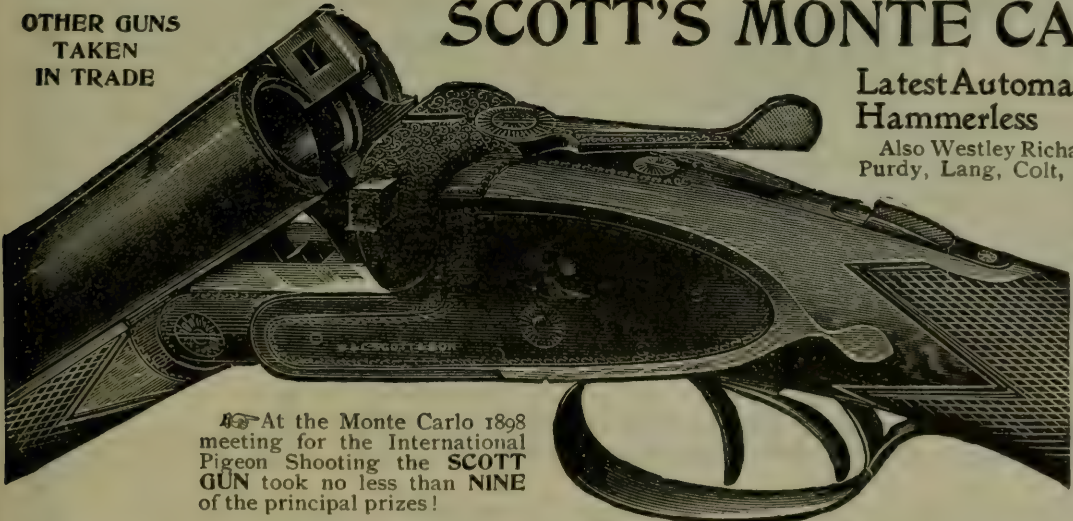

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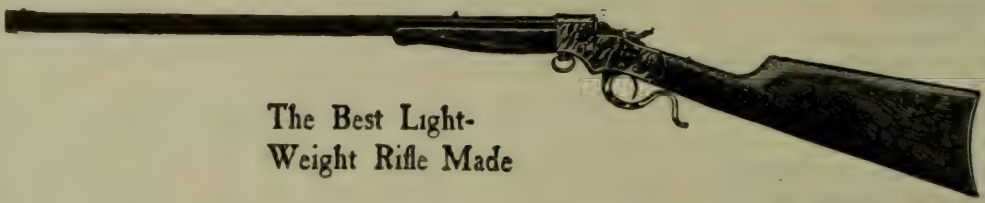

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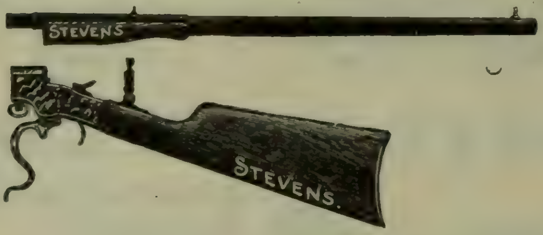

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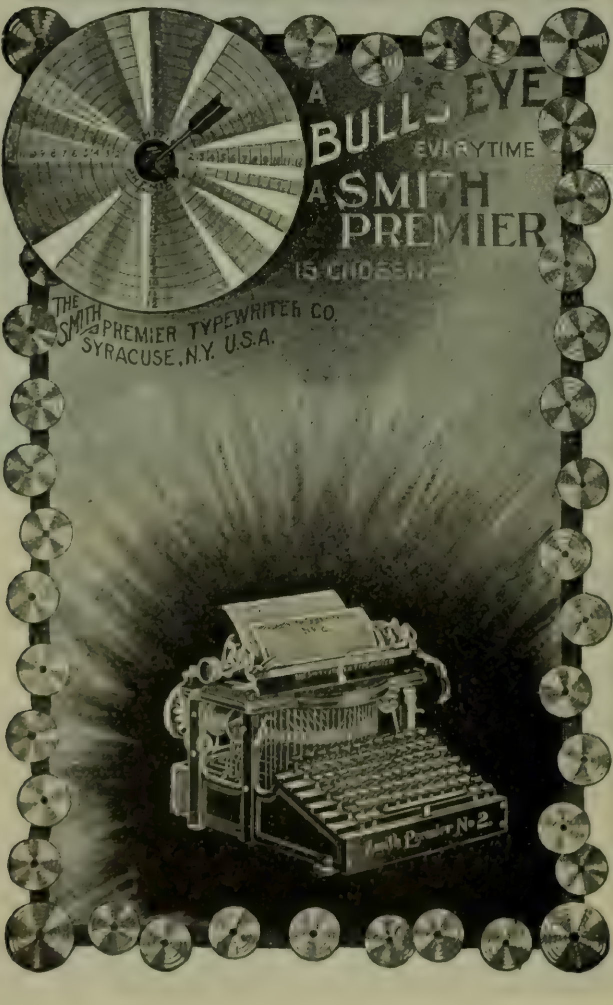
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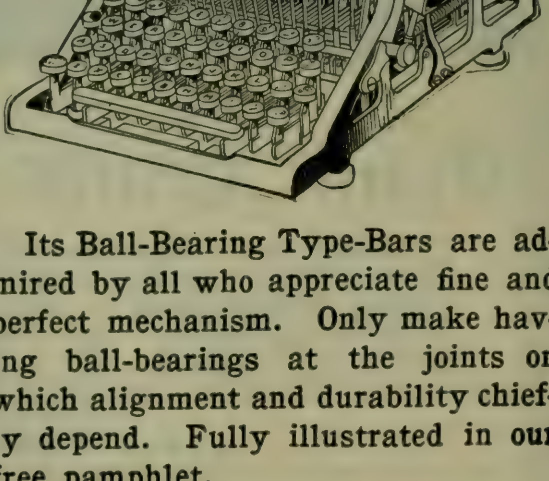
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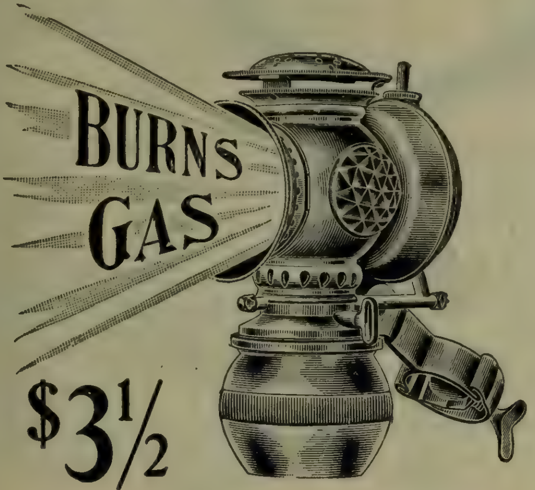

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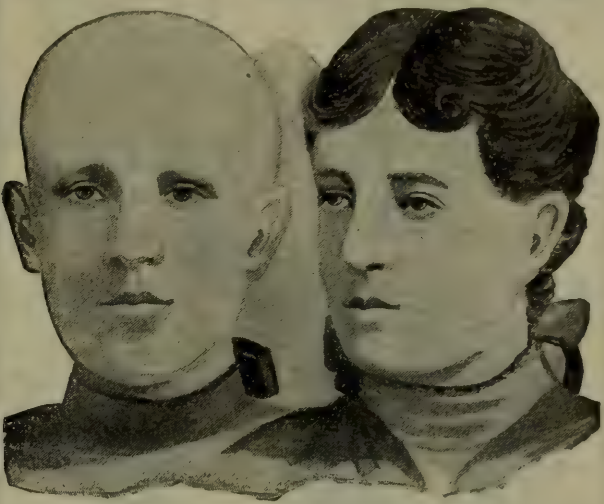

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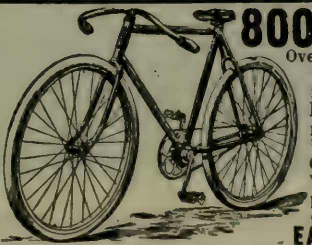

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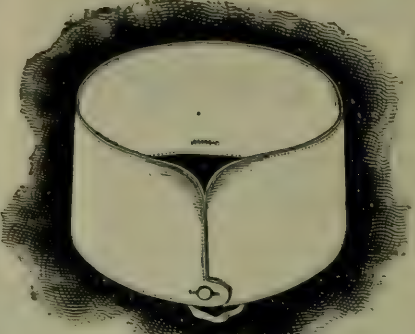

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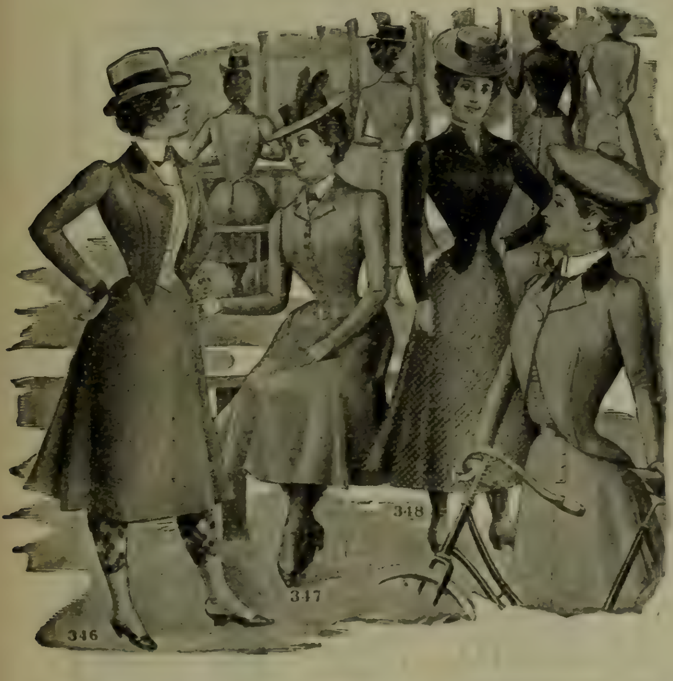

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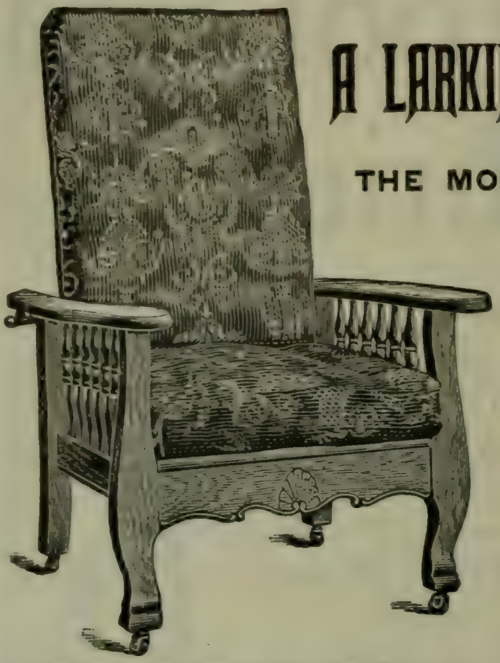

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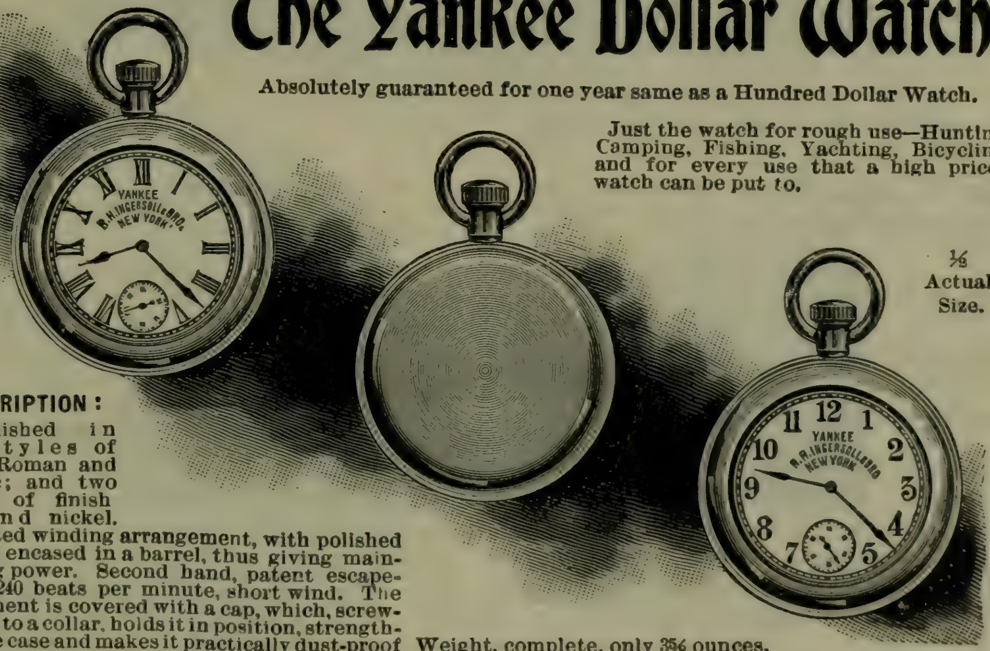

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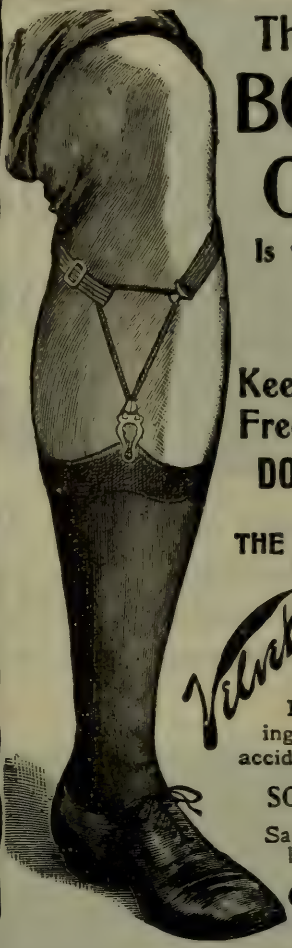

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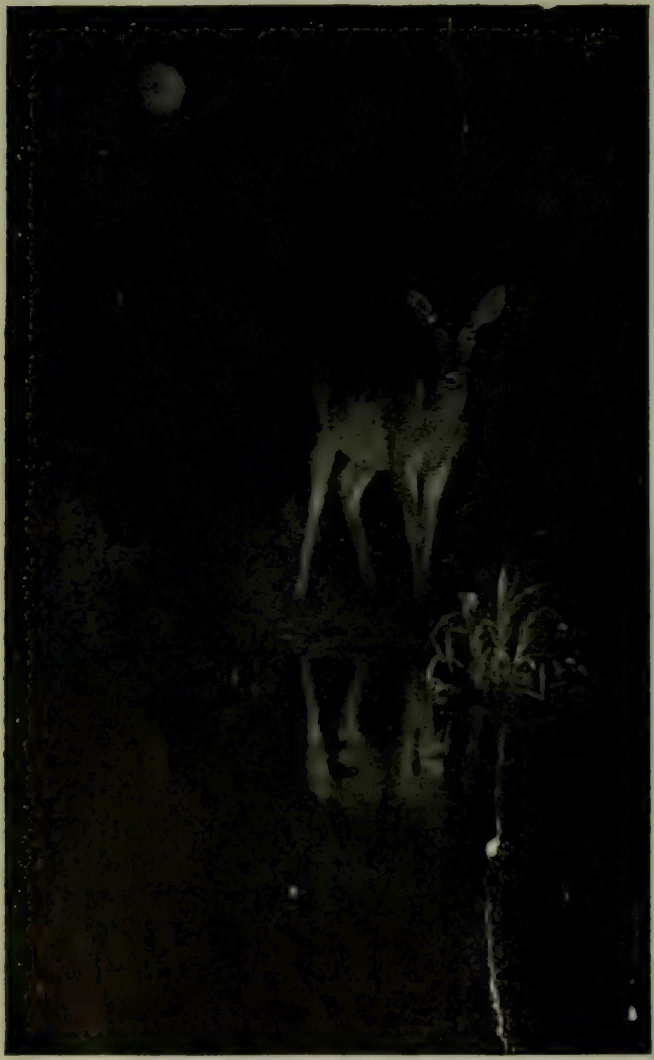

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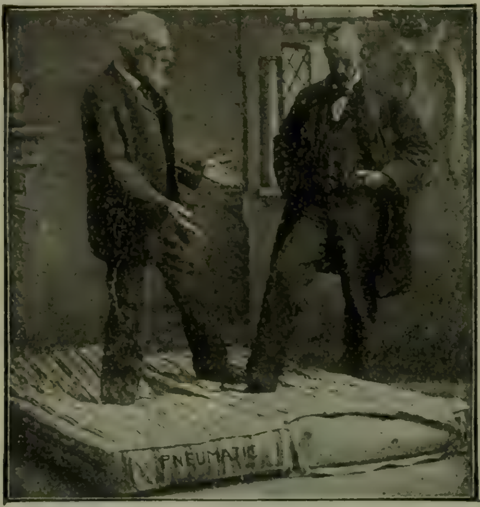

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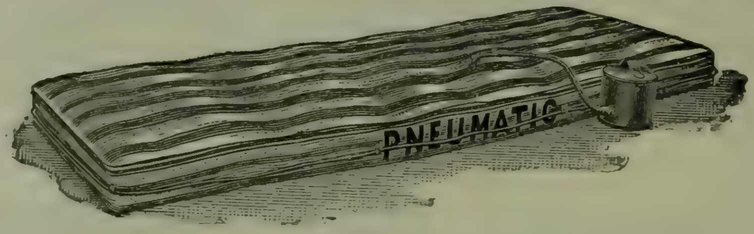

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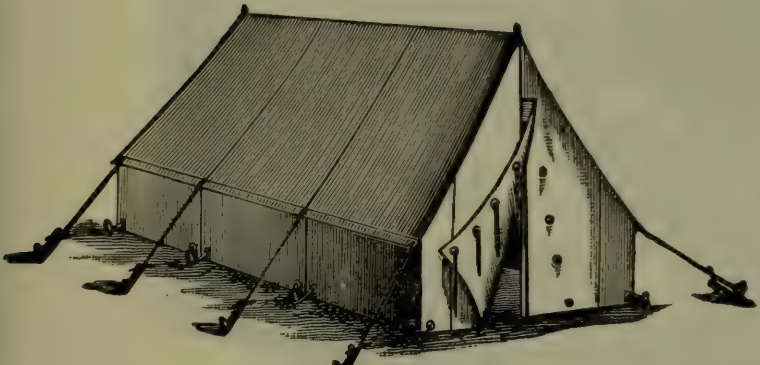

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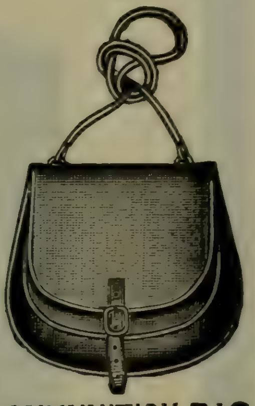

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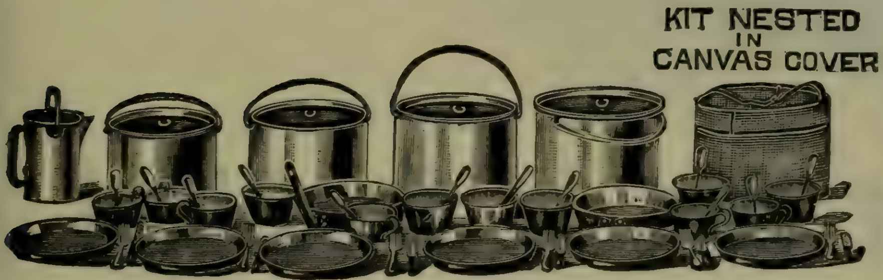
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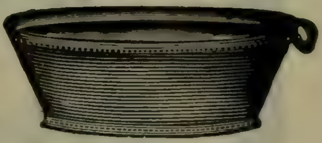

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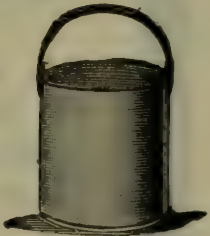

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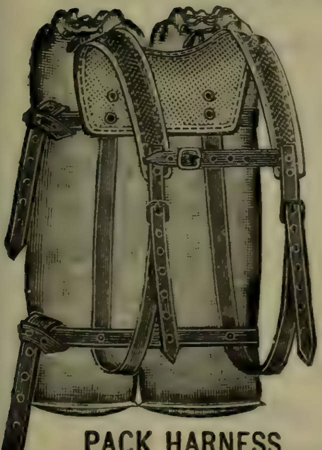

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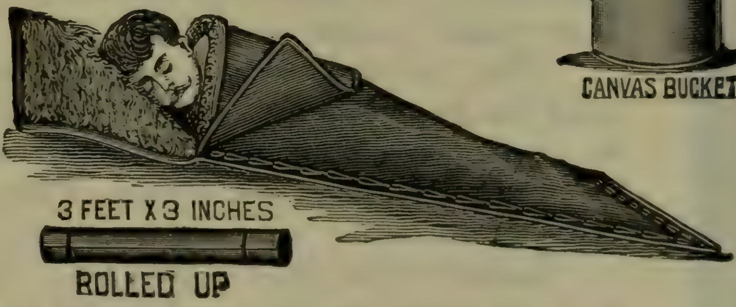
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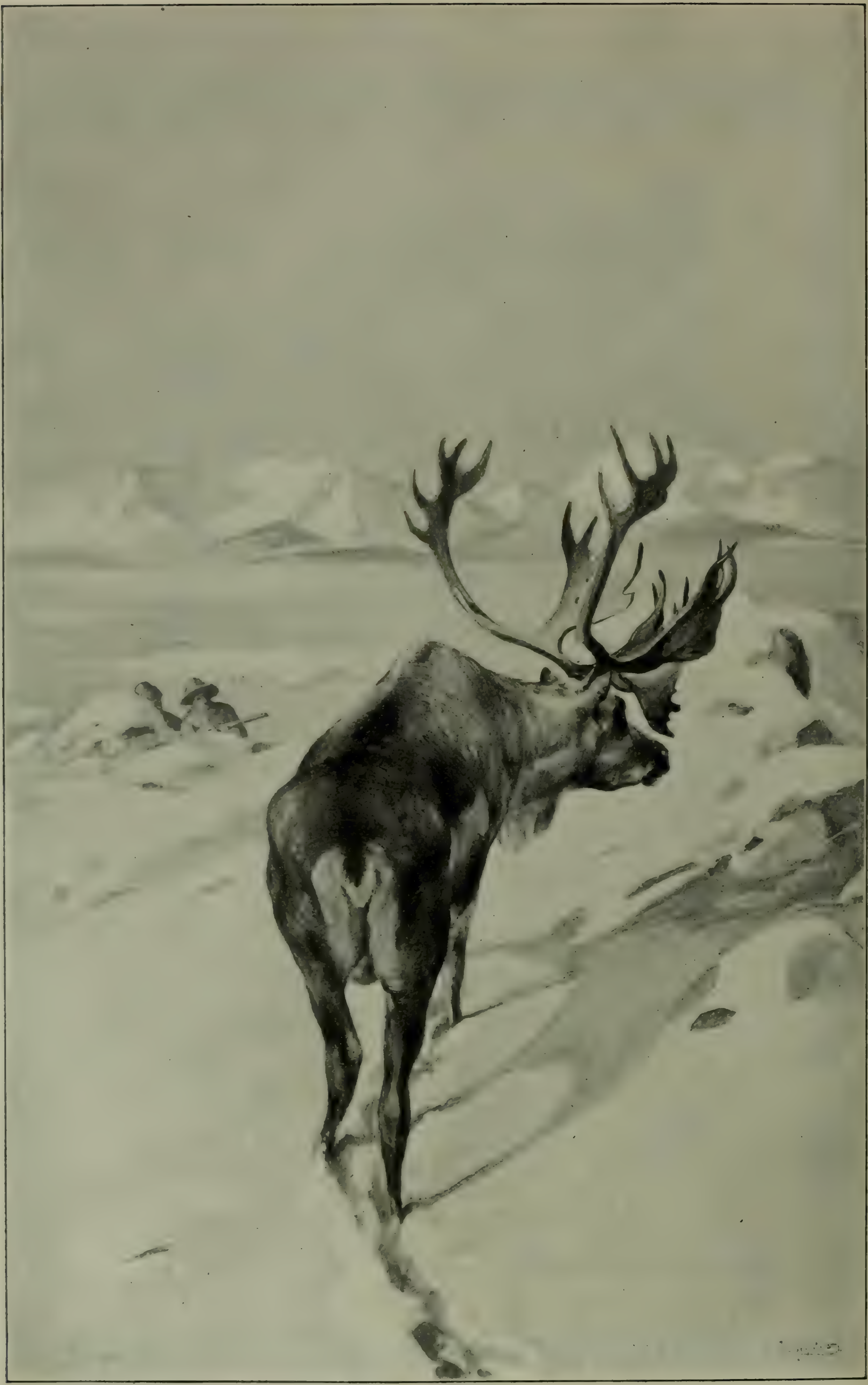


"TRULY HE WAS A MONARCH OF THE BARREN GROUNDS."

RECREATION.

Volume X. MARCH, 1899. Number 3.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

THE BIG CARIBOU.

JAMES TURNBULL.

On November 14, 1895, after many delays, I managed to get away on the long looked for annual hunt—this time in a new country, which proved indeed a hunter's paradise, so far as moose and caribou are concerned. This was at the headwaters of the Northwest branch of the Mirimichi, on the Bald mountains, and the barren ground surrounding them. These form the watershed dividing the Mirimichi, the Tobique and the Nepisiguit rivers.

The country is open and barren, the ground covered with low shrubs locally called "hard-hacks," about as high as one's knee, growing all around, and among which, and completely covering the ground, is the white moss which forms the food of the caribou. Here they will stand in herds of 5 to 20, pawing away the snow and munching the fine, sweet moss during the greater part of the short November days.

The first snow had fallen a few days before I got in, and was lying some 4 inches deep, just in fine order for still-hunting. Leaving the Newcastle, New Brunswick, at 11 o'clock on the night of the 14th of November, we were landed about 3 o'clock the following afternoon—my guide and I—at Camp Pringle, a goodly way up the Mirimichi river. From here we had to tramp 2 days farther up the river, the country being such that no horse could possibly go over it. Before we reached the hunting grounds we saw our first signs of caribou, and lots of them, too. We, however, continued our journey about 8 miles farther to Smoky camp, located on the edge of a favorite feeding ground.

The following morning we were out early, scanning the country right and left for the grayish white objects. We kept moving slowly along till about 11 o'clock, when Arthur suddenly stopped and—we had sighted the game. Fortunately the wind was in the proper direction, and, taking advantage of every bit of cover, we got within 200 yards of the herd, in which were 7 animals; one splendid bull, with magnificent horns; one a trifle smaller, one large bull which had shed its horns; 2 cows and 2 calves. There was now absolutely no cover between us and them; but by watching when their heads were down, eating, we managed to carefully creep forward another 50 yards, when one of the cows seemed to scent danger. Taking advantage of the moment when they were all standing absolutely still, looking for the cause of their alarm, I fired, and the big bull went down. I fired several more shots at the other bull, now leading the band and bounding away as if on air, but failed to hit him.

We then skinned the head of the one I had killed, and taking it, with some of the meat, returned to camp. How that head was admired before the camp fire that night! And how carefully we prepared it any hunter will understand. The next day we went over the same ground again, but saw no game. The following day we went still farther into the country, to a camp at the foot of Big Bald mountain. On our way we saw many traces of moose and caribou; but as the trail lay through heavy woods, and as a light rain, accompanied by a cold wind, had formed a crust on the snow, the noise we made several times started the game ahead of us before we saw them. That night nearly a foot of snow fell, and the morning broke clear and cold. A high wind made a tip-top day for a still hunt, so leaving camp early we soon got on a new track of 3 caribou. One was a large bull, which we decided to follow, as they were traveling slowly and in the direction of the open country where we wanted to go. We had gone but about a ½ mile when we caught sight of a big pair of horns moving toward us. We squatted behind a bit of snow-covered shrub, and when the big bull came within 50 yards of us I fired and he went down. His horns had 34 points—16 on one side and 18 on the other, and were heavy and massive. Truly he was a monarch of the barren grounds!

Since that time these horns have been examined by many hunters, who are unanimous in saying they are the largest and finest they have ever seen. Outside of Newfoundland I do not believe they can be beaten. I was so proud of the head I carried it all the way out on my own shoulders. No one else could be trusted with such a trophy.

We now carried our heads and meat down to Smoky camp, intending to spend some days hunting moose in the heavy timber; but a succession of heavy rains and cold weather kept a crust on the snow, and we were unable to do anything for 3 days. We saw during this time a great many caribou, but had all we cared to kill.

When you can see the game some distance ahead, especially with a high wind, it is not a hard matter to get close, notwithstanding the noise made by breaking the crust on the snow. Moose keep in the thick woods, and you don't see them until almost on them. My time was now up, and I had to start home.

While in the caribou country we seemed to be always among them. Never before have I seen game so plentiful. We gradually worked down to our second camp on the river, which, although frozen when we came up, was now open again. Though a heavy flood was running, we loaded our canoe, and in 4 hours had run down to where our team met us the following day. I was back at home, just 2 weeks after starting, with 2 grand caribou heads, lots of smaller game and a stock of renewed health and energy to carry me through another year. Surely my cup of happiness was full.

"Your money is nothing at all to me!"
The lover impatiently cried.
"Then get out; you haven't a business head!"
Her rich old father replied.
—Chicago News.

ANGLING FOR WILD TURKEYS.

E. E. HICKOCK.

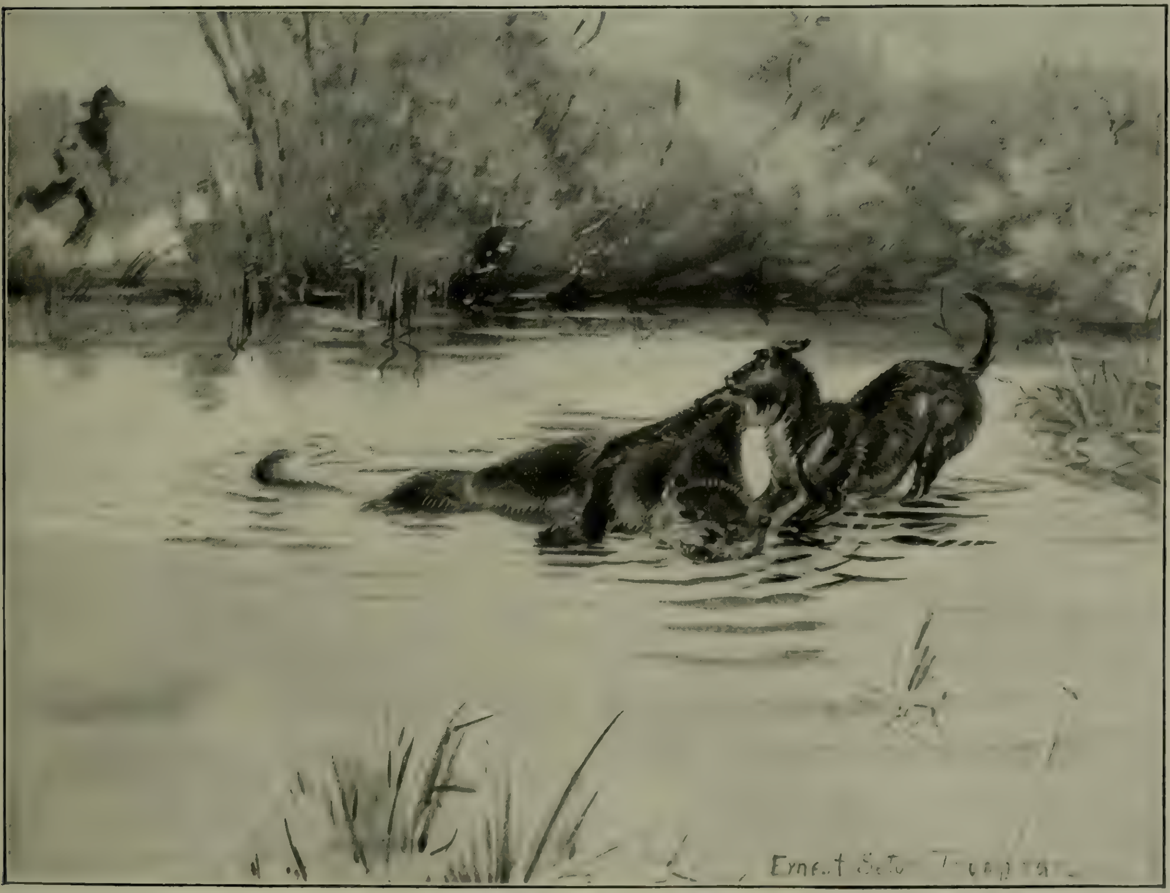
Looking over my fly book a few days ago I came across the remains of what had been a gaudy Royal Coachman. I say had been because it is now but a conglomerate mass of tinsel, gimp, silk and feather, and its bright colors which formerly flashed in the sunlight are now faded and gone. Whenever I see this old relic my mind goes back many years to my boyhood days—to the many outings I then enjoyed, when all the world was new to me.

I grew up on the banks of Salt river in North Missouri, just where its 3 branches join, the head waters of North Fork being 150 miles to the North, in Iowa; those of the South Fork 75 miles South, near the Missouri river, and those of Middle Fork 100 miles to the West. For several miles on each side of these streams the country is broken. Heavy timber and dense undergrowth gave cover to all kinds of game, while the prairies abounded with quail and grouse. In winter wild geese fed in the fields in day time, and went to the river at night. All these features combined made this section a sportsman's paradise.

Once when loitering down the North Fork a mile below Hickman's mill, thinking I might kill a duck, I had with me a little black and tan terrier whom I had taught to retrieve any game that might fall in the water.

Coming to a big pile of drift, at a sharp bend in the river, I peered over the bank to see if any ducks were in sight, while "Pres" nosed around in the drift. Shortly I heard a "plunk" in the water, under the drift, and in a minute a head popped up some 20 feet out in the stream. I didn't know what it was, but on general principles sent a load of shot at it and was rewarded by seeing a long smooth body float to the surface. My first impression was that it was a muskrat; but it couldn't be that, for it was as large as a dozen rats.

The current set directly across the river there, and my game floated to the opposite bank 200 feet away. Then it sailed smoothly down stream, I following on my side and wondering how I could get it. After going about 100 yards I had the satisfaction of seeing it lodge against a root about 15 feet out from shore, where the bank was some 10 feet high.



HE TOWED THE BEAST ASHORE.

To get to the place we went up stream to a bridge, over which we crossed and came down on the other side.

I could not get a pole long enough to reach the root so I cut one about 8 feet long leaving several branches sticking out about a foot, and tying a fishing line, which I always had in my pocket, to the top of the pole I had a fair grappling hook. This I pitched into the water, let it float against the root and then pulled it to me.

After a few trials I succeeded in dislodging the varmint. Pres had been watching the proceedings and seemed to think his chance had now come for he made a jump and landed in the water near his quarry.

He seized it and gave it a shake as if it were a rat; but as the body was 5 times as big as he was, it was the dog that shook. He towed the beast ashore, landing some 50 yards down stream where the bank was low and I could help him out.

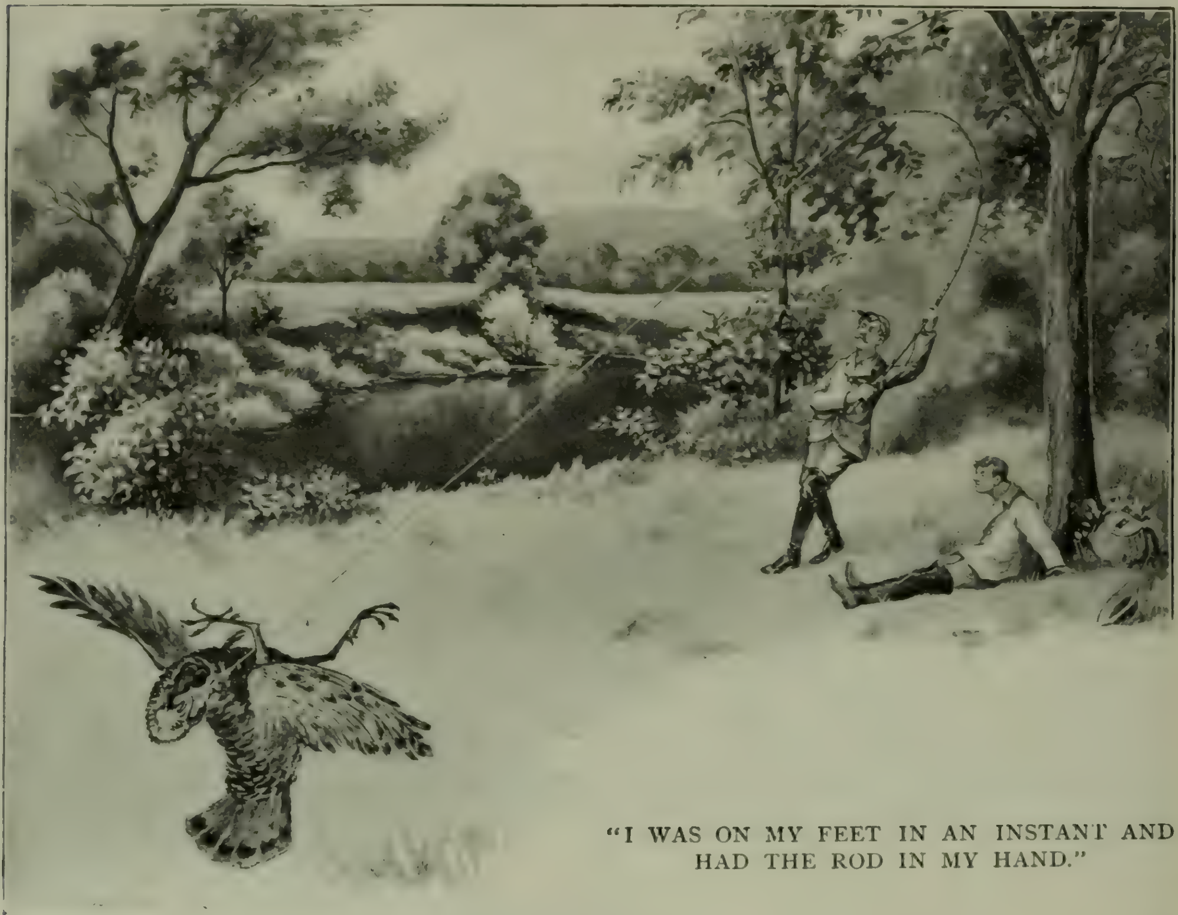
On returning to town I found our prize was an otter. His weight was 30 pounds and his skin made me a cap and a pair of gloves, which I wore many winters.

But about that Royal Coachman:

It was later in the same season that Luke Thompson and I were up on the South Fork, fly casting for bass.

We had been casting all morning with indifferent success and at noon laid to eat our lunch.

After eating we spread ourselves in the shade and enjoyed a smoke. As usual on such occasions, both of us went to sleep. I dreamed I was out on the prairie sneaking up a rail fence to get a shot at some chickens that were feeding and that I heard a whizzing kind of sound which any one who has ever once heard will always afterward remember as the warning given by a rattler as he coils ready to strike. I jumped and awakened to find that ominous rattle a fact, but that instead of being caused by a rattler it was the singing of my reel. I saw that my rod which I had laid over a bush, with the flies dangling so they would dry, was about to be carried away. I was on my feet in an instant and had the rod in my hand when, to my astonishment I saw a big wild turkey gobbler making off with my fly. He had about 30 yards of line already out and more going.


"I WAS ON MY FEET IN AN INSTANT AND HAD THE ROD IN MY HAND."

It instantly occurred to me that the turkey, not seeing us as we lay asleep, had found my fly and counting it a good thing had taken it in. This fact will be appreciated by any one who has seen a tame turkey chasing grasshoppers.

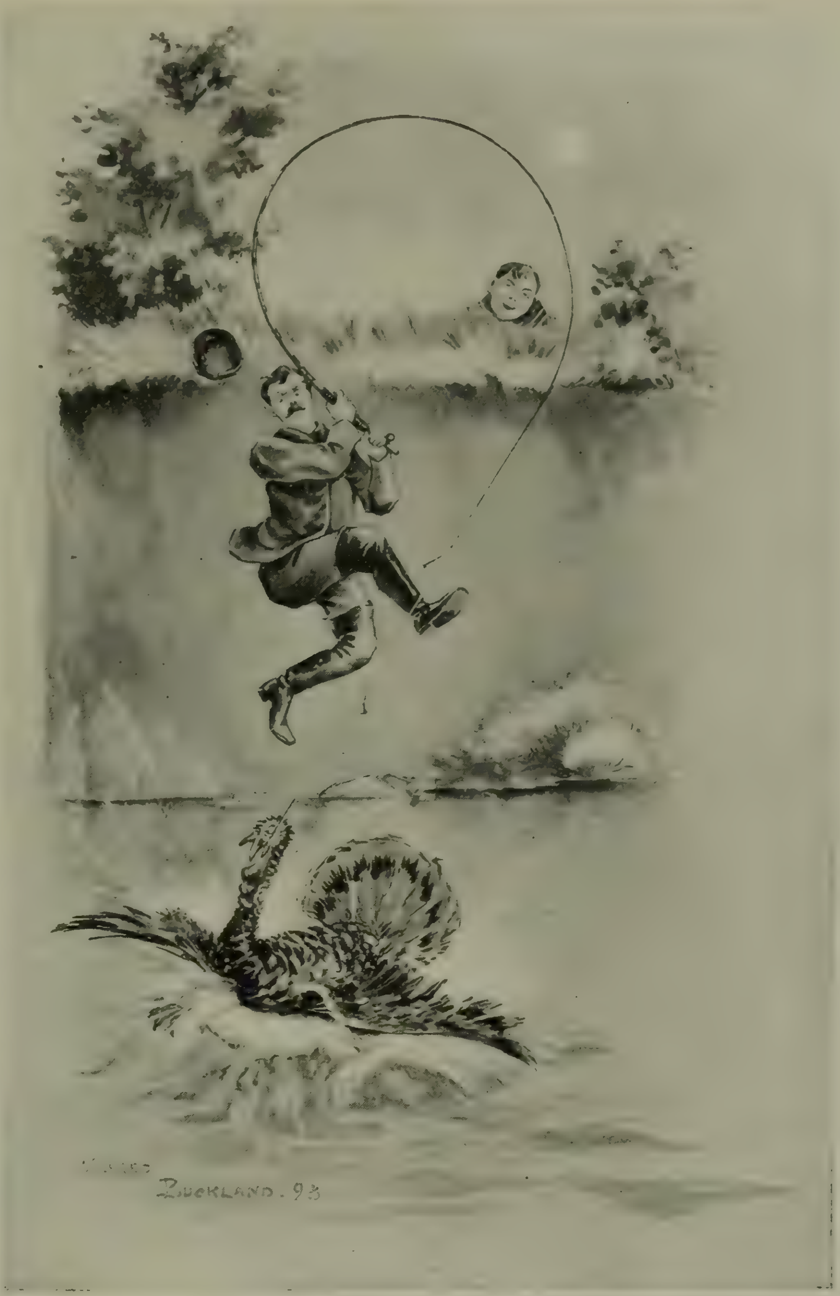
In less time than it takes to tell it, I had turned the rod to a right angle, and given the gobbler the spring of it. The sudden check took him unawares. His head was pulled to one side, his legs tangled up, and over he went. His wings and legs were going every way for Sunday, reminding me for all the world of a big rooster with his head cut off. Then he made a lucky jump, landed squarely on his feet, and such a "rassle" as he gave me I never had before.

All this time I was walking toward him reeling in the line as I went.

Several times the same process of rolling and tumbling was gone through with. He was putting a terrible strain on my line and my 9-ounce rod; but they were of good quality and held him all right.

A new dodge was now taken and after getting on his feet again he undertook to fly across the river. If handling a 5 pound bass in the water, on a fly rod, is fun, it may be known that a 17 pound turkey, in the air, is more. If a flying bird is thrown off his balance he will fall, and so it was in this case; for down came Mr. Gobbler in the water, with a mighty splash.

Luke had by this time awakened, and taking in the situation had been literally rolling on the ground with laughter; but had now recovered enough to begin to give advice as to how to handle my catch. If there is one thing more annoying than another, when handling a doubtful case, it is to have some one who is outside the game telling you how to do it. Usually instructions are not resented; but this time I was so annoyed I told him to shut up.



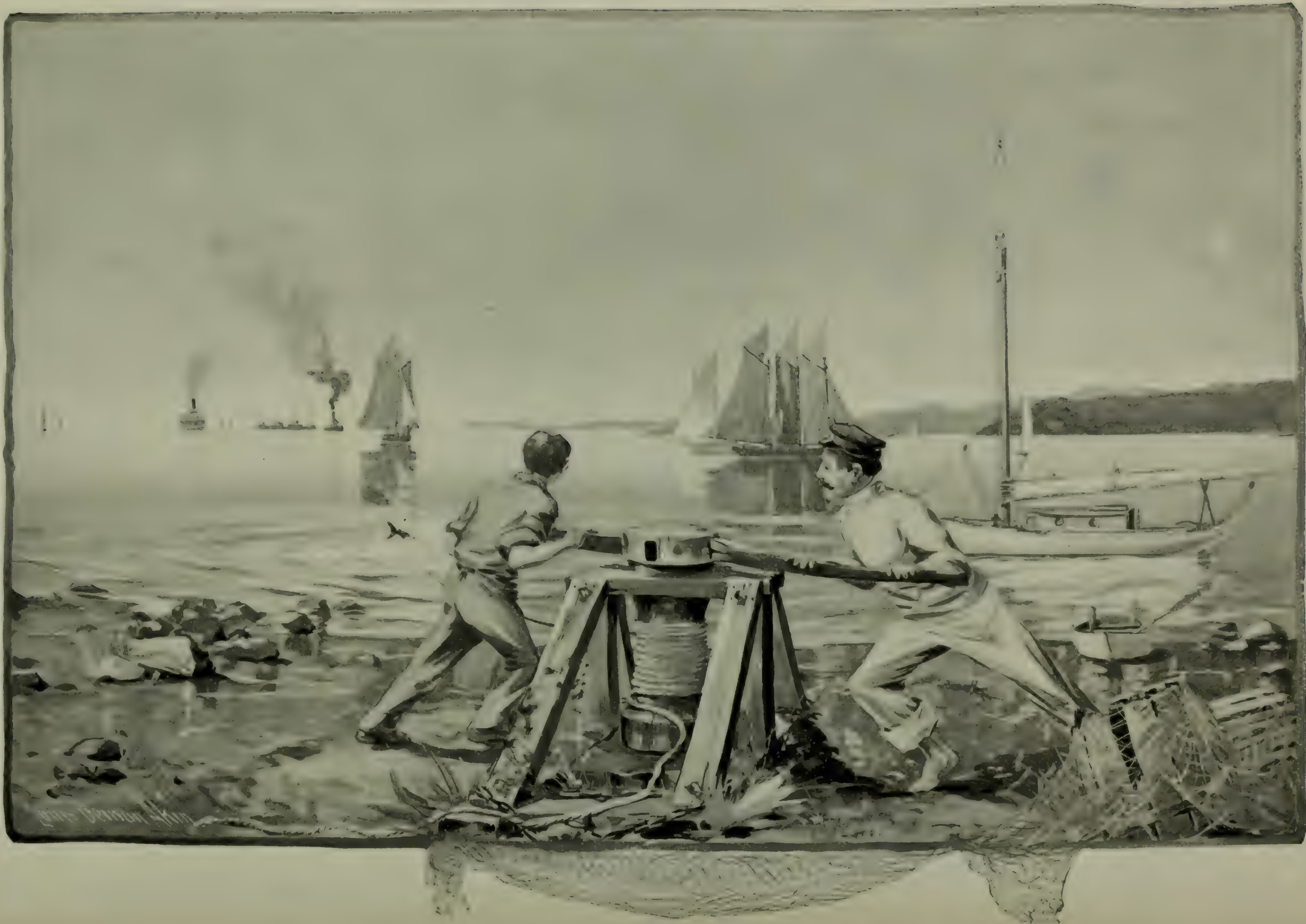
"DOWN CAME MR. GOBBLER IN THE WATER."

If the gobbler rolled and tumbled when on land, the fuss he made in the water was incomparably greater. The bank was very steep and about 5 feet high. In reeling up, I had come too close to the edge. I stepped on a crumbling edge and went heels over head into water waist deep.

In my fall I had held on to the rod which fortunately had not been injured, and as the turkey could not swim away, or run away, it was not long before I reeled in short enough to be able to hold his head under water and so drown him. Then I towed him ashore. I didn't mind the wetting and my clothes were soon dried out.

On cutting the hook out from the gobbler's gullet I found the fly was badly damaged and it still is; but I prize it highly and shall always keep it as a souvenir.

If the rope don't break before my vacation time comes I shall again visit the old grounds to see if my hand has lost its cunning. My route is via the Burlington and the Hannibal and St. Joseph railway. Along these lines are any number of good places for hunting and fishing; but I prefer the Salt river country, for it was there I was raised.



"FOOT BY FOOT THE TIGER OF THE DEEP WAS DRAWN INTO SHOAL WATER."

A NOVEL FISHING REEL.

E. M. LEETE.

Never within the memory of the oldest fisherman on the coast had sharks been so numerous in Long Island Sound as in the summer of 1877. On a calm day, in the sheltered bays on the Northern shore from one to a dozen of their sharp fins could be seen at once cutting the water. They were especially numerous near a small island 5 miles off shore and 2 miles Westward of an island on which stood a lighthouse.

The smaller island is in the form of a crescent, one horn pointing Northeast and the other nearly South. The Northern horn was merely a line of rocks and sand, while the Southern extremity contained a small tract, perhaps an acre, pear-shaped—the stem connected with the main body.

Years before some enterprising lobsterman had lived on this spot, and a rough shanty, broken lobster pots, a ruinous reel for drying nets, and a windlass for hauling boats on shore, remained as witnesses that here had been a human habitation.

The old windlass was well toward the main body of the island, and on its highest part. With a strong Westerly wind, a good harbor was found on the Eastern side, and boats could be hauled up from that shore. Let an East wind blow and the approach was equally safe from the opposite side.

The East Bay, as it was called, had always been infested with sharks, but in the summer alluded to they fairly swarmed there. They were mostly small, from 3 to 5 feet long, but there were a few large ones that were regular man-eaters.

During the summer of '77 black fishing around the island was a failure, but fishermen had rare sport catching sharks.

Exciting tales were told of immense fishes hooked, but owing to the want of proper tackle the large ones always escaped.

On the morning on which my story opens, 2 young men, Tom Frisbie and Earl Jackson, respectively 30 and 25 years old, pulled to their sloop from an unsuccessful attempt to catch blackfish. After some grumbling at their ill luck they decided to try their hands at catching a shark. One skinned one of the few blackfish they had caught while the other rigged a hook and line. The hook was a stout one, connected with a few feet of strong chain. The chain was made fast to the end of a new strong rope 75 feet long; this in turn was fastened to a lobster-buoy, and the whole secured to the stern of the sloop. Baiting with the skinned blackfish the whole shooting match was thrown overboard, and the friends sat down to eat a luncheon.

Very soon a loud " splash " called their attention to their buoy. It was gone, and in its place was merely a patch of foam.

Springing to the line they eased it off for the rapidly moving fish, till it was nearly gone, when with a smart yank they arrested his flight and hooked him fast. Hand over hand 4 strong hands hauled in. The shark protested vigorously and the fishermen had their hands full, but by taking a turn round a cleat they finally drew him up alongside, where a heavy oaken tiller wielded by brawny arms finished him.

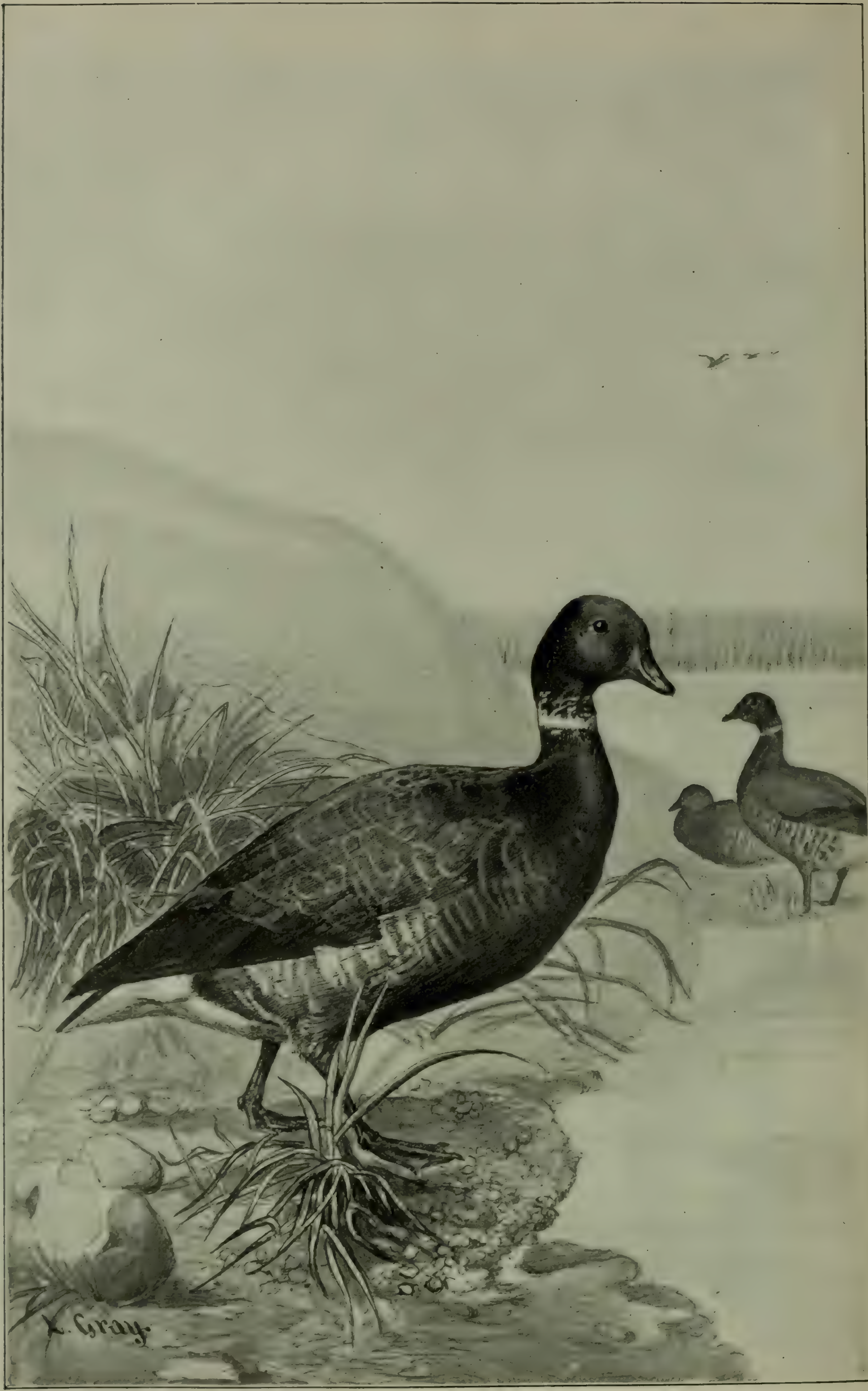
Rebaiting the hook, they again cast their bread upon the waters, but this time spliced to their line another, 100 feet long. Presently a second fish was captured, and soon a third was hooked but lost. Then followed a long wait, and they were on the point of quitting when a fresh commotion at the buoy attracts their attention.

Easing off on their line till they were sure of being fast they endeavored to stop the game but found it impossible. When the first line was all out a turn was taken round the cleat but that substantial appendage went like a reed, and it was necessary to take a turn round the mast to stop the fish. Against this he pulled until the rope straightened like an iron rod. There he hung, swinging back and forth like a bull at the end of a tether.

After many unsuccessful efforts to haul him in, one of the boys had an inspiration. A coil of rope which had been entrusted to them to be delivered to a third party lay on deck. Leaving one end aboard to be fastened to the line already in use, one of the friends sprang into the skiff with the coil, and rowed ashore to the old windlass. Fastening the shore end to the windlass while his companion spliced the other end to the fast line he prepared to haul. His companion waded ashore and together they bent themselves to their task.

And now it was brains and leverage against strength and ferocity. Round and round went the fishermen at the old capstan, and foot by foot the " tiger of the deep " was drawn up into shoal water. Back and forth raged the furious victim, lashing the waves into foam as white as the belly which he turned glistening upward in his tremendous struggles. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten. The sea was like milk on all sides, and the buoy flew about in the air like a cork on a string as the shark thrashed madly around.

Bringing a pistol from the vessel one of the friends planted a bullet between the ugly eyes of the monster and finished him. He was 9 feet long!



BLACK BRANT, *BERNICLA NIGRICANS.*

WE QUIT WHEN WE GOT ENOUGH.

PEMIGEWASSET.

Five successive sunrises had found us in that identical cover, our brace of setters working every foot of the soft ground, hoping always "to meet them." They had dropped in at all the covers round about, affording hours of good sport to more fortunate friends but our presence and mission were apparently ignored.

Our friends had strongly endeavored to reason us from our unwise choice and still we wouldn't yield. We knew the flight was on and that particular patch of birches had yielded too many memorable days of sport to be thus readily deserted. We felt sure that sooner or later our fidelity would be rewarded, for erratic as is the woodcock, there are certain fundamental principles in hunting him which, if followed, are sure to yield results and to prove him a more methodical bird than he is usually credited with being.

So we had stood our ground, vainly seeking each day the signs of the arrival of the birds. We had each evening turned up at the hotel to gaze green eyed on the bags which had fallen to more successful hunters.

Then by way of keeping our courage to the sticking-point, we would again relate, with increased gusto, the details of that other glorious hunt in mid-October, when 16 plump birds had been taken from our hunting coats.

The temptation to change our location was great, as we listened to the fusillades from neighboring covers, but an occasional pair, coming at critical periods, had given us the moral courage to resist.

One morning we were deceived for perhaps half an hour into believing that, at last, our patient waiting had borne us fruit. We had just entered the cover when "Remus," my companion's steady old Gordon, paused, carefully swung off to the left a few paces and pointed. We quietly took our positions and, at the word, the old dog's bell tinkled gently as he moved in to flush. The bird rose whistling to the left and sweeping back out of the thicket, regardless of the shot which cut the twigs about him, I saw his little brown body drop into a point of alders which made out from the cover lower down.

I didn't let many seconds elapse in calling out my dog Nick and we steered straight to where I had marked the bird down. Mr. Philohela Minor was pointed, flushed and in my pocket before 5 minutes were gone and as I turned back to join my friend his warning whistle announced another point to the credit of old Remus.

The bird flushed before I got into position, but my companion's 24 inch "Scott" barked once and I heard Brer Remus busy in the brush as he obeyed the order to "find dead." He soon passed me, on the way to his master, with a light brown mass held tenderly in his mouth, dangling bill and pink feet showing no wing-tipped sufferer, but a clean kill.

Busy watching this well-executed performance I had momentarily forgotten the presence of my own Nick whose silent bell led me to scan the brush for a glimpse of his scraggy, white flag. I was on the point of whistling when, glancing to the rear, my eyes were opened to the fact that we were meeting something in the nature of a surprise. Almost facing me and not a rod away stood the old fellow "jacked up," as immovable as a plaster cast.

I whistled a signal to my friend and he took the outside, Remus backing Nick's point handsomely as he began to realize what was up. Nick was ordered on and made a cautious, somewhat perplexed advance, a very rare thing for him to do. The cause was quite apparent, however, when 2 fat "woodies" arose and one, making for the open, met his fate at the hands of my friend, while I stopped the other by a "snappy" shot through the thick cover.

After a pretty piece of retrieving in which both dogs participated, we joined forces for a consultation, firmly convinced that we were about to come in for our much-delayed share of the flight.

But we were to be sadly undeceived. We spent an hour in a vain attempt to locate more birds, gave it up and finally, as the sun rose higher, turned our attention to the not very numerous grouse of a nearby wood.

Night found us by the hotel fire, a tired pair, perhaps a bit shaken in our faith but determined to stand by our luck of previous years and not raise the white flag. A day yet remained to us and we reasoned, from our knowledge of the birds, that chances for success were just as good as at any time of our stay—perhaps better.

Before turning in we went out of doors for a last glimpse at the hunter's moon, that great, luminous orb which popular belief has given the credit of serving as a beacon to the migrating myriads of the air. Nobly she shone in a cloudless sky while a biting frost in the air presaged a rare day for the morrow's hunt. We buried ourselves under the bedclothes a half-hour later, with the assurance that conditions left nothing to be desired save the birds.

Next morning after a sleepy-eyed waitress had served us our eggs and coffee at what doubtless seemed, to her, an unwarrantably early hour, we took our way toward the cover. The penetrating chill, which accompanies dawn in late October, forced us into rapid exercise while the 2 old dogs, in excited anticipation of the day's sport, forgot the sedate manners suited to their years and frisked about before us.

Our chilled fingers made slow work of putting the bells on the dogs as we prepared to enter on the sixth day of our quest in that same particular thicket. All the way across the fields we had smoked in silence, individually wondering what the day would bring forth. As we knocked the ashes from our pipes and slid the shells into our guns a mutual greeting of "well, old man, here's luck" broke the quiet and the eager dogs were sent on.

It is difficult for me, as I now look back upon it, to systematize and coherently record the countless episodes of that memorable forenoon. I remember many detached events; statuesque points, unpardonable misses, clean cut kills, exquisite bits of retrieving, hilarious greetings, the exquisite sense, pervading everything, of having triumphed at last through sheer, dogged persistence. But as for a clear and concise account of that hunt, it is for me an impossibility to truthfully give it. I only know at noon we took 19 woodcock from our coats and having voted it a glorious hunt in every detail, we left to take a homeward-bound train. We must have started 30 birds that day, perhaps more, and we didn't kill them all. We didn't kill all we could, but we killed enough.

And when the dainty woodcock shall have become a "rara avis" in New England there will probably be 2 old, blear-eyed bores who can tell with clear consciences of that shoot, 'way back in '96, when they left off at noon with shells in their shooting vests and birds still in the cover.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. G. CLARK.

CATCHING PICKEREL BATE, BIG POND, EAST OTIS, MASS.

BIG SAM, THE STAGE-DRIVER.

MAJOR PHILIP READE, U. S. A.

Thirty years ago, Eastern folk had no other line of transportation into New Mexico than by stage, starting from some point in Eastern Kansas.

The stage men were important factors in those days; they made contracts with Uncle Sam to carry the mail, and their charges for carrying express matter were exorbitant. The stage driver was a type peculiar and distinct. Passengers were of no moment to him, but he bragged on his horses. Every stage had also a conductor and a messenger. He carried a gun and kept guard over the iron safe habitually on the front dasher under a leather boot. The conductor had only a leather pocket-book containing the way bills to look after and he was never quite so much of a man in the eyes of the passengers as was " Big Sam," the driver.

Sam was illiterate, mendacious, bullying, but he knew how to drive. He never descended to terms of familiarity with the hostler; not he. The hostler harnessed and unharnessed the horses and passed the reins up to Sam, while the latter sat like a king on his throne and damned the hostler for various omissions and commissions connected with the horse-gear; with neglecting the grooming; with breaking the ivory martingale rings; or the way Jim, the nigh leader, was shod, etc. The hostler was paid $30 a month and " found " ; he lived at the stage station. Sam was paid $120 a month: found himself in grub, and was always the recipient of gifts from the passengers. Sam never lacked for a flask or a plug if there was any rivalry between the passengers as to who should have a seat beside him. This was the post of honor and observation.

Once off from the ranch where the relays of stage horses were kept, Sam would settle down into a garrulous mood and be open to more bribery from the passenger whom he had elected to the post of honor. Great discernment was necessary to learn whether Sam's favorite was a leader, a swing or a wheeler, and we governed our encomiums accordingly.

Sam's next weakness was his whip lash. It was 12 feet long, braided of 16 strands; was tipped with buckskin and silk. Sam made it. It was kept lubricated and could easily be carried, coiled, in one's vest pocket. Only trout fishermen could appreciate Sam's method of attaching that lash to the silver ferruled whip-stock. Sam was vain of that whip. He could flick a fly from the tip of Romeo's left ear (Romeo was the off leader) and the horse would never know it, or he could raise a cruel welt on Romeo's flank if the latter shied. Each horse was the pride or the pest of Sam's life. If the latter, the Division Superintendent was sure to know it and one of 2 things would happen. Either a new horse would have to be gotten or Mr. William Barnett (the Division Superintendent) would be warned by Sam to " git a shift," and then Messrs. Barlow & Sanderson, stage owners and mail contractors, would transfer Sam to some other division of the long route.

Sam never got drunk on duty. On precipitous grades, he'd stick to his slippery leather seat marvellously. Why he didn't get pitched off it some times was a mystery. He knew every foot of the road night or day, winter or summer. With his eyes shut he'd locate a chuck hole or a wash out and avoid it.

In a treeless country, with no milestones or telegraph poles or habitations, save the adobe stage ranches 15 miles apart, following the sinuosities of the Arkansas—a mud-puddle in strenuous motion—it was no easy matter to keep the road when snow was falling or Kansas blizzards stirring up alkali dust storms, but our stage driver was always equal to the task. He never lost his way. Sometimes he'd glance up at the Dipper, but instinct rather than astronomy kept him to his route.

He was a weather prophet, and could scent a storm as quickly as could the prairie dogs.

Freight for Pueblo, Trinidad, Santa Fé, Albuquerque, Las Cruces, Silver City, had to be laboriously hauled by bull trains from Ellsworth or Junction City or Leavenworth or Council Bluffs. Sixteen bulls were required to pull one prairie schooner (as the huge trapeziums were called), and a day was required by the Mexican bull-whackers to travel a distance that the mail coaches could make in 2 hours.

Vehicles carrying the United States mail had precedence and right of way over everything except army wagons and army ambulances. United States soldiers guarded the freight trains and protected the stage stations. Sometimes escort wagons filled with soldiers, each carrying a Spencer or a Springfield rifle, accompanied the stages. Then there was trouble. These escort wagons were drawn by army mules and the non-commissioned officers in charge of the detachment exercised the right to travel in front of the stage. This delayed the stage; Sam couldn't make his schedule time and he objected to taking the dust created by the soldiers' teams.

There was bad blood between our Sergeants and the employes of Barlow, Sanderson & Co. Quarrels were frequent and the army officers stationed at the military posts along the Arkansas stage route received many complaints, some just and some trivial, regarding the doings of our enlisted men. Soldiers were not saints. They would occasionally booze up, interfere with stage passengers, maliciously disable a Concord coach by abstracting some essential portion of the running gear, halt on the road—thus delaying the stage, or fabricate Indian alarms, etc. Then the Lieutenant in charge of that particular division of the stage route would be made to judge whether military punishment should be meted out to a corporal, and reparation made to the stage company, or whether Sam or his colleagues had made up a case out of sheer deviltry and a desire to get even with a good soldier who had simply obeyed his orders and refused to let his mules go faster than the trot prescribed by orders.

In any case, our Infantrymen were blamed by the stagemen. Just as sailors and marines are historically enemies, so it was with Sam and the American Tommy Atkins.

My Tommy Atkins in the years 1867-'68 and, indeed, along into the eighties, when he died with a medal of honor on his soldierly breast, was Sergeant James Fegen, Company "H," 3d regiment of Infantry, United States Army.

AN IDEAL POINT.

Biggs—Is it true that Smith, the iceman, is dead?

Boggs—Yes, poor fellow. He cuts no ice now.—Life.

A TRIP WITH THE WRONG GUN.

W. F. NICHOLS.

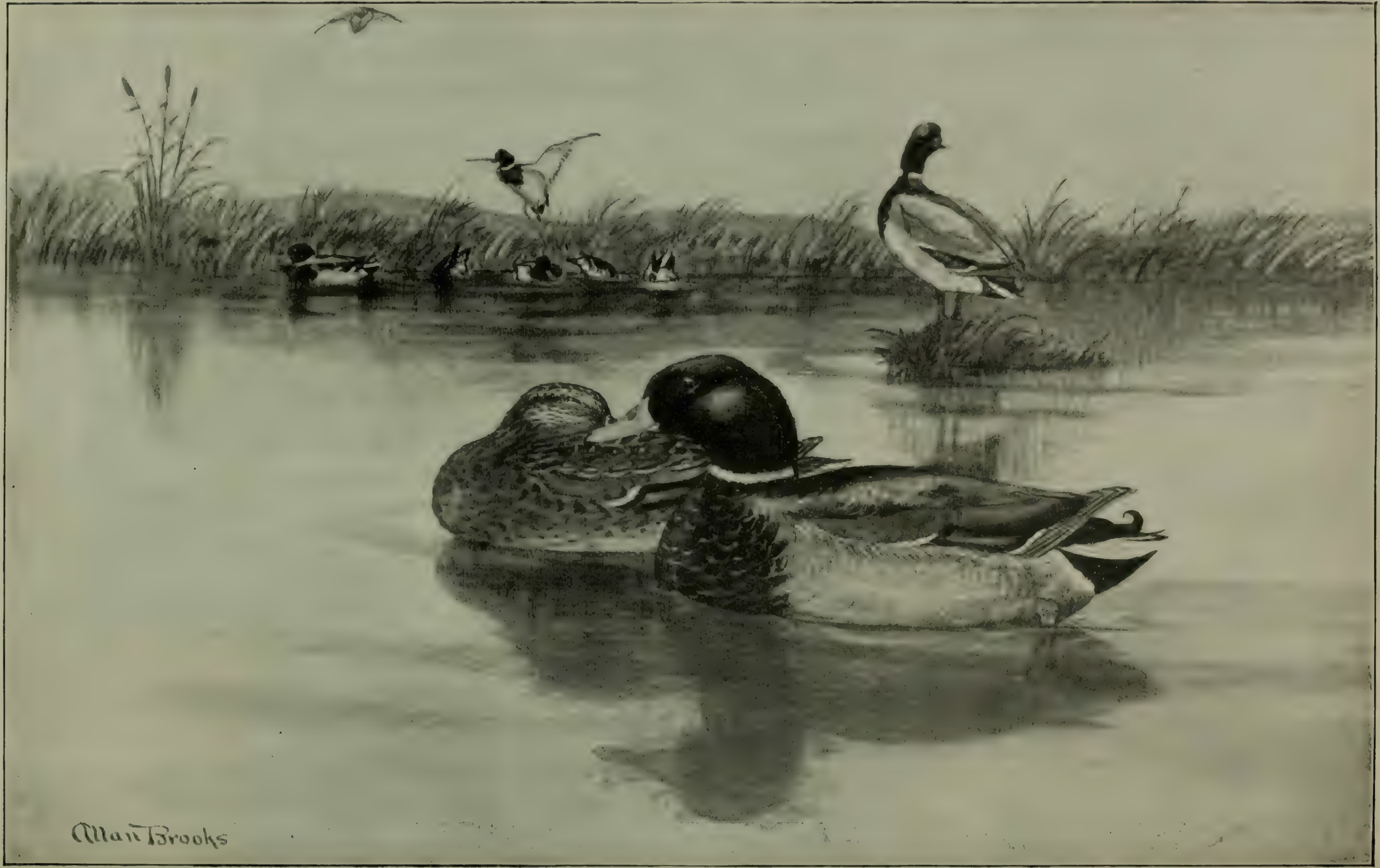
One morning I took a light 12 gauge shotgun belonging to a young friend and went up the Yampa river, in Colorado. The trip was taken for the double purpose of killing snow-shoe rabbits and looking after a poisoned bait I had put out the day before for mountain lions; there being a band of 7 in that vicinity. As my rabbit shooting was necessarily at short range and the little gun an extra good one, I had loaded my shells with but ½ dram of powder and less than ½ ounce of No. 4 shot, in order not to mutilate my game. I walked along over the ice on Norwegian snow-shoes, starting the rabbits from under the banks and shooting them as they ran into the willows, at from 40 to 75 feet.

Nearing my lion bait I saw within 40 yards of it, an enormous male lion on the low bank close to the ice. He lay at full length, his head between his forefeet, quietly looking at me. I was then within 15 feet of his head and as the only possible chance of securing him I determined to attempt to put his eyes out. I raised the gun and fired the little charge of shot in his face. Quick as a flash he was up and off. When 30 or 40 yards away I fired again at his shoulder, but with no perceptible effect. Going to his trail I found blood and followed on as fast as 20 inches of snow would allow; the route being so steep, rocky and covered with bushes as to render it impossible to use snow shoes. Finding blood at short intervals I kept on and had gone about 2 miles before it occurred to me I was on a foolish errand, as I stood no chance of killing the lion with the light charges I had in the gun. So, being pretty well worn out, and with fully 3 miles between me and home, I took the back track. By the time I reached the place where I had left my snow shoes it was quite dark and cold, and without looking at my bait I put on my shoes, took my rabbits and hurried home.

Early the following morning I was back again, this time carrying my .45-70 Winchester. Taking the trail I followed among huge granite rocks and fallen pine timber about ¼ of a mile to where the lion had gone into a crevice in a wall of rocks. Seeing no other way out of it, or rather no other way of getting him out of it, I prepared for a fight by placing my long knife where it could be easily reached; then holding my rifle ready for action I crawled into the den. I had not gone more than 12 or 15 feet into the rocks when I heard his claws rattling on the stones below me, and knew he must be making his way out lower down the wall. I hurriedly backed out and looked over the cliffs. I saw the lion bounding down the mountain side, about 75 yards away. A shot from the rifle brought him down. The bullet struck him in the back near the hip joint and ranging downward cut the point of his heart. I took his measure before skinning him—8 feet 9 inches, from tip of nose to tip of tail.

On my way home I stopped to examine my bait and found 2 young lions laying dead by it. They had evidently been there when I started the old fellow near by. Next morning I found the skin of a third 2-year old near the bait, and the track of the old female leading away. She had eaten every particle of the young one, from the head down to the paws and had turned the skin wrong side out. I followed her trail about ½ mile, started her from under a ledge of rocks and shot her. That made 5 lions killed in 3 days, 2 old and 3 young ones. The old female measured 7 feet 10 inches from tip to tip.

HIS FIRST POINT.


Allan Brooks

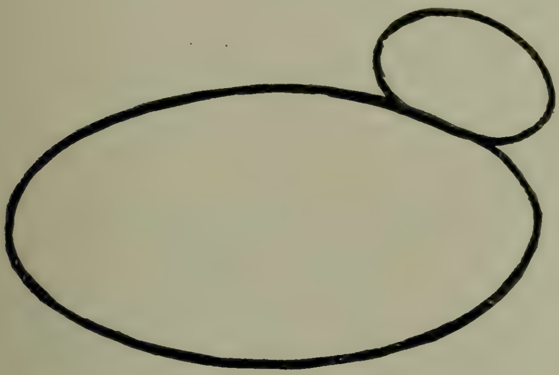
A FAMILY OF MALLARDS.

THE MALLARD—*ANAS BOSCHAS.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

The habits of this, the commonest of all ducks, are so well known that it would be useless to write further of them; but it is strange that in spite of its abundance a good illustration of a mallard is a comparative rarity. It is nearly always represented as a long bodied, ungainly duck, but as anyone knows, who has kept tame mallards or has carefully studied the wild ones, it is one of the neatest and most graceful of ducks.

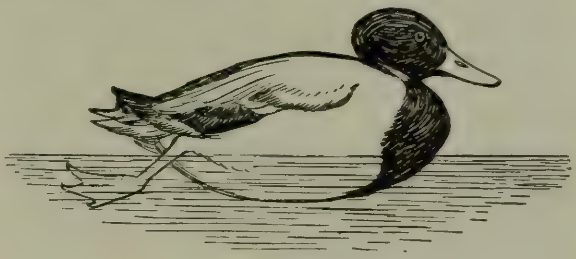
The late John Hancock, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, used to impress on his pupils the fact that a duck had a boat shaped, or oval body, by making a duck out of 2 ovals, one for the head, and the other for the body.



GROUND PLAN.

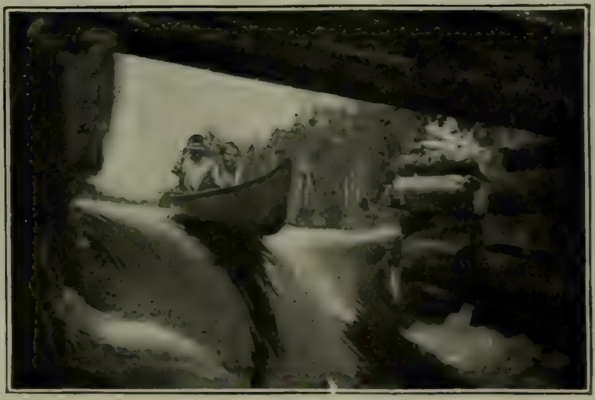
Kuelemans, one of the greatest of ornithological artists, keeps strictly to this form, and his pictures of ducks are models for the taxidermist or the artist to study; though even his representation of mallards, in Dresser's "Birds of Europe," is somewhat marred by the yellow iris of the drake.

A capital picture of mallards can be seen in the August number of the New Illustrated magazine for '98, drawn by Archibald Thorburn. Every duck shooter would endorse this as a splendid representation of mallards in repose.



SIDE ELEVATION.

On the Pacific coast, after a good salmon run, the mallards ascend the rivers to their sources, after the ova and decaying bodies of the salmon; also for the large quantities of maggots that can be shovelled up from every dead fish. It is a curious sight at this time to find great flocks of mallards amid most uncongenial surroundings; often in some narrow, heavily timbered mountain canyon; with a mountain torrent tumbling over the rocks at the bottom of it. They run about nimbly over the rocks and stones, after their filthy garbage, more like a flock of sandpipers than ducks. After feeding thus for a few days, they become fearfully rank; but a salmon fed duck can always be told by smelling the feathers of the breast, which emit a strong odor even after the bird has taken to clean living again. It takes at least a month of clean feeding to make the bird fit for the table.



SHOOTING THE SCHUTE.

HOW I MISSED HER.

CHARLES G. POOLE.

We were out of fresh meat; had been for several days, but concluded to finish haying before taking a short hunt. All things must come to an end, and so did our tedious haying, a process which had been protracted by frequent rains. On Monday morning we stacked our last load of hay, and after a hasty dinner saddled our riding and pack-horses ready to start, but again a heavy rain came up, an earnest of what was to befall us as we soon learned.

Among our pack animals was one burro. This useful but exasperating little brute was strenuously opposed to starting on the hunt. He seemed to foreknow our bad luck, but hard pulling, forcible language, and judicious club-work finally got him started.

We took the Sheridan Trail, the most practicable route to the National Park from Rawlins, Caspar and Lander. This trail was made by that famous guide and hunter, Nelson Yarnall, of Dubois, Wyo., in 1882. This gentlemen, I may remark, was the principal actor in the comedy which I am about to relate.

Along this trail, which, for 12 miles winds beside Big Wind river, we passed a large bunch of antelope, offering a fair shot, but, as it still rained, and we were anxious to get as near as possible to our hunting grounds that evening, we did not disturb them.

Crossing Wind river we followed the trail around a small, marshy lake, literally swarming with geese and ducks, which on our approach fled wildly in all directions.

By this time it was growing dark and the trail was slippery; we were wet, tired, hungry and a little out of humor. Not we: I mean I. My guide never sinks below the level of a tune or a joke.

My friend Balaam, the ass, whom I had to lead, growing weary, protested against going farther, pulling back with all his weight upon his halter. Taking a loop with his rope round the horn of my saddle I made my horse yank him along, till halting in a little park we sought the shelter of a large spruce tree, and camped, picketed our animals, ate a hearty supper, enjoyed a quiet pipe, made down our beds, retired and were soon asleep. Sometime before daybreak we were aroused by a blood-curdling noise, coming, apparently from everywhere. It was a compound of elk-whistle, hog-grunt, baby-squall and lion's roar. However, it was only Balaam, lonely and cold, separated from his fellows lifting up his voice in protest. As we were close to the finest elk-range in the Rocky mountains we objected to this unseemly noise, entering our objections in the form of clubs and stones.

By daylight we were once more on the way. Expecting game at any moment we were cautious and silent, but, so far, had seen only 2 deer which vanished before a shot could be fired. At the summit we began to see signs of game and farther on it seemed all the elk in the mountains had assembled here in convention. Deep, hard-trodden trails ran in every direction, now and then spreading out as the animals scattered to feed on the masses of bunch grass native to these mountains. Again, however, fate was against us, for torrents of rain came on, and we were forced to seek a camp. After 2 hours of pouring it broke, and we went out afoot to locate our hunting ground for the next day. This was impossible because the animals seemed to wander in every possible direction, behaving so strangely that even Yarnall was at fault, confessing that he had never before seen elk act so. Finally we abandoned the hope and returned to camp.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and frosty. Our breakfast—a scant affair, since our 2 days' allowance of grub was running low—was soon eaten, and we started early. A bunch of cows and calves was suddenly encountered, but suffered to escape. We were after bulls. Mr. Y. felt sure the elk would concentrate farther on, so we pressed forward—interminably, it seemed to me. I was hungry and tired, and rapidly becoming hopeless.

Poor Balaam! On his devoted head fell all my wrath and disappointment, as if he were the sole cause.

All at once we heard a sharp noise, part whistle, part snort. Mr. Y. remarked: "That's the curiosity snort of an elk;" I, worn out with disappointment and Balaam, insisted that it was only the squeak of 2 rubbing limbs among the tree-tops. So, we proceeded. Crash! and a band of elk not more than 50 yards away sprang into sight, speeding through the timber. I was off my horse in an instant, and my .50-115 Bullard rang out among the silent mountains. I had had the honor of the first shot, I wanted the cow badly.

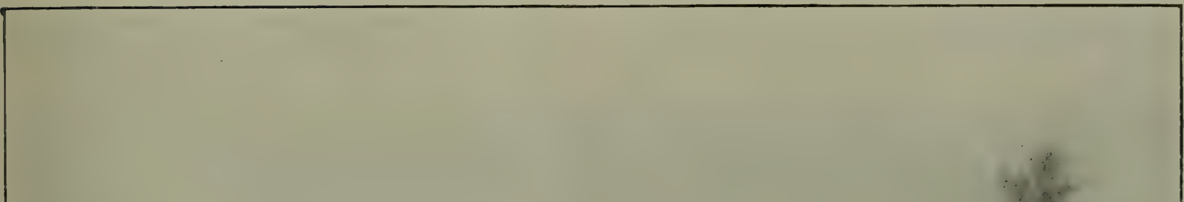
Alas! the dissipating smoke revealed—not a dying cow—but the fading sterns of 5 elk scudding under full sail into dim distance. Looking round at my companion, I found him coolly taking a chew of tobacco. After an interval of most humiliating silence he remarked: " Must have missed her, Charlie." Need I say more?

The day passed with no change in the bad luck and once more we camped, hungry, tired, and almost out of grub. Our camp was on the banks of the Gros Ventre, from whose generous bosom Mr. Y. soon gathered a splendid supper of trout—averaging 3 pounds each. In this employment I was only permitted to catch bait and carry fish, a fit punishment for my blundering haste of the morning. This, also, was my fate of the following morning. In addition my rifle was taken from me. I had been so weak as to question its accuracy as a defense of my miss. My duty was to humbly lead the pack animals a good 2 hundred yards in rear of Mr. Y.

Presently I saw my companion dismount. The Bullard, whose qualities I had criticised, spoke loudly twice, and 2 fine bulls lay dead before us, mute but eloquent witnesses to the deadly accuracy and power of the weapon and to the fatal skill of him who used it. Mr. Y. handed the rifle back to me with the quiet remark, " You may have it now."

The game was quickly skinned and hung up, and some fine, fat ribs were put to roast. It was hard for me to wait till they were done, for I was nearly famished. Imagine, therefore, my feelings when my companion informed me that I " might eat fish." However, he relented, and together we enjoyed such a meal as can only be tasted by the famished hunter in the Rocky mountains.

My pride had been humbled, and I was ready to admit that the experienced hunter has little to learn from the tenderfoot.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. H. HIBBARD.

COLONEL HUNDLEY, FROM A PAINTING BY RALPH DE CAMP, HELENA, MONT.

Colonel Hundley was an old timer in Montana and an enthusiastic hunter.

A FOUR LEGGED INDIAN.

W. F. NICHOLS.

I was a member of Company "A," 11th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry. In the spring of '65 a portion of the regiment was ordered out on a 10 days' scout under our colonel, Tom Moonlight.

We were stationed at what was known as the Upper Bridge on the North Platte, in Wyoming.

We were ordered to scout the Powder river country under the guidance of the noted Jim Bridger, hunter, trapper, and Indian fighter. Bridger had located (by sign) a band of about 200 Sioux.

We marched to where they had been camped, but they had fled. On our return march we camped for noon rest on a beautiful little stream which so charmed the colonel that he decided to remain there over night.

Being then, as now, an ardent sportsman, I took my carbine and 2 heavy revolvers, and in company with Sergeant John Bristow (now living in Eastern Kansas) sauntered off on a hunt, going eventually 3 miles or so from camp, crossing on the way 3 or 4 low ridges.

We were standing on a slight elevation looking for game, when we espied, approaching on a trail which passed close to us, a dense cloud of dust. Being on an Indian scout we, of course, took it for a small band of Sioux. Measures must be quickly adopted looking toward a scrap.

Utterly forgetting that my companion was the vested authority on the ground, I assumed command and ordered an ambush, which I disposed behind 2 large bowlders near by. Lying flat on the ground, we placed our cartridges and percussion caps beside us, and awaited the approach of the enemy.

When the dust cloud had come to within 200 yards of us, a slight flaw of wind blew it backward and revealed the enemy—a large buffalo bull. I need not say the disappointment was agreeable. Both of us had seen Indians before, but neither had ever seen a wild buffalo.

Rapidly I instructed the sergeant, telling him where to aim, etc. True I had never shot a buffalo, but I had heard old hunters tell how to do it, and acted on the capital of the old stories, telling him to aim at the shoulder—low down.

Well, when the old fellow was opposite us and not more than 30 or 35 yards from us, I gave the word. Our guns were discharged simultaneously; the reports were one.

The bull instantly left the trail and ran in a circle partly round us, but before we could reload our carbines he fell. Of course, we were elated, and each claimed the shot.

On reaching our victim we found that one bullet had, indeed, pierced his heart, but what had become of the other? On skinning him we found it. It had struck the tail about midway. A more perfect center shot could not have been made.

In camp I tried to claim that shot, but to no avail. I was known to be the best shot in camp, and the sergeant rather a poor one. He rarely afterward referred to the buffalo, as some of the boys were sure to chaff him about firing so far back—to save meat.

"LARK"—A. K. C. 49,496; OWNED BY L. B. FAULKNER, OLYMPIA, WASH.
Pointing a quail on Whidby Island, Washington.

ELK IN JACKSON'S HOLE.

S. N. LEEK.

I have just got back from among the elk on their winter range. I left the ranch on the morn of January 8th with the camera, and traveling on snow shoes, went as far as Frank Peterson's, about 10 miles, where I stopped over night. Frank was out, but soon returned from visiting some traps in the foot hills near Flat creek. He brought in 2 martin and 2 foxes, one a red and the other a fine cross. Frank's ranch is about 5 miles from the foot hills of the Gros Ventre mountains where the elk winter. I started out early in the morning, and going up Flat creek nearly to the hills, bore off to the left, intending to strike the hills about 2 miles North of the creek, and then work South to the creek, and spend the night with Mr. Davis, a trapper, stopping at a cabin in the Flat creek canyon.

The first elk I saw was a sentinel on a high point. Next there was a ridge spotted with them. There I started to work toward a point and saw another bunch much nearer. By count there were 80 in sight, and, from the lay of the ground, I knew there were many more a little farther over. Taking a run on my shoes down in the hollow I worked up on them and in doing so ran on 2 more in a small patch of timber there. I had to work around and cut them off from the main bunch, which I succeeded in doing, then left my shoes, and taking an elk trail, got within 75 yards of the bunch, when I was warned not to go any farther in that direction by seeing several pairs of ears over a small ridge. I must work along under the ridge, and that way was blocked by a spike bull and 2 calves pawing for grass right on top of the end of the ridge. By waiting about 15 minutes I was relieved to see these quit their pawing and walk out of sight. I was quickly in their place, and now saw a pair of spikes about 40 feet distant. I was studying how to get the camera high enough when Mr. Spike got up, with several more that were lying down near him. I was in plain sight of them and couldn't back down, but had to make the most of it. Crawling forward with the camera in front of me nearly to the top of the ridge, more elk came in sight all the time till finally a solid wall of elk were in sight, anywhere from 25 feet to 50 yards, but before I got position they ran. Rising quickly I snapped the shutter, and quickly reloading took another shot. The last shot they were about 50 yards distant, part of the bunch stopped, the others joining them from the right, then they all went. I got out of sight and before they were 200 yards away they were walking on the road over to join the others on the next ridge above. My only show was to go to the next higher ridge and get above them, which I did. Finding good walking in the heavy elk trails I was soon on the ridge, when I ran slam into a bunch of bulls lying in the edge of some timber. I had to mount my snow shoes quickly and make a run down a small pitch to head them from the main bunch. I now thought

things were clear, but discovered a spike bull coming up. Sitting down in the snow I let him come. He was followed by a larger bull. I had the camera with the shutter set held on my knees pointed in their direction. They would look directly at me, but I never moved a hair and they finally got within 25 feet, where they both stopped, but in a low place. I could just see all their bodies, and the camera being so much lower I knew I would only get their backs and heads. I tried to raise the camera slowly, but at the first move they were off like a shot and I had lost a splendid chance, but snapped at one of them in the edge of the timber when he stopped. The next thing I knew I was in plain sight of 2 spikes that ran directly for the main bunch. I hurried to a small ridge and what a sight! Directly beneath me and not more than 200 yards to the first ones were 500 elk, most of them lying down. I saw the 2 spikes dart in among them, but the only effect was that part of them got up and began to look. It was impossible to get near them for a picture, so I went on up the ridge, and was just going to the top of a high place in the ridge when I stopped short. Over the high spot was a small hollow and then another rise, and just over that, about 75 yards away was a pair of horns, and they were monsters. I could count 14 points. From the lay of the ground I knew he was lying down, and thought, if I could get over the first ridge into the hollow, I could get nearly on top of him, but had hardly got started crawling when the crust broke with me and let the camera strike the hard snow, bump! Mr. Bull got up and I was in plain sight, but kept perfectly still. Directly 2 more bulls got up near him and all 3 looked at me, but finally they moved out of sight on a walk. I hurried to the next ridge and looked over carefully. Another sight! Eighteen big bulls, all within 50 yards! but how to get the camera in position! They were uneasy, and what I did had to be done quickly. So getting everything ready and holding the camera high, I got on the ridge and snapped, but the elk were on the run. It was now getting along into the afternoon and I started for Flat creek about a mile South of me, soon coming out on the edge of the canyon with the creek about 1,000 feet below. The hillside, while very steep, was quite smooth and nearly free of snow, with good grass all over it. I shouldered my snow shoes and started down, when I saw an elk's back directly below me. On investigating found there was quite a bunch. Leaving my shoes I went farther up and then down, thinking I would get in front of them and wait till they came along, but found them there thicker than ever. I got as close as I could and pointing the camera down the hill I snapped it. They now took alarm, started for the top and came out near where I left my snow shoes. I ran along the rim and took another shot, when they reached the top, and still another, as they started from there. They went back about 200 yards, then turning, came back, went into the canyon, came out and passed below me. I went part way down the hill and took another shot as they went up the creek.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY WM. LA CROIX.

FISHING FOR TROUT.

LIARD RIVER EXPERIENCES.

A. J. STONE.

Having completed our journey down the Dease, we immediately descended the Liard. This undertaking, however, was beset with difficulties. The season was late; snow fell frequently, so damp as to penetrate our clothing; the winds were icy cold. However, we had good night camps, and so suffered no real hardships. Nor were we down to our winter home too soon, for our boat, during the last part of our journey was surrounded by slush ice and in a few days the river was closed in many places. Snow fell rapidly and preparations for winter must be made.

This we set about at once. About a mile from the post we cut a large quantity of dry wood, which we carried on dog sledges to camp. To accomplish this we were obliged to clear a road through the brush, which consumed a week of hard labor. Then the cabins were to repair; by this time December had come, though we worked every day from dawn till dark, not stopping at noon for lunch.

We now moved into our cabin and at once arranged for a hunting trip up the Muddy for fresh meat. As there were no Indians to transport it we took our dog teams. We hoped, too, to secure specimens of sheep and caribou at the egress of the river from the mountains.

Although we found abundant signs of moose we failed to find the animals, and after a faithful and strenuous effort we were obliged to abandon the hunt and return to the post, which we reached on Christmas Eve. Mr. Simpson had accompanied me, and his good wife had "plum pudding," mince pies, and many other luxuries ready for us on our return.

A few days later 2 young men came in from Hell's Gate, 110 miles below, who reported the route as passable, and I determined at once to sledge my goods through on the ice. This I proceeded to do, though strongly opposed by the advice of others. Accordingly, my sledges were loaded. The young men loaned me their 2 dog teams which were to go back empty and Mr. Simpson loaned me his. Each team had 300 pounds and we at once began our journey, January 1st.

Description of the journey through the canyon would be impossible, but, like all our other difficult tasks, it was accomplished at last, and on our arrival at Hell's Gate I proceeded at once to build a strong cache for our supplies. In this I stored everything, covering it with canvas to exclude dampness, and over the whole piling heavy logs until we considered it safe. Then began our return trip. During this journey the snow fell constantly, and by the time we reached the post the going was frightful; to accomplish the last mile took 4 hours of hard work. One of the dogs died. Mr. Pelly, a young Englishman, and I were both quite ill the last day, but still kept up, and Mr. Simpson's kindly ministrations restored us to perfect condition. One good meal of moose meat, one good night's rest in a good bed and we were as good as new.

The young man who had accompanied me now lost all desire to go farther, and as he had not proved a very desirable helper, I suffered him to go. Thenceforward for a time I was alone.

February 1st Mr. Simpson left the post for an extended overland trip, taking his dog with him, and as I was now without either man or dogs, I was compelled to forego hunting and remain for a time at the post.

So as to be occupied I set to work to translate the Tahltan and Kaskas languages, with the help of Mrs. Simpson, and succeeded in turning out a work of which I am proud. I did some photographic work, developed and fixed all my plates up to date, and extended my knowledge of the Kaskas and Liard Indians.

April 1st I purchased one dog, Zilla, a faithful and intelligent animal, and hired an Indian (Powder) to go with me with his team. My stuff, 400 pounds, I divided. Giving the Indian ½ and loading the other on Zilla's sledge, we started out for Hell's Gate.

Anxious for the safety of my cache I pushed on as fast as possible, combating all the while Powder's desire to return. After passing the Devil's Portage, however, his reluctance seemed to yield, and thenceforward he went willingly enough. The last 35 miles we made in 8½ hours.

Two miles above my cache we began to meet the Hell's Gate Indians, who rushed down to us to ask all kinds of questions. Despite Powder's desire to stop and talk, however, I kept him pushing on, until the cache was reached. Everything was found undisturbed, for which I was grateful, but the situation otherwise was somewhat disheartening. I was more than 100 miles from the nearest white man or friendly Indian, surrounded by a band of thieves and murderers, and moreover compelled to build a boat, a thing which I had never seen done; 120 miles of unfamiliar river to navigate, and 2,000 pounds to transport in this yet unbuilt boat. Truly here was cause for grave concern. However, were I to proceed to Fort Liard for help the savages about the cache would loot it in my absence. My duty to the 3 institutions whose representative I was, was plain; to remain in charge of my stores alone until I could procure the means to transport them. Besides, I trusted to the cowardice of these people, and relied on my means of defense, 3 loaded rifles always at hand and the faithful Zilla as my sleepless guard.

The next morning after my arrival I was astir early, and taking Zilla and my favorite rifle I went down the river to locate a place whither I could move my supplies and build a boat, since there was yet a stretch of bad water below me. About 4 miles below I found a suitable spot, and returned at once to camp.

Here I found a motley crowd gathered around my cache. Some of them could speak a few words of Chinook, and these at once importuned me to see into my cache. I replied: "This is my cache. Go look at your own." Then the torment began. They begged for flour, bacon, sugar, fruit. They were hungry; some of their people were sick, and could not eat meat; a thousand pleadings were offered. I was adamant and refused every petition. Even so small a favor as a cup of tea I would not give. I would not allow them to handle my rifles nor did I open my cache during this torment, which lasted a week. This caused me a week's loss of time.

Did I fear them? No. I was afraid of trouble, but not of the result.

Finding me immovable the Indians at last went away, all but one fellow, a much larger man than I, who persistently dogged me with his begging. Being present when I opened my kitchen box a package of coffee met his eye and he asked for it. On being refused he called me "Delate cultus," which means everything vile. I drove him away with a club and ordered him not to return. I now expected trouble, and prepared for it, nor did I sleep much that night. In the morning, much to my surprise I saw the rascal going off down the river with his family. It was a great relief when all were gone.

As soon as settled in my new camp I proceeded to construct my boat. The various plans that floated through my mind need not be detailed here. Suffice it to say I decided on a canvas boat. Searching through my stores I found 2 strips of duck with which I concluded I could cover a frame. But the frame! There was the rub. Necessity spurs invention, and I at last evolved a plan. Let me give it briefly. The boat was to be 24 feet long over all, keel 16 feet long, 3 feet across bottom, 5 foot beam, and 21 inches deep.

I felled 2 trees side by side, 4 feet apart, from which I cut logs 30 feet long. These I leveled. Across them I laid 6 sticks 6 feet long, pinning them to the logs. Across the centres of these (lengthwise of the logs) I pinned a stick 6 inches in diameter, 24 feet long. I hewed the ends to act as head-blocks, to which I proposed to fasten my bent timbers which should shape the boat. Above this I erected a solid frame over which the bent timbers must be shaped. Cutting, hewing, and planing timbers was the next work. Nearly 50 pieces were required, from 7.6 to 25 feet in length and from ½ x 3 inches to 1¼ x 4 inches. These must be of the best selected tough, young spruce, to make a frame at once light and strong. To make, to bend, to fasten these, with no help of any kind, meant work; but freed from the annoyance of the Indians, I worked early and late.

The frame completed, I proceeded to cover it with green spruce bark so as to stiffen my boat, and over this laid the canvas, first spreading the inside of it with a heavy coat of gum, which I gathered from the forest within a radius of ½ mile. Having laid the canvas I next coated it heavily on the outside. Next oars were made and then a steering sweep, and now my craft was ready to launch.

For 4 days the ice had been running. The spring was at hand. Day and night the ear had been stunned by the roar of grinding ice, but on the fifth day the river began to clear, and I got under my boat and removing the timbers that supported her put my shoulders under her centre, and inch by inch moved her over the bank till she rested on the sand near the water.

Next morning I breakfasted at 5, pushed the boat into the water, loaded my stuff into her, and was ready to start at 8.40. Inasmuch as I was about to launch upon an unknown torrent where destruction might overtake my frail bark at any moment, I constructed a life raft of rubber bags lashed together with a rope. On this I fastened a small ax, auger, rope, 1 pair blankets, 7 bannocks, a small slice of bacon, and bat-cotton to fill up. On this I must rely, should mishap befall my boat, to carry me on my journey.

Stepping into the boat, I called Zilla and fixed a place for him to lie down. I then invoked God's blessing and pushed off. The current was fearfully rapid and we were soon out of sight of my shipyard.

The journey was long and fraught with many dangers from floating ice and falling trees, perplexed with treacherous eddies and tangles of islands; but in 2 days I was at Fort Liard, where Mr. McLeod, the Hudson Bay Company's agent, received me cordially and complimented me on my nerve.

After several days' rest at Fort Liard, I engaged Mr. McLeod's son John for the remainder of the trip. He is well worth waiting for, and I hope to bring him with me on my return to New York.

Leaving Fort Liard we halted 100 miles below, at an Indian settlement, built a strong cache, stored our stuff, secured an Indian and his birch bark canoe, paddled back 15 miles, went into the Nahanna mountains, and killed specimens of the White Sheep, just where I had told RECREATION almost 2 years ago I should get them. We also killed moose on the trip, but—what is of more importance—made a discovery in the domain of zoology which I hope soon to report in full—with specimens. The remainder of the trip was made without mishap.

I do not regret what has passed, but would not repeat this experience for all the gold in the North.

APPLIED ZOOLOGY.

ELIZABETH B. PITMAN.

I used to dote on clams; I don't any more.

My brother took up the useful study of zoology, last term, and as we were having clams for luncheon, the other day, he regaled us with several edifying and appetite-destroying facts about them. The most startling fact, and the one which effectually spoiled my taste for clams, is that a clam has an ear. And where do you think the foolish bivalve, in its anxiety to economize space, wears its solitary ear? Do you give it up? Why, in its foot, by all that's truthful! Each clam has one long, tough foot modestly adorned with an ear. Ough! Feet and ears! I shudder for each and every clam swallowed in the days when I was ignorant and happy. Now I am miserable, not for my lost love of clams, alone, but for the suspicion, firmly rooted in my mind, that the study of zoology aids and abets the cannibal instincts.

Only yesterday I caught my brother eying me as though he would have liked to cut a little window in my side to see my heart beat. To divert his interest from my anatomical details I offered to treat him to icecream soda at the corner drugstore. Of course he accepted, and we were no sooner seated before the counter than he darted to a showcase paved with sponges. Unfortunately, he had been studying that morning the internal economy of the festive sponge, and I listened to his outburst of knowledge on the subject with a weakening relish for the soda-water. I am looking, now, for a drugstore where there is no display of sponges to spoil one's thirst.

This morning, I happened to mention that a party of us intended driving to the Pointe, to-night, for a frog supper—there's nothing I love better than a frog supper—whereupon my brother, pulling something wilted and speckled-green from his pocket, began to rave over the gracefulness of the frog and the general beauty of its construction. He deplored his not having a good fresh, uncooked specimen to study and would I bring him one? It was something of a shock to see a frog in its every-day clothes for the first time; therefore, our supper is postponed, indefinitely. Frogs are so much nicer looking in their batter and cracker bloomers that I am sorry I know them otherwise.

Of course my brother being young will soon forget his knowledge of zoology, but it's too late in life for me to lose mine. I'll carry it to the grave. The poet, Gray, when composing the " Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," must have had a brother there taking a course of zoology, for he closes the poem with the heartfelt lines:

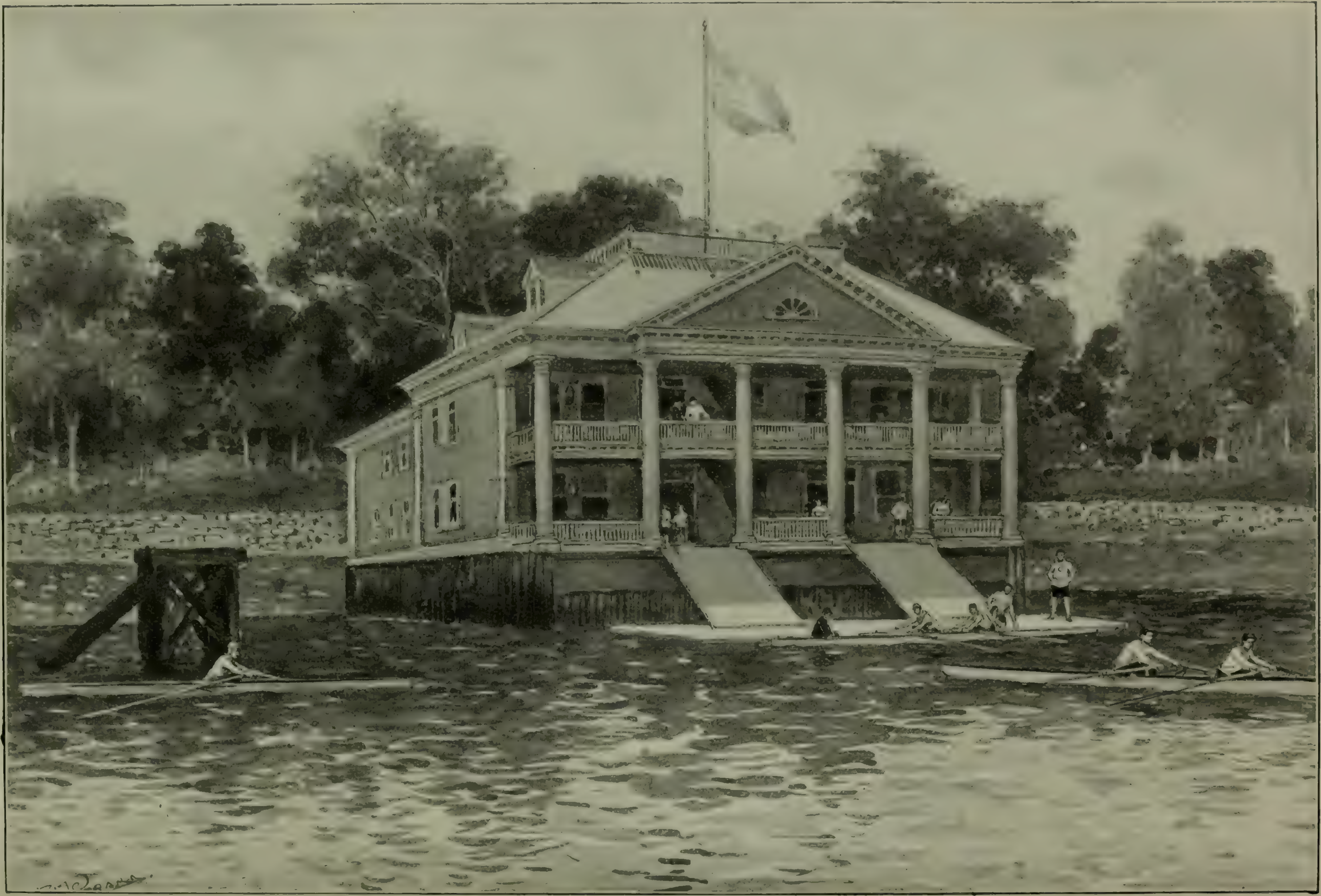
—" Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

And so it is!

AMATEUR PHOTO BY WM. H. FISHER.

FORSTERS TERN.

(Eggs about half size.)



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY BOAT HOUSE.

Foot of West 115th Street, New York.

A DAY AT STUMP PASS.

J. H. MORSE.

One bright December morning my friend Jonas and I left Englewood, Florida, for a day's fishing at Stump Pass. Situated about 100 miles South of Tampa, on the Gulf coast, the pass is the principal outlet of Lemon bay, and a famous fishing ground.

An hour's sail and we anchored our skiff in the channel, well toward the outside beach. Fiddler crabs were our only bait, and at the end of a half hour I had caught the first fish, a small sheepshead. The tide was running out, however, and we looked for better luck with slack water and the flood. In the meantime, rowing ashore and beaching the boat, we went toward the Gulf on the South side of the pass, and reached a place where the bank shelved off abruptly, making deep water close to the shore. I dropped in again and Jonas also began operations.

He soon landed a good sized ravalli, and about the same time I caught a small sailor's choice. Using the latter as cut bait, and adding more lead, we both cast well out from shore and awaited developments. Full 10 minutes passed quietly. Then Jonas' reel began to buzz, and the fish took out a good hundred feet of line before he was checked. Then followed a mad rush toward the Gulf of Mexico, and vigorous thumbing of the line on the part of my friend. Twice the fish broke water, and it was only by skilful manipulation of the rod that the prize was retained. After playing him for some time, he weakened and was led near the shore, where I gaffed him. It was a redfish, or channel bass, and tipped the balance at 14 pounds.

Shortly after this I hooked a large fish, presumably a shark. At any rate, he went off with some 15 feet of line attached to my hook. The tide had now set in strongly. We secured, with a dip net, some sardines for live bait and during the next hour we caught some 30 pounds of fish, grunters, redfish, trout, jackfish and one grouper. Then, noticing a school of Spanish mackerel coming in from the Gulf, we hastily rigged trolling tackle. The Northwest wind enabled us to lay up and down the pass and we had good sport for a half hour or more with these gamy fish. I sailed the boat, and Jonas, with a pearl spinner caught 5 handsome mackerel, the largest weighing a trifle over 3 pounds. We also took one small bluefish. It was rather early in the season for both of these fish, as they generally run from February to July. Both are also caught by still fishing, live bait being preferable, and the sardine considered best. At times the mackerel readily strikes at mullet cut in strips.

About noon we repaired to the fish camp on the North side of the pass to eat lunch and obtain some mullet bait from the fishermen. This fish is only caught in nets, although some claim they will take a bait made of flour or bread crumbs plastered on a hook. I have never seen one caught in this manner. We found 2 men occupying the camp, using cast nets, and salting mullet for the market. They had just taken 396 fish in about an hour with 2 9-foot nets. This was an exceptionally large haul. They were dressing the fish on the wharf as we came up. We brewed coffee over their fire, and disposed of lunch. Jonas then stretched out on the wharf in the shade of a large box, and went to sleep, while I got out some shark tackle, and, baiting with mullet heads, threw it out as far as my strength would allow. There were some 75 feet of half-inch rope attached to the chain of the hook, and to lengthen it I added the 50 odd feet of line from a harpoon, or grains, lying on the wharf. It is customary to make the end fast to some stationary object, but I neglected to do this.

The fish offal had already attracted numerous sharks to the immediate vicinity, and I did not wait long. Soon there was a sharp tug at the line. I let him have the bait for a few seconds before striking, but did not succeed in hooking the brute. I had better luck with the next one, however, and without assistance landed a small sand shark on the beach near the wharf. Jonas slept serenely through the struggle. I killed the monster with an ax, baited up and cast out as before. There was a large cat boat alongside the wharf. My gaze being in that direction and toward the water, I soon saw a jewfish swim slowly out from underneath this boat. I hauled in on the shark tackle as quietly as possible. When it was some 15 feet distant from the wharf, I saw him start for it and take the bait. He chewed the heads and hook for a few seconds, and then started off. I succeeded in hooking him well, and he made for deeper water in a hurry. Happening to think of the line not being made fast to anything more stable than the grain pole, I shouted to Jonas for assistance, being unwilling to lose both fish and tackle, and feeling sure I could not handle him alone.

The 2 fishermen were the first to respond, and by the time Jonas was on his feet, we had the fish well in hand. Our united efforts landed him on the beach, and I surrendered the tackle to Jonas, who was eager to try his luck. This sort of fishing requires little skill, and is mostly dependent on main strength. In the meantime a large school of mangrove snappers had appeared about the wharf, and I decided to give them a trial. They are partial to live bait, and as our supply was exhausted, I used fish liver with some success, securing 2 good sized snappers. They are a fine pan fish.

About this time, Jonas, who had taken to the skiff and anchored in the channel, was observed to pull up his ground tackle suddenly, and start up the bay in tow of a shark or some other monster of the deep. This sort of thing did not last long, for the fish soon tired, and Jonas succeeded in rowing to the shore, where after considerable exertion we beached the prize. It proved to be a horse mackerel, or sand shark, 10 feet 6 inches long. We killed and cut him open, but did not find the traditional treasure, not even a tin can or a rusty nail.

We were both somewhat tired by this time, and after loading the jewfish into our boat started to pole home, the breeze having died away. A truck gardener who lived near the camp, relieved us of the sharks, taking them for fertilizer, and promising to cut out the jaws of the larger one for us. We were unable to weigh the jewfish, but it measured 6 feet 8 inches in length. The following day the citizens of Englewood all ate fish, and doubtless wished us as good luck the next time we went fishing as we had on that trip.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. HUBBARD.

AN ELK IN THE ACT OF BUGLING.

Indignant Woman—This dog I bought of you came near eating my little girl the other day.

Dealer—Well, you said you wanted a dog that was fond of children, didn't you?—Tit-Bits.

WITH THE GRAYLING IN ENGLAND.

S. HOWARTH.

In October, '82, a friend asked me to go with him for a day's grayling fishing in that portion of the river Blythe running through Bagot's Park. This was a part of the stream I had never fished and which was noted for large grayling.

At the gate of my friend's house I was greeted with "I will be there in a minute." Rods, tackle and grub were quickly stowed and we started for a 12 mile drive. The first 6 were up a slight grade. The remainder of the road led through Byrkley Park, past Christ Church on Needwood, and through Hoar Cross village. Leaving Hoar Cross Hall—once famous as the home of the Meynell hounds—on our left, we drove on to Bagot's Bromley village where we left our team. A walk of 1½ miles along the Rugby road brought us to the river. It would not be dignified by the name on this side of the Atlantic but would be called a creek. Leaving my friend to follow his own way, I took out a cast prepared the night before and put it in the creek to soak. The flies were of the size we would call midges here. They were the rusty olive dun, October dun and the Burton blue. The olive dun was tied on No. 14 Sneck bend hooks, dressed as follows: Body a minute portion of chocolate colored wool, on yellow silk; hackle a yellow dun and wings starling. The Burton blue, was of the same size and tied with the same colored silk, ribbed with fine gold twist, dun hackle and wings. The October dun was tied on a No. 16 hook, using the same silk hackle and wings as the rusty olive and a little blue fur from a rabbit, instead of the chocolate wool for the body. These flies would seem to most Americans as altogether too small for fish up to 17½ inches long and weighing nearly 2 pounds. In fact most Americans to whom I show the kind of hooks we used laugh and say they are only fit to catch minnows with. My cast was tapered the whole length of its 9 feet; the last 2 lengths being of the finest drawn gut that it was possible to secure. I claim no superiority for the English system of angling, but merely give these details to show what is used there.

At the second cast I raised and hooked a fish well over the 9 inch limit. All fish under that size I put back. That was my rule for years. A few yards lower down I hooked another fish that looked 15 inches long; but lost it just as I was putting the landing net under it. Grayling are exceedingly tender about the mouth.

I then went about a ¼ mile farther down, leaving that length to my friend behind me. After about 1½ hours I returned up the stream to see what he had done. Nothing but one measly chub was the result. What had I? I showed him the result—12 fine fish, 2 of them over 14 inches long.

Would I teach him how to cast a fly? Certainly. Get your light rod—he had been bait fishing. Here's a cast all ready. The first hour he hooked and landed 5 fish, losing several others. Then we took a rest for lunch. That finished, we took up our rods again. Just as we did so the keeper—Sam Gorse by name—came on the scene and asked to see our permit. He then accompanied me by the river side and landed the fish for me. He had plenty to do. The grayling rose as I never but once before or since saw them rise. In less than 1½ hours I had 18 more fish in my basket, the largest almost 18 inches long and weighing just under 2 pounds, and 6 of the others weighed over a pound each. Having made what I considered a good catch I quit and went back to my friend, whom I found quite excited over a large fish he had just lost.

Soon after 3 o'clock we packed up and left, my friend being well satisfied with the 10 brace he had caught in his first day's fly-fishing. He gave up bait fishing from that date, and when I left England he was one of the most successful fly-fishers in his town.

"Papa," said Tommy Tredway.

"Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Tredway, "I shall answer only one more question to-day. So be careful what you ask."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, go on."

"Why don't they bury the Dead Sea?"
—Household Words.

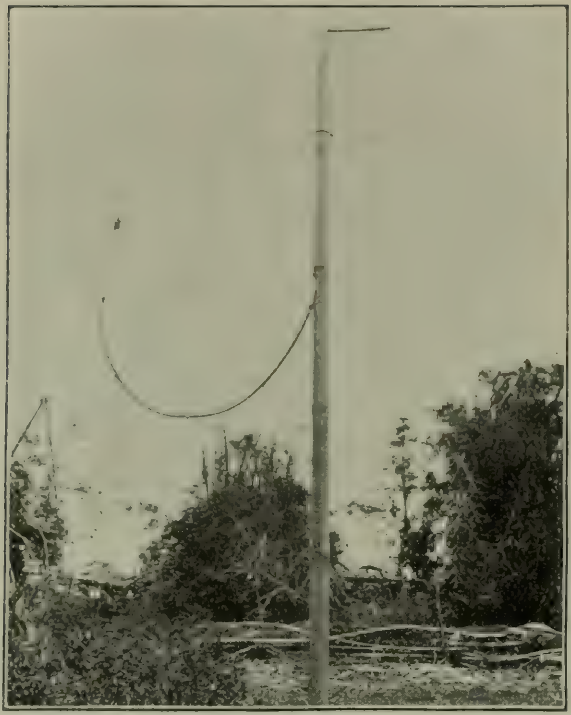


PHOTO BY C. F. O'KEEFE.
A PHILIPPINE BIRD TRAP.

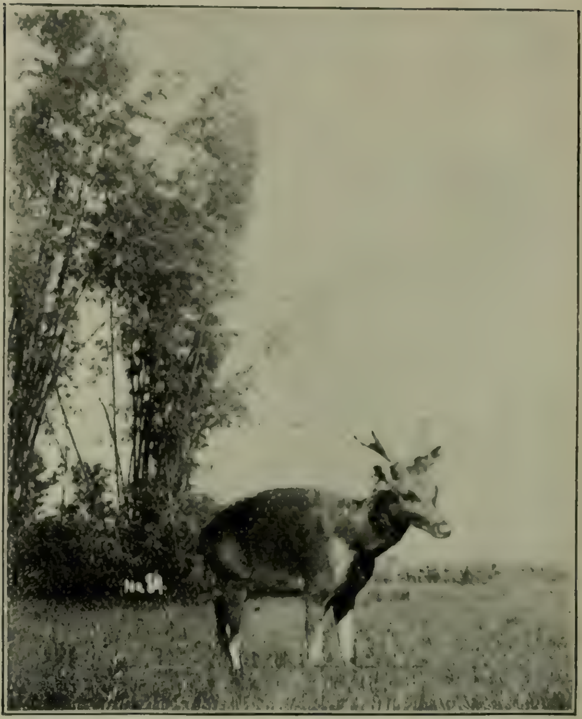


PHOTO BY C. F. O'KEEFE.
A NATIVE PHILIPPINE DEER.

Editor RECREATION: I send you herewith 2 photos. One of a Philippino bird trap, a machine which is both novel and effective. In going through the country one finds many of these traps, most of which are sprung and each has a bird fluttering about, caught by a leg with a piece of raw hemp. It strikes me this trap might be used for catching birds for photographing, because it does not hurt them. It would save a great deal of work and time.

The Philippine deer is a good specimen. He is only about 3 feet high, and is small every way as compared with our American mule deer. This Philippine species is of a reddish brown color. The horns are now in the velvet. He is a pretty little animal, very active and graceful but lacks that beautifull expression about the eyes which is so conspicuous a feature of our American deer.

In the back ground is a bunch of native bamboo, and the foreground is a rice field.

Later I hope to send you a picture of the native Philippine hunter and his blow gun. One smiles on looking at this primitive weapon, but when one sees how effective it is in the hands of a native one generally wants to have another look at it. They use the gun entirely for shooting small birds. It is a straight bamboo pole about 7 feet long, with a smooth hole through it of about .30 calibre. The missile is a chunk of clay. The native puts this in his month, and after softening it rolls it into a conical shape and places it in the breech with his tongue. Then when he finds game he inhales all the air he can hold and blows the slug at it with wonderful force and precision. I see natives on the streets of Manila nearly every day, with large bunches of live snipe, which they trap.

We are getting along nicely here in Manila and it is really not a bad place at all. Judging from the result of the recent elections at home the United States will take everything in sight.

There are many chances for money making here, if the United States holds these islands; but of course it's the same old story —it takes money to make money.

Everything is more or less interesting here. It is all so different from what we are used to seeing that sometimes I imagine I have been transported to another planet entirely.

C. F. O'Keefe, 1st Lieutenant, 1st Colo. Regiment, Manila, P. I.

"The first act, you know, is supposed to cover a period of twenty years."

"What a long time between drinks!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BY AUSTRALIAN CAMP-FIRES.

ROBERT E. DEANE.

The sportsman from the Northern Hemisphere finds himself confronted by a completely new order of things here, for this is a place of strange animals, and grotesque vagaries of nature. Eccentricity runs riot in scenery, foliage and animal life South of the Line, where the principal game bound instead of run, and there are 20 reptiles to every animal. This is truly the paradise of things flying, crawling, and venomous, from the familiar mosquito, down through the scale of blow and March flies, ants, fleas of unappeasable blood-thirstiness, and tarantulas as large as a silver dollar and as full of fight as a pugilist is of talk. There are ants of every possible variety, from the minute beggar that infests your sugar, garments, and person alike, to the winged specimen, an inch long, and with a continual chip on his shoulder. It would be a bold man who would preach from the text, " Go to the ant, thou sluggard," in a bush township. The house-wives would mob him.

And the bush is alive with snakes! Of these the carpet-snake, a species of boa-constrictor, is not venomous; but it is safe to class all the others as dangerous, the black and brown snakes, and death-adders being particularly deadly. Then there are moon-snakes, which only appear at night and progress by pulling themselves up in loops as do our caterpillars, whip-snakes, slow-worms, and " hoop-snakes." For that fabled reptile with his tail in his mouth has revolved himself into the affections of the Colonials, and eye-witnesses of his circular antics can be found at any bush inn, for a due consideration of liquid refreshment. The glass-snake hasn't arrived yet, but they tell of other things as strange, and quite as transparent.

The snakes have their enemies, too, chiefly the kookabarra, or laughing jackass, who is protected by law in consequence of his snake-killing propensities, and the inguanas, who are ugly enough to protect themselves.

Go 200 miles inland and it is no extraordinary event to meet a troop of 10 kangaroos, and even 50 are seen together. It is rare sport and rough riding to drive them with dogs, if they can be located on fairly open country. Wallaroos, a smaller variety, are also plentiful, and where we are at present camped, about 70 miles back of Sydney, there are plenty of wallaby, of both the scrub and rock species. Wallaby are a kind of small kangaroo, the rock wallaby being excellent eating, and furnishing good sport and the roughest kind of climbing to reach them in their fastnesses in the deep gullies and steep mountain heights. Good sport may be had with a pair of beagle hounds, with either rock or scrub. The kangaroo-rat is a still smaller member of the same family.

The native bear, is a tree-climbing animal about the size of a small bird-dog. He is distinguished for the tenacity with which he will hang on to a branch, and receive charge after charge of shot, before his grip finally parts and he comes down with a crash, to be worried by the eagerly awaiting dogs. Opossum are easily found, and are hunted at night, as in the States.

The bandicoot is a shrewd little beast, excellent eating, as he ought to be, for his sole business in life is to hang about a camp and rob the " tucker " bag. Everything eatable has to be hung out of his reach, as well as inclosed in bags, to evade the ever-present blow flies. The March-fly, a venomous pest, puts in his appearance in mid-summer.

Water fowl are plentiful, especially in the net-work of islands and lagoons, that skirt the Queensland coast, while water-hens and ducks are frequent at the inland lakes here in New South Wales. We kill any quantity of rosellas, grenellas, cockatoos, and parrots of many varieties, and excellent eating they are, although it takes many of them to make a mess. There is an earth-burrowing beast the size of a pig, called the wombat, but I never yet have succeeded in locating one.

There are a few emu, the national bird, left in the " back-blocks." This is simply a variety of ostrich, but of a sober plumage, and like his relative, of erratic habits. Two Irish " swagmen," tramping in search of work, borrowed one side of our camp-fire in Queensland one night. After daybreak I was lying awake, waiting for somebody else to get up and boil the billy for tea, when a tame emu, belonging to a nearby station, strolled along, and calmly picking up one of the Irishmen's boots, proceeded to make tracks for home, bearing his trophy in his beak. The Irishman's mate, rousing up exclaimed, " Holy Virgin, Jimmie! Luk at der chicken a-runnin' off wid yer butes." And an emu chase on purely amateur lines, was immediately organized. I told the station manager about it, later in the day, and he said thoughtfully, " By

Jove! I must be careful of those birds. They'll be picking up something injurious if I don't keep 'em in paddock."

For rugged grandeur and grotesque effects the scenery of Australia is unsurpassed, but on account of the insect and reptile life, and from the want of an assured water supply, it's an uncomfortable place of residence.

Fishing is fairly good in the lakes and lagoons, and cliff-fishing on the sea-shore, although dangerous, is excellent sport. If one wants to make hard work of it, there's sport in plenty in the interior; for the country is only settled 200 miles inland, and the "back-blocks" are as wild and primeval as when Captain Cook first dropped his anchor at Cooktown. Perhaps in as many years again, there will be no game at all left. As it is, Government has been obliged to put a £5 fine on the killing of every lyre-bird or pheasant, the noblest game-bird South of the Line.

THE COYOTE.

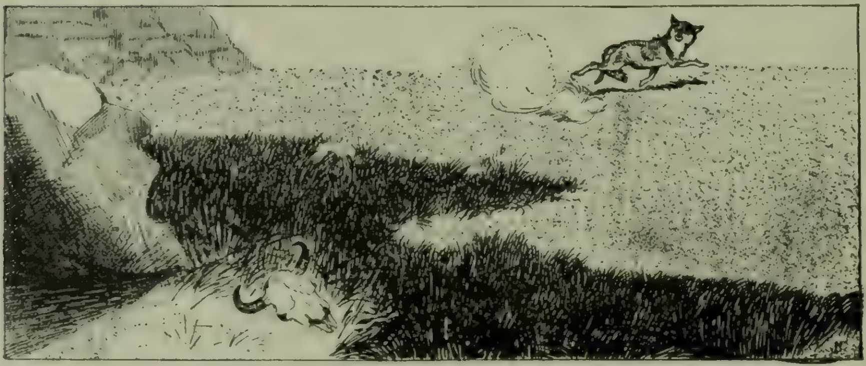
HARRY H. DUNN.

A weather worn shade on the wide rolling mesa,
  A swift footed friar in vestments of gray,
A bodiless voice in demoniac laughter—
  Wild dog of the prairie, I answer your lay.

Roaming at will round the ranch and the dug-out,
  Brazenly flirting with dogs and with men,
Nothing on earth can excel your endurance,
  In long, loping gallop o'er mountain and glen.

Little diversion is there in your story,
  Your foes are too many for innocent play.
To-day you are born, and to-morrow you're rustling
  In search of jack rabbits, your natural prey.

I see you in line with the sights of my rifle
  As up to the crest of the hillock you go.
The dust cloud puffs up a long yard behind you;
  You look back, and cheerfully grin, "Adios!"



"Why is it," they asked, "that you let your husband have his own way in everything?"

"Because," she replied, "I like to have some one to blame when things go wrong."
—Boston Journal.

THE BOOT ON THE OTHER FOOT.

MAJOR HENRY ROMEYN, U. S. A.

By his associates and neighbors in the Chickasaw Nation, he was known as Black Sam. The baptismal register, had there been such a thing in his shack, would have fixed his family patronymic as Jasper. He was well known among his fellows as a skillful manipulator of pasteboard, and his "deals" at poker were always carefully watched. The facility with which he could shuffle and cut was known also to many of the Texas cow punchers who traveled across the territory every year, with herds for the Northern plains. This is shown by an occurrence which we will allow him to describe in his own language.

He had been called to Fort Smith, Arkansas, as a witness in a whiskey selling case, before the United States Court. Rumors of his having been "done" by a cowboy in a wayside game were floating about, and Sam was asked if they were true.

"Yes sah; I reckon dat am a fack. You see it was dis yer way. I wuz wukkin' in de cornfiel', 'longside de trail, an' wen I comed out to de end ob de row, by de road, dar wuz one ob dem Texas fellars settin' on his hoss and he gib me howdy; an' wen we talked a little he done says, says he,

"'Ain't you Black Sam?'

"And I says 'dats wat dey dun calls me.' An' he sez, says he,

"'Ize heerd as how you plays a right smaht game o' draw, an' if you don' keer, I won' mind havin' a game wid yer till de chuck wagon comes erlong. Ize been warin' out de boys in de outfit, an' yer kin have de boodle if yer kin git it.'

"An' I said I wuz willin'; an' I done clumb de fence, an' he done pulled off his coat, an' we set down in de shad ob a tree. He got de deal, an' done dole me a purty fa'r han'. I didn't had much money wid me, so we on'y played fur haf a dollar ante fust. I let him win mos ebry han' till he got ter feelin' mity good an' beginned ter laff. An' he axed me could I play any odder game better nor I could play draw?

"So I reckoned I'd begin on him, an' wen I got de deal I jes stacked 'em on im, 2 or 3 times, till I mighty nigh broke im. Den I let im win one han' an' den it wuz my deal. I dole him 4 jacks, an' den I done dole myse'f 4 kings an' a ace, an' den de fun begin.

"Bimeby we bof had all de money up an' den I tole him I bet my boots agin hizzen, an' he says he see me, an' go me de britches bettah.

"I jis sorter larfed to myse'f wen I tink how hede look gwine to de outfit widout any boots ur britches. An' den he says, says he,

"'Wat yet got?'

"An' I showed down. An' den he says, says he,

"'I kin beat dat.'

"An' I axed him how wuz he gwine ter du it?"

"An' he says, says he, 'Ise got 5 jacks.'

"An' I sez, how's dat?'

"An' he jis lays down de jack o' dimons, an' den de jack o' hearts, an' de jack o' spades, an' de jack o' clubs, an' wen I axed him where was his oder one, he jes nachyally pulled his gun an' shoved it inter my face, an' says, says he,

"'Dats de jack o' all.'

"An' I reckon it wuz, for he done made me git out o' dem cloes an' git ober de fence, an' he done clum on his hoss, an' rid off up de trail hollerin' like he wuz plum crazy.

"He done cotch me widout my gun or dere wuddent bin no laffin on his side yer can bet. An' I haint nebber goned widout it sence."

RECREATION.

THOMAS M. UPP.

It brings the freshness of the fields
To workers mured in city walls;
The reader dreams—the rod he wields,
The lordly game before him falls.
It leads him back to boyhood days,
Ere bitter fight for gold began;
From toilsome town, through Nature's ways,
A wiser and a nobler man.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

THE KILLING OF DEER.

From *Iron Ore*, Marquette, Mich.

Where a few years ago there were scarce 100 hunters who sought deer in this peninsula there are now thousands. For weeks before the open season began, last year, the trains of the South Shore and Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul were delayed because of the amount of baggage being handled for hunters who came to the Michigan woods to hunt deer. Where a few hundred animals used to be killed now thousands are slaughtered and their carcasses shipped to all portions of the state, as well as outside, although the latter is against the law.

On every runway may be found several hunters, and these do not rest with the killing of deer, but not infrequently get game of their own kind. This species of murder has been getting more frequent and the law should be invoked for a suppression of the practice. Of course it is impossible to put brains into the heads of flightly hunters; but it might not be amiss, when they are given a license, to accompany it with a printed sermon on the error of shedding human blood, and mentioning a few of the ways in which it is being performed by hunters.

The opening of the country by railways, by new wagon roads and by settlement has narrowed the former tracts where deer were wont to find shelter, and steadily the noble animals are being decreased in numbers. In a few years he will be a lucky hunter who can get a saddle of venison.

There are some features of the law to which objection should be made. The hunter is now allowed to kill 5 deer. That is 3 too many. Two deer are enough for any true sportsman, and the business of the pot hunter should be discouraged. There should be no selling of venison in the markets, as this offers an inducement to slaughter for sale. The present practice of issuing licenses is incomplete. It simply puts a little money into the county treasury. Jones can take out a license that gives him a right to kill 5 deer. He goes into the woods with Smith. Smith kills nothing while Jones kills 10. He divides with Smith. There are many who do not take out licenses. While Marquette county alone issued something like 900 there were hundreds in the woods who did not have them.

There is not the attention given to the killing of deer in the closed season that there should be. The game wardens have a large field to cover but they could put a great deal more ginger into the looking for law breakers. Two weeks before the season opened last fall plenty of deer were being killed in the district South of this city. Deer were openly brought out in wagons, before the season opened. The game warden should be assisted by every citizen who has the preservation of the deer at heart. All who are interested should announce, openly, that they will inform on any man they know to have illegally killed a deer. Many look on it as rather small business to report a neighbor or acquaintance; but the way to do is to announce now that you will spare no one, and stick religiously to the resolution. Each hunter should do all he can to have the laws enforced. The fellows who illegally kill deer would fear this, much more than they do the warden. The warden under his present plan of inspection is too easily followed. He drives through the camps in a buggy; his whereabouts are easily known, and it is an easy matter to keep track of him. There must be more adroit methods observed to catch the men who kill deer out of season, and we can assure the warden that the number who break the law is large.

The shining of deer by night is still being indulged in and more than one horse has been killed by those who cannot distinguish between the eyes of that animal and of the deer.

We believe the season should be shortened to 15 days, and that it should be at least 2 weeks earlier. The season as now fixed is at the time when bucks are rutting and when they and the does are most easily killed. There would be less killing were the season 2 weeks, or even a month earlier than now. And 15 days is plenty in which to kill.

The deer is the finest animal we possess. He is beautiful—too beautiful to kill, but as he is destined to be disposed of, then let us make his stay as long as possible. If the deer are protected as they should be they would be a source of much wealth to the people of this state. They would increase in numbers, and any true sportsman could get one in 15 days.

If attention is not given the matter the time of the entire extinction of this splendid game in Michigan forests will soon be here. The sportsmen should make an effort to have needed changes in the law made at the next term of the state legislature. With proper laws that will be enforced we can have deer in plenty for all time.

Every person who loves the woods and the deer should make an effort to see to the enforcement of the game laws. If they would do this the poachers would not try to kill. They may be able to watch one game warden, but they cannot watch all the people who want the law respected but who now hesitate to make complaint, fearing to incur the ill will of the law breaker.

Either make the season shorter or prevent the killing entirely for 3 years. Limit the number to 2 instead of 5, and see that the game wardens put a little brains into the task of looking after the law breakers.—

PIJIJI'S DEFENSE.

San Francisco, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: Your June number was put into my hands by a friend and I have enjoyed it very much, being particularly interested, I might say amused, by your articles regarding the number of heads of game that a man should limit himself to bringing to bag.

I have hunted since my twelfth year and have a record of every head of game I have killed since then—and I think I am a sportsman. I have but 3 rules: 1st. Obey all game laws—and sell no game. 2d. Never destroy any animal you cannot use. 3d. Kill in a masterly, sportsmanlike manner. The above 3 rules cover my ethics of a sportsman.

The idea of being tied down to an exact number of birds to a shoot is, I think, rather farcical. Circumstances alter every case. The quantity, to my idea, being covered by my Rule 2. I recall 3 of my largest bags and what was done with the game—my record shows:

October 30, '95; 112 ducks. Of these 12 I took home, 100 went to the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society where the little waifs had a duck dinner.

March 9, '97; 2 guns bagged 85 geese. These, I remember made 7 large sacks, I took home one fat goose, and one sack each was sent to the Orphan Asylums of San Francisco.

July 14, '85; 2 guns, 203 doves. This was slaughter. A hotel in Southern California had a big dove pie.

October 10-14, '85; 4 guns, 14 deer. Shipped to friends—every part used.

We were in camp 10 days and the 14 deer were killed the first 4 days. We could just as easily have got another dozen deer but did not, as we could use no more.

Fortunately I live in California where the supply of some varieties of game is unlimited and in a great many cases, under the protection received is increasing.

I have shot ducks on the Suism marsh, 40 miles from San Francisco, a tract of about 5,000 acres, since 1875—every year of the 23 with hardly an intermission—in '75 market hunters were then getting pretty thick on the marsh and the game commenced to disappear. In 1880 4 clubs were formed, taking the lease of the entire tract and the game and grounds were carefully protected, birds have increased. Last season was the best the marsh has seen.

I think California readers will be amused at your limit of 10 ducks per day. As all the birds are migratory the clubs make no limits on numbers, trusting that a member will kill only what he can use, and do so in a sportsmanlike manner. I always bag as many birds as I can; stopping at 100 to my gun. Some of the members have bagged many more, 140 to 160 ducks. Yet the game is increasing; and we consider ourselves thorough sportsmen.

If you could take the Southern Pacific Railroad any bright February or March morning and traverse the San Joaquin Valley and keep a lookout you will see thousands, I may say millions of geese, countless flocks, from a dozen old Honkers to a cloud covering the whole horizon, of white geese and brant, and because a few of us bag 80 or 100 of these many birds, an infinitesimal percentage of what we can see in a day's hunt, and then give several hundred orphans a good goose stew, we are called names. Last year I shot on the same ground and saw "Harrison's Hole" where our good ex-President Benjamin Harrison bagged with his party over 400 geese in a 2 days' shoot, and for this he is to be called names.

In conclusion I will say that if game was scarce or on the decrease I would not make these big bags. I think you can make no rule but will agree that circumstances alter cases. Shakespeare says, "What fools these mortals be," but his calling us names does not make us so; neither will your rules make us unsportsmanlike—when we explain our positions.

Pijiji.

ANSWER.

Your "defense" is a very weak one. I imagine the inmates of the charitable institutions you refer to would have been just as grateful if you had given them so many pounds of beef or mutton; and you could probably have bought an equal quantity for the price of the shells you used in killing the game. It would seem, therefore, you are using charity as a cloak to cover your sins.

Of course, it is better that you should have given the game to these institutions than that you should have sold it, or given it to people who could afford to buy it, and it is generally conceded, by all decent sportsmen, that no man should kill game to give away. In fact, no man does kill it for that purpose. He kills it for the mere love of killing and then gives it away in order that he may be considered generous, or charitable.—EDITOR.

HOW MANY CHICKENS SHOULD A MAN KILL IN A DAY?

Butte, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: I have just read in your valuable magazine the letter of Mr. Pratt, including a quotation from one from a friend, and your comments thereon:

I have for years been an advocate of just your stand as to the amount of game it is decent to kill, and my hunting friends will testify that I have repeatedly put the dogs in the wagon and my gun in its case when we could have killed numbers of birds more than we had. I did this simply because we had enough. I have been fortunate the last 8 or 10 years in being able to take long hunting trips, last season being the shortest during that time, and that was about 18 days. Usually I have been out from a month to 6 weeks.

There is a certain amount of justice in the views of Mr. Pratt's correspondent. When a man is cooped up in an office all the year round and only gets a day or 2 of hunting, I think charity should look with a half shut eye at the total score. I am conscious of being a little greedy the first day or 2; and have usually killed more birds than I was quite satisfied to bring home. I assume every hunter feels some of the eagerness we see in our dogs, or probably he wouldn't be a hunter; and who ever saw a good bird dog that was willing to quit. Aren't we all a little bloodthirsty? There is such a thing as being too severe.

The first day out last year we killed about 30 birds to 3 guns. That was 8 or 10 too many. We put the dogs in the wagon and went home then, and flushed at least 3 coveys on the way, which we did not shoot at. After that, the most we killed in one day was 22, our usual total being 12 to 15. We had a party in camp, and only once did we let any birds spoil. A few of the first lot were fly-blown before we could eat them. I did intend to make a killing the last day, to take home—that is, what I would call a killing—say 25 or 30 or perhaps even 40; but the weather was bad and we had to forego that last hunt. This on grounds where we might have killed 100 a day had we chosen, simply by starting earlier and hunting a few hours later.

We usually started out about one, drove an hour, hunted one to 3 hours, according to how soon we found birds enough, and got home at 5 to 6. We did not hunt every day. As we had 7 people and 7 dogs, it took 10 to 15 chickens a day to feed us. I ate chickens till I could feel pin feathers breaking out on my back. In fact I was getting tired of them; but my wife, who is my chief hunting chum, bemoaned the fact that we had to go home. She said her chicken appetite was just getting into nice working order! They were delicious, surely; just short of full size and tender enough to melt in one's mouth. We were soundly scolded by our friends for returning without a feather!

G. H. Macdougall.

ANSWER.

It is impossible to make rules or laws to exactly fit every case; but the trouble is, if we give one man a license to violate laws—written or unwritten—then we must give such permissions to everybody. If we agree that no man should kill more than a dozen chickens in a day and then say that under certain circumstances a man may kill a few more, where shall we draw the line? If for reasons given by Mr. Macdougall, he might kill 25 or 30 on the first day, some other man might show that he should be allowed to kill 50 on the first day, and another that, for some special reason, he should kill 75, etc. Where are you going to stop?

I fully agree with Mr. Macdougall, and with Mr. Pratt's friend, that the man who gets out only once a year, and then for 2 or 3 days, should have special consideration; but how are you going to frame a law to fit such cases? How can you even frame rules among sportsmen to fit such cases? If you say a man who hunts only once in a year shall have the privilege of killing more birds than the man who makes several trips in a year, then some other fellow will say "I have not been out after birds for 5 years, until last summer. Then I killed 200 birds in one day, and what are you going to do about it?"

Another man will say, "I was out last year and the year before, but did not find the birds. This year, if I go out, I am going to make a big killing. I am going to kill every bird I can find and if I get 300, so much the better. I must make up for lost time."

What are you going to do with this chap?

After all, there is but one way of dealing with this question and that is to make uniform laws and rules for everybody. It is not all of hunting to kill game and the man who considers his trip a failure unless he can bring home a big bag is not a sportsman in the best sense of the term. There are thousands of men who are content to tramp the fields and the woods, with dog and gun; to climb the hills with rifle, or to loiter on the banks of a trout brook, even if they do not fill the hunting coat pockets or the creel. These men even think they have gotten their money's worth if they have not killed a thing or taken a fish. They have gotten health, strength, energy, and when they return home, their beefsteak or bacon taste so much better than they did before that they are content. The sooner people quit measuring the value of a hunting trip by the amount of game killed the better for the game.—Editor.

A PUGET SOUND MAN CONTRADICTS WEBBER.

Seattle, Wash.

Editor Recreation: I read the letter in December Recreation, from George H. Webber, Vancouver, B. C., and as a Puget Sound sportsman I resent his statement. He says there are many good, honest sportsmen on the Sound who are sick of the howl of game hog, and who think just as he does in regard to killing all the game he can when out hunting. I have lived 30 years among the sportsmen of Puget Sound. They are good, honest, big hearted, manly fellows as ever lived; but I have failed to find among them the sentiment expressed by Mr. Webber. We have here a breed of self-styled sportsmen;

sneaking, skulking, selfish and dishonest; who have made it necessary for just such a fearless journal as RECREATION to build a pen and put the branding iron in the fire.

Mr. Webber invites Eastern men to come out here to "God's country" for game; but after him and his herd neither God nor man can find game, more than a few years longer. I love to hunt and fish as well as any one, but no true sportsman will ever slaughter beyond a reasonable amount. My wife and I have spent our annual outings, for years, with rod and gun. We have hunted and fished from Puget Sound to the heart of the Cascades and made it a rule years ago, when game seemed to be in never ending numbers, never to kill more than we could make immediate use of. Some of our greatest pleasures have been in studying the habits of game in its native haunts, and in passing it by unmolested. It makes one only too sadly realize the swift passing of game to revisit some favorite spot, after an interval of only a year or 2, to note the alarming decrease. We spent a month last fall in the mountains about Lake Chelan, where well defined game trails lead in all directions; but alas the trails are all that is left. We traveled many a weary mile to reach that spot where the game hog and the hide butcher had not been; but he had been everywhere and his deadly work was complete. Members of the Webber herd visited the lake when the deep snows of '95 drove goats and mule deer out of the mountains, to the lake shore, and killed them by the hundreds, merely for the hides.

We hear only words of praise for RECREATION'S course in regard to the game hog, and may it long live and keep everlastingly at it. This is sure to bring success. It will even pierce the tough rind of *swinus gamus.*

Ed. L. Lindsley.

AND THIS ONE ALSO.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: I have read the communication from a Mr. Webber who says he is a Deputy Collector of United States Customs, at Vancouver, B. C., but after reading his letter one wonders how he became so. In this letter he not only attacks the editor of RECREATION, but all sportsmen whom he calls Eastern "dudes" and "pea-shooters." While his country may be full of game it is too far removed from most of us to worry over the fact that he is such a mighty hunter. If he will kindly continue to roam West of the Rocky mountains all his life, we shall be much obliged.

Mr. Webber reveals several things. Before he has fairly gotten under-way he exhibits his intelligence and how nicely he can keep his temper under control, even in small matters.

I would suggest that if the reading of RECREATION makes him feel so weary, he discontinue it. From his whole letter I imagine he borrows the copies he reads.

If the game laws out in his part of the country are as good as the game wardens, they must be beauties. I presume Mr. Webber has never been East, nor visited any large city, for he seems to think a city man cannot by any possibility become a hunter or a sportsman. I can see his "finish" should he ever drop into one of our large towns. We have all kinds of game here, from the common "shell," up to the gold brick and explosions. In any one of these he would be a shining mark. I am glad to hear he has resolved to kill all the game he can, just to spite us, and am sorry we cannot all go out there and see him do it. He must be very popular where he lives or else his friends, to whom he is so kind, usually pay him for whatever he gives them.

Mr. Webber says that when he goes out for a hunt he goes to kill. In the early days, before they were killed off, the Apache and the Blackfoot Indian used to go out for the same purpose; but they had the advantage of Mr. Webber. If they failed to find the brute game, they could hunt white men. They had the same love of slaughter which Mr. W. boasts of.

I have been West. Have traveled in vestibule sleepers and on bronchos; have slept in modern hotels and adobé dugouts. I have met all classes of Western people, from the social set to the Digger Indian, and have found the majority of all classes cordial and companionable. The "many good, honest sportsmen" in Mr. Webber's neighborhood will probably resent his criticism regarding their lack of grit, when they read it.

On all my trips through the West, in the States of Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Kansas and Texas, I met many old stagers at the rod and gun, to say nothing of the younger men, and I can remember but 2 of all these who did not have a reasonable limit for a day's, a week's or a month's hunt.

Still, I am an "Eastern dude" from Mr. Webber's point of view, and I may be a "pea-shooter," for I believe in a kill only large enough to satisfy the needs of the day and of the party. I believe in leaving some game for others.

The real sportsman has a well grounded idea that to kill vastly more game than he can legitimately use is pot-hunting.

E. C. Chamberlin.

CLEANING UP THE ANTELOPE.

Some time since it was reported that the Indians from Pine Ridge agency had been turned loose on the ranges and were killing antelope as early as September 10th, while the laws of South Dakota prohibit killing them before October 1st. The report proved true. At one time, at the ranch of Joe Harrington on Sulphur, there were 2 wagons loaded, one with 25 carcasses and one with 15. At other times as many as 10 wagons were to be seen loaded with an average of 10 carcasses each.

The Indian method of hunting antelope is unique and successful. They start out from the agency in big bunches, with government teams, government grub, government clothes, government guns, loaded down with squaws and papooses and leading any number of ponies. Time is no object with a redskin, so when they reach a country containing antelope they send out scouts. When a bunch is sighted, every buck takes a hand, whether with a gun or not. All mount ponies, and, guided by signals from some one on a high knoll, they surround their prey. At a given signal, one of the bucks shows himself. The antelope start off, only to be turned by some other person in the cordon, and are thus kept "milling" until the circle closes in, and the government rifles begin their work. An antelope is the most easily rattled animal on earth, and when a crowd of government red pets gets after a bunch not one escapes.

The result of this slaughter has been that the country North of the Black Hills was this fall almost cleaned out. Only a few scattered bands remain and some have been driven down to the Belle Fourche river.

These Indians are not supposed to be off the reservation without a pass—much less to kill game in violation of law. Some of them, however, have been out this season and showed passes 3 years old.

The slaughter became so general that a Sturgis party made formal complaint to the interior department—too late, of course to do any good this year, but in the hope that after this the authorities at the various agencies will obey their instructions. They have violated the law. If done knowingly they are punishable. If done through gross carelessness and negligence, someone else should take charge.

Sturgis, S. D., Record.

The Indian Bureau promises to "investigate" this case and I am curious to know what the result may be. The Indians who committed this deviltry should be sent to jail for a year and the agent who permitted them to do it should be sent up for 2 years.—EDITOR.

TOMAH'S TRUE SPORTSMEN.

In 1896 the legislature of Wisconsin appropriated $500 for the purpose of breeding and rearing pheasants, and to stock the uplands and breeding grounds with these noted game birds. The money was placed in the hands of the State Fish and Game Wardens, under the supervision of Superintendent Nevins. Several pairs of birds were put out in the Lake Superior region last fall, when they should have been kept until spring, as no benefit has been realized from them this fall planting in a region altogether too far North, with sparse feeding grounds, deep snows and extremely cold weather.

In Tomah is a pheasantry under the management of J. F. Blome, which has proved successful. Last spring was formed "The Tomah Fish and Game Protecting Club," with about 50 members, who purchased 7 pairs of the English ring-necked varieties which were put out in this immediate vicinity, great care being taken to place them close to the creeks and feeding grounds, and the pledge of nearby farmers to look after and protect them was easily secured. Most of them have been seen and so far as heard from have hatched out from 10 to 20 young from each pair, which are now full grown, matured birds and strong flyers. The club has purchased 10 pairs more of young birds which will be set out the coming spring. Without the aid of any State funds the club has made a beginning that shows that these birds can be successfully raised in Wisconsin with proper protection. A determined effort is being made to have the game laws properly enforced. The officers of the club are J. A. Wells, President; G. A. Altenberg, Vice-President; C. J. Wells, Secretary; L. W. Earle, Treasurer.

James A. Wells, Tomah, Wis.

A PUGILISTIC MUSKRAT.

I am the city newsdealer in Albert Lea; the most beautiful and the metropolitan city of Southern Minnesota. RECREATION is always found on my counters and is a great favorite with lovers of nature and field sports.

On my way home from the store one moonlight night not long ago, my attention was attracted by a small animal crossing the street just ahead of me. This was in the business part of the city, and I thought at first it was a gray rat, but soon discovered it was much larger. My next thought on getting a closer view, was woodchuck. He was coming right along all the time, apparently going to cross the walk ahead of me. Soon he jumped upon the walk, and stopped in front of and facing me. I now saw it was a large muskrat, and his attitude appeared much like a challenge. Of course I could not take that and began hostilities at once.

I ran straight at him and kicked with all my strength, striking him squarely, and lifting him about 30 feet. He lay stunned for a moment, but soon struggled to his feet. Much to my surprise he came back again, and on my starting in his direction ran straight toward me. I began kicking again but found he was still very much alive.

He jumped and dodged so rapidly it was impossible for me to land on him again. Although fairly nimble on foot I could not keep track of him, and he finally got hold of my leg, setting his teeth into it a great deal farther than was comfortable. Finally I killed him with a club. I have shot many of these small animals, as they are quite plentiful in the lakes about here, but had never learned before how hard a fight one would make for his life, if given a chance.

B. E. Ross, Albert Lea, Minn.

WHY DO RUFFED GROUSE DIE YOUNG?

Atkinson, N. H.

Editor RECREATION: This is the game bird of New Hampshire and the keenest in all respects that I ever held a gun over. Thinking that some of the many readers of your magazine might give me some information, I will ask this question: Why of late years do so many young of this species die before getting their growth? Perhaps you have not noticed this, but it is a fact nevertheless, for I have hunted this bird in Rockingham County more or less for 40 years. Those that have hunted much, will know that 25 years ago if an old bird hatched 10, 12 or 15 young, they could count on about that number in the fall. To-day they hatch just the same (it is seldom one misses) and the birds seem to be all right until they get to be the size of quail or a little larger. Then they begin to die off and by the last of September you will find 3 to 5 in a brood where there used to be 10 or 15. This may look like a wild statement, but I think I know what I am talking about. I cannot say whether it is the same all over the state, but it is so far as my experience goes. Some will say there are more gunners and the birds are shot off before the season opens. No doubt there are some game hogs in this state, but they do not kill one, where 6 die from some other cause. Others say the foxes destroy them but there are not as many foxes as 25 years ago. Again it will be laid to the skunk, weasel, mink, cats, snakes, etc., but we had these creatures 25 years ago just the same as now, so this argument does not answer, and the fact remains, that they hatch out and die young. Three years ago there was a brood of 12 just back of my buildings. I saw them a great many times in the early part of the season but they grew less and less and by the first of October there were but 3 left, and not a gunner had been near them.

Twenty-five or 30 years ago the farmers raised large flocks of turkeys and there was no trouble in making them live and do well, but now if you see one in a man's yard you stop and wonder where he got it. The turkey and the grouse failed about the same time the potato bug made its appearance. Has the one anything to do with the other? If any one has given the subject any thought will he please express his ideas through RECREATION?

We are told that "foxes have holes and birds of the air nests," and unless we have better shooting for the rest of the season than we have thus far, the foxes will be able to live in the same holes another year.

G. P.

ANOTHER DOG-BEAR YARN.

The story, in RECREATION, of the dog playing bear called to mind an incident in the early 70's. I had a friend, a nominee for County Treasurer, and accompanied him on a tour of the county. We made the trip without any remarkable incident until the last day out.

We started early and were driving along a dugway on the side hill. Below us was a patch of corn. We both exclaimed at once, "See that bear!" The animal stood up by a shock of corn and tore down the ears, then disappeared in the high weeds. I stopped my team, handed Aaron the lines, took off my overcoat, to be prepared for a run or a fight, seized my gun and started for the bear.

Aaron exclaimed, "What are you going to do?"

"Shoot the bear, of course."

He said, "You can't. Your gun is loaded with quail shot."

"Well," I said, "I can tickle him, anyway." Creeping carefully through the frosty weeds, I got within 15 yards of the beast.

I stopped to look and listen. I could see him eating the corn and hear his terrible teeth crunch it. "Now," I thought, "if I should fail in killing him and he should attempt to crunch me as he does the corn, what should I do? Couldn't I beat him over the head with my gun? If worse came to worst, couldn't I run?" I had a good pair of legs which had never failed me.

I cocked both barrels and took careful aim at his heart. I discharged them both simultaneously and the brute sprang about 4 feet in the air, with a "ki yi," and fell dead. I had bored a hole into him about the size of my fist. I looked toward Aaron in the wagon. He had his whip raised to get away. I yelled, "Hold on, I have cut a dog in 2 this time. Wait until I walk up to the Captain's office and settle."

Old Jim Wayne, who lived but a short distance away, came toward me, swearing blue. I met him and told him to keep his shirt on, as accidents occur in the best of families, and offered him a $5 bill.

"No, you don't," he said. "I wouldn't have taken $25 for him. Dogs have just riz in market." I settled for $10.

Conclusions arrived at:

All animals that are black are not bears.

All animals that have short ears and tails are not bears.

All animals that eat dry corn are not bears.

If you wish to buy a dog, make your bargain before you kill him. You can get him just as cheap.

Horace Beach, Prairie du Chien, Wis.

THEY HAVE PROVED AN ALIBI.

A subscriber sends me the following, clipped from a Michigan paper, and says, "Please publish but don't call them game hogs":

> Frank Wellington, Wilmot Tompkins, and Charlie Pomroy, of Presque Isle, recently returned from a two weeks' hunting trip to Squa Pan lake. They started out with flying colors, clad in true hunters' uniforms, with rifles, revolvers and knives, and proudly boasted that if there was any game near the lake, they would each secure all the law allowed them. After remaining a week in camp, and not having shot even a partridge, they sent home by truckman William Hull for some home-cooked provisions, and he carried back to them the next day some chickens and beefsteak. This was a little humiliating for hunters who had expected so much, but it was eat Presque Isle provisions or starve. The story has leaked out that none of the party dared to venture away from camp without tying a string to his waist, for fear of getting lost; and the most venturesome of the party, Charlie Pomroy, got but one-half mile from camp during the sojourn at the lake. Parties who have since visited the camp claim that there is a perfect network of strings running in all directions, which were used by these disciples of Daniel Boone. The total amount of game shot by each of the party is as follows: Pomroy, one partridge; Tompkins, one red squirrel and one woodpecker; Wellington used his gun but once, and then he fired at a mark on a tree. They claim they had a good time, but decided that successful hunting was not in their line of business.

No, they are not game hogs, and in view of the fact that they were hungry I can even forgive Tompkins for killing the woodpecker.

The Indians would call these chaps "Young-Men-Afraid-of-the-Woods."—EDITOR.

A CIRCUIT FROM BOISE.

Boise City, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION: We started from Boise July 14, '96, and after a ride of 43 miles over sage plains teeming with jack rabbits we reached Canyon creek. Here we caught our first mess of mountain trout. Next day went on at 6 o'clock and riding 40 miles, camped at Castle Rocks. We made 30 miles the following day and camped on Malad river on Camas prairie. Intending to stay there some time we arranged everything conveniently. Wm. Schultz, nicknamed "Cougar Bill," and Wynn Pefley were our hunters; while W. F. Smith, called "Shorty," and I attended to the cooking and cleaned the game. The hunters would start from camp about 5 o'clock in the evening and walk along the banks of the Malad, catching the birds going to water. There were any amount of birds, but we killed no more than we could use. We stayed there a week and were sorry to leave.

About the first of August we reached Alturus lake. This being a great range for big game, we decided to stay until we could get at least one deer; but the horse flies drove us out after the first day. We pulled across the Salmon river valley and up a gulch in which we found a fine camp. There we killed a deer and all the sage hens we wanted. We stayed 4 days and then went on down Salmon river. At our next camp, 2 cougars sang for us all night. About 10 o'clock next day we struck Stanley store in Stanley basin, where we proceeded to reprovision. About 5 miles farther we came to the State wagon road running up Salmon river to Banner.

We stopped at Petit lake, but pulled out the next morning on account of the horse flies. On the road out we killed the largest bald faced grizzly I ever saw. He weighed about 800 pounds. The tracks made by the hind feet measured 18½ inches. He was an old timer in that vicinity and was known as "Old Sullivan." Our next stop was at the deer lick on Cape Horn. That is a series of warm sulphur springs extending for 5 miles. At the upper end the sulphur and alkali have formed a crust several inches thick. There the deer go to lick the alkali. We stayed 2 days, and could have killed a wagon load of deer had we desired. We contented ourselves with one.

We left the deer lick, and in a week's time were back at Boise, well pleased with our trip.

C. H. Beck.

A MILWAUKEE SPECIMEN.

Dr. H. V. Wurdeman, of Milwaukee, recently returned from a hunting trip to the Northwest, and tells a hair-raising story to a local reporter. The paper says:

"The doctor brought home with him the antlers of 3 big bucks and the heads of 4 elk." It also tells of the doctor's having killed a cow elk. The doctor says that with a guide he plunged into the forest and came out with all this game. He adds:

"While exploring the wild country we saw thousands of ducks and more deer and elk than the average hunter dreams of, but we did not waste a bit of game. We used it all, killing it only as we needed it for food."

The doctor and his guide must have had colossal appetites and stomachs like those of the elephant, in order to store away the carcasses of 5 elk and 3 deer.

The doctor also gives the verdant reporter the following quixotic story:

"I had been out all one night on a 'shining' expedition with my guide, when we sighted 4 elk a short distance away, just as day was breaking. The herd comprised a bull, cow and 2 calves, and they presented a magnificent sight in the early dawn. The cow thought her calves were in danger and she charged upon us quick as a flash, and then the old bull also came at us with a rush. I brought the cow down with a soft-nosed bullet from my .30-30 rifle when she was about 75 feet away, but the old bull did not seem to mind lead any more than a duck does raindrops, as we pumped 2 magazines of cartridges into him as he came swinging on toward us. Fortunately I downed him when he was within 15 feet of me, the bullet striking him full in the chest and perforating the big bundle of nerves there, the heart and kidneys, and tearing him all to pieces. He was a splendid specimen of his species and a tough old fellow, the hide on his shoulders being about 2½ inches thick, but those 30-calibre bullets went through his carcass as though it was made of paper, only one out of the 10 he received remaining in the body, and I saved that as a souvenir."

No doubt Doctor Wurdeman could get a good job on some yellow journal as a writer of imaginary and impossible stories.—Editor.

ANOTHER SHOT AT WEBBER.

Pittsfield, Mass.

Editor Recreation: The answer to A. L. Snyder's letter, in December Recreation, is, in my mind, reasonable, just and in every respect the response of a true sportsman. Language cannot express the disgust a sportsman feels for such conduct as Mr. Chapman's and it is impossible to believe anyone would defend it. The wanton destruction of fish and game that is reported in all parts of the country is enough to make any man of ordinary sense see that without the strict enforcement of good game laws many species of game will be extinct.

A short time ago buffalos roamed the prairies in countless numbers. To-day it is impossible to find one except in confinement. What is the reason? The game hogs, and the doctrine of "Kill all you can."

I also wish to state in reply to Mr. Geo. H. Webber's letter, in the same number, that I have hunted large and small game in the Rockies and agree with him that game was created to kill, but not to be exterminated because it chances to be plentiful in certain localities. Perhaps Mr. Webber is not informed that there is other game in the East than "chippy birds," and "meadow larks," and there are even animals larger than gophers and prairie dogs. When the "Eastern dude" takes his "pea shooter" and goes to the trap he usually makes a record of which his friends are proud. If Mr. Webber will give me an opportunity I will convince him that the "Eastern dude" can shoot on the wing.

I am willing to admit that I was once a game hog, and I fully realize the damage I have done. I will also freely confess that the first 2 or 3 lessons I received were bitter pills to my vanity and pride in large catches and bags of game; but, thanks to the influence of others, and a small amount of common sense, I now consider myself entitled to the rank of true sportsman and I shall at once join the L. A. S.

J. H. Burgess.

OUR GREAT GAME BIRDS.

Linn county is the home of the mongolian pheasant. The first were liberated here 12 years ago, by Judge O. N. Denny, Consul to Japan, from whence the birds were sent. Our climate and soil seemed to agree with them and they thrived, until now the coarse cackle of the cock can be heard in every portion of the Willamette valley. The rapidity with which they have increased is shown by the fact that while less than 20 birds were brought here, yet on September 1st last, when the season opened, it is estimated that 1,000 were killed in this county alone.

The bird is larger than our native grouse, stands erect, has a tail 2 feet in length, and its body is covered with feathers of every hue of the rainbow. It evidently has ostrich blood in its legs, for with only a wing broken it takes a fast dog to overtake it in a race.

If an old cock thinks he is unnoticed he will lay close for the dog, but otherwise he will sneak away until well out of range. No description will enable the reader to fully understand the pleasure of hunting these birds over a good dog. There are plenty of birds and plenty of ground and all visitors will be welcome, only don't all come at once.

C. W. Watts, Albany, Ore.

FROM AN OLD TIMER.

Florence, Col.

Editor Recreation: I am interested in Recreation and want to join the L. A. S. I haunt the news stand and watch for your magazine to come. I punched cows in Wyoming from '81 till '92 and hunted a great deal. I have lived in every state West of the Missouri river and have killed some game in all of them. Have had lots of good hunting in the Big Horn mountains and in the basin but never before heard tell of a man killing so much game and trying to get away with it, as the one who signs ".45-90, Big Piney, Wyo," and as you say he deserves a place in the pig pen. If the story were true he would deserve a place in the state pen; but it is not.

I would rather be a game warden in Routt County, Col. than any where else I know of and I would make it hot for a band of Indians if they tried to get away with half that much meat. I have freighted with 2 horses and with 10, in Arizona and California, and I don't believe I would start out through the Wind river country with that fellow's load. I used to know lots of folks on Big Piney, but no such liars as he is. See page 442 December Recreation, "Elk Hunting in Wyoming." They killed 8 antelope, 3 deer, 9 elk and 24 grouse. Why, they couldn't even pull the elk they claim, in one wagon, unless they had a freight outfit.

We have lots of game here but it won't last long.

J. Y. Bill.

DEER HUNTING OBSERVATIONS.

The first large shipment of deer came down on the Atlantic Express of the Grand Trunk, Saturday morning. There were 15 carcasses in the express car.

The Moon River Hunt Club, composed of Orilla, Gravenhurst and Coldwater men, is having a successful hunt. Mr. McDivitt, who came back yesterday says the party had killed 16 deer, and expected to reach the legal limit before the end of the week.

The Free Grant Gazette says:—"According to all reports there are more deer in Muskoka this fall than usual. They are continually being seen in the immediate neighborhood of the town. One day last week 2 large deer walked between Mr. Russell's house and barn."

Keen observers tell us the proper time to take extra precautions against breaches of the game law is during the close season, when a number of pot hunters make a regular business of exterminating deer for the sake of venison and hides. During the open season, it is urged the efforts of the game wardens are not so necessary, as the hunters themselves are nearly all deeply interested in preserving the deer for future sport.—Gravenhurst, Ont., Banner.

IS REFRIGERATED GAME FIT TO EAT?

33 East 33d Street, New York.

Editor RECREATION: I am in receipt of your note asking for information as to the injurious effects of eating game which had been kept in cold storage. If game soon after being killed were frozen and kept constantly at a temperature below freezing, and eaten soon after being removed from such conditions, it might not be injurious as food. The trouble is that these conditions are not complied with, and often meat which has been kept in cold storage is positively poisonous.

Meat simply frozen, kept so for a few hours or days and then allowed to thaw, quickly begins to decompose.

So the chances of being poisoned by eating game, or any other kind of meat is greater if it has been kept in cold storage.

M. P. Denton, M.D.

HE LIKES ROAST PORK.

We do not have much game here, although this year gray squirrels and rail have been plentiful.

In the vicinity of Essex, on the meadows, there was any amount of rail, and New York sportsmen (?) came up there and shot rail for records and matches. In the woods outside the town the leaves were so thick and the brush so dense, it was almost impossible to get birds, and that put a stop to many of the game hogs shooting. I do not like to criticize your excellent magazine in any way, but my attention is called to the illustration on page 264 of October issue. I believe this appeared in August, '97 issue, page 109.

I notice that J. K. L., of Rochester, N. Y., wants you to let up on the "Game Hogs." You answered him just right. Brand them good and deep everytime.

"Bob White," Middletown, Conn.

ANSWER.

You are right. The picture was reprinted from August, '97, RECREATION because it had meantime been entered in my third photo competition. Of course RECREATION has many readers now who did not read it then and the picture was reprinted for their benefit.—EDITOR.

FUN WITH A WILD CAT.

Not long ago Charlie, a friend of his named Earnest, and I were wildcat hunting, in Sullivan county, N. Y. We found an old track and followed it to a ledge where we lost it. In the meantime we met Harry K. who was also hunting. Together we made a circuit of the ledge to make sure pussy was still there. There were no tracks leading from it, but we discovered a crevice in the rock up which we concluded the cat had gone. I went to the top to prevent the animal escaping in that direction; others of the party in the meantime exploring holes and crevices in the rock. Finally Charlie, who knows every foot of these ledges, came to the top where I was. He stepped directly to a crevice I had overlooked, and as he did so the cat sprang from it and disappeared over the ledge in the direction of a hill known as Round Top. The guns were standing against a tree some distance off, and Charlie and Earnest rushed for them. Neither rifle ball nor buckshot did more than hasten the cat's retreat. He crossed the hill and entered a small swamp. We all followed; I on the trail, and the others taking positions outside the swamp, hoping to head him off. When certain of the direction the animal was heading, I called to K. to take the trail while I went to a spot at the lower end of the swamp where I thought puss would come out. There I found Charlie, and together we waited for the cat and K.. Only the latter put in an appearance. That seemed so strange that we investigated. Following K.'s footsteps back into the swamp we found he had kept to the cat's trail only where it led over open ground. Where it went through thick brush he had gone around, and that merely because he had on his good clothes! If he had not been so particular or had worn old duds, I should have had another story to tell; and I hope I may yet be able to record the capture of that same cat.

W. T. H., Peekskill, N. Y.

PLENTY OF BEARS.

Bears in great numbers have appeared in the mountains near here. Many have been seen, and every trail is full of tracks of others. The reason of their sudden increase is supposed to be the extensive mining operations in the high mountains North and South of this point. More than a dozen bears have been trapped or shot in this vicinity, and there is no noticeable decrease in their number.

One hunter while tracking a bear came to a large log on which he climbed. Suddenly the bear he was after stood up on the opposite side, and seemed fully as startled at the unexpected meeting as the hunter himself. But the man without waiting for a formal declaration of hostilities, and without bringing his gun to his shoulder, put a ball through the bear just behind the shoulders. So close was he that the fur was burned by the powder.

Another man had a trap set over night and sent a boy in the morning to see if it had been disturbed. The boy had a Winchester rifle and was accompanied by the man's bear dog. The boy found a nice young bear in the trap and, boy like, decided to have some fun, kill the bear and then report to the trap owner He commenced by setting the dog on the bear, and soon had a first class fight going. The bear with one foot in the trap had one hand tied behind him, so to speak, but put up such a strong fight that the dog was getting much the worst of it. In fact the bear got him down and was prepared to bring the canine's career to a close, when the boy brought the Winchester to his shoulder in deadly aim on the bear, and—killed the dog. A good joke on the boy, but rather rough on the dog.

E. A. Strange, La Veta, Col.

LEA, AND HER WORK.

Two weeks ago a friend invited me to go hunting with him and see his black pointer, Lea, work on grouse. We took an early train, rode about 14 miles and were soon in the woods.

It was some time before we found game. Then several birds flushed wild and we followed them. In a few moments my friend called to me that his dog was pointing. I went in the direction indicated and found her beside a bunch of brush. I told my companion to stand in the open and I would drive the bird to him. The grouse left cover, on his side and was downed beautifully. The dog retrieved and starting off again soon made another point. I was in a tangle of briars and could not get through in time to be of service; so my friend flushed the bird and shot it in good style. The dog went on about 25 yards and again stood like a rock while my comrade put up and killed another bird. There was some beautiful work done by both man and dog.

I consider my friend's pointer one of the best in the world. She hunts every nook and corner, does it quickly and never flushes a bird. Her owner's house is half a mile from mine and he had never brought her to my place. Yet she knew where I lived, for on the following morning she came to pay me a visit. She announced her presence by scratching at the kitchen door, and whining. I let her in, and she greeted me with a wag of her tail, and a look that was almost a smile. Since then she comes every 3 or 4 days. If she finds me at home she stays awhile; if not, she returns home at once.

J. G. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SOME STOCKMEN ARE SPORTSMEN.

Gladstone, Col.

Editor RECREATION: Enclosed find my subscription for one year. I like RECREATION for itself, but infinitely more for the cause it represents.

I have lived in Colorado since 1877, and have seen the mountain sheep disappear from our mountains and the trout to a great extent, from our rivers, and know that the cause is directly due the ruthless killing practiced by the crowd you so correctly stigmatize as game hogs. In 1879 one man killed and buried in the snow 7 mountain sheep, in one day. As late as 1893 I found the carcasses, all but the loins and hams, of 4 fine specimens at Lost Trail, on the Rio Grande.

During a residence of several years at Wagon Wheel Gap I became accustomed to seeing so-called sportsmen come in at night with a 40 pound basket full of fish, many of them only 5 inches long and some less. This was a time when a moderately expert flyfisherman could take easily a dozen great gamy beauties, from one to 3½ or 4 pounds. But that was nothing compared with the numbers that were killed by dynamite. I am thankful to say that this practice has been quite effectually stopped, not by the game wardens, but by the miners, prospectors and stockmen who are nearly all sportsmen and have a way of acting on such questions as those without much ceremony. There isn't very much red tape in Western frontier natural law.

George Franklin.

TWO DAYS' HUNT IN TEXAS.

My 2 companions and I had our wagon fully equipped by 4.30 Saturday morning. Our route lay through a sparsely settled country and at 3 o'clock the second day, in a dense grove near a stream, we pitched our camp just as a steady rain set in. After ditching our tent we spent an hour arranging our guns and ammunition for an early hunt. Next morning, in a glade near by, I shot a 2 spiked buck. As that was enough for one day I called to my companions and we brought the game to camp. We did not go out again for deer until the next evening. We found a flock of turkeys, killed 2 large gobblers and soon afterward shot another deer. Some parts of Texas are worth visiting.

Feeling that we had enough game for such a small crowd we started home the next morning, with our minds fully made up to return to our favorite camping place again next November.

R. L. Slaughter, Dallas, Tex.

HOG HUNTERS.

One of the worst cases of hog hunting, that it has been my ill-fortune to encounter, was in the case of 2 hunters shooting elk in the Yellowstone Park on August 14th, last year. One of these hogs was a professional guide furnished by the Lake View ranch on Jackson's lake, and the other one was a sportsman (?) from Iowa. They fired 20 shots into a herd of cows and calves and succeeded in killing 2 cows and one calf, and probably wounded a number of others. They were not hunting for horns as there were no bulls in the herd, and they did not want meat, because they did not even cut off a hind quarter.

Fortunately the soldiers in the Park had heard of this kind of hunting and these 2 jubilant hunters were greatly shocked at being deprived of their guns and escorted to the headquarters of the superintendent of the Park at the Mammoth Hot Springs. I have never learned what disposition was made of the case. While our party was camped on Green river the sheriff of the county stayed over night at a ranch near us, where they had fresh elk heads all over the fences, and I understand were feeding their guests on elk meat every day, although it is contrary to the laws of Wyoming to kill elk at any time of the year, for a period of 5 years.

J. P. Hinton, Hannibal, Mo.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

I read Mr. W. H. Wright's article in October RECREATION with interest, as it gave me an idea of the great penetration of the .30-40. Not more than 2 weeks after I had an experience at the wrong end of a shootin' iron. Dr. —— had been showing me his collection of curiosities in the shape of old guns and pistols. Finally he took from a case a fine .32 caliber revolver. As he held it in his hand examining it, it was pointed directly at me. Like Mr. Ware, I from force of habit slowly stepped to one side and just in time, for bang! went the gun. I plainly felt the flash on one side of my face, and that bullet I think must be going yet, so impressed was I with the speed of projectiles in flight.

Squ-auk-um, Warsaw, Ind.

GAME NOTES.

A new sportsmen's journal has recently been issued from a small town in Ohio. Vol. I., No. 1, is before me and the first page is occupied by an article on the breeding and care of ferrets! It tells all about how valuable they are for hunting rabbits. It is safe to say that this new journal will live at least 6 weeks. Any publication that will start out by teaching its readers how to exterminate game must necessarily be short-lived, in this age of the world. All decent sportsmen heartily condemn the use of ferrets at any and all times, and a paper that caters only to game hogs must soon see its finish.

Laws should be enacted in all the states, making it a misdemeanor, punishable by a heavy fine, to have a ferret in possession at any time. Will not sportsmen everywhere take up this proposition and ask their legislatures to amend the game laws accordingly? I should be glad to hear from my readers on this subject.

In RECREATION, last year, I saw a photograph illustrating rail-shooting; but saw no account accompanying the photograph. I suppose some of the readers of RECREATION know the pleasures of rail-shooting, while many do not.

In Pennsylvania and New Jersey the rail season opens with September. The marshes bordering the Delaware river on the Pennsylvania and New Jersey shores, swarm with birds. The famed grounds of Maurice river, attract more shooters than any other locality, although there are many more places where as good shooting may be had. At the mouth of Alloway's creek, and opposite, on the flats around "Augustine Pier," the Cohansey river, above the Maurice, and around Delaware city, are places where rails abound.

O. A. F., Philadelphia.

We have some prairie-chickens this winter because the pastures were not burned over last spring after the birds nested. An early blizzard has been disastrous to quail. Pot hunters found them bunched under hedges and slaughtered them by hundreds. When I see any one crying "Let up on the game hogs," I know who has been hurt. It is disgusting to hear such grunts as come from George H. Webber.

I hope the gentlemen of Puget sound will speak out for themselves, and not let us think they are all game hogs.

I would like to see the L. A. S. organized here. Business men violate the game laws, yet raise a great howl if laws affecting themselves are not enforced. There must be an understanding between farmers and sportsmen or they cannot pull together.

Don Calkins, Salina, Kan.

Athens, O.

I think that Ohio's statesmen have made 2 crazy game laws and that squirrels and rabbits will now decrease rapidly. The last legislature made it lawful to kill squirrels from July 4th until December 15th, 5½ months in which the pot hunter can shoot everything in sight. July 4th is too early to begin shooting squirrels. The open season formerly was from September 1st to December 15th which was plenty long enough. It is now lawful to kill rabbits the year around. The so-called sportsmen go out, and on the ground that they are hunting rabbits, kill everything they come across. I think nearly all of our imported Mongolian pheasants have been killed in this way.

Buckeye Bill.

Mr. J. H. Pixley thinks gray rabbits should not be protected, because they destroy fruit trees and berry bushes. They never gnaw trees or bushes except in winter when the ground is covered with snow and they can obtain no other food. I think they should be protected as well as squirrels or quail. As it is, they have a hard time of it with the game hogs. Two men at West Liberty, O., Saul Prater and Bartly Stein, hunted them all last winter, with a ferret. One day they brought in 32 rabbits and sold them for 10 cents each. They kept that work up as long as there was enough snow on the ground to enable them to track poor bunny.

C. A. S., Columbus, O.

Formerly when I went hunting, I would, in the absence of other game, shoot every kind of bird I could find. But Recreation has opened my eyes and I never do so now. The L. A. S. is a great institution.

J. H. Stubsman, Peru, Ind.

I get hundreds of such letters as these, yet some people claim that my crusade against game hogs is doing no good. Fortunately the game hogs are not all alike. Some of them can be taught. Other, like Webber for instance, cannot.—Editor.

I have read the letter in December Recreation, headed " This game hog squeals " and it has riled me. It is not giving our valuable domestic animal a fair show to call such men as Webber hogs. He should rather be classed with that little black and white animal, with a bushy tail, which we call a skunk. I am glad, however, that Mr. Webber is gone. As I looked farther through December Recreation, I saw him on page xxvii., taking a header into the bottomless pit, where he belongs. His Satanic Majesty is onto Mr. Webber's curves, all right.

J. J. Harris, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Have just returned from the mountains, where I have been with a party of 3—a gentleman, his daughter and son. We were 8 days on the trip, and saw 3 bull elk, one cow and a calf. We caught 2 of the largest salmon I ever saw. The smaller one, weighing 12 pounds, fell to my lot. The young lady secured a 14 pounder, which measured 36 inches in length and 18 inches around the body. The lady is Miss J. A. Peers, of hunting renown. She has promised to write up the trip for the best magazine in the world.

M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont.

Enclosed please find $1 to pay for my subscription to Recreation for another year. I could not think of dropping it, as it would seem like losing one of my best friends. Besides, it is a deadly enemy to one of the worst tribes of creatures that this fair land of ours is disgraced with, that is, the game hog. I think the legislators of the different states would almost be justified in offering a bounty on their scalps. I hope the swine can be made to see their folly and reform before it is too late.

Walter Scott, Stillwater, Minn.

Mr. H. W. Howling, a Minneapolis taxidermist defines a true sportsman thus:

> The sort of sportsman who fulfils my ideal of what the term should imply, is he who, being an expert with rod and gun, has outlived the craving for big bags, who can construct of his own knowledge any sort of camp, who is at home in a dory or an Indian canoe, who knows how to trap, how to tie his own flies, mount his own birds and beasts and fish, trains his own dogs, imitates the call of any game bird or animal in such wise as to deceive it, can identify any species in any time of the year, describe its migrations, habits, foods, breeding places and so on. I say the true sportsman—I mean the accomplished sportsman—should be at once a geologist, a botanist, and a master of woodcraft.

And Mr. Howling's head is mighty near level.

I have read a great deal about your game hogs in the East, but do not think they are in it with the skinner or hide hunter of Northern California, Oregon, Washington, and the Northwest in general. These are fast exterminating our deer and elk, merely for their hides, realizing from 25 cents to 50 cents a hide. They take as much of the meat as they need for food, but the greater part of it is devoured by bears and other animals. Such hunting is contrary to the law, but the hogs find a market for the hides, just the same.

A. E. Fischer, Haywards, Cal.

In Ohio we have other disreputable hunters besides game hogs. A class of thieves who in the neighborhood of farms shoot chickens, turkeys and even larger stock. As a result the farmers in many places look upon all sportsmen with distrust. In one section of Southern Ohio the farmers forbid all hunting on their lands. This action was taken because of the killing of 2 cows by careless or vicious hunters. I raise my voice against carelessness.

Dinmont, Zanesville, O.

The Abercrombie tent is a dandy. Last fall I enjoyed an 8 days' outing up in Vermont and New Hampshire, after small game. I found birds and squirrels scarce, but plenty of rabbits and foxes. I found no woodcock whatever, although we went over some fine ground. I do not think you can say my bag would be considered that of a game hog, 4 grouse, one gray squirrel, 2 rabbits and a fine reynard.

L. L. Henderson, Boston, Mass.

Prairie chickens were plentiful this year, but blue grouse and sage hens were scarce. The directors of the Montana Midland Railway have made arrangements with the Government to stock Sixteen Mile creek with 1,000,000 trout of the Lock Leven, Cut Throat and Eastern Brook varieties. In a few years this creek should be one of the best in the State. Game laws fairly good but not enforced. Success to the L. A. S.

T. O. P., Toston, Mont.

Merriman is in the heart of the Sand Hills, surrounded by lakes and creeks, and for hunting would be hard to beat. In the fall there is an immense quantity of geese, ducks, brant, chickens, grouse, plover, jack snipe and rabbits. The birds stay with us until very late. If any one is wishing good duck-shooting I would advise him to try this country. Our game laws allow us to shoot from September 1st to January 1st.

Reader, Merriman, Neb.

I am another advocate of the .22 short, and think that S. H. Chase has a correct idea of it. I have used both in my Davenport, which I received from RECREATION as a premium, and much prefer the short, have killed grouse, bitterns, squirrels, etc., with it. In fact, have killed everything I have pointed it at. No larger bores are necessary in this country where we have no deer or bear.

M. P. Edy, Clarenceville, Canada.

I am glad to see you take up the matter of the hog fisher and hunter.

I think deer are more plenty in Upper Michigan than they have been for several years. At any rate, there was not a day last season, that I was out, I did not see from one to a half dozen deer, but I am not a very hard hunter, and take things quite easy when in the woods.

Frank D. Black, Hastings, Mich.

In RECREATION you have published an article called, "On Hayden Lake," written by Mr. Bales. We would like to know if you approve of his shooting 3 deer in one day, even if they were shot in a wild district? * He could not use all that meat himself. We would like to see our deer protected in B. C. as well as over the line. RECREATION is a first-class sportsmen's magazine.

C. E. Ford, Chillwack, B. C.

The Ulster County Fish and Game Protective Association is doing an important work in stocking the streams in that county with brook trout and black bass. Also in stocking the forests with quails, English pheasants and rabbits. This is a most commendable undertaking and the Association should have the hearty co-operation of every sportsman in the Catskill regions.

Let me raise my voice against shooting squirrels too early in the season. It is a shame to have the season for gray squirrels commence September 1st. During September I saw several young squirrels that were not fit to shoot. I also saw several females killed that were still suckling their young. October 25th or November 1st is the right date, in my estimation.

A. J. Durand, Moorestown, N. J.

We had fine fall shooting. Small game, quail, rabbits and squirrels are abundant and seem to be increasing. Two pairs of Mongolian pheasants were liberated here last year. Keeping the game off the market has done much for its protection. I use a .25-30 Marlin for woodchucks and find it a good gun and fine sport.

B. H. Pettit, Portersville, O.

Game is plentiful with us. We have moose, deer, caribou, black bear, rabbits and grouse. The latter, however, are being thinned by the game hog. One man alone killed over 500 in less than 3 months. RECREATION is on top of the heap, and there is no reason why it won't stay there.

L. W. Hodgkins, Costigan, Me.

I visited the central part of Idaho, last summer, and found a place where deer were about as plenty as jack rabbits in Kansas. There also appeared to be plenty of big horn, bear, elk and moose. I hope measures may be taken to protect the game from pot hunters and Indians.

Dr. Bartlett, Belle Plaine, Kansas.

Reports from Washburn, Wis., on the Northwestern Line, indicate that game was never so plentiful as now. Numbers of deer have been seen in the vicinity of that city. The increase is due to the observance of the game laws, which practically prohibit pot hunting and still allow plenty of leeway for legitimate sport. The deer hunting season opened November 8th.

We made a trip into the Mission range last September, after goats and got 2 fine ones. Could have killed 3 more had we wished; but as we only wanted a pair to have mounted we did not go after the others.

W. H. Wright, Spokane, Wash.

Tell L. F. Boeltger, Jr., that I have seen woodchucks treed by dogs. One day last spring I was in the woods. A dog we had with us ran ahead and began barking. When we got to him he had a large woodchuck up in a small tree.

C. A. S., Columbus, O.

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* No, I do not.—EDITOR.

FISH AND FISHING.

SALT WATER TIGERS.

Avalon (Catalina Island), Cal., despatch to the Los Angeles Times.

Not since the capture of the gigantic tuna in June has Avalon witnessed an excitement equal to that of last night. At least 2,000 people surged into the drive in front of the Metropole to watch the landing of another record-breaker, this time in angling for black sea bass. Yesterday morning Frank V. Rider and Dr. H. K. Macomber, of Pasadena, started out to try conclusions with the big fish. They came to anchor about 5 miles from Avalon, and the fishing began with 3 rods—the same as used for the tuna, and the light 21 cuttyhunk lines.

It was nearly 11 o'clock before the party had a strike. Then Mr. Rider hooked a fish that made a rush and whirled the boat around, almost taking the rod from the hands of the angler. The fish took at least 400 feet of line at the first run, towing the boat so rapidly, stern first, that for a moment the fishermen thought they would be swamped. The foam came pouring over the stern board, almost filling the stern sheets. Mr. Rider gave the fish the butt and turned it, when it rose to the surface, dashed around the boat, and by skilful management was prevented from reaching the kelp beds. Mr. Rider by a great effort turned the bass out. With bursts of speed it tore 500 feet more of line from the reel. Then the fish sulked, rose again, came in like a thunderbolt, stopped the rush, and again ate up the line, gaining what was lost, only to lose it again. The fish in all, according to Mr. Rider, took over 1,500 yards of line.

For ¾ of an hour this battle was kept up, covering a mile of water, which was churned into foam by boat and fish. But a skilled hand was at the reel, and 55 minutes from the strike Mr. Rider brought the fish to the surface. It was an enormous creature, rich in gray and walnut tints, and was finally gaffed by the boatman. Returning, the fishermen anchored in the same place, and in a few minutes Dr. Macomber had a strike, when the same scene was enacted, but on a smaller scale, the angler, who is a famous tuna-taker, bringing his fish to gaff in a manner that elicited applause from his companions. Mr. Rider hooked another fish, followed by still another for Dr. Macomber, all fighting like the tigers they are.

As the party entered the harbor, Mr. Rider gave the signal of the Tuna Club, and tents, hotels and cottages were emptied, as the crowds rushed down, while the Hermosa, with a large crowd, added to the throng. Amid much excitement the big fish were hung up, photographed and weighed by the official weigher of Avalon. Mr. Rider's fish weighed 324 pounds; length 6 feet 2 inches; girth, 4 feet 9 inches; time of catch, 55 minutes. Second fish, 170 pounds; time, 29 minutes. Dr. Macomber's fishes—140 pounds, time, 19 minutes; 150 pounds, 30 minutes. All were taken on light rods with 21-strand lines.

Mr. Rider has taken tarpon and an 18-foot Bahaman barracuda, and almost every fish that swims, but he considers this was the fight of his life. Dozens of anglers left this morning for the banks to fish for black sea bass, while dozens more, who could not secure boatmen, are engaging the men in advance. Black sea bass fishing with rod and reel was first introduced here by Major Charles Viele, U. S. A., and Professor C. F. Holder, in 1894, when the former took a 148 pound fish in 2¼ hours. The next was taken by Stewart Beard in 1895, weighing 200 pounds. The catch yesterday is the third attempt, and opens up a wonderful and exciting sport. The black sea bass is the giant of the bass family and has been taken here weighing 800 pounds, on the hand line.

OUANANICHE AND TROUT.

Seeing so much written about the game qualities of the ouananiche, I would like to give my opinion. I fish for them only with a fly. Last summer I hooked 31 and saved but 9. They keep you guessing until you have them in the boat, and then unless you hit them with a club they are liable to go back where you took them from. They fight differently from brook trout; some are wicked fighters and some are quakers.

I caught one on a large Jock Scott fly in '96. He weighed 7⅛ pounds and gave me all the fight I wanted. I never struck a brook trout that could equal him. He came out of water once and made the longest jump I ever saw a fish make.

Hook an ouananiche of over 2 pounds weight; if he is a fighter he will jump before you fully realize you have hooked him. Then he will run in a straight line, break water, make a short half circle and break again, jumping your leader and line against the current. If you can carry him past that point by careful handling, you are pretty sure of landing him.

A large brook trout goes to the bottom as soon as struck and seldom jumps from the water after being hooked. I have known them to jump on one or 2 occasions, but that is all. I have seen it stated that large brook trout never rise to the fly, but take it under the water. I have caught many trout of 5 pounds and over. One, that I remember in particular, came out like a 6 inch trout, turned in the air and took the dropper fly that was dancing on swift water. He weighed 6 pounds. Most large trout caught at Upper Dam, Maine, are taken by a fly danced over swift water. How a trout can take that without raising is a mystery to me.

Young fishermen and some old ones, get the idea that the trout in Maine are just waiting for someone to cast a fly over them to be caught. A man going there should figure that he will earn every fish he gets. There are plenty of fish and big ones at that; but if most of them cannot describe every fly ever tied, it is only because they can't talk.

J. C. Dougherty, New York.

HIS FUSE WAS TOO SHORT.

While spending my vacation with a friend, A., at Copake lake, N. Y., we made the acquaintance of a fellow sportsman, Roy, who invited us to accompany him trout fishing. We started the following morning, taking some sandwiches with us.

A. used a salt water rod, a rude implement for this work. He wore my hat, and Roy's leggins, while a card-board box wired to his belt answered for a bait-box, and a landing net fastened in the same manner served as a creel. I used my brother's bass rod and Roy, a Bristol steel rod —one of RECREATION's premiums.

As we could not fish all together, Roy and I went toward the source of the stream, while A. went alone 3 miles down and worked up. Roy gave me the lunch which I placed under my blouse. Then we began to whip the brook, and I guess I did altogether too much whipping, or rather splashing, as Roy got 2 strikes to my one. Soon we became separated, and after a few hours' traveling I met A. who was on the opposite bank. He had 3 trout in his pocket, having lost his net. In a few moments Roy appeared on the same side as A. and immediately requested that I throw over the lunch. This I did, and they sat down to do justice to it.

That did not satisfy my appetite and I decided to cross. I could find no place narrow enough to jump nor shallow enough to wade, so I took off my shoes, threw them across, undressed, tied my clothes in a bundle, swung it in the air a few times and let go. When the bundle got half way over it burst, my things fell in the water and shot off with the swift current. A. and Roy were laughing themselves into convulsions, and my repeated appeals to them to gather up my fast disappearing clothes were greeted with fresh outbursts and with suggestions that I go home in a barrel. Finally, and with great difficulty, A. fished out my trousers and shirt; the rest, underclothing, socks and an old watch all went to the bottom. After I had my laugh I swam across with one hand, holding my rod in the other. When my clothes were dry we started home with 9 trout, which we voted a poor showing.

William S. Muller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A WEEK OF RECREATION.

My long wished for vacation was fast approaching. I had written to a friend who was to accompany me, to be on hand August 10th. Bass fishing had been unusually good at Forest lake, the most beautiful spot in Columbia county. Most of the bass there are of the small mouthed variety, weighing one to 4 pounds and exceedingly gamy.

We reached the lake late in the afternoon, but did not fish until the next day. We were not obliged to use a tent, there being a cottage equipped with everything one could wish for. The first thing we did was to obtain provisions and bait from a nearby farm house. It was dark when we got our purchases to the cottage, and lighting the lantern, we went to the boat house and put the boats in order for an early start.

Next morning, before sunrise, we jumped into the boat and pushed out on the mist covered surface of the lake. As there was a slight ripple on the water, we decided to troll for pickerel. Ed. rowed and I took the stern with fly-rod and artificial minnow. We had gone nearly ½ mile without getting a strike. Suddenly there was a fierce pull on my line. It slacked and then my reel sang as the fish made a mad rush of at least 200 feet. When all but 50 feet of line had left the reel he turned and came toward the boat. As he came near enough to be seen Ed. said, "He seems played out; I think you can land him now." But the pickerel had a different opinion, and before I could check him, had again unwound 200 feet of line. It was 10 minutes before I pulled him in, lifeless as a log. Before 8 a.m. we had landed 10 beauties and quit.

The following day we tried the bass. Before sunrise we had anchored the boat in about 40 feet of water and were fishing with frogs for bait. Ed. was the first to get a bite but by striking too soon lost his bait. I had a similar experience. We again baited and threw in. Almost before my bait touched the water it was seized. Out went my line until 250 feet separated the fish from the boat and as the bass jumped nearly 2 feet out of water, Ed. exclaimed, "A 4 pounder, sure!" The fish went under the boat and broke water on the other side. I at last brought him within 3 feet of the surface. Ed. had the landing net ready, but the fish would not wait for it and made another run of 150 feet. I reeled him in slowly and Ed. scooped him up. He was a small mouth, weighing 3 2-3 pounds.

Each of us caught 2 that morning, the 4 weighing 10 pounds. That night we got a large mess of bull-heads.

In this way we spent the entire week, fishing only in the early morning and at dusk. Robert C. Hobbie.

PRESERVING TROPHIES.

C. C. HASKINS.

Frequently a fisherman or a hunter secures a trophy which he would like to retain, but not knowing how to preserve it, he throws the specimen away. Yet even in the wilderness there are ways of preparing such things if one knows how. I have a clean, white specimen—the head of a gar, or fresh water bill fish, which I saved in this way: I cut off the head, and from it cut as much flesh as I could without injuring it. I then put it in strong brine, where it remained for 3 or 4 days. When ready to leave, I dried it as well as possible with bran (chaff or even dry sand will answer), wrapped it in plenty of newspaper and packed it with soiled linen.

Arrived at home I put the head in a concentrated solution of lye. In 48 hours I lifted it out with a bent wire, and dropped it in a pail of water, washing it thoroughly. Watching it this way, alternately soaking and washing, in 3 or 4 days I had a handsome specimen. There are teeth in this head as fine as those in a dental saw, sharp as a needle, and numbering 40 or 50 to the inch.

I made a pretty paper weight, with a young turtle—one of those little fellows about as big as a 25 cent piece.

Kill him as humanely as possible. If you have no chloroform, stick a sharp, thin bladed knife between his shells, just behind the foreleg. This kills quickly and painlessly.

Now open him as you would a biscuit, on one side only. Remove as much as possible of his internal economy, and fill the space with plaster Paris, wet with gum arabic or mucilage. If you can add a drop or 2 of carbolic acid, so much the better, but this is not really essential. Close the shell in a natural position and let it harden.

Get a marble block, the proper size and shape, and in this drill 2 holes slanting away from each other, and in the lower shell of the turtle, after it has hardened, drill corresponding holes up into his body. Two small wires are next to be fitted, so that when the turtle is on the block they will not show. The holes are next filled with a similar mixture of plaster and gum, the animal adjusted on the wires and the whole allowed to harden. The eyes should now be carefully removed and a couple of small white or yellow beads put in their places. These should be fastened in with shellac varnish, and this will give them a life like luster as well as color.

If now the little chap has been put on at a slight angle to the sides of the block, with his head twisted in one direction and his tail in the other, a stranger, on seeing it is apt to remark: "I think your little turtle is running away!"

A FOOLISH BASS.

One morning in August during my last vacation, my father and I went "skeetering" on Copake lake. In skeetering you cast a frog or other live bait toward the shore from your boat, dropping the lure near a willow where the big fellows feed.

We started from the house, each equipped with a beautiful Bristol rod. Mine I received, for a little hustling for RECREATION, as a premium for 10 subscribers.

I had just made my first cast, landing beside a willow, when something made the water fairly boil, and started to run with my bait. After letting him have it for a second, I struck. I had great sport getting him toward the boat but when he was so near that I could see his gleaming belly, my line parted and the fish made off with hook and sinker. I told the boy who was rowing to put me ashore, and I went home for another line.

Returning to the boat I rerigged my rod and we each caught 2 nice fish. Then, as it was breakfast time, we decided to return home. When about opposite the willow where I had my experience with the "whopper," I said to my Father, "I believe I'll skeeter that bush again" and cast for the same spot.

No sooner had the frog touched water than something took it. After setting and landing him imagine my surprise on seeing my lost hook and sinker fast in the bass's mouth; proving this was the fish I had struck early in the morning. This time, however, I had hooked him for keeps. It was an Oswego bass weighing 3¾ pounds.

R. H. Weller, New York City.

ON THE GASCONADE.

Heckman's mill, is located about 35 miles from the mouth of the Gasconade river, in Osage county, and is one of the most noted places on that romantic stream. The river abounds in black bass, jack salmon and crappie, which are caught in great numbers in the spring and fall.

Just below the dam is an ideal place for fishing, and there is something wrong when an angler casting his hook in the rapids fails to get satisfaction. If he tires of fishing let him take his dog and gun and try his luck among the quails, which are plentiful. The woods near by abound in squirrels and turkeys and a good deer range is within a few miles.

Captain W. L. Heckman, the veteran steamboat man of the Missouri and Gasconade rivers, and the owner of the mill, has built a commodious club house. It is on a shady island just opposite the mill, and is at the disposal of all parties going there for the hunting or fishing.

The mill, dam and club house are at the end of an island where the cut-off is about ¼ mile. The river runs around 3 miles and returns to this point. One can leave the club house in a skiff, row ¼ mile up to the dam, have 3 miles of good fishing, all down stream, land within 50 yards of where he started, and not be worn out by a hard pull back to camp.

I have been reading Recreation more than a year and it can't be beaten. It outclasses all the other magazines.

C. H. Miller, Hermann, Mo.

WHY THE FISHING IS POOR.

The report of my catch of 154 trout in Maple river is correct. I have often caught more than that. Maple river has been a good stream, but is playing out because of being fished to death. It is only 14 miles from Harbor Springs. One can go to the head of the river and get 15 miles of fishing in one day, from a boat, and only be 3 miles from his starting point. But so many are fishing that it is killing the sport; although they are planting the stream each year.

H. Chamberlin, Harbor Springs, Mich.

Mr. Chamberlin seems to think it strange the trout should be decreasing in Maple river, but as a matter of fact, it would be strange if they did not. I wonder there are any left there now, in view of the record he boasts of.

If he and a few more of his class keep on fishing that stream, or any other, it would be just as well for the State and United States Fish Commissions to quit planting fry there and devote their attention to streams that are fished by decent people.—Editor.

A STRAWBERRY BASS.

While walking along French creek, in the Northeastern part of Erie county, Pa., I saw a large number of black bass eagerly chasing small minnows. The water was so low the minnows could easily get away from their pursuers. The bass seemed hungry enough to grab at any moving object that came near them. I had neither rod nor bait, but did have, in my pocketbook, a piece of silk line and some hooks. That did not better matters any as I was still without bait. While wondering what to do, my eyes fell on a patch of ripe wild strawberries. Why will they not do as well as red flannel? I thought. I fastened a berry on the point of my hook, cast it as far as I could and started to troll toward me. I had not drawn in more than 3 or 4 feet of line when a large bass took the bait. I hooked him easily, as the water was so clear I could see every move he made. It was a severe test for my small trout line, but I landed the fish. He was a fine fellow and would weigh about 2½ pounds. While I was putting a string through his gills mother called up the stairs, "Breakfast is ready," and I awoke to find myself fishless.

D. T. B., Girard, O.

NOT HEAVY ENOUGH.

I was interested in an article in October Recreation, entitled, "A tall fish story." Far be it from me to doubt the veracity of any fisherman, whether his name be Truthful James or Ananias. But when dimensions and weight look askance at each other, it makes the credulous spectator wonder if "things are as they should be." The pugnacity of that muskalonge was sublime, and equalled only by his tenacity of purpose and the toughness of the poor, handicapped bass.

In these days of optimism no cautious man would hint that the dramatic wind-up to the fracas between the fish and the men did not occur. The only "scaly" thing (beside the dishevelled bass and the belligerent musky) I find in the account is the extraordinary weight of the latter. The article says: "Its weight was 27 pounds; girth 27 inches, and length 43 inches." A muskalonge of those dimensions will undoubtedly exceed 40 pounds. Anyway, its style of fighting was not of the light weight class, but decidedly of the heavy weight; which also goes to prove that something must have been wrong with the scales with which he was weighed—and found wanting.

J. H. H.

NOTES.

Had a good time on my fishing trip to Edwards Ferry, Md., last September. Did not stay long, as bad weather and muddy waters drove me home. Was gone just a week. Caught 72 bass; the largest weighing 3 pounds 14 ounces and many over 2 pounds. Many were fishing there during September and October, but no great catches were made. The largest bass I heard of were 2 taken at the mouth of the Seneca. They weighed 5 pounds each. Fish last season were somewhat fastidious in their taste. Most of my fish were caught on crawfish. Other bait they would hardly take. It is strange Eastern fishermen do not visit these waters. They can be easily reached and at little cost.

C. S. Wheeler, Washington, D. C.

For the sake of a little trip at sea, I went recently with a few friends to the fishing banks off the Jersey coast. The trip would be a pleasant experience for anyone, were it taken only to watch the throngs of anglers who patronize the fishing steamers. Fish in great variety and goodly numbers are taken daily. I was fortunate enough to catch 4 codfish, one of them weighing 20 pounds. Among the fish caught by others were sea bass, blackfish, skates, dogfish, eels and sea-robins. I would like to see, in RECREATION, a description of the ocean fishing grounds near New York, and of the fish caught on them at different seasons.

S. P. Lazarus, New York.

I doubt if I could earn the distinction of being even a small hog in this place. I wonder what some of our porcine acquaintances would think of fishing from July 4th to the end of the season, for black bass, and catching only 12. If they had to fish with me, they would be cured of hogging it, or become so disgusted they'd never handle tackle again. We handle plenty of big bass —and gamy as ever were hooked—but the most expert of anglers cannot depend on killing one. The chief reason is, I think, that our little lake is superabundantly supplied with food, and so the bass are indifferent to the angler's lures.

J. J. Dodds, East Lyme, Ct.

" Samuel M. Wenger, of Pennsylvania, has secured a patent on a new style of fishhook, on which the slightest nibble by a fish releases a small spear, which is driven into the fish's head in such a manner that spear and hook make escape impossible."

The above is from the Boston Sunday Herald. It shows that some fiend's mind has been busy with the problem of finding something more destructive than the electric fish hook, recently described in RECREATION. The worst game hog here is the Italian. He comes out from Boston and shoots everything he sees. One was lately arrested with 5 robins in his " game " bag.

C. O. Z., Milton, Mass.

Plum lake, Wis. (Gaynor P. O.), is 18 miles North of Minocqua and ½ mile from station on C. M. & St. P. R. R. Hotel room for 25; good table, beds, boats, and fine fishing. Bass, pike and muskalonge. Of the latter our party caught 19 in 6 days, largest weighing 47 pounds. A dozen or more lakes in easy walking distance give variety either for a day's trip or camping. Deer are numerous. We saw several, but this was in close season. O. W. Gaynor will give all desired information and furnish sectional maps showing location of lakes. The maps are official and cost $1.

Boyett, Chicago.

The black bass is one of the smartest and most artful fish in American waters. There is a dignity about him that commands the admiration of all anglers. As a fighter he has no superior. Sometimes we think we know all about him, but no one knows all his tricks. The bass has no faith in the good intentions of man. If you catch him you have accomplished something of which to be proud. In all game qualities he far excels, I think, any other fresh water fish except the brook trout. Fly fishing for small mouth bass is an art few men master thoroughly.

E. T. Blossom, Otsego, Mich.

Yours of sixth inst. at hand. In reply would say that on August 31st I went out with 9 friends on Delaware bay, and in 6 hours' fishing we caught 416 sea trout, 21 sea bass and one drum fish. A few days later, 6 of us went to the same fishing grounds and caught 200 trout, running 2 to 5 pounds in weight. It is fine sport for an enthusiastic angler. We are making up another party for this week and hope the fishing will continue good through the month.

Wilbur Hammond, Milford, Del.

And you boast of it, eh? Instead of that you should be heartily ashamed of it.—EDITOR.

The Lake Mitchell Trout Club, Sharon, Vt., has lately built a handsome and commodious club house, and is seeking to increase its membership. It owns 200 acres of land, has built a dam 23 feet high, across a tributary of White river, forming a lake which covers 60 acres. This has been well stocked with trout and the club is easily reached from the Vermont Central Railway. Persons desiring to join such a club may correspond with Mr. C. H. Maxham, at South Pomfret, Vt.

I wish to correct a statement made in August RECREATION, by R. W. H., of Wautoma, Wis. He says: " Snells are dry and brittle when taken from the book, especially at the fly's head where shellac has been put on."

A careful fly-maker will never allow even the slightest drop of varnish to touch the gut at the fly's head; it is a clumsy one who daubs the gut with varnish.

E. G. Chatfield, Owego, N. Y.

FINED FOR DYNAMITING.

Oregon City, September 3d.

Bird Lamb, of Molalla, was arraigned before Justice Schuebel this afternoon on a charge of killing fish with dynamite in the Molalla river. He pleaded guilty and was fined $25, which he paid.—Portland Oregonian.

Good! I wish we had such justices everywhere as Esquire Schuebel. If so the dynamiters would soon all learn to respect the laws.—EDITOR.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MARLIN?

Washington, D. C.

Editor RECREATION: I am surprised to miss from its accustomed place in our magazine the page of our old friends the Marlin people. Ever since I have been on your list they have occupied a page—sometimes more—and it seems like losing a friend to miss them now. It has been a peculiar gratification to me to read the warm words of praise for the rifle of my affection, which came so frequently from those who wrote for your gun and ammunition department.

Ever since '81 I have been familiar with the Marlin and its popular predecessor, the Ballard; and, in my humble way, I have been their earnest advocate. The Marlin has had so many things to commend it. For example; the top of the action has always been closed when the weapon was ready to fire; the mechanism has been simple, the shape attractive and the finish elegant.

Its manufacturers were the originators of the .32-40 and .38-55 cartridges, which at once took first place, both as hunting and target loads, and have continued to hold it.

It has always seemed to me, the Marlin planted its bullets with more force—load for load—than any other repeater.

It has been a personal pleasure to note the number of Marlins that were given out by RECREATION as premiums, and to read the enthusiastic praises of those who have received them. It has always seemed to be praise to me, and I have felt a personal pride in it all, as if I were the inventor and maker. I think all riflemen feel so, when good things are said of their favorite weapon.

A hunter's weapon is his other self. He cares for it far more sedulously than for his body. He pats it and talks to it as a rider does to his horse; and when some particularly artistic shot has testified to his own skill and his rifle's faithfulness, he murmurs all sorts of proud and happy things to it. It is not uncommon for hunters to have pet names for their rifles, and the hermit of the forest feels that his weapon responds to his caresses with a pride not the less intense because it cannot be proven.

It seems strange to us, who so long have been your readers, and who, as each fresh issue of our magazine came to us, would turn eagerly, first of all, to the accustomed Marlin page to see if our friend was still there, even before we could stop to read what we were so hungry for—I say it seems strange to us to miss it now. All through RECREATION'S adolescence—while it might be a question whether it would live or die—Marlin was there, a faithful friend. Now, when the magazine has reached solid ground, has a magnificent circulation and has immeasurably increased in influence, our old friend pulls out and abandons the field to the Winchester and the Savage people! It seems incredible! I cannot but believe it unfortunate for us all.

There must be some reason for it which I do not know; but surely a journal so close to the hearts of sportsmen, and so widely circulated, must be an indispensable medium for manufacturers who wish to touch elbows with the world.

Be assured "The world do move," and while motion continues there will be Light and Darkness. He who is awake will keep in the sunshine. Darkness is for sleepers.

W. H. Nelson.

ANSWER.

The trouble with Marlin is simply that I raised the rate on him, as on all other advertisers who are using RECREATION. His ad had been running at an old rate made when I had a circulation of only 20,000 copies a month. His contract expired in December, '98. About the time that number was issued, I wrote the Company calling their attention to the fact that my rates had been advanced on account of the growth of circulation. I asked them to pay the advanced price for their space. They replied that they would not pay any more for space in RECREATION than they were paying, and that if I insisted on the advance, they would drop out. Consequently the January number went to press without their ad. They insist that I should be perfectly willing to print 65,000 impressions of their page at the same rate I charged them 2 years ago, for printing 20,000 impressions.

This is just as logical as if I should ask them to sell me 30 rifles this year at the same price they charged me for 10 similar rifles in '97.

The readers of RECREATION are so thoroughly in sympathy with it that they will stand by it through thick and thin. Other things being equal, they will always buy goods advertised in these columns in preference to those not so advertised, and so long as the Winchester and the Savage people make as good repeating rifles as any in the world, and so long as they advertise in RECREATION, and so long as the Marlin people do not, just so long can the readers of RECREATION be safely counted on to buy Winchester and Savage rifles.—EDITOR.

PROVING A .30-30.

JOHN HASTIE.

I returned October 4, '97, from a trip through the Yellowstone National Park to Cottonwood creek. From there driving Northwest we camped the second day on the South fork of Horse creek, high up in the mountains. The scenery is grand, the atmosphere delightful, richly laden with the odor of the pines. The first day out, while on my way to camp, the quick wink, only, of a pair of gray ears caught my eye. It took several seconds to make out, and then not very clearly, the outlines of a deer's face and ears turned directly toward me while the whole body, lying down, was behind a log. I had never fired the .30-30 rifle I carried that afternoon and had little faith in it. A single movement of the muscles of the deer followed my shot. I found a dead doe behind that log and saw that the bullet had struck the face, entered the center of the neck and for several inches had ground the bone and flesh like a sausage mill.

The following day my partner secured a young elk with a .40-60. Then we moved to a new camp on the North fork of Horse creek. The first morning out and near camp we surprised a small band of elk. I succeeded in wounding one, terribly shattering a shoulder. We trailed this elk and finally killed it. I hung up 2 more deer and one antelope at this camp. One deer was killed standing at long range, the bullet scooping a big chunk out of the back of his neck. The bullet entered the neck of the other near the head and came out through the opposite cheek. The antelope was standing about 250 yards distant on a flat at the bottom of a long sloping hill. The bullet struck him square in the shoulders, a little back of the center, leaving a hole about an inch and a quarter in diameter. I was not satisfied and moved my camp farther North where I found plenty of snow and elk sign.

On the second morning I saw the tips of a set of elk horns coming my way, and as the bunch passed where I stood, I laid out 2, at a medium range, without 20 feet of each other. One fell on his back with his feet in the air and had evidently died without a struggle. The other lying on his side had slid a few feet down the hill. Both were large bulls and had died almost instantly. After getting in my 2 elk, I left for Roy's ranch, on the Beaver, as the weather was then too stormy for me, 200 miles North of home, but meeting some ranchmen friends, they urged me to try it again. I had but 2 more chances to test the little gun, one was cutting and shattering the front leg bone of a large calf elk close to the body, so the leg only hung by the skin. The other was killing a grown elk dead with a shot well back behind the shoulder, at a distance of about 500 yards. The others of the party were not idle and in 5 days we pulled into Roy's ranch again. I have now so much faith in the .30-30 smokeless that I have sold my old reliable .45-90 and 3 other rifles and will put all my trust in the little gun.

It seems by this report that you killed on this trip 9 head of big game and that your friend killed some. What could you do with so much? Of course, you would not sell it and it is not right to kill such noble animals to give away.

MEDIUM LOADS FOR THE .30-30.

That the .30-30 is the best deer gun is no longer open to argument. It does chew the venison up a good deal with a soft-pointed bullet and fresh powder; but the offset to that, which far outweighs the objection, is that is prevents the venison from getting away wounded and bleeding. The next best cartridge is, in my opinion, the .45-70, and the little "dynamite" load undoubtedly downs a deer more promptly than the big bullet. I have killed 6 deer with a Winchester .30-30, and not one of them moved over 10 steps. Two dropped as if struck by lightning, and one of these, strange to say, with a paunch shot. My gun is a Winchester, take down, 24 inch half octagon barrel, half magazine, shot gun butt, with Lyman sights.

I have had no trouble getting the light squirrel or rabbit load to work. I use the Ideal 30812 bullet of 95 grains with Du Pont's No. 1 smokeless rifle powder. This makes an accurate and effective load, about equal in power to the old .32 rim. As the bullet is sharp pointed I make no attempt to work the load through the magazine. The model '94 Winchester can be conveniently used as a single shot.

But I have not yet struck the right combination for a full, low pressure load, which should be about the equivalent of the old .32-40. This is especially desirable for turkeys, as the full load smashes them, and the miniature load has not quite power enough. Any combination I have so far tried leads intolerably. J. S. B., in October RECREATION, says a type metal bullet and Oriental powder are all right. What powder is that? He refers to it as not among the black powders. Let me ask:

1. What would be the weight of a type metal bullet of the same size as a 168 grain lead bullet?

2. Is there any low pressure powder sufficiently clean to shoot the .30-30 metal cased bullet without lubrication?

3. Can any reader give his experience with King's semi-smokeless powder in a .30-30?

I have found nothing will clean the .30-30 except a good stiff wire brush. I do not know whether the fouling is from the tin coating of the bullet cases or is a residuum of the powder. But water and rags have no effect on it.

W. G. B., Luzerne, Pa.

EXTENDING THE LATERAL DRIFT.

I saw in RECREATION the statement that all rifles threw bullets slightly to one side of the target, in the direction of the twist. At 100 yards, it was said, the bullet from a rifle with a right hand twist would be thrown 4 inches to the right. Take that rifle and adjust the sights until the gun, if held properly, will place bullets exactly in center of bull's eye at 100 yards. At 50 yards where will the bullet be? Two inches to left of a straight line of course. Now, supposing the bullet to have a perfectly flat trajectory, let us see where it would be at different ranges as regards the "lateral drift." At 200 yards, 4 inches to right; at 300 yards, 8 inches; at 400 yards, 12 inches, and for each additional hundred yards, 4 inches more to the right. I have been thinking of buying a .236 navy rifle, but fear it is not a safe gun to shoot if the above calculation is correct. With the immense range of that rifle the "lateral drift" might have time to guide the bullet around into the shooter's back before it stopped. Will the correspondent who knows so much about the drift, answer this? With a flat trajectory and a velocity of 2,550 feet a second, how far would a bullet have to travel and how long would it take to make a complete circle?

Coyote Ash, Armington, Mont.

PREFERS THE .38-55.

I never owned a .30-30, but being a Maine guide I have seen many used. Before I saw them I wanted one, but since then I have no desire to own a .30. They are all right if you hit a bone or a vital spot. If the deer is paunched and there is no snow on the ground you stand a slim chance of getting your game, as the bullet is so small it causes little bleeding. The majority of sportsmen do not stop to pick a vital spot; they shoot at the plainest mark which is usually the paunch. Then again, at a running mark you have no time to pick a shot, but shoot wherever you can draw a bead. I have had as good success with a .44-40 as with any gun I ever used, both on deer and bear, I killed a bear last year at 200 yards with it. The best all 'round gun is the .38-55. It is light, strong and makes a large hole. With it I have killed deer 350 and 400 yards away. It is almost impossible to make a good group of shots with the .30, as I know from having seen good marksmen try to do it. After trying many rifles I have settled down to a .38-55.

M. E. Mathews, Schoodic, Me..

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

How does the Winchester rolled steel barrel compare with Whitworth, Damascus, Krupp and other high grade barrels for strength, bursting strain, shooting qualities, etc.? Is the breech action of the Stevens Ideal rifle as strong as that of the Winchester single shot?

Wallace Miller, Gifford, Ill.

ANSWER.

The "rolled steel" barrel of the Winchester shot gun is capable of excellent shooting and will stand all ordinary charges and wear. It can hardly be classed with the highest grade steel and Damascus barrels as regards strength. The breech action of the Stevens Ideal rifles is strong and good. No comparison tests between it and the Winchester have ever been made.

N. E. C., Trenton, N. J.

GAME OR GUNS?

I am a recent convert to the repeating shot gun and no longer use the double barrelled hammerless. Some people find it awkward to change from the latter gun to the repeater, but with persistent practice the action is mastered. It did not take me long to get the hang of it and make doubles on blue cocks. I think the repeater is a more killing gun, that is there are fewer birds crippled to escape and die undiscovered. It has been stated that the repeater is liable to freeze up. If the action is kept well oiled there will be no freezing. A hammerless requires the same care. The take down is a great improvement over the solid frame.

H. C. Gardiner, Buffalo, N. Y.

A. H. Merrill's detonating powder for explosive bullets does not work well at this altitude. Can some one give a formula for an explosive to be used for filling hollow pointed bullets, that will explode, and yet not be dangerous to handle when loaded? The .25-25 is a good caliber for anything up to deer. I use a Stevens and think there is nothing better.

H. F. Reynolds, Husted, Col.

I do not see why some of the other large firms who deal in sportsmen's goods do not advertise in RECREATION, for I am sure they would get as good returns for their money as in any other magazine. The people who read RECREATION are the ones who do the buying.

W. G. Snider, St. Andrews, N. Y.

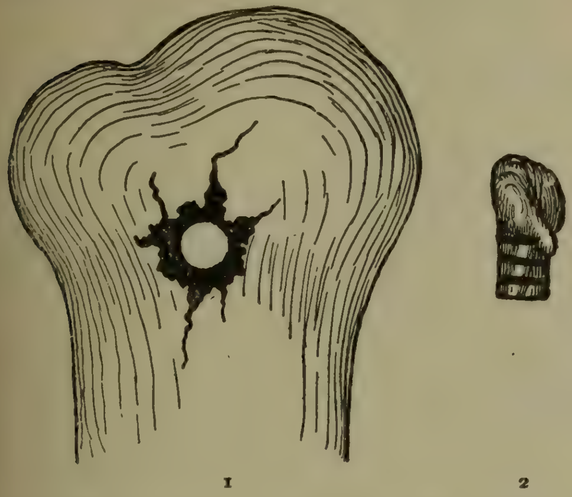
I wish A. M. G., Haywards, Cal., who wrote in January RECREATION about his rapid adjusting sight would tell us something about its construction, how he uses his eyes for accurate range finders, and who makes and sells the sight.

E. Shook, Johnstown, N. Y.

WORK OF THE .25.

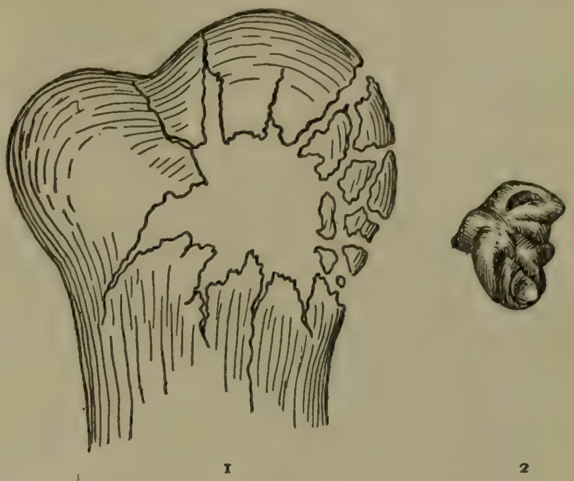
Since writing you in regard to loads and bullets for .25 calibre rifle I have made a number of tests to determine the relative power of solid and explosive balls. I send you herewith a few sketches showing results of my experiments. They speak for themselves and require no explanation. After noticing the effect of explosive bullets on bone I think you will agree with me that a .25 calibre bullet of this sort is powerful enough to kill any game (with the possible exception of grizzly bear) on this continent.

A. H. Verrill, New Haven, Ct.



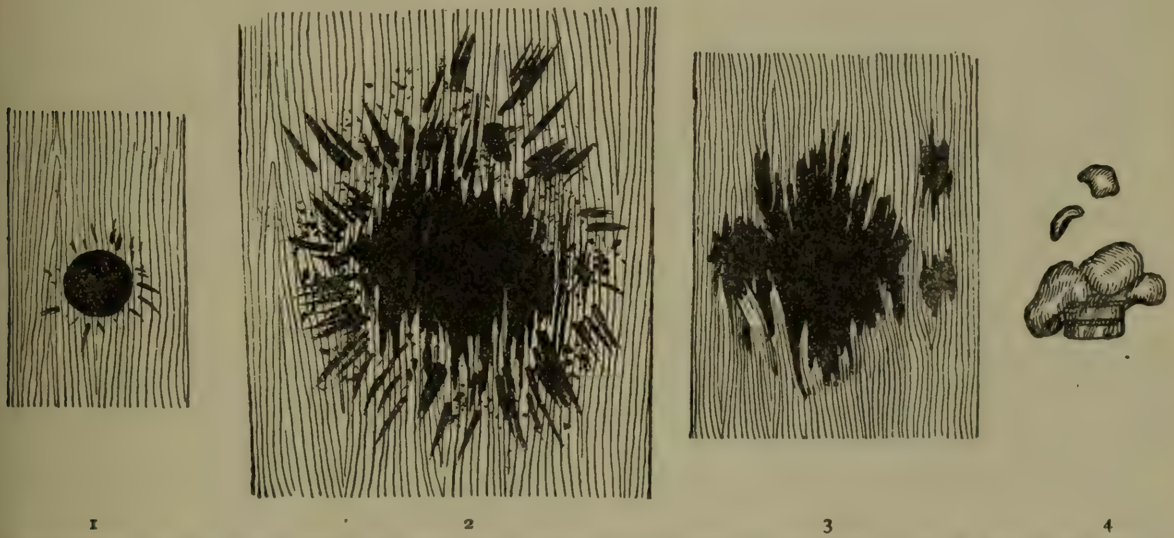
EFFECT OF 86 GRAIN SOLID BALL ON OX BONE.

1. Exit of ball. 2. Bullet. Load 24 grains (black powder measure) Du Pont's No. 1 smokeless powder. Distance 40 feet.



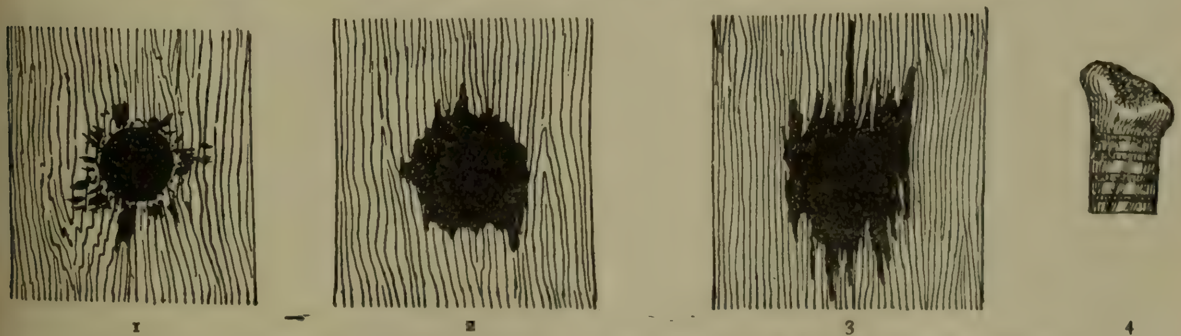
EFFECT OF 75 GRAIN EXPLOSIVE BALL ON OX BONE.

1. Exit of ball. 2. Bullet.



EFFECT OF 75 GRAIN BULLET, FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVE MIXTURE, ON 3 PINE BOARDS.

1. Entrance 1st board. 2. 2d board where explosion took place. 3. Exit 3d board. 4. Bullet.



EFFECT OF ORDINARY LEAD BALL (86 GRAINS) ON 3 ¾ INCH PINE BOARDS.

1. Entrance 1st board. 2. Entrance 2d board. 3. Exit 3d board. 4. Bullet. Load 24 grains (black powder measure) Du Pont's No. 1 smokeless powder. Distance 40 feet.

NOTES.

How many pellets from a charge of 1⅛ ounces No. 8 shot should a 12 gauge cylinder bore gun put in a 30 inch circle at 30 yards? How many pellets should a full choke gun of the same gauge put in the circle at 40 yards, using 1⅛ ounces No. 6 shot?

Trojan, Troy, N. Y.

ANSWER.

I have no data at hand relating to patterns of cylinder bore guns at 30 yards. A well made true cylinder barrel should place about 40 per cent. of its charge in a 30 inch circle at 40 yards. Most so-called cylinders are slightly choked. A choke bore should put from 50 per cent. to 75 per cent. of its charge—depending on amount of choke, etc.—in the same circle.

In answer to R. J. Boynton, as to Kings semi-smokeless powder, would say: It gives better penetration than E. C. smokeless; costs much less; makes more noise; and its smoke is hardly noticeable. It gives a poorer pattern and greater recoil. I have used one can and am highly pleased with it. I killed a pigeon on the wing, at about 20 yards with 2 drams Kings and 7-8 ounce No. 12 shot. If any reader of Recreation uses a muzzle loader, I would be pleased to mail him a sample of a cartridge I use with mine. They are simple, handy and easily made.

Comet, Box 577, Newton, N. J.

I have used a .40-72 Winchester, both with plain lead and metal patched bullet and found it a most powerful weapon. Out of some 12 deer killed with it during several seasons I recovered only one bullet. All others passed through the animals and on in their course. The one recovered was fired at a range of 75 to 100 yards, went through several twigs, struck the buck in his right hind quarter and cut it up badly. Then it traversed the entire length of body and lodged in skin of neck just under the left ear. This was a metal patch bullet.

Arthur James, Baltimore, Md.

I have a queer cartridge the name of which I hope some reader of Recreation will be able to tell me. It is 3 7-8 inches long and about .45 calibre. The case is of brass, twisted to form a cylinder, and the head is drawn brass with an enameled flange. It is center-fire and the primer about No. 2. The bullet is paper-patched and has a copper cap on the point like an express bullet. Will some one give a description of the Krag-Jorgensen and Mauser rifles, and their ammunition?

.40-82, Syracuse, N. Y.

What nitro powder is best adapted to the .38-40-255 Remington, the rifling being 1 to 16? I used wood powder with good results, but that is no longer made. Then I tried E. C. but will try it no more. Was obliged to use a rod to get the shells out and could not put them in the chamber again, and the balls dropped 18 inches in 100 yards more than when black or wood powder was used. My .38 makes a good all round gun.

Buffalo Stubb, Orwell, O.

The best rifle for the game mentioned by J. Hauser, in October Recreation, is the .25-21 Stevens Ideal, No. 44. It is accurate up to 200 yards, and the shells can be reloaded at a cost of 25 cents a hundred, either with the regular or with smaller loads. I use this rifle for target practice at 200 yards; also as an all-round gun. Fitted with Lyman sights it gives perfect satisfaction.

W. H. Whitney, Spokane, Wash.

I have noticed several articles in Recreation in reference to the Winchester repeating shotgun. I had one, a good hard-shooting gun, but unsatisfactory in that the shells invariably stuck in entering the barrel. It was annoying to have to stop and push the shell in with my hand. Otherwise I like the gun, and believe it will kill farther and oftener than any other shotgun.

S. W. Siddall, Azusa, Cal.

Tell C. M, Grover that he can reload the .32-20 c. f. cartridge and get better results than from factory loaded shells. I use Dupont f.f.g. rifle powder, and the Winchester No. 1 primer. The Ideal reloading tool I have found satisfactory. A friend tells me .30-30 shells can be reloaded at a cost of 25 cents a hundred. Recreation is getting better all the time.

Thomas Trebilcock, Houghton, Mich.

When you are shooting and would like to experiment a little, cut one of your shells in half just below the powder wads, place both parts in the gun and fire. With a light gun this is a dangerous experiment, as the shot explodes, sometimes in the gun and sometimes rods away. Will someone tell me why the shot explodes.

D. M. R., Syracuse, N. Y.

I want to buy a double barrel breech loading gun, for use at the trap and for Christmas shooting matches on turkeys, geese, etc. What is the best gun in the market for such purposes? Please state gauge, length of barrel, choke, etc. How would the A grade Baker do? I mean the one listed at $42.75.

John J. Harris, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

In June Recreation O. A. F., Tioga, Pa., asks information regarding the Winchester repeating shotgun. I have used many guns, but have yet to find one that will shoot harder and closer than the 12 gauge, lever action, Winchester. I prefer the lever to the slide action, as in the former the barrel can be cleaned from the breech.

L. P. F., Omaha, Neb.

I recently killed with a .30-30 rifle a buck that weighed, dressed, 200 pounds. Gave him a paunch shot. The bullet mushroomed on striking the flesh and tore a hole clear through him. He made but 2 jumps and dropped dead. I had doubted the killing power of the .30-30, but hereafter I shall swear by it.

H. C. Tupper, Topsfield, Me.

Will some readers of RECREATION give their experience with Marlin rifles, .32-20? I should like to buy a rifle and want to know if the Marlin is better than the Winchester.

M. E. Daniels, Kendallville, Ia.

I should like to ask the readers of RECREATION which is the best all around load for .22 calibre rifle, .22 short, .22 long or Winchester .22.

Lester G. Miller, Asbury Park, N. J.

What is the best and most popular target rifle, and what ammunition does it use?

L. A. B., Empire, Col.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE INNOCENT RED SQUIRREL.

In October RECREATION I find several pages devoted to abuse of the red squirrel. He is called "little nuisance," "terror," "detestable red squirrel," etc.

Are we to condemn the ways of nature that do not suit us? Are we to look out for our personal interest only, or even those of mankind? Is man the only being on earth worthy of consideration? Perhaps we think we would be protecting nature by killing the red squirrel. Let us leave that to nature. She will equalize things. Man, and not the squirrel, is the bird's enemy.

If the sportsman is going to war against the red squirrels, because they chase grays or rob a few birds' nests, why should not the entomologist set a price on the heads of insect-eating birds because they eat insects that he would like for his collection? Though some may think this far fetched, it illustrates a principle. Even though we let the squirrels alone, there will be plenty of birds left—providing the game hog is kept on his back. And although the birds are unmolested, there will still be a few insects left for the entomologist.

This afternoon, as I sauntered through the woods, I noticed a red squirrel chattering and stamping the limb with his hind feet, with that quick, jerky movement characteristic of this species. After I had watched my scolding friend a while, a large gray squirrel came toward me. He approached within a few feet of where I stood, and discovering me, retreated. As the gray came near me he also came within 30 or 40 feet of his supposed enemy. But he did not seem to think he was approaching an enemy, for he came on, apparently in the direction of the red squirrel, until he saw what he might well have judged to be his enemy—a human being. It could not have been that the gray did not recognize the chatter of the red, for in nature we find those senses of an animal which provide for his safety most acutely developed.

I never saw a red squirrel in the act of visiting a nest, but I do not doubt the accuracy of statements made in RECREATION, that they do occasionally kill a bird. As I find this squirrel, he feeds on pine-cones, the fruit of the sweet gum tree, nuts, acorns, corn, etc. I know of several woods within walking distances of my home in which I can, and do, find red and gray squirrels living in harmony.

Let us relax our efforts against this innocent little squirrel, and double our efforts in support of the glorious campaign against the game hogs, and exterminate them.

M. N. I., Luzerne, Pa.

NOT SO BLACK AS PAINTED.

In November RECREATION, Mr. W. A. Bruce writes of "Some bad habits of the crow." While I agree with him in regard to these habits I dissent from his conclusion that a bounty should be put on the crow. The subject is exhaustively treated in Warren's "Birds of Pennsylvania." A great many specimens were examined; and while it was not conclusively proved that the crow was either altogether injurious or beneficial, still many good habits were shown. The investigations of the Department of Agriculture have shown that the bird is, if anything, more beneficial than injurious. Among their good habits are the destruction of field mice, than which there is no greater pest to the farmer. They also eat numbers of grubs; and all sort of insects have been found in their stomachs at all seasons of the year.

It is best to think twice before offering bounties for birds with bad habits. These habits are always prominent and apparent, while their good works are "hid under a bushel."

There is another family of birds that have had a bad name—the Raptores. In Pennsylvania the farmers clamored for a bounty, and it was placed on birds of prey and on foxes and other so-called vermin. The mistake was soon realized and the law repealed, after the county treasuries were depleted over $100,000 and much real injury to agriculture had been done. In Burlington county, N. J., there has been a great destruction of hawks, etc., to our great injury, I believe, as meadow mice are greatly on the increase.

I hope we will never see a bounty on the crow or any other bird. It is a poor policy. If a thieving hawk or crow destroys our poultry or steals our corn I suppose we shall have to shoot him. At least some of us will; I never disturb a hawk or a crow.

Edward Harris, Moorestown, N. J.

ROUGH TREATMENT FOR SNAKEBITE.

I have had experience with nearly every species of venomous snake in this country and Mexico. I never saw anyone die from a snake bite, although I saw 2 cases where amputation of the limb was necessary to save life. A boy in Atascosa county, Texas, was bitten by what is there called a rattlesnake pilot. The boy's leg had to be cut off to save his life. I knew a young lady in the same place who was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake. Her mother applied the flesh of a freshly killed chicken to the wound. The young lady fully recovered within a few days, and without any suffering.

In 1872 I was in what is now Oklahoma, with a United States surveying corps. One of our number killed a large rattlesnake, by thrusting the points of a set of compass tripods through its body. He swung the snake in fun toward another of our party and the reptile struck its fangs in the man's hip. We were 200 miles from a doctor, and had no way of treating our friend save the old frontier way of cutting out the wounded flesh. Two men held the unfortunate victim, while a third, with a dull pocket knife, cut a piece as large as a hen's egg from the flesh surrounding the bite; the patient bellowing the while like a calf under the branding iron. Then we carried the poor fellow to camp and gave him whiskey enough to have paralyzed 2 men, but it had little effect on him. At the same time we filled the wound with chewing tobacco, and bound it with cloths. Our patient fell sick, either from the bite or the treatment, and we sent him by ox wagon to Arkansas City, but he was well when he reached there.

I was once bitten by a moccasin, while bathing in shallow water. The snake struck me on the ankle. My horse was tied near by, and I hurriedly mounted and rode to the ranch where I lived. The folks there told me I need fear no danger from the bite. They killed a chicken and applied its warm flesh to the wound. The next morning my foot and leg were greatly swollen, and it was 3 weeks before I fully recovered.

F. W. Hambleton, Pueblo, Col.

LARVA KILLERS, NOT SAPSUCKERS.

It was said, in a recent RECREATION, that woodpeckers are harmless yet I have seen the variety called sapsuckers doing much damage to apple and pear trees. They bore rings of holes in the bark until the tree-trunks are fairly girdled in places, the holes nearly touching each other. The birds come at sunrise and work an hour or 2, boring holes clear to the wood and then sucking the sap. They do most of their deviltry in September. I used to enjoy picking them off the trees with a pocket rifle.

E. Redden, Newton Center, Mass.

ANSWER.

In connection with the above, the following extract from Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's "Birds of North America," Vol. II., p. 512 on the lesser sapsucker (Picus pubescens), will be of general interest:

"They are very industrious, and are constantly employed in search of insects, chiefly in orchards, and more open groves. The orchard is its favorite resort, and it is particularly fond of boring the bark of apple-trees for insects. This fact, and the erroneous impression that it taps the trees for the sap, has given to these birds the common name of sapsuckers, and has caused an unjust prejudice against them. So far from doing any injury to the trees, they are of great and unmixed benefit. Wilson, who was at great pains to investigate the matter, declares he invariably found that those trees which were thus marked by the woodpecker were uniformly the most thriving and productive. 'Here, then,' adds Wilson, 'is a whole species—I may say genus—of birds, which Providence seems to have formed for the protection of our fruit and forest trees from the ravages of vermin. They every day destroy millions of noxious insects that would otherwise blast the hopes of the husbandman.'"

Therefore do I say again—don't kill the woodpeckers or sapsuckers.

W. T. Hornaday.

DID YOU EVER SEE A CLAM WALK?

We were seated in our boat waiting for the guide to push off, when he asked, "Did you ever see a clam walk?" We looked over the side of the boat. There, in about a foot of clear, still water, on the smooth sand were 2 fresh water clams, about a foot apart. From each clam extended a circular ring of indented impression, about ¼ inch in depth and an inch in width, in the yielding sand. Being directly above them we could see them walk, if you can so call it. The bivalves moved and in doing so increased the area of the circles and roiled the water slightly. They seemed to raise themselves on their hinges and then fall; the gain being perceptible each time. We watched them cover considerable ground, for a clam, and left them circuitously wending or plowing their way to deep water. It was a strange sight to us, and we realized that even a clam manages to "get there just the same."

What fresh water clams were made for no one ever guessed until recently. Now a use has been found for them. Until a short time ago all our pearl shirt buttons came from abroad. A boatman on the Mississippi, at Muscatine, Iowa, in clearing out his boat threw some clam shells on the beach. A passerby picked some up, and asked the boatman many questions concerning them. Soon after a building was rented in Muscatine, and fitted with machinery. Then clam shells were dug from the river bed and made into buttons that equalled the imported article, yet were sold for much less money. For a long time the factory was a terra incognita to any save its employees, but it was too good a thing to be kept secret. To-day nearly 30 factories are making pearl buttons from Mississippi river clams. The river bed, it is claimed, is paved clear through to China with clams and the supply is reckoned inexhaustible.

Charles Cristodoro, St. Paul, Minn.

GOOD WORK BY BOSTON POLICE.

Malden, Mass.

Editor RECREATION: Two Italians were caught on October 23d, snaring insectivorous birds in the Middlesex Falls reservation, Medford, Mass. Their trial was conducted by Judge Pettingill, who is, by the way, unreservedly a friend of the birds. I was asked to be present to assist in indentifying the captured birds.

The Italians used birdlime in securing their feathered booty. Small sticks, sharpened at one end to admit of being stuck lightly into a branch or tree trunk, were smeared with the sticky substance. Two decoy birds, a male and a female purple finch, confined in small cages and hidden beneath the trees in which the sticks were placed, were used to call the wild birds to the snare. When the latter came in answer to the calls of the decoys, those alighting on the smeared sticks would be held. Their struggles for freedom would serve only to detach the sticks from the tree, and the birds would fall to the ground; there becoming still more befouled and rendered helpless by the glue-like stuff.

The lawbreakers have heretofore escaped the vigilance of Park Superintendent Price and his officers, because of the method employed to conceal the decoys, and by the fact that the receiving basket was used ostensibly for gathering mushrooms. The captured birds were hidden under a cover of mushrooms and thus carried out of the reservation. For the offense of snaring birds each Italian was fined $20, and in addition $10 apiece for each bird in their possession. One man had 7 blue birds and one goldfinch; the other, 4 blue birds. This is the second conviction obtained by Mr. Price within a week, and if the practice is not stopped more will surely follow.

Ralph H. Hohnan.

If all municipal and state officers would cinch bird destroyers in this summary fashion Italians would soon become familiar with our laws.

THE SPREADING ADDER.

Is the spreading-adder a poisonous snake?

Do you know of an authentic case where the bite of this snake has proven fatal to man or beast? F. S.

ANSWER.

1. The spreading adder or blow snake, Heterodon platyrhinus, is perfectly harmless. It has neither poison fangs nor glands and what tiny teeth it does possess are only for use in holding its prey.

2. I do not. I have heard numerous silly tales as to the breath of the spreading adder being dangerous. As a matter of fact I have for years kept and experimented with these snakes; more than anything else to disprove this idea. I have never experienced any inconvenience when they have "blown" in my face, as has frequently happened. Of course there may be conditions of health when even the scratch of a pin or any trivial occurrence may result fatally; but under natural conditions the snake in question is perfectly harmless. As fright has undoubtedly much to do at times with after results, and the head of a snake is often so smashed as to be of little use, other than to an expert, in deciding whether the creature were venomous or not, a safe plan is to examine the tail. In the venomous snakes the subcaudal scales below the vent are similar to those of the abdomen for some distance toward the tail tip. That is to say: they are in one piece. In the harmless snakes the subcaudal scales are divided the whole way from vent to end of scaling.

Percy Selous.

THE LAST OF THE BUFFALO.

Denver, Col.

Editor RECREATION: Yours inquiring about the reported seeing of a herd of buffalo in Northwestern Colorado, was received. Have not replied sooner because I have been unable to verify or disprove the report. Mr. W. N. Byers, an old and prominent resident of Colorado, is of opinion that the herd is where it was said to have been seen and that the number reported—63—proves the herd has increased since last heard of, some 10 or 15 years ago; then it did not exceed 10 or 15 head. Mr. J. H. Crawford, a prominent resident of Steamboat Springs, Routt county, knows and has talked with the man who started the report. Mr. Crawford says the man's statements are to be relied upon, and that he (Crawford) believes in the existence of the herd. The locality in which it is said to have been seen is on Muddy creek, in Grand county, a stream having its source in a wild, extensive and rugged country lying between Middle and North parks.

The inaccessibility of the country would account for the concealment of the herd for so long and the difficulties to be encountered in verifying the report concerning it. However, I have requested Mr. Wilcox, of Routt county, one of the game wardens, to be on the lookout for further evidence of the existence of the buffalo and I hope in time to have satisfactory information concerning the matter. There are supposed to be a number of buffalo still in Lost park, but since the finding of the carcass of a cow there the past spring, I have not heard that others have been seen, excepting the calf of the dead cow.

J. S. Swan, Commissioner Forestry, Game and Fish, Colorado.

WHY BIRDS DECREASE.

To the reason given by G. A. Mack for the decrease of our birds, I can add another. It is, the ubiquitous .22 calibre rifle. Many people visit our trout streams during the summer. All—men, boys and, I am sorry to say, ladies—carry .22 rifles. Our visitors are in the country for fun, and when they are not fishing, they must shoot. So our robins, larks and bluebirds yield their lives to afford a moment's amusement to creatures of a presumedly higher scale. One incident I noticed particularly. I saw a pair of bluebirds building in a hollow stump, and as often as I passed I looked at them. After a while 5 beautiful eggs lay in the nest. At my next visit I was greeted by the gaping mouths of 4 baby birds. A short time after I saw 2 ladies—save the mark—shooting .22's near this nest. The next evening I passed and there beside the stump lay the mother bird with a bullet hole through her body, and in the nest were her 4 babies, dead of cold and starvation. This is but one incident of many that occurred on the Rattlesnake, and no doubt on all streams where parties go for a few days' outing. G. E. Van Buren, Missoula, Mont.

A WOODLAND TRAGEDY.

While returning from a tramp I saw, near our cabin, on one of the open mountain slopes, a dead coyote. Much poison was used this side of Yellowstone park last winter, and my first thought was that the animal had fallen a victim to it. On reaching the body my surprise was great to find it had impaled itself on the point of a stick which pierced the heart. The coyote must have been running down hill, probably chasing a rabbit, when it struck the stick with great force. The point entered the body in front of and under the right shoulder and penetrated 6½ inches before being stopped by the stump of a lateral branch. The stick was 2 feet long, and about 2 inches in diameter at the larger end. It was freshly broken, and the wood had absorbed blood for about an inch from the body; otherwise there was no sign of blood. The coyote had been dead long enough to spoil the skin, or I would have had it mounted. There are few coyotes as compared with last year; and if the park authorities continue the use of poison, the antelope will get a rest and increase in numbers. J. W. Hulse, Crevasse, Mont.

WILD PIGEONS IN CALIFORNIA.

During the last 10 years or so, reports of the passenger pigeon (Ectopistes migratorius), have often reached me; but owing to meager information and other circumstances connected with these reports, I put little credence in them. I have, however, received a report now, which is worthy of record. It is from Dr. P. L. Hatch, for several years State ornithologist of Minneapolis, and author of "Notes on the Birds of Minnesota"; and coming from such a careful bird-observer, it cannot but be authentic. Just before he came to Minneapolis from Santa Barbara, Cal., he saw in his orchard there, about 15 passenger pigeons. This would be in August. I have seen no pigeons here, nor heard reliable reports of any, since 1884.

Recreation is getting better every month, and about the 28th I begin to "itch" for it.

H. W. Howling, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE WHISTLING MARMOT.

In reply to the query of Mr. C. C. Haskins (September Recreation, page 226), regarding the identity of the marmot of the Olympic mountains, it may be stated that the animal referred to is undoubtedly the hoary marmot, or "whistling marmot" (Arctomys pruinosus), full cousin to the well-known woodchuck of the Northeastern United States. This species is much larger than either of the other 2 American species of Arctomys, and is wholly different in coloration. The hoary marmot derives one of its popular names from the fact that the hair on its breast and shoulders, down to the middle of the body, is of a silver-gray color.

In our Western states and territories there are scores of fine species of rodents which are as yet totally unknown to the generality of Eastern people. One of the first tasks that will be undertaken in the New York Zoological Park will be to bring together and exhibit living representatives of as many of these little-known species as it is possible to procure.

W. T. Hornaday, New York City.

WHAT DID HE WANT IT FOR?

One evening after a hard shower I walked into the garden, and found numerous night creepers working out of the earth. I became interested in watching a large one, push his head out, and gradually elongate until he lay stretched fully 10 inches, with his tail still in the ground. He worked his head around until it came in contact with a leaf about 2½ inches long that had dropped from a honeysuckle bush. The worm took hold of this leaf at the junction of the stem and lamina and dragged it into his hole. It was drawn in about ¼ its length when it stuck and remained standing up straight. I presume the worm lost his hold for after a few seconds the leaf again moved and was drawn out of sight. It impressed me as a curious bit of natural history. Had I happened along just at the moment when the leaf was standing up straight, and had I then seen it disappear, I should have been greatly puzzled.

S. P. Lazarus, New York City.

ONCE A YEAR.

How often do deer shed their horns, and in what season. Let me know just how they shed their horns, and if they drop them entirely so that the bucks resemble the does. E. L. Husting, Milwaukee, Wis.

ANSWER.

Deer drop their antlers in January or February, and in some of the Southern states as late as March. The old antler breaks off at the skull, just as you would break the stem off a pumpkin. A small convex cavity is left in the skull when the horn comes off. The new horn starts to grow from this same cavity within a few days after the old horn drops, and usually matures by the 1st of August. During the growing period it is covered with a short hair, which is usually called velvet. During August and September the horns harden and the deer rubs this velvet off by raking the horns up and down the trunks of small trees or bushes.—Editor.

INDIGO FOR SNAKEBITE.

Here is a remedy for rattlesnake bite which I never knew to fail. It is not original with me. I first learned it in Kansas while herding cattle in 1876. That is a rattlesnake country, and there I saw the remedy used on men, horses, cattle and dogs. Bind one teaspoonful of dry, powdered indigo on the wound made by the fangs and let it remain 24 hours. I once used it on a steer that was bitten on the nose. It cured him. I saw it used on a boy who was bitten on the leg. The remedy was applied 5 hours after the boy was bitten, yet in 12 hours the swelling was almost gone. I would rather be bitten by a healthy rattler than by a dog, if where I could get indigo. If sportsmen who frequent the haunts of the rattler will carry a small quantity of indigo, they need fear no snakes unless they find them in bottles.

E. S. Davis, Denver, Col.

MORE SMALL HORNS.

In October Recreation Lieutenant Gardner, of Ft. Washakie, describes some small deer horns. Last summer I was with a surveying party on the head of Wind river. One evening on my way to camp I ran across the skeleton of an extremely small deer. The horns showed 4 points and were almost perfect in shape. I had no way of measuring them, and as we had to pack our outfit, did not take the horns. This skeleton was a little larger than the one described by Lieutenant Gardner, being almost as large as that of a sheep. I had never heard of a race of dwarf deer, and thought this one a freak. Have seen many deer horns, but never any to compare with these.

A HAWK OR CROW.

Vernon, B. C.

Mr. D. I. Arnold says it is a mystery how the male ruffed grouse drums. Let him go in any farm yard where turkeys are kept, and if an old gobbler happens to be strutting, watch his tail and listen for a drumming sound. Turkeys make a distinct drumming noise, not so audible as that made by the grouse but exactly like it. This sound is produced by the tail, as in the grouse. F. Williams, M. D., Vernon, B. C.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

On the 5th of September I shot a mourning dove. In cleaning it I found a small bunch of eggs, one of which was about the size of a pea. Would these eggs have been deposited in the South this winter, or here on the return of the bird next spring?

Charles C. Camp, Portage, Wis.

ANSWER.

So far as I am aware the mourning dove does not nest in the winter in any portion of the United States. In the Southern states it sometimes nests as late as the middle of September, and as early as March, and rears 2 broods. It is reasonably certain the eggs referred to would not have been deposited anywhere before the spring of 1899.—Editor.

In a recent Recreation I notice a query on the advisability or otherwise of introducing the starling. If the writer means

Sturnus vulgaris, Linnaeus—he will find them a bird of different sort from that pest —the English sparrow. Their chief food is insects, although they will eat fruit and grain when hungry and insects cannot be obtained. If taken when young from the nest they can easily be taught to talk or whistle tunes. In size, shape, habits and color they are like the American blackbird except that the feathers, from head to tail, are edged with white. The flight feathers are in great demand all through England for trout and grayling flies.

S. Howarth, Florissant, Col.

I want to ask about the mule deer. I spent some years in the Rocky mountains and have killed many white tail and black tail deer. RECREATION speaks of the "black tail and the mule deer." I thought they were identical. I may have killed both and not known them apart. I killed the largest blacktail buck, near Leadville, I ever saw. Have always regretted not having had means of weighing him. All blacktails have large ears; that is one reason I thought they were called mule deer. I once killed 2 at one shot with a rifle; they were about 25 or 30 yards apart.

C. B. R., M.D., Carroll County, Mo.

The deer you refer to is the mule deer, and not the black tail. The latter is found only on the Western slope of the cascades and the coast range of mountains, in Oregon and British Columbia.—EDITOR.

What is the red squirrel? Here in Missouri we have the fox squirrel that is often called red squirrel, the little gray squirrel, an occasional black squirrel and the ground squirrel. I have killed many squirrels and some of them had been mutilated. Old hunters told me the mother squirrel did this, never leaving but one perfect male in a litter. But some of your writers speak of the red squirrel as mutilating both the fox and gray; thereby indicating that the red is a separate species, with which I am totally unacquainted. Most of these writers I notice are from the East. I don't think we have the real red rascals in the West.

C. B. R., M.D., Carroll County, Mo.

In spite of all that has appeared in RECREATION against the red squirrel, I am still his friend. He is pretty, interesting and generally harmless. Defying extermination, he is the life of many a little copse that would otherwise be desolate. Courageous and sprightly, you will find his track in deep snows when other animals do not venture out. His bird neighbors, who are the best judges of him, show no sign of fear on his approach. If he acts as a sentinel to warn his larger neighbors of the approach of danger then indeed is he the true sportsman's friend. J. M. Noel, Lilly, Pa.

In July RECREATION Mr. R. H. Mertz speaks of the ivory-billed woodpecker as being common in Montana. He probably refers to the pileated woodpecker. The ivory-bill is a wild, shy bird, only locally distributed and more or less rare. Its habitat is the Mississippi valley and the Gulf States. While on an expedition through Southeast Missouri and Northeast Arkansas, in December, '96, I saw but 3 ivory-bills. Indications are that within a few years this "prince of woodpeckers" will be extinct. I trust Mr. Mertz will pardon my making this correction.

M. B. Rice, Omaha, Neb.

Have any of the readers of RECREATION ever tried keeping any of the wild ducks, grouse or quails in captivity? If so with what success? Did they breed at all? What was their food and what sort of a yard had they? What species could winter in Southern Ontario? I should be greatly obliged for answers to these questions and for any other information needed in the breeding of wild game birds in captivity.

I take RECREATION through my news agent and am well pleased with it. I admire you for your stand against spring shooting. Crum, Toronto, Ont.

Has anyone ever heard of a cross between a pintail and a mallard? Do these 2 ducks interbreed? If they do, what are the markings of the offspring? While shooting last fall I killed a duck which had the exact tail markings (except the curled feathers) of a male mallard, while on the breast, back and head it resembled a female pintail. It was killed in company with a flock of mallards. Last spring a friend killed one in company with a flock of pintails.

J. E. K., Boulder, Col.

Last summer I was fishing at a pond in a wild and timbered country near here. At a deserted camp I found the remains of 4 hedgehogs. The skin of each animal had been turned inside out and the bones picked clean, but the entrails lay close by untouched. One skin was quite fresh, the others were more or less decayed. What animal in our woods will kill and eat hedgehogs? An answer will oblige members of RECREATION Gun Club, of Barre, Vt. J. F. Perry, Barre, Vt.

Norton & Robinson, of this town, have lately engaged in raising foxes. They are stocked chiefly with blue foxes from Alaska. They have also some native red foxes. They intend to have some black ones also, but have not yet succeeded in getting them. Any of your readers who have such for sale might profit by corresponding with these gentlemen.

Box Magazine, Dover, Me.

In November RECREATION, Pine Tassel, Lisbon Falls, Me., asks if any of your readers ever saw a woodchuck climb a tree. Here we call them ground hogs. I once came across one perched on the limb of a black gum, about 15 feet from the ground and about 10 feet out on the limb. A friend of mine on 2 occasions saw them climbing and he says they hugged the tree like a small boy.

William H. Fisher, Baltimore, Md.

In October RECREATION somebody inquires if any of its readers ever saw a woodchuck climb a tree. One day last summer I was out shooting, and came suddenly on a chuck, just at the edge of a ravine. I fired and wounded him. He appeared dazed and started to climb 2 little saplings that grew close together. He was, I should think, 4 or 5 feet above the ground, when I fired again and killed him.

J. H. Westfall, Jamestown, N. Y.

I have read the discussions in RECREATION relative to the red squirrel. I know from personal observation they are a source of terror to the larger species of squirrels, and that birds' nests are robbed by the little red pirates, apparently for their own amusement. The states should allow a bounty sufficiently large to compensate the hunter for the ammunition used in killing these pests.

M. E. Denison, Benton Harbor, Mich.

I do not think the red squirrel is quite so black as he is painted. That he will rob an occasional bird's nest, I know without guessing. But he is not guilty of the mutilation of his gray cousin with which he stands charged. That work is done by mature male gray squirrels on younger individuals. I may be wrong in making this assertion, but I base it on a life-long study of the animal.

Charles N. Murray, M.D., Ivorytown, Ct.

Answering your inquiry about the American passenger pigeon: I have never seen or heard of any having been seen in this part of Mexico. We have 2 kinds of doves here. The larger, somewhat smaller than a pigeon, is of a bluish gray and is found all over the Southwest in the States. The other is small and tame, entering houses to pick up bread crumbs, etc.

Charles Wilhelmi, Valardena, Durango, Mexico.

The article in October RECREATION, by Allan Brooks, on the ruddy duck, *Erismatura rubida*, is, so far as my observation goes, fairly correct. I take exception, however, to the statement that the ruddy is a poor duck for the table. I think it one of the best.

E. E. Farnham, Cambridge, Mass.

In October RECREATION, page 305, Lt. Gardner gives dimensions of a small deer head and horns. In my hunts in Mexico, especially in the state of Sinaloa, I have often seen red deer, when fully grown, no larger than this one of Lieutenant Gardner's. In Sinaloa and other Pacific coast states of Mexico there are mule, white tail and little red deer.

Ed. Lycan, Hoquiam, Wash.

In reply to Mr. La Drew Sherwood, I will say the German hare never holes, increases well, lives in meadow, marsh, field and forest, runs for brush whenever chased by dogs, and his meat, when well prepared, is delicious. Can anyone tell me what became of the migrating European quails imported several years ago by some Eastern sportsmen?

R. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

Will some reader of RECREATION inform me if an attempt was ever made to domesticate the mountain sheep, or if it was ever crossed with any breed of domestic sheep? If so, who made the experiment, and with what success? Where can I learn the habits, etc., of this interesting animal?

Farmer, Greenwich, N. Y.

The rarest bird in existence is a certain kind of pheasant in Annam. For many years its existence was known only by the fact that its longest and most splendid plume was in much request by mandarins for their headgear. A single skin is worth £80, and the living bird would be priceless, but it soon dies in captivity.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

I noticed, Mr. Starboard, that you got the wishbone at dinner to-day. What did you wish?

I wished, madam, there was more meat on it.

There has been some discussion in RECREATION as to the size that coons attain. William Dean and John Mayo, of Flemington, N. J., killed one in November last, which they say weighed 18½ pounds.

Are English sparrows considered a pest, and if so, why?

L. Nixdorf, Lancaster, Pa.

If you would live next to nature read RECREATION.

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	Marvin H. Butler,	Morilla, N. Y.
Essex,	Warren H. Broughton,	Moriah, N. Y.
Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie, N. Y.
Oneida,	E. J. Breeze,	Forestport. N. Y.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown, N. Y.
	J. H. Kidd,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Rensselaer,	Capt. J. B. Taylor,	Rensselaer, N. Y.
Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond, N. Y.
Schenectady,	J. W. Furnside,	Schenectady, N. Y.
Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Islip, L. I.
	P. F. Tabor,	Orient, L. I.
Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego, N. Y.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill, N. Y.
Westchester,	George Poth,	Pleasantville, N. Y.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park Street, Bridgeport, Ct.
Hartford,	Abbott C. Collins,	783 Main Street, Hartford, Ct.
(County Warden, care Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.)		
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

Harvey C. Went, Sec.-Treas.

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass. Photographic goods.
Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City. Photographic goods.
W. H. Longdon, Bridgeport, Conn. Sportsmen's goods.
New York Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson Street, New York City. Condensed products.
Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y. Traps.
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis. Moccasins, hunting shoes, etc.
Novelty Cutlery Co., Canton, O. Pocket cutlery, ink erasers, etc.
M. A. Shipley, 432 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Fishing tackle.
Willis Arms & Cycle Co., Kansas City, Mo. Bicycles, athletic and sportsmen's goods.
Reuben Woods Sons' Co., 324 S. Salina Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Sportsmen's goods.
Edward Paddock, 94 Hudson Avenue, Albany, N. Y.
D. T. Abercrombie & Co., 36 South Street, New York City. Tents, etc.
W. H. Longden, Bridgeport, Ct.
V. Kindler, Saginaw, Mich.
William Shrive, Yonkers, N. Y.
T. W. Tignor & Sons, Richmond, Va.
T. B. Davis Arms Co., Portland, Me.
P. Haerr, Springfield, O.
Stark & Weckesser, Dayton, O.
J. C. Stamp, Wheeling, W. Va.
R. D. & William Lathiel, Savannah, Ga.
M. F. Kennedy & Bros., St. Paul, Minn.
W. H. Langdon, Bridgeport, Ct.
Brooks & Co., Elmira, N. Y.
J. M. Warren & Co., Troy, N. Y.
France & Thiele, San Antonio, Tex.
Morris & Reinhardt, 183 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.

I hope to be able to add materially to this list, from time to time.

ANOTHER BLOODLESS VICTORY.

I am still hunting for violations of the game laws, among hotel and restaurant keepers, and have found another. This time it was the manager of the Hotel Flouret, 126, 5th Avenue, New York. I dined there January 22d and saw on the bill of fare "quail on toast." I ordered one, got it, ate half of it and brought the other half away. Then I wrote Mr. Flouret in part as follows:

The legal season for killing or having in possession quails, grouse or partridges closed December 31st, and you are, therefore, violating the State law in serving such game at this time. I note the statement on your menu card that this is imported game, but you are laboring under an error.

I understand certain game dealers are selling birds which they claim are imported, but we are procuring testimony on this point and expect to proceed against them at an early date unless this business is stopped. We have official evidence that no quail, snipe or woodcock are being imported from abroad, and that the game sold and served as such in this country, at this time, is American game. It would be an easy matter to prove, in any Court, that this bird, a portion of which I have in my possession, is an American quail.

I do not suppose for a moment that a prominent house like yours would willfully violate a game law, and should like an assurance from you, in writing, that you will discontinue its sale at once. If you will write me to this effect I shall take no action in this case. Otherwise it will be my duty to proceed against you at once.

I send you herewith certain correspondence with Delmonico, on this subject of illegally serving game. You will note he frankly admits his error and promises that hereafter no game shall be served in either of his houses during the closed season. I trust you will take the same business-like view of this matter that he has taken.

In due time Mr. Flouret replied as follows:

I have been supplied with certain game birds of late, such as quails, partridges, snipe and woodcock, by dealers who assured me such birds were imported; but I have no intention of violating any game law, and I promise you that hereafter no such game shall be served in my house during the closed season.

Yours respectfully,
Leon Flouret.

Thus 2 of the most prominent caterers in this city have come into line and I hope to induce all the other hotels and restaurants to do so in time. It is now the duty of the friends of game protection in this city to give these houses their trade in preference to others who may still be evading or violating the game laws.—EDITOR.

OUR MONTANA WARDEN IS AT WORK.

Professor M. J. Elrod, Chief Warden of the Montana Division, whose office is at Missoula, has issued a circular letter to the newspapers of that state in which he says:

Certainly many citizens of Montana who have not understood the work of the League and its plans will join these forces for so worthy an end, and help in the cause of bird, game and fish protection, as also in the more important task of infusing into the minds of the young a love for nature and living things, and a desire to preserve the lives of innocent and useful birds and animals.

The work of the League is important, yet difficult, and in many respects not very pleasant. Letters already received from members of the League in different parts of the state show that the laws are openly and repeatedly violated. The charge is even made that a majority of the people of the state wink at the crime of shooting out of season, and that very few take any note of the limit in number killed in a day or a season, as prescribed by law. Indeed, the charges made by members of the League in isolated places show an alarming condition of affairs, and one that cannot last long without great loss to the game of the state. There is nothing sentimental about this. There are men in this state who make a living by killing game. There are others who slaughter wantonly. There are many who kill in small quantities, but out of season. There are many complaints in regard to the slaughter by Indians. There are few who have dared to stand out in opposition to this. The League of American Sportsmen has 125 men in Montana who come out openly and say this must stop; that the law must be obeyed, and forests, game, and fish must be protected in so far as their influence goes. The list should be much larger. Already Dame Fashion has driven those nightmares of taxidermic art from the hats of our wives and sweethearts, through the influence of the Audubon Society. A good healthy sentiment is what we need.

The President of the League has appointed a chief warden for the state of Montana. It is not his business to go about over the state seeking offenders. He is the executive officer of the League in the state, and as such works in various ways to accomplish the ends for which the League was organized. Any one making application for a constitution or further information will be cheerfully accommodated. The expenses for membership are trifling—only a dollar a year. The responses to this request should be speedy and numerous.

AN ACTIVE GAME WARDEN.

Port Townsend, Wash.

Inclosed find the sum of $1, my dues to the League of American Sportsmen. I have intended joining the League since I first read of it in RECREATION and can assign no reason except neglect for not having done so.

No one is more deeply interested in the game of this country than I am, and no person is in any better position to see the necessity of just such an organization as the L. A. S. Any man of ordinary intelligence can see how the indiscriminate slaughter of America's game has reduced it in the past few years and strong measures must be adopted to stop it.

Here on Puget Sound where deer were once to be found in great numbers they have now been dogged into the mountains to become the prey of panthers and wolves. I have counted the carcasses of 21 fawns in a 5 hours' trip up the Dungeness river in the Olympic mountains.

The officials of my county have always been very negligent and game has been killed in or out of season and openly offered for sale at all times up to within a few years. Last August I secured the position of warden at a salary of $5 a month. It has cost me about $15 a month so far to attend to it. Too much cannot be said in defense of our game. It is something every man should take an interest in and see that it is protected.

Munro Wyckoff.

A CHANCE FOR WISCONSIN GAME WARDENS.

Arbor Vitæ, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: Your favor of December 2d, with proposal to join the L. A. S. at hand, and while I wish to join it, while I believe in its good work, and while I appreciate all you have done, I don't think it would be policy for me to join, while I am keeping a resort. I am the only man here in the Northern part of the state who takes any interest in the preservation of game and fish. If I should join the League the other resort keepers, who, as near as I can learn, are not noted for obeying game and fish laws, would use it as a means of getting my trade in the summer, and thus hurting my business. There are a good many resorts here now, and a strong competition in the business, and as I am not popular with the natives, because I have expressed my opinion rather freely on the subject of illegal killing, and because I had old Weldon arrested and sent to the county jail 30 days for spearing black bass during spawning season, in this lake, I don't think it would be policy for me to join. I have the name of killing deer dogs also, and I don't wish to stir up too much hatred among the natives or Indians, whichever you may call them. I am the only man here who would join the League, and we could not get another in the county to join, for love or money.

If you wish I will keep you informed as to the illegal fishing and shooting done in my neighborhood, and you may publish my reports in RECREATION with my name attached. You may publish this letter if you wish. It might start the state game wardens to work.

H. B. Chapin.

I regret you feel you cannot consistently join the League. We need your dollar, and we need a dollar from every friend of game protection in the United States and Canada.

The state of affairs you outline in regard to game law violation is truly deplorable, and I trust the time will soon come when we can check the work referred to.

I should be glad to have direct reports of all cases of law breaking you hear of, and to have the names of the guilty persons. Thus I can report the cases, and by sending marked copies of the magazine to the men themselves, and to the state wardens, we may be able to check this work.

I trust all members of the League who may be planning fishing or hunting trips to Northern Wisconsin will write Mr. Chapin and engage quarters at his resort. He certainly deserves the patronage of sportsmen, as against the law breaking hotel keepers he mentions.—EDITOR.

HOW ONE TEACHER TEACHES.

Kalkaska, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: Have just finished reading January RECREATION and it is the best yet issued. I have a school of about 40 pupils. After a talk on bird protection one morning, some time ago, I asked how many would do their best to protect desirable birds at all times. Every one of my pupils raised a hand and in a manner which meant something for the coming generation. If such ideas had been brought into the schools 50 years ago your readers and others would not need the roastings they are getting now.

A few days ago I saw 3 deer about 10 rods from me. All looked at me a minute and ran away; but one, not satisfied came back and passed me, walking slowly and not 12 rods away. I had a gun on my arm but was so interested in the deer's behavior, I did not think of shooting. It seemed to know the season had closed and was determined to see what an L. A. S. man looked like. Had this occurred 2 years ago, before I saw RECREATION, it would have been an unlucky day for the deer.

Everything is quiet here now. There are no hunters out and all game is doing well.

W. H. Dunham, Local Warden L. A. S.

NOTES.

Strange to say, the court that tried James L. Tooker on the charge of killing in self-defense an Italian, whom he caught killing song birds, found Tooker guilty and sentenced him to prison for 20 years. The case seems to have been railroaded through court, by several Italian societies in New York and New Jersey, who raised large sums of money to be used in behalf of the prosecution. Sportsmen in general did not respond to the call for aid as liberally as they should have done, though several contributions of $1 to $5 each have been received at this office and promptly forwarded to Mr. Tooker's friends, who had immediate charge of the defense. One man at Magdalena, New Mexico, who sent me a dollar wrote, " I hope he will get the next fellow he finds violating a game law "; and that is the sentiment of thousands of good men who know the facts in this case.

An appeal will be made to the pardon board, at Trenton, N. J., at its next session and it is earnestly hoped they may be induced to release Tooker. Several officers of the League will go there and make arguments, as will 2 or 3 attorneys and personal friends of Mr. Tooker.

I have been exceedingly busy lately but am waiting for some applications that I hope to send you, from friends joining the L. A. S.

We ought to be able to get 25 members here, and so have a Division. Something is badly needed in this Province, for the game laws are enforced but little if at all, and game is poached in season and out.

H. U. Paget-Aylmer, Montreal, Can.

I shall be pleased to give members of the L. A. S. a discount, and to do all I can to help the League. I have been talking game protection for the last 10 years, for I know what is coming if we do not act promptly. We have a large piece of work to do; but if we all do a little we can accomplish a great deal.

W. H. Langdon, Bridgeport, Conn.

Inclosed find $1 for which send me RECREATION one year.

I have been buying it at the news stand, and would as soon be in jail as be without the old reliable RECREATION.

I heartily approve your course in roasting the pot shooters and game hogs, and I admire the way you stay with them. My application for membership to the L. A. S. will be on the way in a few days. The League owes you the credit of getting me as one of its members.

William H. Galloway, Quincy, Ill.

I am sending in to-day 15 applications to the L. A. S. and there are more to follow. As an educational factor RECREATION leads by a length, and a very long one. I have never seen its equal and do not expect to. I hope Coquina and his ventures will attain the pinnacle of prosperity which they so richly deserve. Don't let up on the swine.

H. P. Stanford, Kalispell, Mont.

If I can get some of our pot hunters to read RECREATION and join the L. A. S. I shall succeed better than by arresting them for shooting out of season, for it would be almost impossible to convict them, even if I should see the game in their possession. The game laws are ignored in these remote regions.

C. E. Butler, Jerome, Ariz.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

GOSSIP OF THE CREWS.

Preparations for the rowing season are now in full blast at all the colleges interested in the sport. Cornell, Yale, Harvard, Columbia and Pennsylvania have now had their men in training about 6 weeks, and all the indications point toward the development of some of the best eights ever put on the water by American colleges.

Cornell as usual is keeping exceedingly quiet about her crews. The men are, however, doing work entirely satisfactory to Mr. Courtney, who is much pleased by the increased interest in aquatics shown by the Freshmen. At the beginning of the season the youngsters bestowed little thought upon their 8, and Captain Fisher found it necessary to stir them up.

As usual the Yale candidates were put to work early and the management should feel happy over the number and quality of the men who turned out. Captain Allen's call was answered by 37 candidates for the University 8, and by 90 men for the Freshmen crew. The names and weights of the men who turned out are as follows:

'Varsity—F. W. Allen, 1900, 180; W. E. S. Griswold, '99, 178; J. C. Greenleaf, '99, S., 170; R. P. Flint, '99, S., 170; W. B. Williams, 1900, 160; W. E. Minor, 156; J. W. Cross, 1900, 183; J. P. Brock, 1900, 175; J. C. Greenway, 1900, 168; R. M. Patterson, 1900, 155; P. H. Hayes, 1900, 165; G. Lovell, 1900, 153; W. S. Pritchard, 1901, 165; J. H. Niedecken, 1900, 170; F. G. Brown, Jr., 1901, 200; J. D. Ireland, 1900, S., 160; R. H. Gillett, 1901, S., 194; C. B. Waterman, 1901, 157; H. P. Olcott, 1901, 180; F. S. Kellogg, 1901, 160; T. Kelly, 1900, S., 184; J. D. Bogart, 1901, 165; C. G. Pearce, 1901, 160; J. M. Patterson, 1901, 163; R. M. Newport, Jr., 1901, 172; P. S. Mitchell, 1900, 165; G. S. Stillman, 1901, 188; D. B. Casler, 1900, 178; S. M. Thomas, 1901, 165;

J. W. Clark, 1900, 180; H. Chappell, 1901, 180; R. L. Atkinson, 1901, 167; H. P. Wickes, 1900, 173; H. Auchincloss, 1901, 173; J. A. Keppelman, 1901, 170; A. Cameron, Jr., 1901, 163; A. R. Cluett, 1900, S., 170, and R. M. McGee, '99, S., 185.

Freshmen—A. W. Judd, 178; D. Reynolds, 162; C. A. Moore, Jr., 172; J. B. Burrall, 155; A. F. Escher, 140; J. A. Callender, 142; T. L. Goodwin, 130; A. C. Ludington, 140; R. V. Baylor, 175; C. Gould, 162; A. A. Quimby, 145; L. H. Holt, 160; E. G. Norman, 140; R. Pritchard, 145; J. C. Higgins, 153; N. C. Brainard, 145; J. G. Tenney, 150; G. Abbott, 151; B. J. Phelps, 175; H. P. Rogers, 151; E. T. Low, 156; M. P. Lancaster, 140; O. S. Ackley, 165; R. B. Dresser, 165; K. C. Reed, 150; F. T. Mason, 158; F. H. Strong, 145; E. A. Stetbins, 150; L. H. Burlingame, 157; A. S. Fleming, 160; H. B. Farrar, 138; S. D. Woodhouse, 159; H. G. Waters, 152; B. Morison, 140; R. A. Lincoln, 161; C. C. S. Cushing, 143; J. R. Swan, 170; H. S. Sherman, 169; R. H. T. Goddard, 165; J. Morgan, 148; G. Lear, 160; S. H. Stone, 160; W. R. Teller, 159; W. R. Sindenberg, 162; J. Taber, 142; B. R. C. Low, 140; H. B. Cox, 163; T. E. Wilde, 164; H. S. Hooker, 170; W. W. Duncan, 165; R. S. Lincoln, 161; A. L. Ferguson, 159; H. L. Laws, 162; L. Heaton, 142; E. C. Granbery, 159; E. Adams, 160; P. V. Gott, 146; P. H. Welch, 159; P. Steele, 160; A. W. Hyde, 150; W. S. Hastings, 163; W. F. Roberts, 149; H. A. Wessel, Jr., 145; W. S. Garnsey, Jr., 178; M. H. Berger, 165; R. R. Wright, 150; F. H. Phipps, 150; P. L. Smith, 145; F. S. Warmouth, 162; T. A. Farra, 160; G. N. Copley, 163; C. S. Newcomb, 142; R. R. Lee, 172; O. T. McClung, 150; R. W. Bragg, 155; H. F. Allen, 133; B. C. Moss, 164; B. Wells, 155; D. E. Breinig, 140; W. K. Barnard, 155; W. C. Lewis, 160; J. H. Wade, 160; C. A. Foster, 183; T. P. Leaman, 150; F. E. Whitney, 152; A. S. Blagden, 160; W. M. Clark, 160; E. H. Brenner, 149; P. H. Kunzig, 170.

For a Yale crew the Freshmen are light, and are for the most part entirely inexperienced men. The University candidates are nearly all veterans and tried oarsmen. When the weather allows the crews are sent out for daily spins, and Coach Gallaudet is rapidly bringing the eights into shape. Great satisfaction is expressed by the graduates who have seen him handle the men and those who are responsible for him being appointed Yale's coach are jubilant. Both of the squads, 'Varsity and Freshman, have been greatly reduced from the lists printed above which give the names of the men who showed their spirit by coming out.

Harvard is again experimenting with her rowing, and it remains to be seen whether the system proves of any value. Under the new plan a second boat club has been formed on the lines of the Weld, and as a rival of the latter. Dual races will be rowed between the senior, intermediate and junior crews of the 2 clubs. The 2 best crews from each club will then race about May 2, and the 16 men who comprise the winning eights will then constitute the 'Varsity squad. The 'Varsity captain will not, however, be restrained by this arrangement from trying any other man who may seem in his judgment better fitted for a place in the 'Varsity boat than one of the 16. It is said that Coach O'Dea will look after the members of the new organization.

The Freshman squad will be run independently of the upper class crews, and each club will be free to dispose of its Freshmen as it sees fit. About the middle of April the Freshmen eights of the rival clubs will be pitted against each other, and with this race as a basis for his choice the Freshman coach will pick the men for his final squad. When the call for candidates was made 107 men handed in their names to signify their intention of trying for places in the '02 boat. The list of the men is given below, all of whom are members of one of the 2 clubs:

A. Iselin, H. G. Pew, F. P. Coffin, J. C. Cobb, L. B. Frothingham, A. Friedman, L. C. Hills, E. E. Franchot, C. G. Rothchild, G. B. Emory, A. K. Pope, M. R. Brownell, R. B. Miller, W. M. Welch, A. Dodge, R. P. Benedict (cox.), J. F. Langmaid, A. M. Bernstein, W. A. Seavey, A. H. Morse, H. Lindsley, C. L. Clay, L. W. C. Jackson (cox.), C. R. Stevenson, C. C. Colby, J. C. Grew, J. H. Clifford, O. H. Cobb, B. Covel, M. H. Ware, L. P. Richardson, W. W. Morriston, E. C. Barnes, W. G. Merritt, R. S. Rainsford, H. J. Winslow, F. B. Colby, J. K. Mahon, S. L. Jones, E. E. Smith, R. Lawrence, H. Bullard, W. F. Chase, C. T. Lovering, A. P. Wadsworth, D. Gregg, D. Wight (cox.), J. H. Smith, O. F. Cooper, R. H. Goodell, G. S. Franklin, H. C. Dickinson, C. M. Connell, C. A. Hosmer, C. E. Corson, J. O. Farlow, R. Sturgis, R. F. James, W. Fischel, L. G. Brooks, W. G. Bowdoin, H. B. Ingalls, L. J. Knowles, R. G. Scott, G. L. Huntress, Jr., J. W. Davidge (cox.), R. H. Kellar, E. C. Leaycraft, J. O. Schwill, W. Boothby, E. B. Oliver, J. W. Stedman, W. W. Sloan, Jr., J. M. Cudahy, T. B. Pettit, R. K. Thorndike, T. B. Fay, E. Lewis, A. Hollingsworth, W. E. Ladd, C. W. Morris, H. B. Williams, E. Motley, R. Kinnicutt, T. C. Knowles, H. L. Movins, A. E. Wallace, E. T. H. Metcalf, A. W. Talmadge, J. O. Low, C. Frothingham, Jr., G. H. Burnett (cox.), P. W. Thomson, G. Bancroft, C. A. Barnard, L. C. Clark, Jr. (cox.), J. L. Motley, R. D. Pruyn, C. Platt, A. L. Devens, J. H. Inglesby, R. C. Edwards, F. M. Clark, W. B. Emmons, W. F. Dillingham, W. Shuebruk, R. L. Atkinson.

The prospects at Columbia for a winning crew are very bright and the men have taken hold of their work with a will. Dr. Peet is in charge of the candidates every day, and considers them equal to any he ever trained.

The Columbia stroke, as it is thus far developed by Dr. Peet, is marked by perfectly straight back work, with the swing from the lowest vertebra, and what the coach describes to the men as steady wheel-like motion. The catch is very sharp and the stroke begins with a marked heave. The body swing is a trifle longer on both the forward and back reach than the stroke taught by Dr. Peet in '95, but the chief features of that stroke are retained.

On account of the ice in the Hudson it will be impossible for the Columbia men to get on the water much before the middle of March. It has been arranged for the crew to go to the Harlem when the Hudson is unfit for rowing.

The following is a list of the men now in training:

'Varsity—J. W. Mackay, captain; O. Erdal, H. Thomas, B. Tilt, Robert McClay, Bruce Falconer, A. Lawrence, H. Sharp, C. Smith, A. Weekes, C. Long, C. H. Machen, C. Mayer, S. P. Nash, W. E. Mitchell, G. Gilsey, R. Williams, H. H. Boyesen, H. M. Birckhead and C. H. Elmer.

Freshmen—J. McAnerny, Mines; F. B. Irvine, M.; W. Pell, College; T. Rhodes, Jr., C.; B. A. Bradley, C.; H. H. Mosher, C.; A. Potts, C.; A. Weeks, C.; O. Bullard, C.; R. H. Bateson, C.; S. De Kay, C.; C. Bartow, C.; A. Williamson, M.; P. D. Snyder, C.; O. D. Steiner, C.; L. Rionda, M.; H. B. Lindsay, M.; F. W. Low, political science; R. B. Hincks, C.; C. E. Fiske, C.; C. T. Swart, M.; T. Mount, M.; R. P. Jackson, C.; C. P. Rittenberg, C.; J. W. Spenser, C.; J. E. Higgins, M.; D. M. Armstead, M.; H. S. Johnson, C.; R. E. Ashly, M.; F. C. Steckhert, C.; J. J. Kelley, C.; J. N. Schrieve, M.; G. R. McCaskell, M.; A. Rosenblatt, M.; E. M. Calie, C.; E. S. Washburn, M.; J. H. Heroy, C.; N. P. Falk, M.; D. Smyth, M.

Aquatics at Pennsylvania are booming. Coach Ward has charge of the men daily, and he says the outlook is promising for another fast crew. Seven of last year's eight are trying for places—Buckwalter, Weeks, Gardiner, Krutzing, Hall, Snoror and Flicknir. Evans and Webster, 2 of last year's substitutes, are also trying for positions in the boat. Consequently there is a strong nucleus on hand for this year's crew.

The men are rowing daily when the weather permits, and are in good form, considering the early date. The Freshmen seem to be a husky lot, and judging from the appearance of some of them a few of the youngsters will make the 'Varsity candidates work for their places.

Cornell has taken the only course left open to her, and has decided not to row Harvard and Yale this year. No one who has followed the negotiations carried on by the representatives of the 3 universities, and who is at all acquainted with the feeling that influenced those negotiations could reasonably expect any other issue.

There is only one explanation to be offered for the unsatisfactory rowing situation existing at present and that is, a lack of the true spirit of sportsmanship on the part of Yale and Harvard. Twice in succession they have both been badly defeated by Cornell. In spite of this fact, they sent an invitation, that was practically an ultimatum to the Ithacan crew to row at New London. Cornell could not preserve any self-respect, or the respect of any one else, if she even considered this so-called invitation, and she is not in the least to blame for any of the present trouble. She acted on the supposition that she would be met half way in her endeavors to arrange a race, whereas she was given an invitation to row, so hedged around with conditions that it was practically a freeze out. Yale and Harvard both knew perfectly well that Cornell could not row with them at New London. In view of their defeats in the last 2 years the sportsmanlike thing for them to have done would have been to accede to Cornell's request for the Poughkeepsie course. The rowing situation at present is this:

Harvard and Yale have an agreement to row at New London. Cornell belongs to an inter-collegiate rowing association the majority of the members of which, Cornell included, prefer the Poughkeepsie course to any other. For this reason Cornell must each season row her principal races with the members of the intercollegiate association. Yale and Harvard have been repeatedly requested to join the association and they have as often refused. The association has disclaimed any intention or wish to hold a championship contest, and so any objection on the part of Yale and Harvard to joining the other colleges in their races on that score is entirely imaginary.

The majority of the authorities competent to judge the courses at Poughkeepsie and at New London declare the former superior to the latter.

With the one exception of Yale all the rowing colleges have been well pleased with the accommodations they have been able to secure at Poughkeepsie. The same thing can be said of New London, Yale being included in this case.

The accommodations provided at Poughkeepsie by the West Shore Railroad are fully the equal of those provided by the railroad at New London.

As the matter stands to-day Cornell has declined the invitation of Yale and Harvard to join in the race at New London for the reasons stated above; namely, that she considers Poughkeepsie the better course of the 2, and because she is a member of the intercollegiate association which has decided to hold its race on the Hudson. Yale and Harvard decline to join the intercollegiate association, and decline to accommodate Cornell in the matter of coming to Poughkeepsie in order that the Ithacans may have a fair chance in both races.

The whole question is one of courtesy, and it seems to RECREATION that Yale and Harvard, in view of the defeats they have suffered at the hands of Cornell during the past 2 years, should accommodate the Ithacans who acted in so manly a way when the arrangements for former seasons were being considered.

The stewards of the intercollegiate rowing association, Professor B. I. Wheeler, of Cornell, Thomas H. Keath, of the University of Pennsylvania, and J. A. Merkleham, of Columbia, held a meeting in New York City to decide on a date for the June races at Poughkeepsie. On account of the inability of the representatives of the Poughkeepsie Board of Trade to make any definite propositions, no arrangements were concluded at the meeting. However, the representatives of the West Shore Railroad agreed to provide the proper traffic facilities and advertise extensively.

The stewards said it was probable that the University of Wisconsin would enter a crew in the regatta, and that the University of Toronto might accept an invitation to enter an eight. Yale and Harvard are to be invited to race on the Hudson.

Dr. E. F. Gallaudet, stroke of the '92 and '93 Yale crews, is to act as head coach of the Yale navy this year, and with Captain Allen will train the crew candidates. The following graduates will assist in the coaching: Alfred Cowles '86, Dr. John Rogers '87, Percy Bolton '89 S., G. S. Brewster '91, S., Dr. J. A. Hartwell '92 S., Dr. S. B. Ives '93, F. A. Johnson '94 S., R. Armstrong '95 S., George Langford '97 S., Payne Whitney '98 and J. O. Rogers '98.

It is planned that one of the above named men shall be in New Haven each week, but their suggestions and coaching will be made through Dr. Gallaudet, in order to avoid confusion. Any talk about Mr. Cook coaching the crew this season is said to be without foundation.

The members of the Harvard Boat Club have decided to ask the New York graduates who have already subscribed toward the 'Varsity boat house, to select a name for the new boat club. The following have been elected as officers of the new club: President, G. O. Clark, 1900. Secretary, C. C. Adams, '99. Treasurer, H. H. Dayton, 1901. Governing Board, J. F. Perkins, '99; C. L. Harding, 1900; James Lawrence, 1901; E. Lewis, Jr., 1902; F. O. Bird, member at large.

It has been definitely decided by the managers of the Harvard 'Varsity crew, to rent quarters at New London this year instead of buying or building a new house. The railroad company has run its line 50 feet back of Red Top, so that the old Crimson quarters, though they belong to the railroad company, are still in good condition. It is possible that Red Top may yet be hired for the use of the crew this year.

The crew of the Annapolis Naval Academy has challenged Cornell to a race. The cadets are willing to row either the Freshmen or the 'Varsity 8. It is entirely probable that Cornell will accommodate the Sailors.

At the annual general meeting of the stewards of the Henley Regatta, held recently, it was decided to hold the regatta for 1899 on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 5th, 6th and 7th.

The Harvard Freshmen turned out 107 strong for their class crew. How is that for college spirit?

BASEBALL.

The management of the Harvard baseball team is to be congratulated on its early announcement of the schedule. Mr. Adams says the team will leave Cambridge on April 14th, and remain in the South during the entire Easter recess, returning on April 25th. Captain Houghton announces that Louis Frothingham, '93, captain of the '92 and '93 winning nines, has consented to serve as chief coach. Louis, of the Boston League Team, will again have charge of the batteries up to the time when it will be necessary for him to join his own team. Jack McMasters is looking out for the physical condition of the men. By his advice the candidates were not called out until February 20th. An arrangement has been made whereby it will be possible to pick out the best Freshmen, and transfer them to the 'Varsity squad. The schedule of games as announced is as follows:

April 8th, Tufts, at Cambridge; 15th, University of Virginia, at Charlottesville; 18th, Fredericksburg College, at Fredericksburg; 20th, Georgetown University, at Washington; 21st, Fordham College, at New York; 22d, Manhattan College, at New York; 26th and 27th, Dartmouth, at Cambridge; 29th, Williams, at Williamstown; May 2d, Exeter, at Cambridge; 3d, Bowdoin, at Cambridge; 6th, Columbia, at Cambridge; 9th, Amherst, at Cambridge; 13th, Princeton, at Princeton; 16th, Williams, at Cambridge; 20th, University of

Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; 24th, Georgetown University, at Cambridge; 27th, Princeton, at Cambridge; 30th, Cornell, at Cambridge; June 3d, Brown, at Providence; 7th, Holy Cross, at Worcester; 10th, University of Pennsylvania, at Cambridge; 14th, Brown, at Cambridge; 17th, Holy Cross, at Cambridge; 22d, Yale, at Cambridge; 27th, Yale, at New Haven; July 1st, Yale, at New York, in case of a tie.

Good news comes from Brown University in regard to baseball. Although several of the strongest players of last year's nine are gone there is a large amount of good material on hand, including substitutes of former teams and new men. Brown's chief losses are Captain Lander, third base; David Fultz, second base; Frank Croker, first base; Richard Croker, right field; E. Gammans, left field, and D. Cook, substitute right fielder. Captain Sedgwick remains at the head of the pitchers, and with him and several new men who have unusual ability, Brown should be exceedingly strong in the box this year. Bacon, shortstop; Le Stage, catcher, and Clarke, center fielder, are still in college.

Captain Sedgwick's call for candidates was answered by 37 new men who have been put to work.

Captain Lander has been engaged to coach the squad until April 1st. It is expected that the nine will be made up of hard hitters. The schedule includes games with Yale, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, Princeton and Cornell.

Cornell is making extensive preparations to develop a strong nine, and it is expected that with the old men from last season, and with some exceedingly promising new material in the Freshman class, a high grade team will be put on the diamond. The Ithacans have lost only Blair and Hastell of the '98 team. Young, Bole, White, Murtaugh, Newton, Geuger, Wood, Smith, Stratton and Miller will answer the call for candidates.

Reports from Pennsylvania tell a tale of woe, and from that it can be judged that the baseball prospects do not look particularly bright to the Quaker Collegians. The team has lost 4 of its best players on last year's 9, in the ex-captain and second baseman, Jackson; short-stop, Wilhelm; third-baseman, Robinson, and pitcher, Dickson.

Of last year's team Gillinder, first base; Sherril, catcher; Brown, pitcher; Layton, pitcher; Frazier, right field; Houston, center field, and Coombs and Thompson, left field, will in all probability try for places on this year's nine.

No games with Princeton or Yale will be played. Harvard will be met twice as usual, and in case of a tie the third game will be played in Boston. The season will end for Pennsylvania with a New England trip closing about June 13th.

The teams of all the colleges are now practicing daily, for the greater part indoors, and the schedules show that the season will open on or about April 1st for all the colleges.

The Wesleyan University baseball 9 published its schedule at the end of the fall term, and the games will be played as follows:

At Middletown, Wednesday, April 12th, Boston College; April 15th, New York University; April 18th, Williams College; April 26th, Amherst; April 29th, Syracuse; Wednesday, May 3d, Manhattan; Friday, May 5th, Dartmouth; May 17th, Yale; May 20th, Colby; Tuesday, May 23d, Georgetown; Friday, May 26th, Tufts; Tuesday, May 30th, Columbia; Saturday, June 3d, Holy Cross; June 7th, University of Vermont. The out of town games are: April 8th, Yale at New Haven; April 22d, Holy Cross, at Worcester; May 10th, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; Thursday, May 11th, Rutgers, at New Brunswick; May 12, Fordham, at Fordham; May 13th, West Point, at West Point; May 27th, Amherst, at Amherst; May 30th, Williams, at Willliamstown.

The management of the Rutgers baseball team announces the following schedule for this season:

March 22—Princeton, at Princeton.
March 25—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.
April 1—Columbia University, at New York.
April 22—Ursinus, at New Brunswick.
May 6—N. Y. U., at New Brunswick.
May 11—Wesleyan, at New Brunswick.
May 13—Crescent A. A., at Bay Ridge.
May 20—Dickinson, at New Brunswick.
May 27—N. Y. U., at New York.
June 3—Ursinus, at Collegeville.

The captains of the leading college baseball teams for the season of 1899, are as follows: Harvard, P. Haughton; Princeton, F. W. Kafer; Yale, C. A. H. De Saulles; Pennsylvania, Gillender; Cornell, J. F. Murtagh; Amherst, W. L. Righter; Brown, O. W. Sedgewick; West Point, A. S. Cowan; Dartmouth, P. F. Drew, and Columbia, J. D. Pell.

The Cornell baseball team will begin winter practice about February 10th, in the armory. The Southern trip will include games with Georgetown, Virginia, Mercer, University of Georgia, Trinity, North Carolina, Vanderbilt and several National League teams.

Captain De Saulles, of the Yale baseball team, announces that the following named men will coach the candidates this season:

W. F. Carter, J. C. Greenway, captain of the '98 team, and H. M. Keator, captain of the '97 team.

FOOTBALL.

In order to develop kickers for the Pennsylvania football teams of the future, an annual kicking, punting and driving contest was arranged for, the first match to take place during the coming spring at Franklin field. As a prize for the winner a $100 solid silver challenge cup is presented by several Pennsylvania graduates, the best known among whom is Dr. J. W. White. Upon the faces of the cup are inscribed elegantly chased pictures of football scenes. The prize is marked as follows: " Presented to the undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania, to be contested for in punting, place kicking and driving contests." It is a perpetual challenge cup and belongs each year to the Pennsylvania man who can surpass all others in the general kicking and landing of a football.

Besides the challenge trophy, 3 other cups, ranging in value from $10 to $50, are offered by the same alumni. They are to be awarded as prizes to the men making the best scores, and are also to be considered perpetual challenge cups.

The rules for the kicking contests are very elaborate, and extremely involved. They were drawn up by Coach Woodruff, and provide for contests in driving, punting, drop and place kicking. Candidates for the 'Varsity football team who have 50 per cent. of the required practice are eligible to compete for the challenge cup, which may be held for one year by the winner. The contests are to be held after May 1st of each year.

W. G. Edwards, 1900, has been elected captain of the Princeton, '99, 'Varsity football team. He received his preparation for college at St. John's School, Manlius, N. Y., and at Lawrenceville. He played guard 3 years before coming to Princeton, and was substitute guard on the University team in his Freshman year. In '97 he regularly filled the position of right guard, and in '98 occupied that position in every game which the University team played.

The management of the Princeton University football team presented all the players who took part in the game against Yale with a miniature gold football to be worn as a watch charm. On the front side is the name of the player, with his position, and on the reverse side the words, " Champion, '98." The men who received the souvenir are:

Palmer, left end; Geer, left tackle; Crowdis, left guard; Booth, center; Edwards, right guard; Hillebrand, right tackle; Poe, right end; Duncan, quarter back; Ayres, left half back; Kafer, right half back; Wheeler, full back; substitutes, Mills, Hutchinson, Beardsley and Black.

The " scrub " eleven were presented with silver footballs, similarly inscribed.

It is said that Captain Chamberlain of the '98 Yale University football team has been offered the position of coach of the Leland Stanford University team, at Palo Alto, Cal., next fall. Several good offers have been made to Captain Chamberlain by some of the minor colleges of the East to coach their elevens, but it is hinted that he may be made head coach at Yale next season. His friends say he was handicapped in his work last year by adverse circumstances over which he had no control. Their claim for him is that he is a strategic player, and would make an ideal chief coach.

Harvard will meet Yale in football at Cambridge on November 18th, and the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, November 4th. Princeton will meet Yale at New Haven on either November 11th or 25th. If November 25th is chosen, it is said an effort will be made by Princeton to arrange a game with Harvard for November 11th. If the Crimson authorities deem the strain of 3 big games on successive Saturdays too much, arrangements will probably be made to play on November 30th.

It is said that Columbia will try to secure Butterworth, the old Yale player, to coach her 11 next fall. Thomas Simons, 1900, has been elected captain of the team, and W. E. Mitchell, manager. A schedule is being arranged with a large number of colleges. The feature of the year, it is hoped, will be a game between the Carlisle Indians and Columbia, to be played in New York on Thanksgiving Day.

It is said on the authority of Manager Fisher that the University of Wisconsin football team will come East next fall. No definite schedule has been arranged as yet, but it is most likely that a game will be taken on with Harvard. The Western athletes are looking forward eagerly to the Eastern trip.

The officials of the Yale Football Association for the coming year are: President, Percy A. Rockefeller, 1900, of New York; Vice-President, Charles T. Dudley, 1900 S, Washington, D. C.; Treasurer, Robert B. Hixon, 1901, La Crosse, Ill., and Secretary, George B. Chittenden, 1901, New York.

Right Tackle Sweetland has been elected captain of the Cornell 'Varsity 11 for the season of 1899. He was one of the best tackles on the gridiron last fall, and is an extremely aggressive player.

It seems almost incredible that any football team should fail to pay expenses, but if the reports be true the Princeton Freshmen team is in that predicament. Only the grossest mismanagement could bring about such a result.

The Athletic Board of the University of Michigan as well as that of the University of Wisconsin, contemplate sending their 11's East next fall. A game with Harvard seems to be the attraction desired.

The Harvard football team's kicking squad is practicing every afternoon on Soldier's Field. It is reported that the form of the work is equal to that of the '98 team.

Mr. G. S. Warner, who coached the Cornell football 11 last year, has been engaged to coach the Carlisle Indians for next season.

NOTES.

The Harvard Rifle and Pistol Club, through its representative, Mr. C. H. Taylor, has sent the following challenge to the University of Pennsylvania:

The attention of all students of the University of Pennsylvania, interested in rifle, pistol or revolver shooting, is called to the recent formation of the Harvard Rifle and Pistol Club. Its members earnestly hope that similar organizations will be formed at the other leading universities so that intercollegiate rifle, pistol and revolver matches may be instituted. As an incentive to the early formation of such a club at Pennsylvania the Harvard Rifle and Pistol Club hereby extends a challenge to the students of the University of Pennsylvania to a team match with rifle, pistol or revolver, to be shot under any reasonable conditions Pennsylvania may name.

The announcement has been made by the graduates' advisory committee of Yale that Mr. A. F. Copeland has been engaged as the trainer of the track team, his duties to begin immediately. Mr. Copeland is a well known athlete and became prominent in 1888 when he was a member of the Manhattan A. C. team. At that time he was a crack sprinter, hurdler and broad jumper, and still holds a number of world's records, the principal of which are those in hurdling for 75, 80, 100, 120 and 250 yards. His time is 14 3-5 seconds for 120 yards over 10 hurdles, 2 feet 6 inches high. In 1897 Kraenzlein, of the University of Pennsylvania, beat Copeland's time for 300 yards, which was 37 3-5 seconds. Copeland's record for the running broad jump, 23 feet 3⅛ inches, was not broken until last year.

The following was adopted by the representatives from the hockey teams of Yale, Columbia, Brown and Pennsylvania at a meeting held in the St. Nicholas Skating Rink, New York City, on December 23, 1898:

Resolved, That in a series of games to be played by the above colleges, the team having the highest percentage shall be entitled to the championship, each team playing 2 games with every other. In case of a tie for the championship between 2 teams, an extra game shall be played.

Captain J. C. McCracken, of the University of Pennsylvania track team, has announced that the following named men will be the squad lieutenants for the team. They are to have charge of the candidates for their special events, and will assist Coach Murphy in training the new men:

One hundred-yard dash, J. W. B. Tewksbury, '99; 220-yard dash, T. B. McClain, '01; 440-yard run, E. A. Mechling, '99; 880-yard run, L. J. Lane; one-mile run, A. R. Earnshaw, '01, and W. V. Little, '01; 2-mile run, Alex. Grant, '00; 120-yard hurdle, J. M. McKibben, '99; 220-yard hurdle, A. C. Kraenzlein, '00; pole vault, E. W. Deakin, '01; broad jump, W. P. Remington, '00; high jump, I. K. Baxter, '00; shot put, A. Garland, '99, and hammer throw, T. T. Hare, '01.

John Flanagan, the champion hammer thrower of the New York Athletic Club, will get in his preliminary training at Harvard, and will incidentally give a few points to the crimson men training for the weight events. A corner of Soldier's Field will be devoted to this especial purpose, and several rings will be laid out. The weight material at Cambridge this year is very promising. H. J. Brown, the St. Paul's School hammer thrower; Spear, the New England interscholastic champion, and Eaton, the football player, are among the Freshmen who will try.

The manager of the Princeton Track Team announces that for the first time Princeton and Cornell will hold a dual track meet. The contest will take place at Ithaca, on May 30th, and will include practically the same list of events that will be followed in the intercollegiate meet. It is probable that a joint relay race will also be run.

Reports from Harvard would now lead one to suppose that the crimson fencing team would soon be disbanded for lack of skill in the men. Columbia, Cornell and Annapolis want to look well to their chances, for 9 times out of 10 an advertised cripple is a pretty good investment.

John F. Cregan has reconsidered his determination to resign the captaincy of the Princeton Track Team, and is now in charge of the Tiger's whelps.

SMOKE FROM OUR CAMP FIRE.

G. O. S.

It was Alaska night at the Camp Fire Club. The guests of honor were Captain W. R. Abercrombie, of the Army, and Lieutenant E. B. Bertholf of the Revenue Cutter Service, both of whom had been doing long and arduous service in Alaska. Lieutenant P. G. Lowe, who was with Abercrombie in his explorations, had also been invited and had accepted, but was attacked with the grip, a few days before the dinner, and was unable to come.

Captain Abercrombie told a most remarkable story. He was sent to Alaska in command of a detachment of infantry, with 530 reindeer that had been imported from Lapland, to carry provisions to the Klondike and the Cooper river regions.

The vessel carrying the outfit landed at Port Valdez, Cook's Inlet, in the early spring of '98. A number of the reindeer died en route and others were left on the coast. Then Abercrombie made up an outfit consisting of about 20 head of horses and mules and started across the mountains with a large quantity of supplies. The object of this expedition was to locate a route into the Cooper river and the upper Yukon districts, on American soil. The route chosen for this trip was one that had never before been traversed by horses and seldom by men. Several old prospectors who had been in Alaska for years, told Abercrombie it would be impossible to get over the glaciers with such an outfit. Abercrombie is, however, a man of remarkable determination—not to say stubbornness—and no amount of adverse criticism could deter him from his undertaking. He had been ordered to do a certain thing and would do it if possible for man to do.

The start into the interior was made about the first of August and one of the first great obstacles incurred was the great Valdez Glacier. This is more than 20 miles wide, 70 miles long and anywhere from 100 to 3,000 feet deep. It is broken at frequent intervals by vast crevasses, anywhere from one foot to 12 feet wide. One may look down into these and see nothing but endless walls of clear blue ice. You may throw a rock into one of these crevasses and in some cases it will be several seconds before any report comes back.

The only way of crossing them is by means of snow arches which form over them, in certain places. The wind on these mountain tops frequently blows with a velocity of 100 miles an hour, while the temperature may be 50 to 60 degrees below zero. In such times the air is filled with fine snow which is driven across the mountains and, coming to the edge of a crevasse begins to build out over the wall of ice, in a narrow strip. It will keep growing out and hanging over, just as you have seen it do on the edge of the roof of a house; and in that intense cold it freezes as it forms. This building out process continues until the strip of snow reaches the opposite wall of ice. Then the snow arch gradually widens and freezes harder and harder. Many of these arches encountered by Captain Abercrombie and his men, had not yet reached the icy form and were simply snow bridges.

Think of the awful hazard of a party of men taking an outfit of horses and mules across one of these frail structures! Yet this was the every day business of these men, for weeks at a time. One man—usually the commanding officer himself—would go across the bridge first, in order to ascertain whether it would bear a man up. If any of them had failed to do this then we would not have heard the thrilling story Captain Abercrombie told us. But fortunately most of the bridges were found safe and the outfit passed over. Only one man was allowed to cross at a time. Long ropes were attached to the horses and each man led his horse over after he had crossed.

In ascending these great glaciers it was frequently necessary to cut steps in the ice for 100 yards at a time, not only for the men but for the horses as well. These were Indian ponies that had been broken and handled almost exclusively by Indians and that had been trained to mountain work; but not one of them had ever before been on a glacier. However, they soon got the pace and were just as careful in placing their feet in the holes cut for them as the men were. In many cases the expedition had to tack up the side of a mountain of ice which was too steep to be ascended direct. In all such cases only one horse was taken up at a time. A long rope was passed around his body and 8 or 10 men taking hold of it would work on the upper side of the temporary trail, cutting foot holes for themselves as they went. In case the horse lost his footing these men were required to hold him by the rope and prevent him from going down the side of the glacier into some great crevasse. Several horses slipped and fell, but all were saved from destruction. "The reason we did not allow any of the men below the horses," Captain Abercrombie said, "was that if one should fall he would take them with him into the abyss."

We reached a point near the summit of the glacier about dark. Men and animals were so completely exhausted that they could go no farther and we were compelled to stay there on the ice all night. It could hardly be called camping, for we had neither fire nor shelter.

Some of the men said they were going to sleep as quickly as possible. The old prospectors who were with us, winked at one another and said, "Yes, they will sleep a lot." The men hunted for depressions in the ice which were filled with snow, because the snow was a little softer than the ice and not quite so cold. We ate some crackers and some raw salt pork. Then the men began creeping into their sleeping bags; but within an hour they began to creep out again and to swear like pirates about how ——cold that ice was.

It is safe to say no man in the outfit slept a wink that night. Darkness came on about 9 o'clock and it began to grow light again about 3. As soon as the first streaks of day appeared we put on our packs and pulled out. We had gone but a short distance when we encountered another great crevasse. I wandered up and down it some distance, looking for a snow arch and finally found one. I started out on it, feeling it with my alpine stick at every step to ascertain whether it would hold me. When I got half way across I saw a dark object in front of me. I took it to be one of my men and called; but received no answer. Then I went up to it and discovered it was a hole through the bridge, and that I was looking down into a chasm that was at least 1,800 feet deep. My heart stopped beating and my hair stood straight up. Still I knew we must cross at any price. I went on to the other wall and then returned for my men. One by one we led the horses over; leaving until the last the only animal in the outfit I thought might make us trouble when he saw the hole. This was a big black mule. After the last man crossed we pulled on his rope and he started over. When he came to this hole, he bucked sure enough, and the result may be easily imagined. The bridge went to pieces and the mule went to the bottom of the crevasse. His bones will doubtless appear on the coast, in the course of 2,000 years, when some future scientific sharp will find him and write him up as an extinct mammal.

I had to make an affidavit of this loss and send it to Washington, in order to avoid being charged for the mule. In this affidavit I stated that the last I saw of the mule his heels were mingled with the remnants of the bridge and that all were going down together, into the utter darkness.

About 3 o'clock that afternoon we reached a point where the ice sloped off in the direction we were going. At the same time the dense fog, through which we were traveling all day, lifted for a moment and away below us—2 or 3 miles almost straight down—we could see a beautiful valley with green grass, green trees and running water. We knew we had crossed the summit and that the land of summer was at our feet. We were so overcome with the knowledge of being even in sight of the earth, and of safety once more, that we sank down on the ice and lay there for 2 or 3 hours. Then we got the outfit together again and moved on through the fog. That night we camped among trees and had a great camp fire of dry cedar logs. We had the first hot tea and the first cooked food we had tasted in 48 hours.

Only men who have crossed or battled with an Alaskan glacier can have the faintest conception of the hardships our men were compelled to endure and the miraculous manner in which they met and conquered every obstacle.

We traveled several days through swamps, morasses, forests, up and down precipices, fording mountain streams, much of the time groping through dense fogs, but all the time keeping our course and triangulating our lines from base to objective point.

One day after climbing, wading and digging our way through one of these terrible jungles for a mile or more, we suddenly emerged at the foot of another glacier. The wall was at least 600 feet high and nearly perpendicular. From beneath this flowed a river 200 feet wide and of unknown depth. It was white with foam from shore to shore and was traveling at a rate of 15 miles an hour over slimy bowlders of varying sizes. After looking at it a few minutes I turned to the old prospector who was acting as guide for us and said, "Corliss, do you think we can cross it?"

He looked at me in a pitiful sort of way and said, "Cap, —— couldn't cross that river if he wanted to."

I said, "Well, we must cross it all the same."

The old man seemed too much overcome with contempt for my ignorance to reply, and turned away. I got on my horse and started into the stream. Have you ever been on one of these mountain torrents and heard the great bowlders being driven down it by the force of waters? Well, as I sat on my horse I could hear them all around, making that terrible "chug," "chug" sound, and you bet it made me shiver. My horse went all right until the water came up to his sides. Then the current caught him and commenced to force him down. Finally one of these great bowlders came along and knocked him off his feet, jammed my leg badly, and we started down the stream, turning over and over. I had as good a chance as the horse had, however, for I was on top at least half the time. I hung on by the pommel of the saddle and tried to get on my feet, but that was impossible. Finally, after going some distance down the river we were driven up on a big rock, and in landing my right hand was badly bruised.

The horse finally got off the rock and headed for the shore. As he went I caught him by the tail. It happened that he headed for the same shore we had started from; but this was accidental as far as I was concerned for I assure you I made no effort to guide him. He made the shore a long distance below where we started in. The men had followed down to see what was to happen.

As we climbed up the bank, old Corliss came up, looked me over and said,

"Well, Cap, you come back didn't you?"

"Yes," I said, "but it wasn't my fault. I didn't start the horse this way."

"Well, it's mighty lucky for you he took a notion to come this way. If he hadn't you'd a been pounden doun over them rapids yit."

Then we went down the river some distance to where we found it wider. There we rested a few hours, rafted our stuff over, swam our horses, and continued our march.

Lack of space prevents me from giving even a synopsis of the entire story of the summer's work, but Captain Abercrombie's talk was full of such adventures as the few I have recorded. Yet he told it in so quiet and so modest a way that you might have thought he was talking about a flat boat cruise down the Hudson. The guests at the table knew—many of them by experience—what kind of material a man must be made of who can conduct such an expedition as that over 400 miles of Alaskan mountains, glaciers, swamps and rivers, and then come home and tell of it as modestly as a school girl would tell of her studies.

Captain Abercrombie's report to the government is being written and I shall hope to print some extracts from it in future issues of RECREATION.

Lieutenant Bertholf had an entirely different experience to relate. He took about 200 head of reindeer from the head of Steel bay and started overland with them to Point Barrow, to feed a lot of whalers who had been caught in the ice and imprisoned there during the long polar winter. This expedition started in November. There were a number of sledges laden with provisions. Some of them were drawn by reindeer and some by dogs—the latter proving, however, better for the service than the former. Lieutenant Bertholf had with him several men from the Revenue Cutter "Bear," some Laplanders and a few native Esquimaux. The story of the overland journey of 400 miles was told by Lieutenant Bertholf in so graphic a manner that no man who was there could afford to lose a word of it. This young officer is a close student of nature and especially of ethnology. He made a careful study of the Esquimaux, several villages of which he encountered on his long and perilous journey. He told us many interesting facts, regarding the custom and habits of these strange people.

His trip occupied something over 2 months, but he finally landed at Point Barrow with all his reindeer. As many of them as were needed to feed the icebound whalers were butchered and issued to them, thus saving the lives of a large number of brave men. Then Lieutenant Bertolf and his party were compelled to wait 3 long months for the ice to move out, and for the "Bear" to come and bring them away. This time was well occupied in studying the natives, the birds and the beasts of this far Northern land.

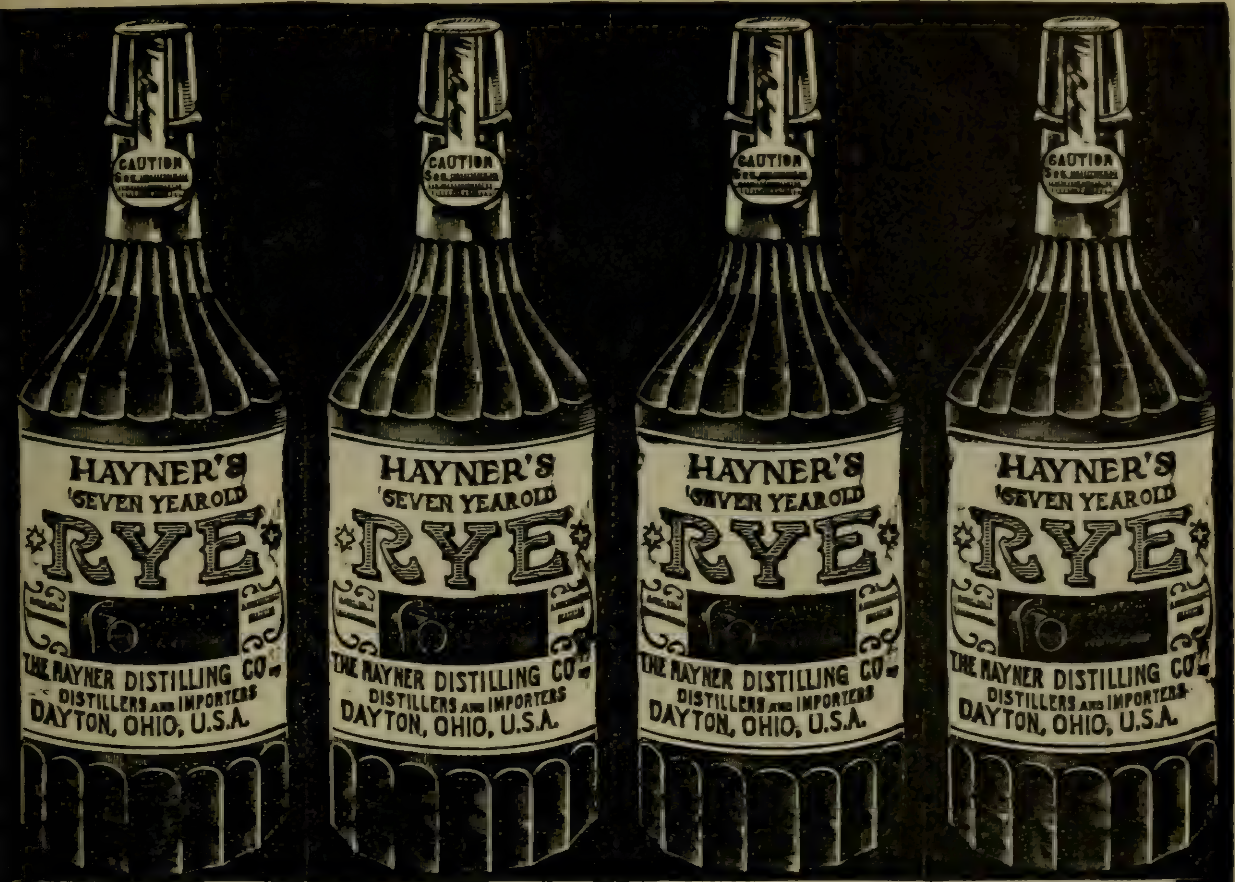
Every man who was at the Camp Fire Club that night realized he had enjoyed a rare privilege and many of them will relate to their children, and their grandchildren, 50 years hence, the stories told there that night. Captain Abercrombie and Lieutenant Bertholf will be held in grateful remembrance by every member of the Club as long as we live.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

Mr. Charles Daly, senior member of the firm of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 325 Broadway, died on the evening of January 11th, at his home in Summit, N. J. He had been at his office in New York during the day and spent the evening at home in pleasant intercourse with his family. About 11 o'clock he had an attack of apoplexy which proved almost immediately fatal.

Mr. Daly began his business career with the old firm of Tuffts & Colley, about 1858, and was afterward with Sargent & Co. In 1865 he joined Mr. Schoverling, commencing business in a modest way as gun dealers in Barclay Street. They removed the following year to 52 Beekman Street, later to 84 and 86 Chambers Street and then to 302 Broadway, where the firm handled a large variety of sportsmen's goods. Mr. Daly was one of the incorporators and for many years President of the Marlin Fire Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn. He was one of the organizers of the Hardware Club and took an active interest in its success. He was also a member of the Colonial Club, and of the Presbyterian church. He had been a widower for some 10 years. A son and a daughter—Mr. Charles H. Daly and Mrs. R. Courtney King—survive him. Mr. Daly leaves a large circle of friends who were endeared to him by his sincerity and generosity.

There is an alleged magazine published in Chicago called "Advertising Experience," but judging from the manner in which the publisher recently mutilated an ad I sent him, he should change the title to "Advertising Lack of Experience."



Four Full Quarts for $3.20

EXPRESS PREPAID

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your $3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District Ohio." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of PURE whiskey, absolutely free from adulteration, at first cost.

REFERENCES:—THIRD NATIONAL BANK, ANY BUSINESS HOUSE IN DAYTON, OR COM'L AGENCIES.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 605-611 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O.

N. B.—Orders for Arizona, Colorado, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

We guarantee Hayner will do just as agreed.—Editor.

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There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

In nothing does "quality tell," more than in a camera. Simplicity of operation, lenses of remarkable speed and definition, mechanical perfection and accuracy in every detail—these mark the Kodak quality. They make successful picture taking easy, certain.

All Kodaks can be loaded in daylight with our non-breakable film cartridges which weigh but ounces where plates weigh pounds. Seven styles use either films or plates. All Kodaks have sets of three or more stops, shutters for time or instantaneous exposures and can be used as hand or tripod cameras. Kodaks are the standard of excellence in hand-camera construction.

$5.00 to $35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

RECREATION'S FOURTH ANNUAL COMPETITION.

Recreation has conducted 3 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fourth will be held, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one opened on January 1, '99, and will close September 30, '90.

List of prizes to be announced later.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon, of each subject, which shall become the property of Recreation. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in Recreation, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

HOME PHOTOGRAPHY.

JOHN HUFFNAGLE.

It is always best to buy what you want, when practicable, from those whose business it is to supply such goods. It is interesting to experiment, but let this be done either from necessity, or in cases where time and money are no object. To any one about to take up photography the first desideratum is a dark room. By this I mean a room from which the tiniest ray of light is rigorously excluded. I remember the many makeshifts I was compelled to use in my early attempts, the boxes of fogged plates, the stained closet floor, danger of fire, etc. Here is a plan for a dark room that can be made by any one who can handle tools. It can be made cheaply of various kinds of lumber, but remember that neatness is an important element in the outfit of the amateur. This dark room is for stationary use. For a dark room for traveling purposes see advertisement in this issue of Recreation.

Make your room, or closet, 6 feet high by 3 feet square, with a flat roof projecting say 10 inches all around, nailing a piece of moulding just underneath. Get half-inch beaded and grooved pine ceiling, 3 inches wide. Get the boards 12 feet long and saw them in 2. Then get some 14 foot boards and cut them in pieces for your roof. Also, some pieces of stuff to make 3 frames on which to nail the sides and top. Make your house or closet; then cut out your door, cleat it, and screw on hinges and buttons. Cut a square hole, say 6 x 8 or 8 x 10 inches in one side, at such a height as to suit your convenience. Nail a shelf one foot wide and reaching all the way across inside of closet, just below the window. Then cut a hole 6 or 8 inches square in the shelf under your window and nail a pan under this opening. Having a half inch tin pipe soldered to a hole in its bottom and connecting with a rubber tube and bucket. Next bore a small hole in the roof of your closet (I am writing for those who have not running water); procure a bucket, bore a small hole in the bottom and fasten in it a rubber tube. Pass the tube from the bucket resting on top of your closet through the small aperture in roof and have the tube come down just over your sink or pan on shelf. Fasten a spring clothes pin to the end of the tube and you have your water supply.

You can add shelves inside of room as you need them. To ventilate the closet fasten on the roof a pipe in form of a long elbow, attaching it to an opening at least 3 inches in diameter, if not more. At one side of the floor, which should be made of boards heavier than sides and top, attach to an aperture of similar dimensions as above in roof, an elbow of stove pipe formed so as to allow the ingress of air, but to obstruct all light from entering closet. The same precaution must be used in making the ventilating pipe at top of closet. Now enter your room, close the doors, and examine for the smallest ray of white light. If any putty up the cracks. Have the door well cleated inside and outside. You can easily fit in a glass of proper non-actinic properties in your window.

THE EYE A NATURAL CAMERA.

The great globular chamber of the eye is lined with a thick, strong, white membrane known as the sclerotic coat, popularly known as the white of the eye. Within, this globular chamber is lined with a most delicate complex of blood vessels, covered toward the interior of the eye by a black pigment. A transparent jelly, clear as water, fills the apple of the eye. The lens of the camera is represented, first, by a convex, horny window pane (the cornea) which lies in front of the sclerotic coat much like a watch glass in front of its metal case. This kind of union, together with the slight outward pressure of the contents of the eye and with its own textural firmness, makes the position and curvature of the cornea practically constant.

The adjustment to focus, or "accommodation," is accomplished by movements of the crystalline lens, which we find placed but a short distance behind the cornea. It is covered by an iris diaphragm (sometimes exquisitely tinted) that in the center is perforated by a round hole, the pupil, the edges of which bear upon the front surface of the lens. Through this aperture we may "see," through the transparent lens, the black chamber within, or we may lighten up this darkness and see into the interior of the eyeball in a practically useful sense.

The crystalline is circular and bi-convex. It is attached at its periphery to the inside of the eye-chamber by means of an annular band of folded membrane, like an old-fashioned plaited ruff, called the zonule of Zinn, or ciliary body. The tension of this ring is regulated by the fibres known collectively as the ciliary muscle. When this contracts, the diameter of the lens is diminished, and its surfaces—but chiefly that in front—become more convex than when the eye is at rest. Thus its refractive power is increased, and the image of even quite near objects brought to a focus accurately on the posterior sensitive surface of the eye.—The Optician.

HOW TO WORK PLATINUM BATH.

In November Recreation I saw a formula for platinum bath which it is said can be used on any kind of paper for getting the platinum finish; but I have tried 4 different papers and cannot get any good result on either. Please let me know what the trouble is. Where it says fix in hypo, 1 to 30, it means 1 part hypo to 30 of water, does it not?

F. Clarkson, Worcester, Mass.

I do not understand, from your letter, in what way you fail. The formula published is same as used and published by the Photo-materials Co., and I have no doubt is identical with the preparation put on the market by the Aristo. and Self-toning paper manufacturers. If used properly, the results should be good; but it is necessary, as in all things photographic, to use pure chemicals and right weights and measures. Many amateurs think a grain more or less will make no difference, but it does. If your prints are muddy, the chloride of copper is too strong. The solution must not be used over again, as the platinum salt is taken up by the toning process, thereby leaving an excess of the copper salt. I have used the formula with good results on Solio, maxima, albuma and Kloro papers, and have no doubt it will work on all kinds. Hypo solution 1 to 30 naturally means 1 part hypo to 30 parts water.

NOTES.

I have now taken Recreation 2 or 3 years and enjoy it more every year. There is one department, however, to which I should like to see more attention paid, and that is amateur photography. I am deeply interested in this science, and you will probably hear from me in the photographic contest now on.

Success to the L. A. S. It does me good to see you roast the game hogs.

J. W. Steward, Battle Creek, Mich.

If you and a lot of other amateurs who think as you do would send me frequent notes, items, comments, queries and suggestions I could soon enlarge the photo department. Try it and see.—Editor.

Have you ever been annoyed by looking up a good negative, taken some time ago, and finding several yellow stains on it? If so, the offending marks can easily be removed by washing the negative and then putting it in water containing a small quantity of bromine. Let it dry (in sunlight if possible), wash again, and dry with alcohol.

By a saturated solution is meant a solution containing as much of the material as the water will dissolve. To be sure that a solution is saturated see that there are undissolved crystals or a part of the material lying in the bottom of the bottle.

When developing or handling plates work in the dark of your own shadow and hold the plate for examination, so that the ruby light may pass to one side of you or over your shoulder, and from quite a distance.

Will some one kindly give me, through Recreation, a formula for a slow emulsion for bromide paper, that can be worked by gas light.

Alfred M. Bailey, Lynn, Mass.

A photographer requires as much patience as the man who waits for fish to bite, when mosquitoes and flies are biting lively at his end of the rod.

I have prints of California scenery, Golden Jubilee, etc., 3½ x 3½, which I wish to exchange with amateurs.

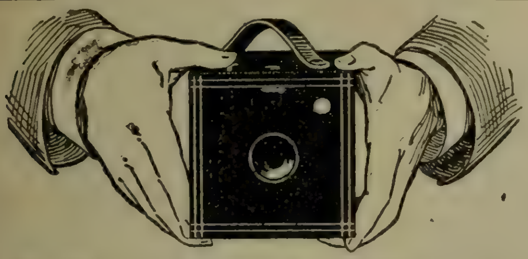
F. Hope, Midland, Mich.

Would like to exchange 4 x 5 prints with anybody.

George H. Bayldone, 63 Florence Avenue, Revere, Mass.

ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION WHEN ANSWERING ADS.

"There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak."



Half the charm of a photographic outing is lost if one carries along several pounds of glass plates and holders and has every moment filled with anxiety for their safety.

Kodaks

use non-breakable film cartridges, which weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds.

KODAKS $5.00 to $35.00.

Catalogues free at agencies or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

The breadth and softness of etchings can be obtained in enlargements by the use of Eastman's Royal Bromide Paper.

For sale by all dealers.

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"A book that will help."

Picture Taking

and

Picture Making

is written in so simple a manner that the beginner can readily understand yet is full of meat for all amateurs. 120 pages, profusely illustrated.

The contributed articles are by

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Eastman's Flash Sheets

offer the cleanest and most convenient method of making flashlight pictures.

These sheets burn more slowly than ordinary flash powders, giving a softer light and consequently a more natural expression to the eyes.

Price per pkg., ½ doz. sheets, - 40c.

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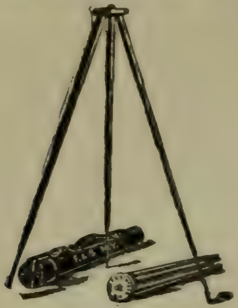
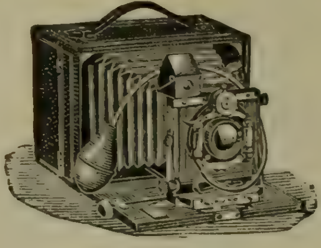
GRAPHIC CAMERAS

are the strongest, most compact and highly finished cameras in the market. They are used and recommended by the leading amateurs and professionals



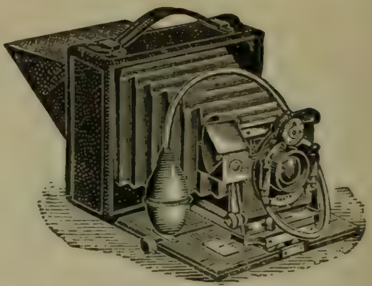
GRAPHIC TELESCOPIC METAL TRIPOD

Closed, 1 3-4 x 14 1-2; weighs 31 oz. Price, $5.00



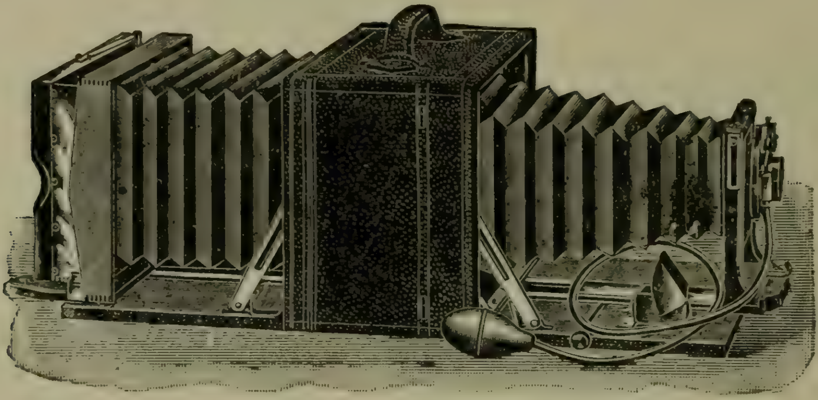
GRAPHIC

4 x 5	$30.00
5 x 7	40.00
6 1-2 x 8 1-2	50.00



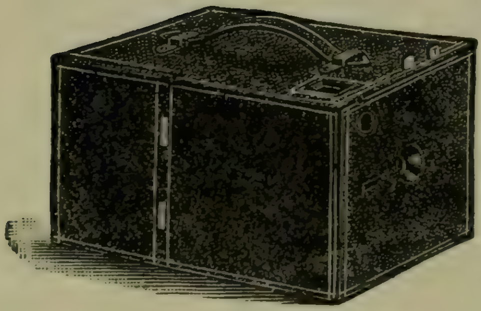
CYCLE GRAPHIC SR.

3 1-4 x 4 1-4	$28.00
4 x 5	30.00
5 x 7	40.00



5 x 7 LONG FOCUS GRAPHIC

Fitted with No. 8, VIIa Zeiss Convertible Lens and Diaphragm Shutter, an ideal outfit for photographing live game................Price, $100.00

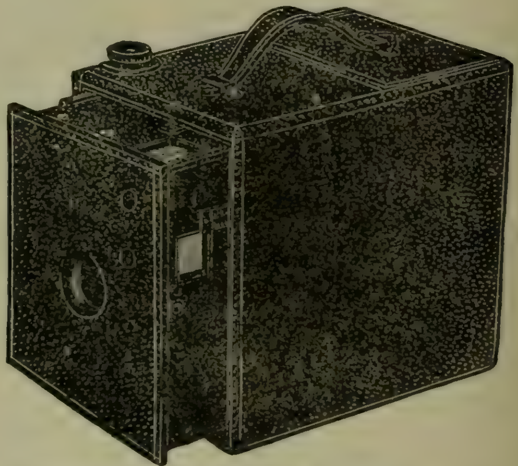


UNIVERSAL GRAPHIC FIXED FOCUS ACHROMATIC LENS

3 1-2 x 3 1-2	$5.00
4 x 5	7.50

R. R. LENS

3 1-2 x 3 1-2	$12.00
4 x 5	15.00



4 x 5 TELESCOPIC GRAPHIC R. R. LENS	$20.00
*4 x 5 TELESCOPIC GRAPHIC fitted with No. 2, IIa Zeiss Lens	60.00

* This Camera is used and recommended by W. E. Carlin of RECREATION.

We have every facility for making special cameras to order, and we buy, sell or exchange cameras and lenses. Send for catalogue and mammoth bargain list

THE FOLMER & SCHWING MANUFACTURING CO.
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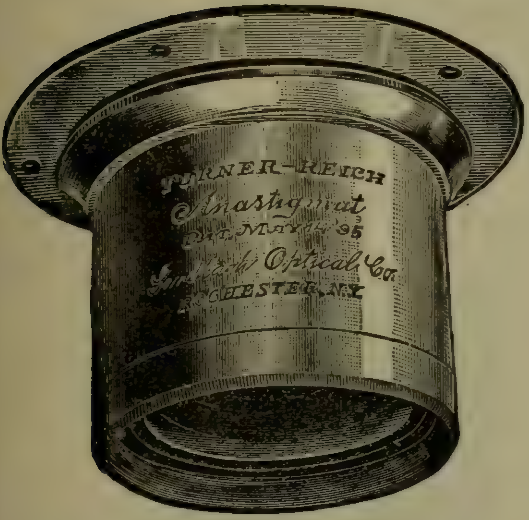
THE TURNER-REICH

ANASTIGMAT LENS

Is unsurpassed by any other in the market
It has an aperture of F:7 .5 . . . .

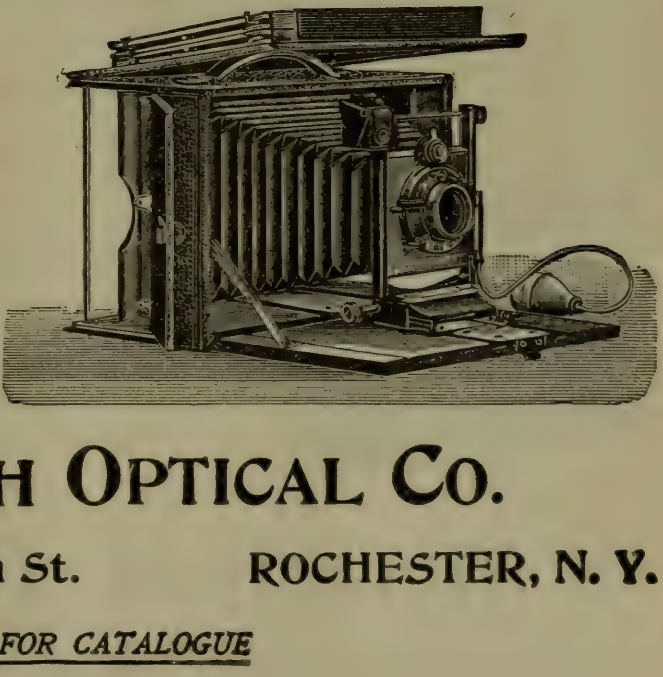

TURNER-REICH
Anastigmat
Pat. May 14 '95
Gundlach Optical Co.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

MARVELLOUS DEPTH OF FOCUS AND AN ABSOLUTELY FLAT FIELD

PRICES LOWER than those of any other Anastigmat lens

OUR LENSES ARE WORLD-RENOWNED
OUR SHUTTERS LEAD
Our CAMERAS are UNSURPASSED in WORKMANSHIP and FINISH

THE ONLY CONCERN IN THE UNITED STATES TURNING OUT A COMPLETE CAMERA, LENS, AND SHUTTER, ALL OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE



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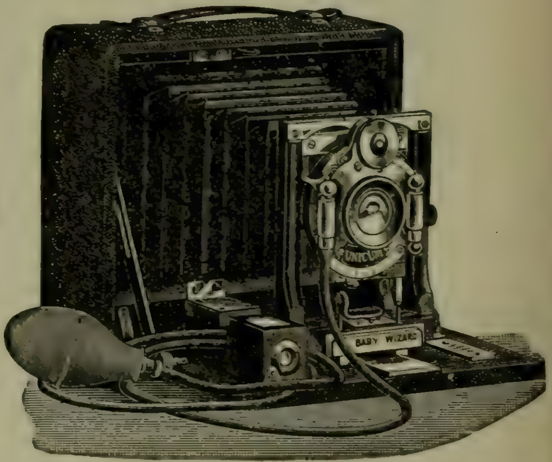
The Vital Points

To be Considered by the Sportsman
or Tourist in Selecting a Camera

ARE { Compactness
Durability
Lightness }

OUR BABY WIZARD



We believe embodies these requisites to a greater degree than any other.

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THE "BOSS DANDY"

Is a King Among Cheap Cameras

Price, $5.00

Makes a perfect picture 4x5 inches. Handsomely covered with Black Grain Leather, fitted with our Rapid Achromatic Lens, Improved Safety Shutter, two Tripod Plates and two square Finders.

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Manhattan Optical Co.

OF N. Y.

Our handsome new Catalogue fully describes these and many other Cameras. Send two-cent stamp for Catalogue.

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THE
LATEST
THING
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The Nodark Camera

Carries 26 tin type plates 2½x3½ You can develop, fix and finish on the spot

NO DARK ROOM NO MUSS
CLEAN AND CONVENIENT

The Greatest Novelty in Photography

Price $5.00 Loaded
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SEND TWO-CENT STAMP FOR DESCRIPTIVE MATTER

1884 The 1899
Chautauqua
..Plate..

is being used with the best of success by both Amateur and Professional Photographers. Lower in price than some but as good as the best in quality.

ASK YOUR DEALER
FOR THEM

If he does not handle them send 30 cents in stamps for a prepaid sample package, not larger than 5 x 7. State size wanted and give name of your dealer.

THE JAMESTOWN DRY PLATE
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Mention RECREATION. Jamestown, N. Y.

(Taken on a Carbutt Orthochromatic Plate.)
By ALOIS BEER, Photographer to Emperor of Austria.

To Obtain Artistic Results

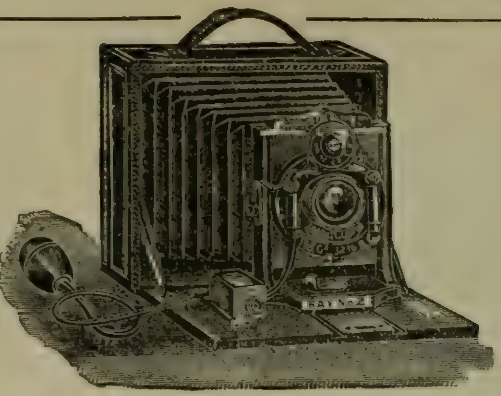
as much care must be used in the selection of the Plates or Films as the Camera.

CARBUTT'S PLATES AND FILMS
(STANDARD FOR 20 YEARS)
Give Universal Satisfaction

Also J. C. DEVELOPING TABLETS, put up in 3 sizes, price 25c., 40c., 75c.

If you intend competing for prizes let us assist you in winning by the aid of our Plates, Films, and Developer. For sale by all dealers. Catalogue free.

JOHN CARBUTT, WAYNE JUNCTION Philadelphia, Pa.



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Developing Cabinet!

DEVELOP YOUR PLATES AND FILMS IN PARLOR OR FIELD

LIGHT :: PORTABLE :: ADJUSTABLE

A Boon to the Tourist, Hunters and Anglers

Can be taken apart and put together in a few minutes
Can be held on the lap

Fitted complete for use with Trays, Water Tank, Tubing, etc. LIGHT TIGHT

For Camp, Steamboat, Hotels, Home

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Sent C. O. D., subject to examination at express office, on receipt of $1.00. If satisfactory pay express agent $4.00 and express charges.

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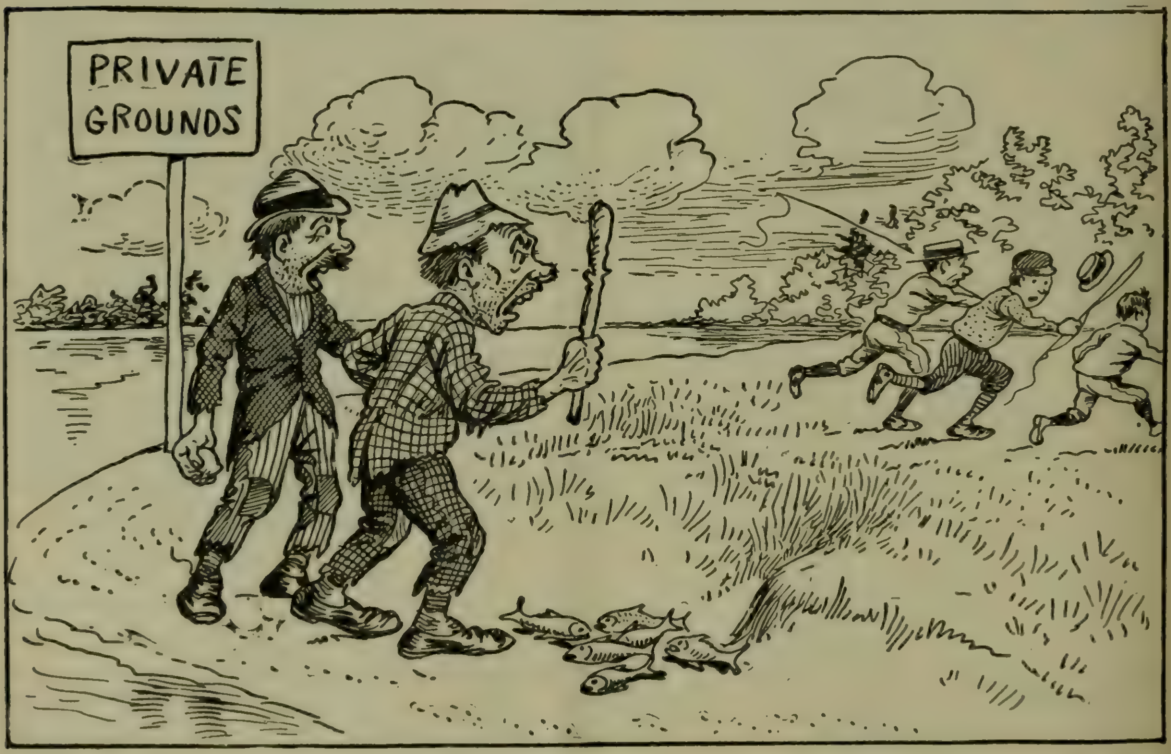


YAH! DON'T YE SEE THE SIGN? GIT OUT O' YERE.

WEAK LUNGS

Dr. Hunter, of 117 West 45th Street, has just published a new book on

"The Lungs and Their Diseases"

which explains all about Consumption, how it arises, the symptoms by which it is known, how it can be prevented, and the only treatment by which it can be cured. He also describes

Bronchitis, Asthma, and Pulmonary Catarrh

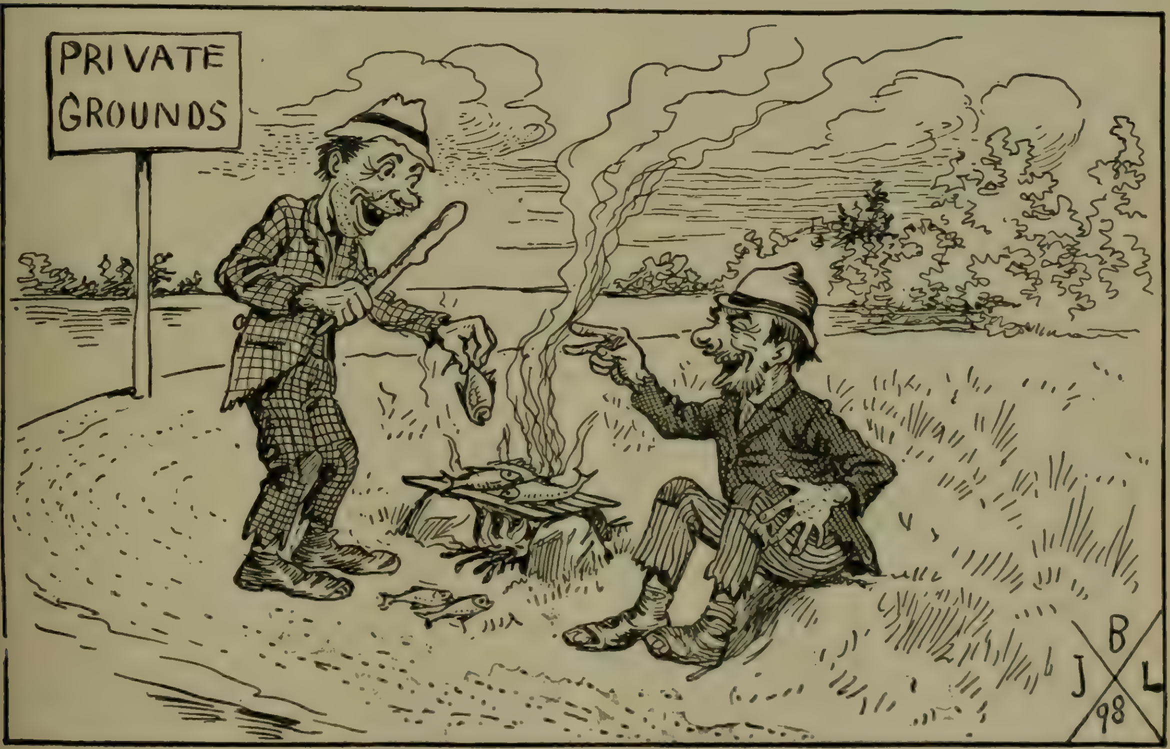
shows their tendency to produce Consumption, and their speedy and radical cure by *Antiseptic Medicated Air Inhalations.*

This book is of such great importance and interest to all who have weak lungs or are threatened with any form of lung disease that it has been decided to issue an edition of 50,000 copies in paper covers for free distribution. Dr. Robert Hunter is the oldest Lung Specialist of this country, and acknowledged throughout the world as the greatest living authority on all diseases of the breathing organs.

From the NEW YORK HERALD: "It seems after many disappointments and false rumors of the cures for consumption, that the treatment as discovered and practiced by Dr. Robert Hunter, 117 West 45th Street, New York, has accomplished results so satisfactory that this dread disease need no longer be classed among the incurable."

From the NEW YORK SUN: "Dr. Hunter's recent book on Consumption and its wonderful cures that have been reported, effectually remove all doubt as to the curability of this dread disease."

Readers of Every Where can obtain this book FREE by addressing Dr. Hunter at 117 W. 45th St., New York



SAY, MIKE, AIN'T THIS A CINCH?

WILLIAM ALLEN BRUCE ARLANDO MARINE

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We solicit correspondence with every reader of RECREATION who is interested in **Stocks, Bonds, Grain** or **Cotton.** Orders executed promptly in fractional and large lots, on margin or for cash. Interest allowed on deposits and check-books issued. We give the best obtainable information to our customers on request. Mr. Bruce, being a member of the L. A. S., offers the freedom of his office to its members.

I guarantee this firm will deal fairly with all who may entrust business to it.—EDITOR.

IN SPRING

We fancy you will want a Camera or Kodak.
Perhaps you are undecided having seen so many advertised.
If so, write us your wants, and we will do the rest.
Buy now, familiarize yourself with the instrument, and when the time comes for "picture making" your success will be certain.

Everything photographic. Our catalogue for the asking. Photo Dept.

GALL & LEMBKE 21 UNION SQUARE, New York City.

Mention RECREATION.

For Sale: 78 fine specimens of African horns, from the Cape buffalo to the pigmy antelope. 200 pair springbok, also Indian, Burmese and Arabian ibex horns. Skulls of full grown hippopotamus, double horned rhinoceros, gorilla—male and female, baboons. 400 American buffalo horns and skulls, large massive old elk horns, South Sea Island and Australian aboriginal weapons. Robert Gilfort,
203 Main Street, Orange, N. J.

I have been a reader of your valuable and interesting books, as well as a constant reader of RECREATION, and regret the magazine is not a weekly instead of a monthly.
H. E. Burnham, Culbertson, Mont.

If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

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NEW YORK TO
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Via the New York Central. Fastest long distance trains in the World.

Nothing cheap about them, but everything first class.

A booklet on the "Lake Shore Limited," containing also a novel and unique descriptive time table of this wonderful train, will be sent free by addressing George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

FROM NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

I copy the following from a local paper:

"Lake Kegonsa, Wis.

"A most interesting sight was witnessed here when the different fishing parties began coming in with the result of a few hours' sport. First came the boat containing W. E. McKea, C. R. Stevens and George D. Dunn, all of Moline, Ill. These men had taken 30 wall eyed pike, weighing 2 to 4 pounds each. They had been out about 2½ hours. Then came R. W. Emerson, of Rockford, Ill., with 13 plump pike. Other parties came in with smaller catches. Henry Miller arrived from Stoughton, and will spend several days here. At one time and in one place Mr. Miller and Henry Frankson, of Stoughton, took 176 pike, bass and perch, in 4 hours. At another time Mr. Miller and his brother caught 107 perch in one hour."

Finer catches of trout, bass, perch and other fish are reported from the lakes and rivers of Northern Michigan, than have been known for several years.
Ed. T. Blossom, Otsego, Mich.

Yes, but if you allow such slaughter as this to go on, your lake will soon be as fishless as an alkali pond in the desert.

I received the Abercrombie tent you sent me as premium, and thank you very much. It is a daisy.
Francis P. Carroll, Hartford, Conn.

GETTING READY FOR THE SHOW.

The preparations for the sportsmen's show are progressing satisfactorily. The water tournament is to be a great feature. Engagements have been completed with the amateurs for the evening sports; with the experts for the afternoon entertainment, and with the high divers. The responses from the colleges and clubs are entirely satisfactory and the prominent amateur athletes who have been asked to act as judges, etc., have with few exceptions expressed a willingness to devote themselves entirely to the interests of the show. We have just completed arrangements with the Page Woven Wire Fence Co., of Adrian, Mich., as to the preparation of the game park, and besides a number of heads of big game we have a carload coming from Michigan, among which are buffalo, deer and antelope. Caribou and moose we are also sure of, and we shall no doubt have beaver and otter. This feature is under the special charge of Dr. H. R. Bishop.

The game bird exhibit will be complete. The game fish exhibit will be as complete as Quebec, Vermont, the State of New York, the Adirondack Hotel League, the State Fish and Game Commission and the New York Aquarium can make it. Mr. Follett, who is well known as a fish culturist, will have charge of this feature.

The Water Sports will be in charge of a committee of experts in this line.

The main floor will be occupied by the Quebec Government, the Adirondack Hotel League, the New Brunswick Government, the State of Maine, the Megantic Club, the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., the Maine Central, and the Bangor & Aroostook, who will transform it into a forest, a series of camps, game corrals, etc.

The rifle range will be under the charge of Zettler Brothers, as in previous years. They will also manage the revolver range, which will be located directly over the rifle range in the pony stall.

There will be a scene at the back part of the Garden 87½ feet long by 55 feet high, representing one of the great Canadian glaciers. In front of this will be the Indian Village, where Indians will show their native occupations, making canoes, baskets of birch bark, etc. They will also be employed a part of the time on the lake, giving illustrations of fish-spearing, log-rolling, canoeing, etc.

It is the intention of the management that the decorations will be in conformity with sportsmen's ideas. There are many other features under consideration that will make this show probably the best that has ever been held in this country. It certainly embodies features that have never been attempted at any other show, and will be the only Sportsmen's Show in this country in 1899. No exhibit will be admitted to the Garden except such as strictly pertain to outdoor sports. Houses that deal in sportsmen's goods should apply for space at once, or they are likely to be left out.

Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him
That salt-shaker is filled with **Pepsalt.**
It cures and prevents indigestion.

PEPSALT is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with ***Pepsalt*** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. ***Pepsalt*** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it. Price 25 cents, postpaid.
THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO. (Permanent Bldg.),
19 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

BRONCHIAL
INHALER

CATARRH CURED BY A NEW METHOD.
Two Months Medicine **FREE**
Sent to any part of the country.
Illustrated explanation free
Eccles Med. Co
181 M Tremont St
Boston, Mass.

Recreation

will be in Spaces 92 and 93, at the Sportsmen's Show. Call and see us.

"Are you an imperialist?" asked the person who likes to know.

"Young man," said the statesman, "I never wore one in all my life."—Indianapolis Journal.

ESTABLISHED 1840

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.

Makers of **Tents, Flags, and Sails**

Copyright 1899 Geo. B. Carpenter & Co.

Camp
Furniture
AND...
Outfits
Rainproof
Covers

CONTRACTORS TO THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

202, 204, 206, 208 S. WATER STREET
CHICAGO

Send 6 cents in stamps for our new 80-page catalogue of Tents, etc., illustrating every style and size from the largest U. S. army tent to the smallest camping tent.

"From the Workroom to the Wearer"

FINE SHIRTS ONLY

MADRAS, CHEVIOT
OXFORD, SILK AND WOOL
PERCALE, ETC.

Circulars and self-measure blank, with samples of material for two-cent stamp.

We manufacture in very large quantities, using the latest and most improved labor-saving machinery—small expenses—no expensive city store, elaborate showrooms and expensive salesmen.

The price at which our shirts are sold is the very lowest that admits of a moderate profit. *We do no baiting.*

We guarantee our goods to wash and wear well and give much better satisfaction than most shirts in the market for which double the price is asked. One great point we make is the size; we make them to fit the wearer, and above all, we cut the body *Wide and Long, thus allowing for shrinkage in washing.*

All shirts are double seamed or felled throughout, with the best six-cord cotton, and are guaranteed not to rip. All goods we sell are **Cut and made by us.** We have no sewing done in Typhus-breeding tenements, neither do we have our goods cut and made by auction slop-shop methods. Our garments are cut to fit, and no shirking of the cost is allowed by means of scant cutting and inferior making.

We have no hesitation in saying that our goods are cheaper, quality and making considered, than an inferior quality can be bought for at wholesale.

Our Madras, Percales, and Cheviots are selected from the stock of many mills, and are the best that are made.

No deposit is required if order is indorsed by Express Agent, "C. O. D., and all express charges guaranteed."

Ours is entirely a custom, manufacturing business. We carry no ready-made goods in stock. Everything is new and made to suit the taste or wants of every individual customer.

THE ECONOMY SHIRT CO., PLEASANTVILLE STATION, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.

We consider it something of an honor to the Four Lake country, that there was recently captured in the largest of this chain of exquisite lakes, a small-mouth bass, locally called yellow bass, weighing 8 pounds and 10 ounces, as attested by affidavit. This fish was taken on a large minnow, off Maple Bluff, Lake Mendota, by Isaac Palmer, during a violent snow storm, about December 1st, at which time a large number of smaller bass and several pickerel were taken.

W. W. Warner, Madison, Wis.

I received the Stevens favorite rifle you sent me as a premium, and am delighted with it.

G. H. Hetster, Laysville, O.

RECREATION is the best magazine published.

Francis P. Carroll, Hartford, Conn.

Please take out my ad. I have received more orders than I can fill.

E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

...THE...

Kenwood Sleeping Bag

STANDS THE TEST AND WINS

This letter was recently received:

War Department

OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 19, 1899.

F. C. Huyck & Sons, Albany, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Referring to the Kenwood Sleeping Bags used by the officers of my expedition during the recent explorations in Alaska, I would state that for experimental purposes several kinds of sleeping bags were furnished the expedition, and that yours, I am glad to say, gave the most satisfactory results, as a whole, of any used by the expedition.

Very respectfully,
W. R. ABERCROMBIE,
Captain, Second Infantry, Comdg. Exploring Expedition No. 2.

In reply to our request that we might use this letter, we received the following·

War Department

OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 19, 1899.

F. C. Huyck & Sons, Albany, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Use letter as you see fit. Your goods have stood the test and the public ought to know it.

W. R. ABERCROMBIE,
Captain, Second Infantry.

Several other Government Expeditions have been completely equipped with Kenwood Bags.

Our free booklet and samples will convince you that they are better made, more practical, more sanitary and cheaper than any other sleeping bag. Write us for it.

THE KENWOOD MILLS, ALBANY, N. Y.

The Club
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
NEW YORK HARTFORD LONDON

Why THE CLUB COCKTAILS Are Best

From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
39 Broadway, New York
Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.

GOLDEN TRUTH
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY
DESPRES & CO.

$2.95 FOR FOUR FULL QUARTS

• EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID •

For the above amount we offer one gallon of our

GOLDEN TRUTH WHISKEY

which is **absolutely pure.** We ship in plain packages. This whiskey is good for medicinal as well as other purposes. Wherever it has been introduced it has been royally received. For a limited time, in order to create a larger demand, we offer it at cost—**$2.95.**

We defy competition at this price. **WE ARE DISTILLERS.** All our output is distilled by our own plant and every drop is subject to our personal inspection before it leaves our warehouse. **In buying from us you do away with the middle man's profit.** This accounts for our low cost on the whiskey. If you don't think we save you at least 50 per cent. on your purchase send the whiskey back at our expense and we return the money. That we are good for this offer you can ascertain through the Commercial Agencies or any Chicago Bank.

This offer is for a limited time and we reserve the right to revoke it.

Make checks or drafts in favor of

L. DESPRES DISTILLING CO., 185-187 E. Van Buren St, Chicago.

P. S.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Montana, Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

(We guarantee Despres Distilling Co. will do as they agree—Editor.)

Young Author—Well, how do you like my book of poems?

Critical Friend—Oh, I'd like it pretty well if it were not for a line here and there that contains too many feet.

Young Author (crestfallen) — Well, you're the first man I ever met who kicked because he got too much for his money.—Cleveland Leader.

"Tell me, doctor, were you successful with that patient on the next block?"

"Partially so; I cured him, but I haven't succeeded in getting any money out of him yet."—Yonkers Statesman.

Granada, Minn., January 2, 1899.
Page Fence Co., Adrian, Mich.

Dear Sirs: During the past year I have put up 7 miles and 80 rods of your different styles of Page Fence on my farm, and all is giving entire satisfaction.

Last year while we were threshing we gave your 13 bar 58 inch fence a good test. We weighted the fence and pressed it to the ground and then drove the steam thresher over it, but when the weight was removed it came to its place and stood erect as ever. No one could have seen where we drove over it.

Yours truly,
F. L. Park.

Flushing, N. Y., January 28, 1899.
David T. Abercrombie & Co.,
36 South Street, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: It affords me pleasure to commend the light waterproof tent you sold me for my trip to the Klondike.

It was recommended to me for its lightness and waterproof quality—both of paramount importance for a work of that kind—but I had no idea any tent would stand what it has stood. We were overtaken by winter on the summit of Chilcoot mountains, and for days it rained, snowed and blew with such force that goods piled sideways to the blast were blown over and the tent, anchored to the largest bowlders, was pushed inward until we had but half a tent to live in. The whipping cloth cracked like the jib of a schooner in a gale; but we were dry. After reaching Dawson, I gave the tent to a friend who came out over the ice and needed just such a tent. As to strength, water-proof quality and, above all, lightness, your tent is better than the best duck tent ever made.

Yours truly,
Tappan Adney.

I am glad to renew my subscription to so clean and so high toned a journal as RECREATION, and I approve your course in defining the line between the despicable game and fish hogs and the true sportsmen. You have justly earned and are entitled to the gratitude and the moral support of all persons who hunt for sport and who do not kill in wantonness, or for mere records.

M. E. B. Butlingame, Willett, N. Y.

For Sale: New .30-30 Marlin; very accurate; 24 inch, ½ Oct., shot gun butt, take down, $15. Loading tools, 150, and 95 grain bullet molds, shells, balls, etc., ½ price.

.38-90 Bullard single shot express rifle; made to order; tools, adjustable moulds, shells, sights, etc. A $40 outfit for $12. In perfect order and will group 10 shots in 2 inch circle, 100 yards.

Stevens pocket rifle, 10 inch, 7½-45; Lyman rear sight; $7.50, in perfect order.

L. K. Mason, Hastings, Ia.

For Sale: $100 grade 12 gauge Syracuse hammerless ejector gun, in perfect condition. Made to order last June. Damascus barrels 30 — 14 — 2¾ — 7½ pounds. A model duck and trap gun, $75. Also new Ithaca Brush Gun, 12 gauge, 27—13½—3—6½ pounds, $25.

J. C. Marcellus, 208 Walnut Place, Syracuse, N. Y.

To "Idaho": Your notes are very interesting and I should be only too glad to get the photos you speak of. By communicating direct much time will be saved. All will be considered confidential, if desired.

Ernest Seton Thompson, 144, 5th Avenue, New York City.

Great Western
EXTRA DRY
Pleasant Valley Wine Co. Mfrs.

The Merit
of absolute **PURITY**, fine **BOUQUET** and moderate **PRICE** has brought
Great Western
to the first place in American Champagnes, and enabled it to displace the high-priced foreign wines in many homes, clubs and cafes.

The vintage offered this season is especially dry and pleasing.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,
SOLE MAKERS,
Rheims, - N Y.

Sold by Wine Dealers Everywhere.

IN THE FAR-OFF ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC

Agents of the New York Central Lines are arranging for travel across this Continent via Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati to New York and Boston, in connection with the great Ocean Ferries. No other American line stands so well at home or abroad as the

"NEW YORK CENTRAL."

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel," send one 2-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

THE THROUGH CAR LINE

Best Dining Car Service in the World.

Great
Rock Island
Route

The "Rock Island" Equipment is in every respect the best.

NEW ELEGANT SLEEPERS, LIBRARY-BUFFET CARS AND RECLINING CHAIR CARS BETWEEN CHICAGO AND OMAHA, DENVER, PUEBLO, COLORADO SPRINGS.

Through Service via Kansas City to Ft. Worth, Texas. Take no other line to Texas points.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, CHICAGO, ILL.

The New Departure Trunk Co. :: ::

No. 197 Washington Street
... BOSTON ...

Will exhibit a complete line of Sportsmen's Trunks at the Sportsmen's Show, Madison Square Garden, March 2d to 15th. All who desire a practical, convenient trunk for carrying guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, clothing, etc., are invited to call at Space No. 78, and examine our goods.

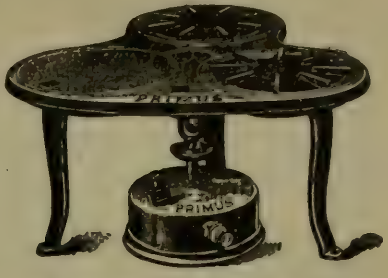
RECREATION...

offers 2 prizes in a special event to be in the trap tournament, to be held in connection with the Sportsmen's Show, at Madison Square Garden, March 2d to 15th.

First, a fine 12 gauge double gun, with Damascus barrels, listed at $125. Second, a Remington A. R. E. gun, listed at $45.

These prizes are offered to college gun club teams, consisting of not less than 6 men, who may make the best and second best average scores in said special event. This offer is on condition that 5 or more college teams shall enter. The team or teams winning these prizes will be required to shoot for them at least once a month until some member thereof shall have won the first prize gun 3 times in succession; and until some other member of the team, winning the second prize gun, shall have won same twice in succession.

Do you ever
Hunt? Paddle a Canoe?
Fish? Explore?
Prospect? Climb Hills?
or Sail a Yacht?



No. 51--FOR CAMP USE

If so you have had trouble in starting a fire, or in keeping a fire, especially in bad weather. In cold weather, or wet weather, you have wished you could have a fire in your tent to warm you, to dry your clothing and your bedding.

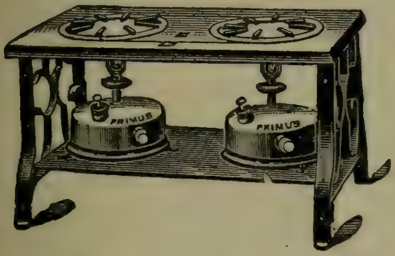
THE PRIMUS OIL STOVE

remedies all such difficulties. It cures all the ills that campers are heir to. It is the one thing needful to make camp life a dream of Elysium.

WICKLESS BLUE FLAME
KEROSENE-BURNING NON=EXPLOSIVE

The features which make an oil-burning stove **Perfect**, are **Safety, Simplicity, Efficiency, Economy, Durability, Cleanliness,** all of which are **Perfectly** embodied in the **Primus.**

The **Primus** has no wick, hence its *perfect* combustion.
The **Primus** burns *any grade* kerosene. The flame can be regulated at will.
The **Primus** develops a heat of 2,100° Fahrenheit.
The **Primus** will burn, at its full heat, for **five** *consecutive hours* on a consumption of only *one quart* of kerosene. In other words, **one=fifth** *quart per hour, at a cost of less than one cent.*



No. 404--FOR YACHTS

The Primus burns every=day kerosene, without a wick, with a clear, blue, smokeless and sootless flame.

The Primus is Positively Non=Explosive.

The Oil Tank Cannot be Filled While Burning.

The Primus While Burning May be Turned Completely Over Without the Slightest Exposure to Danger.

The Burner Lights Without Smoke. The Flame is Positively Odorless and Sootless.

It is by no means probable that any reader of RECREATION will ever give the **Primus** so severe a test as did the celebrated Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, on his famous voyage. His ship, the *Fram*, was equipped with **Primus** stoves, and when he left the ship to make his "dash to the pole" on sledges, a **Primus** went with him. The following extract from "Farthest North" gives, in the explorer's own words, his estimate of its value:

Vol. II., page 128: "For the heating was used a gas-petroleum lamp known as the **Primus,** in which the heat turns the petroleum into gas before it is consumed. By this means it renders the combustion unusually complete. Numerous experiments made by Professor Torup in his laboratory proved that the cooker in ordinary circumstances yielded 90 to 93 per cent. of the heat which the petroleum consumed should, by combustion, theoretically evolve. A more satisfactory result, I think, it would be impossible to obtain.

"As fuel, my choice fell on petroleum. Alcohol does not by any means generate so much heat in comparison with its weight as petroleum when the latter is entirely consumed as was the case in the lamp used by us. **We took with us rather more than 4 gallons, and this quantity lasted us more than 120 days, enabling us to cook two hot meals a day and melt an abundance of water."**

An Alaskan prospector, who has used a **Primus** for several months, writes to a friend thus:

"Our '**Primus**' is a gem. A quart of kerosene lasts a week and cooks three meals a day for us. When it rains and is damp and cool we use it in the tent. Having perfect control over the amount of heat it gives out, it is no trouble to care for; no smoke or odor as in other kerosene stoves."

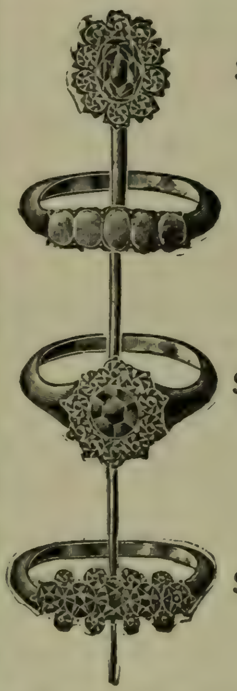
Write for circulars and full particulars. Mention RECREATION. Address

THE PRIMUS COMPANY 197 FULTON STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MRS. T. LYNCH

1 and 3 Union Square ❀ NEW YORK

Diamond Importer and Cutter



These Goods are Fine White Diamonds and Real Opal Sapphire Pearl or Turquois center

The $20 Ring is worth $30

Seeing is believing

Send for inspection

DIAMONDS bought of us may be returned, at full price paid, within

One year

Jewelry or watches within

30 days

thus you are bound to be satisfied.

WRITE
FOR CATALOGUE
MAILED FREE

GOODS SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS
MONEY BACK IF YOU MAIL IT AND ARE NOT SATISFIED

E. Howard, Waltham, and Elgin Watches

20 per cent. less than Wholesale List Price

King's Smokeless Powder **The Standard Nitro**

gives Highest Velocity with Perfect Pattern. A safe powder for Amateur and Expert.

King's Semi-Smokeless Powder

has proved to be the greatest powder yet produced for Rifle, Pistol and Shotgun. A triumph of modern art which has enabled marksmen to secure the most startling victories. **A Modern Product for Modern Marksmen.** Full line of Metallic and Shotgun Cartridges loaded with these powders by

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.

THE KING POWDER CO., Cincinnati, O.
New York Office: 88 Chambers St.
T. H. KELLER

Johnnie (whose mamma has a headache)—Am I really so bad, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, Johnnie, you are a very bad boy.

Johnnie (reflectively) — Well, anyhow, you ought to be glad I'm not twins.—Harlem Life.

The Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Va., on the 'Frisco line, opened February 23d. This is a popular Hot Springs resort and Mr. S. B. Franklin, G. E. A., 385 Broadway, or Mr. George T. Nicholson, G. P. A., St. Louis, will send you printed matter giving full information.

Eureka Hot Springs is a delightful place to go, to escape the disagreeable weather which prevails in the North and East during March and April.

A curious incident occurred during a game of golf which was being played on the St. Duthus course, Tain, the other day. A ball struck by one of the players hit a bird perched on a neighboring hill and killed it instantly.

The gramophone sent me as a premium for 25 subscribers received in good order. Have given it a thorough test and find it fully up to representation. It is the best machine of the class I ever heard.
C. W. McDowell, Kensal, North Dakota.

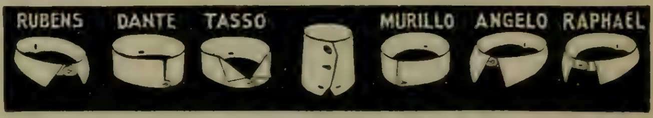
LINENE COLLARS AND CUFFS

Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth and finished alike on both sides. The turn-down collars are reversible and give double service.

NO LAUNDRY WORK

When soiled, discard. **Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25c.** ***By mail, 30c.*** Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO. Dept. L, BOSTON



ALUMINUM IS THE STUFF.

I duly received the aluminum camping kit from D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and, although I had great expectations of the outfit being thoroughly complete, yet this far surpasses all my anticipations. It is simply a perfect combination. I can see visions before me of many nice little camp suppers and dinners which my wife and I will enjoy together, during the coming summer.

The number of articles that are placed in so small a space and of such light weight, is a marvel and every one to whom I have shown the kit has been more than surprised at its compactness and lightness.

I congratulate the firm who got this up, for it speaks well for their idea of useful and necessary articles in a small space, which is an important item in a camper's outfit.
Edward S. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

When about to develop a subject where halation is suspected, use a strong solution of rodinal; when all details are out, wash quickly and intensify the plate to secure the desired density.

An excellent backing for plates to be used in photographing rooms showing windows, machinery, or silverware, is Indian-red moist water-color, obtainable in tubes. This may be mixed with wood alcohol and spread evenly over the backs of the plates. It can be readily sponged off before development.

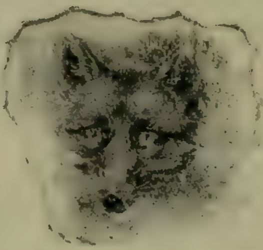
"Intensely interesting."—*Evening Telegram.*

"Handsomely illustrated."—Philadelphia *Call.*

"Delightful pictures of animal life."—New York *Sun.*

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

By ERNEST
SETON
THOMPSON



With 200 illustrations from drawings by the author. Square 12mo, 150 pages.

THE PERSONAL HISTORIES OF

- LOBO, THE WOLF,
- SILVERSPOT, THE CROW,
- RAGGYLUG, THE RABBIT,
- BINGO, THE DOG,
- THE SPRINGFIELD FOX,
- THE PACING MUSTANG,
- WULLY, THE YALLER DOG,
- REDRUFF, THE GROUSE.

It would be hard to find the characteristics of animals portrayed more vividly or more sympathetically. Mr. Thompson's unconventional pictures strikingly reinforce the text, and increase the attractiveness of a very originally made and handsomely printed volume.

"He describes them entertainingly, and the interesting stories of his pen are enhanced by excellent illustrations, full of spirit, and faithful to life."—New York *Sun.*

"Mr. Thompson's book sets a new mark in natural history studies. . . . He has Kipling's gift of making you know and sympathize with wild animals."—Buffalo *Express.*

"The originality and freshness of these stories is irresistible. . . . In everything he does Mr. Thompson has a way peculiarly his own. . . . Even if naked and unadorned, the facts he states would be very interesting; but when we have the facts and the factors fairly dancing before us, clothed in all the quaint quips and droll persiflage of an accomplished humorist and born story-teller, they are—as I have said—irresistible."—Mr. William T. Hornaday, Director N. Y. Zoölogical Park, in RECREATION for December.

Publisher's price, . . $2.00
With RECREATION, 1 year, $2.00

This applies to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

An amendment to the Constitution of the League has been adopted, providing for life memberships, on payment of $25. We should like to enroll 100 members before April 1st. There are hundreds of men in the League who could just as well become life members as not. A few have already deposited their $25 checks and I trust many others will do so in the near future. The League is sadly hampered in its work for lack of funds. If 100 members should apply for life membership at once it would give us a fund of $2,500, which we sorely need and which could be expended to excellent advantage in pushing the work of game protection. How many life memberships may I report in the May number of RECREATION?

The number of the latest membership card issued, before going to press with this number of RECREATION, is 1,376. I hope to be able to report in April RECREATION that the number has reached at least 1,600. If each member of the League would do his duty we would make it 3,000 by that time.

I sold my .25-35 Winchester to an old .45-90 mountain trapper last fall, and met him last week for the first time since. When about 50 yards from me he commenced to talk thus:

"Say pard the little gun's a holy terror. The old .45 used to be the stuff, but she don't go no more."

W. F. Chalmers, Lander, Wyo.

For Exchange: One $25 graphophone and carrying case; one 42 inch spun brass horn, cost $25. One recorder and 3 dozen records, $20. All nearly new. One bicycle, cost $90; aluminum rims (nearly new), Dunlop detachable tires. One 5 x 8 camera, tripod and double plate holder.

Wish to exchange gramophone records for other gramophone records. For best offer or for sale. Parlor organ, buggy, .30-30 rifle or good 4 x 5 smaller camera.

R. H. Searcy, Eufaula, Ind. Ter.

STOP SPRING SHOOTING OF WILD FOWL STOP THE SALE OF GAME

Write your Assemblyman, your Senator, and the Governor. Bury them with postal cards and letters. Let them know you want these things stopped. The other fellows are working—the men who see only the dollar—the market shooter, and the game dealer. Write every week during the session. If every sportsman in the State of New York will do this, our representatives in the Legislature will not dare refuse us.

W. H. TALLETT, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

For Sale: Nickel in the slot Gramophone, and one dozen records, in first class condition. Cost, $55. Will pay for itself in one year if kept in public place. Will sell for $35 complete.

J. D. Joslin, Newark Valley, N. Y.

Graphophone Wonders for the New Year

One, The Graphophone Grand, the greatest achievement of the talking-machine art. Reproductions louder than the original sound. Perfect tone.

The other, A Graphophone for $5. Clockwork motor. Reproductions brilliant and delightful. Music, song, and story.

Eagle Graphophone, $10
Columbia Graphophone, $25
Universal Graphophone, $50

each in its field the best talking machine devised.

Write for Catalogue No. 127.

Columbia Phonograph Co. Dept. 127

NEW YORK { 143 and 145 Broadway.
Retail Branch, 1155, 1157, 1159 Broadway.
PHILADELPHIA, 1032 Chestnut Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, 723 Market Street.
PARIS, 34 Boulevard des Italiens.
ST. LOUIS, 720-722 Olive Street.
CHICAGO, 211 State Street.
BALTIMORE, 110 E. Baltimore Street.
WASHINGTON, 919 Pennsylvania Ave.
BUFFALO, 313 Main Street.

UNEQUALED ATTRACTIONS

ON THE LINE OF THE

Union Pacific

FOR TOURISTS

It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

Sportsmen will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

For Gun Club Rules, Game Laws, and any information relative to localities for Hunting, or for information in regard to the UNION PACIFIC R. R., call on or address any General or Traveling Agent of this Company.

R. TENBROECK, Gen'l Eastern Agent,
287 Broadway, New York City

E. DICKINSON, General Manager
S. A. HUTCHISON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt.
E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
OMAHA, NEB.

THE '99 SHOW A HUMMER.

The Sportsmen's Show to be held at Madison Square Garden, March 2d to 15th, is under entirely new management, and will eclipse anything ever seen before in this line. The object of the new management is to give a show that will conform strictly to sportsmen's ideas, based on an educational plan to create an interest in gentlemanly sports.

The greater portion of the Garden will be occupied by an Indian village and a big game park, 90 x 40 feet, containing living specimens of native wild game, including buffalo, moose, caribou, elk, deer, mountain sheep, mountain lion and bear. The game birds will include live specimens of pheasants, geese, ducks, swans, quail, etc. There will be live game fishes, such as trout, salmon, ouananiche, etc., also a hatchery in operation. Each of these features is in charge of an expert, and no expense will be spared to make these attractions complete.

Among the exhibits will be a most interesting display from the Quebec Provincial Government, showing game mounted in groups. The Adirondack Hotel League, State of Maine, New Brunswick, several Canadian Railways, Maine Central Railway, Bangor and Aroostook Railway and the Megantic Fish and Game preserve are among the leading participants in this great sportsmen's show.

In addition to these natural attractions there will be a Water Carnival given on an artificial lake 75 feet long, 40 feet wide, 8 feet deep. Water polo will be one of the chief attractions of the water sports; and the first water polo championship of America will be decided during the show. The contestants in all swimming events will be confined to amateurs, professionals being engaged to give exhibits of their skill only.

Collegiate, Athletic or Boat Club water polo games every evening. Professional swimming exhibition every afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

LOCAL SPORTSMEN ORGANIZE THE RECREATION GUN CLUB.

The La Crosse Gun Club held a meeting last night and reorganized, changing its name to the Recreation Gun Club. It was decided to limit the membership to 25. There were 21 local sportsmen present, all of whom promptly joined the organization. Officers were elected as follows:

President—Emil Ruprecht.
Treasurer—George Rose.
Secretary—W. B. Simonton.

The list of members so far is as follows: Gus. Ensel, Jule Freas, Chris. Fleischer, Harry Holway, Charles Harzor, Henry Krenzke, Henry Fisher, Joe Frey, Otto Goetzke, Frank Kimball, Peter Henrichs, Charles Holway, Arthur McArthur, Bernard Holway, J. Asher, Emil Ruprecht, George Rose, and W. B. Simonton.

The old shooting grounds of the La Crosse Gun Club on Barron Island have been leased and all the traps and paraphernalia purchased.

The club is named in honor of Recreation, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of sportsmen.—La Crosse, Wis., Chronicle.

This is only one of the many straws that drift into this office and that show which way the wind blows. Up to the present time I have had notices of 72 clubs in the United States which have been christened in honor of RECREATION. Some of these are gun clubs, others fishing clubs, others canoe clubs, camping clubs, etc. Over 60 summer cottages or camps have been named "Recreation," and 27 yachts, launches, cat boats, etc., are floating the name of this magazine from their mastheads.

No such honors have ever before been bestowed by sportsmen on any journal of this class. Why? Because none has ever before done such vigorous and telling work in behalf of game and fish protection, as RECREATION has. No other publisher has been willing to jeopardize his circulation and to make enemies by the thousands in order to save the game, and fish, and song birds.

The action of the sportsmen of La Crosse in changing the name of their gun club, simply to line up on the right side of this fight, is another indisputable evidence of the truth of what I have said.

The attention of the readers of RECREATION is called to the ad of Captain C. W. Riggs which appears on page xxxviii. of this issue of RECREATION. Captain Riggs offers for sale a large assortment of Navajo blanket robes, rugs, ancient Aztec mummies, vases, bowls and idols, from cliff houses and caves in Arizona; images, pipes, ornaments, old paintings on wood panels, and hand woven canvas, beaded buckskin squaw dresses and leggins; beaded belts, baskets, flint arrow heads, war clubs, eagle feather head dresses, copper bowls, buffalo skins, spears, shields, Navajo Indian spoons, bracelets, bows and arrows, moccasins, cliff pottery, mound pottery, Pueblo Indian pottery, jewel arrow heads, spear heads, stone axes and hammers, turquoise, agates, guns, pistols, daggers, etc.

It is a well known fact that a great deal of the "Indian work" offered for sale by dealers is made by New England Yankees; but I have examined Captain Riggs's stock carefully, and it is all genuine. His prices are entirely reasonable and I believe he will deal fairly with every one who may order goods from him.

I received the Kenwood sleeping bag you sent me for 15 subscriptions for RECREATION, and thank you very much for your very liberal gift.

W. Dunn, Carman, Mass.

The Lyman sight you sent me as a premium for the little club I sent you is all right, and is just what I wanted.

W. G. Snider, St. Andrews, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

CHANCE TO GET A REST.

"Timmins, do you know anything about literature?"

"No."

"Know anything about art?"

"Nothing."

"Know anything about music?"

"Not a rap."

"Good! Come over to my room, pick out a pipe and let's enjoy ourselves."—Chicago Record.

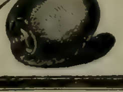
"Are you fond of pets?" asked the interviewer.

"Well," replied the sensational actress, "I like skye terriers and alligators and parrots, marmosets and tiger cubs, but I must say I have become rather tired of husbands."—Washington Star.

Your game hog business is all right. I was a fish hog myself last summer, by catching 300 fish in ½ day. Will never do it again, since reading RECREATION.

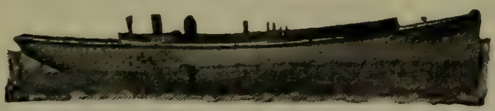
R. H. H., Providence, R. I.

Eat Pim-Olas (PATENT APPLIED FOR.)
Trade Mark
A delicious relish to stimulate the appetite and impart good cheer to the meal. Seville Packing Co. New York
Beware of substitutes.



No Fire Smoke or Heat, Absolutely Safe. Send five stamps for Catalogue
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

This Beautiful .... VAPOR LAUNCH
14 ft. $160.00. 24 ft. ENGINES, 1 to 6 h. p.
Other sizes to Order. Engines all sizes. Send for Catalog
Stationary, 1 to 20 h. p Pumping
PIERCE ENGINE CO., Box 6, Racine Jct, Wis.



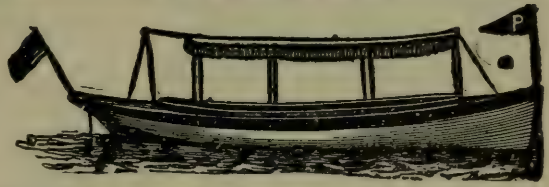
Buffalo Horns

polished or unpolished; also skulls, with and without horns.

Largest Stock in the World

Address E. W. STILES
141 Washington St., HARTFORD, CONN.

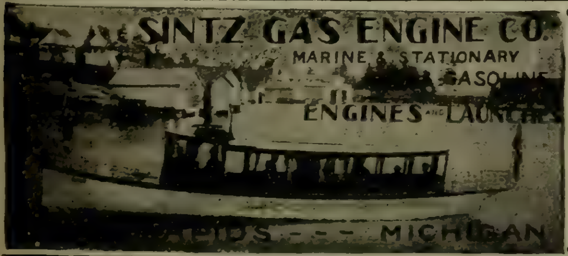
ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.



Palmer Stationary and Marine Gasoline Engines and Launches
Send stamp for Catalog. Palmer Bros., Mianus, Conn.

GASOLINE Tuttle ENGINES AND LAUNCHES.
CATALOGUE FREE
CHEAPEST. SAFEST.

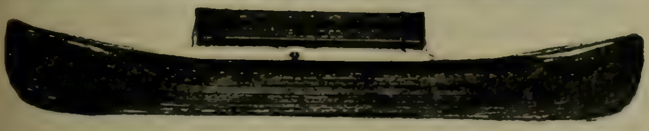
D.M.TUTTLE CO., CANASTOTA, N.Y.



The Best is always the Cheapest

We are the oldest builders of Marine Gas Engines in the United States and **Guarantee Superiority.** Enquire of your boat builders, or address us at home office or nearest branch office.

493 COLUMBUS AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
125 SO. SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
138 MORGAN STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.
99 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH.



Lieut. Schwatka used them in exploring the Yukon River in 1891.
Walter Wellman has them on his polar trip. 20-foot, with double skin and cabin, capacity 3,000 lbs. Weight 120 lbs. Make a package 7 ft. x 2 ft. 6 in.
Makes up into three packages to carry, 16 feet, capacity 1,500 lbs., weight 80 lbs.

Sportsman Canoes. 26 to 50 lbs., capacity 250 to 1,000 lbs. All are canoe model. Ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. No bagging or wrinkling between ribs. No joints or parts to loosen or wear. Lightest weight. Smallest package. Galvanized steel frame. Special make heavy canvas, water tight, and puncture proof.

Send 6 cents for beautiful Catalog, 40 Engravings

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO. - - - - KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S. A.

NAVAJO INDIAN RUGS AND BLANKETS

were made for the camp by a nation of campers. There is nothing their equal. A rare collection to select from. Also Indian Relics in endless variety for Indian Rooms, Dens, and Smoking Rooms.

Capt. C. W. RIGGS
Nos. 41 and 43 University Place
One block from Wanamaker's — NEW YORK CITY

B. BERNARD & CO.
BUYERS OF
Raw Furs and Alligator Skins

Beeswax, Ginseng Root, Etc. Highest Possible Market Prices Paid. Send for Price List.

3 West Third Street - New York

Boot and Shoe Drier and Warmer

Just the thing to dry the inside of damp boots and shoes

No more foul smell about gum boots, as the drier keeps them sweet and clean; preserves the lining and keeps the gum from rotting; gives comfort; preserves health; dries and warms by hot air; can be set over a lamp, stove, or register. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price $1.50, weight 4 lbs. Circular free. PATENT APPLIED FOR.

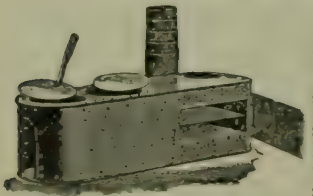
D. H. WITMER, Man'f'r, Christiana, Pa.

Miss Passée—They say marriages are made in heaven.

Miss Pert—Ah, then you have one more chance.—Syracuse Herald.

LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.
Send for 96 Page Catalogue of
Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.
WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.

A Practical, Common-Sense Camp Stove
In 6 Sizes. Patent applied for



The lightest, most compact, practical camp stove made; either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape, combination cast and sheet steel top, smooth body, heavy lining, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove.

Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.

"Wild Animals I Have Known" is one of the most remarkable books of the day. Publisher's price, $2. The book and RECREATION, one year, $2.

This relates to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION WHEN ANSWERING ADS.

Taxidermists' Supplies

Artificial Glass Eyes

WHEN you get a good specimen of bird, fish, mammal etc., that you would like to get mounted, send it to us. We will do it right and also make the price right.

Send five cents for new Taxidermists' Catalogue.

WE prepare and mount all specimens of natural history true to nature, in the best style of the Taxidermist's art, at reasonable prices.

We also keep a complete line of **Oologists' and Entomologists' Supplies**

FRED. KAEMPFER,
Taxidermist,
88 State St., Chicago

HOMES BY THE SEA. Protected by Beautiful Islands. Game, Oysters and Fish in abundance. Lemons, Oranges, Pineapples, and all Subtropical Fruits and Flowers are grown to perfection. Climate delightful, Summer and Winter. Land fertile, high and dry. A nook in comparatively unknown, that **FLORIDA** offers to settlers and to Winter visitors advantages not found elsewhere. Seekers after health, pleasure or profit should read our Booklet, sent free by

THE LEMON BAY COMPANY, Englewood, Florida.

FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices. Send 10 cents for photos.
JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, Lincoln, Maine.

Taxidermy High grade, scientific work in all branches

Mounted Birds and Mammals

I can furnish, mounted to order, nearly anything in this line; also Heads, Wall Cases, Dead Game Pieces, etc. Bird Skins for scientific purposes.

GEO. F. GUELF
BROCKPORT, N. Y.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the **Great English Remedy**
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

A New Idea in Trunks

The **STALLMAN DRESSER TRUNK** is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage-smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

F. A. STALLMAN,
87 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

EDITOR.

THE
IDEAL
HANDBOOK
OF
USEFUL INFORMATION
FOR
SHOOTERS
FREE.

All Shooters of *Rifles*, *Pistols* and *Shot Guns* will find it to their interest to possess a copy of the *Ideal Hand Book*, No. 10, a **KLONDIKE OF GOLDEN NUGGETS** of information relating to *arms* and *ammunition*, not **FOR WAR** but **FOR PEACE**ful manly sports that elevate and invigorate humanity. **120 pages.** Send stamps for postage.

IDEAL MANUF'G CO., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

Newhouse Game Traps of Every Size

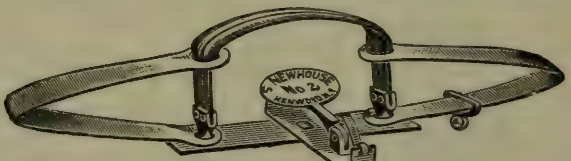
GOOD MATERIAL—CARE IN MAKING

Men who make a business of trapping in the season use the very best traps they can get.

IT PAYS

Don't load yourself with traps you are not sure of. Ask for NEWHOUSE or HAWLEY & NORTON, or write to the makers

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., Kenwood, N. Y.



FOR SALE..

Living Wild Animals And Game Birds

. . . . FOR PROPAGATING PURPOSES

Deer, Jack Rabbits, Quail (Western birds only), Fox, Squirrels, Prairie Dogs, Wild Ducks, Geese, Swans, etc., Address

CHAS. PAYNE, P. O. Box 913, Wichita, Kansas

H. J. STOVER & CO.
CHESTER, CAL.
Exporters of
RAW FURS
Ginseng, Cow Hides, Sheep Pelts, Deer Skins, Horse Hides, and Bees Wax
WRITE FOR PRICE LIST

ADIRONDACK LAND FOR SALE.

Magnificent Game Preserve of 7,000 Acres, *containing 6 Beautiful Lakes and Ponds; several Famous Trout Streams; Club House, and 3 Cottages. Trout, Deer, Rabbits, Ducks, and Partridges plentiful. Scenery, fine. Altitude, 2,000 ft. Air, pure and Invigorating. Only 15½ miles from railroad. Grand opportunity for Private Park, or Investment. $3.75 per acre, if bought soon.* **Worth double price asked.** *The Spruce would sell for that sum, and still a handsome forest left.* **Many other Tracts for sale.** *Address,* **Forest Land Co., Syracuse, N. Y.**

"My doll can shut her eyes and go to sleep just lovely."

"Huh! My doll never goes to sleep at all; she's got insomnier."—Chicago Record.

I hope there will be better enforcement of the game laws in the season of 1899. Quail and other birds around here need it.

Reader, Scranton, Pa.

The Revelation

Short Smoke

LUCKE'S ROLLS

100 in wood box prepaid anywhere for **$1**

Note Clean, Long Stock.

Not a smoke for boys and cigarette puffers, but a most highly appreciable SHORT-Smoke treat to men who have been accustomed to the finest imported Vuelta stock.

An exquisite clean Long Filler —A Filler never before equalled in a short smoke —and it is rolled by hand.

They are made of ***a most highly choice*** LONG FILLER, —they're cleaned, dust-blown leaves, hand-rolled, in a wrapper. It is a genuine Porto Rico leaf—a virgin loam soil stock, the choicest grown, and the pride of the Island's planters.

Their immense success in the U. S. in four months' time, has proven the need of a short or "intermediate" smoke of rich quality.

Money back to anyone dissatisfied. Your dollar is not our dollar unless you are ***glad*** to get Lucke's Rolls.

J. H. LUCKE & CO.,
Extensive Makers of Choice Special Goods.
LUCKE BLOCK, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Here is a clipping from a local paper:

"The Sam Atkinson fishing party returned to the city to-day with the biggest string of black bass brought in this season. The party consisted of Sam Atkinson, Pat F. Smith, John Brady, John Foley and Stanley Gordon, with W. J. Kelly as guide. They caught 390 pounds of black bass in 2½ hours; the largest 2 fish weighing 9 pounds when cleaned. The fish were caught in Three Island lake, 22 miles Northeast of Deer river."

This story, if true, brands these men as the champion fish hogs so far reported. A catch of 78 pounds a man (as it is reasonable to suppose the guide took no part in the slaughter), in 2½ hours shows the fish were not allowed much chance to fight, but were hauled in as fast as possible. What use could these men make of 390 pounds of fish, as the law prohibits selling? Would it not be a good plan for the L. A. S. to have a number of medals made, with a design on one side of a hog and on the reverse a pile of fish or game? Then when a report of fish or game slaughter was received send each man a medal.

C. W. Higgins, Duluth, Minn.

HE KNEW HER.

City Editor—Here, this won't do.

New Reporter—What's the matter?

City Editor—In your account of the Blimbus-Fuddlethwaite wedding you speak of the bridegroom leading the bride to the altar.

New Reporter—Yes. That's a common bit of metaphor.

City Editor—I know it, but it won't do in this case. I used to go with that girl myself, and if anybody ever leads her anywhere it will have to be while she is walking in her sleep.—Cleveland Leader.

A green little boy, in a green little way,
A green little apple devoured one day;
And the green little grasses now tenderly
wave
O'er the little green apple boy's green little
grave. —Cornell Widow.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION WHEN ANSWERING ADS.

We had a good season for game. Quail, rouse, rabbits and gray squirrels were uite plentiful. Woodcock were scarce. Ve have a few pot hunters and swine. I hould like to correspond with parties who reed ringneck pheasants.

W. A. Mead, Carmel, N. Y.

Seven of us camped at the Smithville onds last fall. We had good squirrel hooting and fine fishing. I like the way ECREATION roasts the game hogs. I be-eve in giving game a show.

Ralph E. Wilson, Sidney, N. Y.

While hunting near here, Edward Ber-ower killed 3 squirrels weighing 3½ ounds each. Two were fox squirrels and e third, a gray.

Dessoult B. Kirk, Mt. Vernon, O.

I can bear witness that crows do pillage e nests of game birds. I know of several ses where they have robbed grouse nests. would be a good idea to put a bounty on e black rascals.

H. W. Slater, Westfield, Mass.

Enameline

when applied, is most BRILLIANT, and that is the effect you want when using a stove polish. When an old stove is polished it should look as bright as new—that is the result when you use Enameline. It is put up in paste, cake or liquid form. Remember that every package is guaranteed.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York

The Utmost Richness of Stock.
A Sensible Method of Make.

The Advanced
New Era Standard of
Cigar-Value.

THE LUCKE ROLLED CIGAR

Porto Rico's Richest Leaf. **Hand Rolled Native Style.**

A Grand, FULL Smoke

50 In stout wood BOX

prepaid anywhere for

$1.25

Box of 100 sent prepaid $2.25.

Guaranteed equal in flavor, aroma, draft and satisfying qualities to any 2 for 25c. cigar now on sale. ***They settle the question of cigar-extravagance for connoisseur smokers of high-grade goods.*** **They have the delicate, nut-like richness of taste for which almost prohibitive prices, 15c. straight—3 for 50c.—20c.—and 25c. straight—have always prevailed.**

The man to whom the doctored-up flavor of an uncertain cigar-made weed, is pleasing,—the man who finds satisfaction in the flat, straw-flavor kind of cigar,—and the man who can enjoy the virulent rankness of the majority of the inferior Havana Cigars of this period,—these are not the class of smokers whose trade we want; because they are not the men who can appreciate *the Lucke Rolled Cigar.*

THEREFORE WE SAY—to the man with a cultivated cigar taste—we want *you*, and only your kind, to try these goods. We're willing to take all the chances to make you one of our consumers and friends

We will fill your order under positive agreement to refund your money in full if these goods are not all we claim for them. We prepay delivery cost (and if you are dissatisfied the return cost also).

Surely this is fair and merits the responsive action of any man.

The Lucke
ROLLED CIGAR.

J. H. LUCKE & CO.,
Extensive Manufacturers of Fine Special Goods.
Lucke Block, 209 to 217 Court St., CINCINNATI, O.

A Rich Whiskey

The Genuine, Aged, Ripened, Pennsylvania Rye, known for 27 years as

Schweyer PENN-SYL-VANIA Rye

(Not in the Trust)

It Comes DIRECT. 8 Years Old.

From its Distiller to YOU.

The entire ripened supply in the immense aging warehouses of our distilleries will be sold *direct to the consumer,* minus wholesale and jobbing and retail profits.

Regarding whiskey it is known only too well that the consumer has long been at the mercy of tampering jobbers and dealers. During the last five years these practices have grown worse continually.

In placing our supply of pure ripened goods out to consumers direct we believe it will *move* quicker; that it will be consumed more quickly, because it won't be *weakened or doctored,* and it will build a peremptory demand among all purchasers for the straight Schweyer goods. Pennsylvania Ryes are famous for their superiority. John Schweyer has helped to make them so. He does not enjoy seeing this reputation abused. It has long been known that *one* barrel of **genuine** Schweyer Rye is every day being made into *two* barrels of **supposed** Schweyer Rye. We want this stopped.

In this direct offer to consumers, the wrath of a wholesale trade of 27 years' standing is openly braved.

But to any family grocer or any high-class liquor-dealer who proves to us that he has or is willing to sell Schweyer Rye in its pure, untampered form—we will send our check, on every order received from his locality, for the difference between the ***actual distilling and aging cost*** and what we hereby sell it for to consumers as proven by figures taken from our books and attested by affidavits.

Four Full Quart Quarts

lowest price that is possible **$3.60** **for aged pure goods**

Express Paid.

A fine Rye Whiskey is the best tonic and medicine on earth. Any physician will tell you that for many depleted conditions nothing in the world can equal it. But the trouble is to get it in a well ripened, aged, mellowed, and untampered state.

The people want pure goods. They have proven this. They have been glad to send great distances to get an original package of any fair-grade whiskey.

How Much More They Will Welcome a Distinctly Superior article

is our thought in placing the entire product of our distilleries on the market direct to the consumers and at *direct* prices.

It is up-hill work, starting, of course, but the real Schweyer goods convey so splendid a value at such an extremely close purchasing-price that we fully expect to gain and hold a following sufficient to consume our entire ripened supply.

A trial order at ***$3.60*** will place in your hands 4 quarts of an old ripe, mellow, rich, unblended, natural, pure, delicious Rye Whiskey. Its equal will cost you at least $6.00—and from that up—if lucky enough to ***find*** it in the trade.

If you don't realize this on testing it—send it back —charges ***collect***—we will return your $3.60 *at once.*

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., Distillers, Chicago Shipping Dept. Twelfth & Laflin Sts. "Reference" nonsense unnecessary. See our mercantile rating and note the satisfaction we GUARANTEE you.

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS:—The Journal of the American Medical Association (an authority doubtless known to you all), contains the following article in issue of Feb. 11th:—"One of the troubles of the practitioner, when he finds it wise to prescribe the use of whiskey, has long been to be sure of its absolute purity. Since it is so well known that adulteration abounds in the liquor traffic, this is no easy thing. The announcement of an old distillery long distinguished for its fine product has recently appeared to the effect that its entire supply of ripened goods henceforth will be sold, less both wholesale and retail profits—direct to consumers.

"The ryes of this distillery have always sold on their known fineness, purity and proven age. They offer an eight-year-old rye direct at $3.60 per gallon, bottled in four quarts, and no cost for express. This announcement has recently appeared in the magazines. It is worth looking up as the institution has always borne a first-class reputation for reliability."

THE ANTI-HOUNDING LAW IS ALL RIGHT.

The residents of the Adirondacks have no use for the present deer law and want it repealed. What do you think of this law?

D. E. Moxley, Bloomingdale, N. Y.

ANSWER.

I consider the anti-hounding law emphatically a good law. I regret the necessity of disagreeing with a large number of good people who live in the Adirondacks, and who do not approve of this law; but as I have said before I feel that the 6,000,000 people in this state, outside of the Adirondacks, have some rights in the deer of that region which the people there should respect. Personally I do not want the game preserved in order that I may kill it; for I do not want ever to kill another deer. In approving this law I simply voice the sentiments of thousands of naturalists and nature lovers, many of whom have never fired a gun and never expect to. I also speak in behalf of thousands of sportsmen who like to go into the woods and kill a deer occasionally, in a manly, skillful way. I do not attempt to advocate the claims of men who are too lazy to hunt deer. I have no sympathy with the man who likes to sit on a log and wait for the dogs to drive the game to him. Neither have I any use for the man who sits on the bank of a lake and waits for the dogs to drive the deer into the water, and who then gets in a boat, follows up the deer and kills it at short range, either with a gun or a club. Such men are not entitled to be classed as sportsmen. They are pot hunters of the worst sort.

I fully realize that in expressing these sentiments I am antagonizing hundreds of men who are good and useful citizens; but I insist they are not good sportsmen.

That certain people do not approve of the present deer law is no reason why it should be repealed. There are thousands of men in this city who do not approve of our criminal laws. They would like to have the law against stealing repealed, in order that they might help themselves to the property of other people whenever and wherever they could find it. The man who breaks into a house, who is caught in the act and sent to prison, considers the law which sends him there a hardship. He considers the officers who enforce this law high handed ruffians and thinks they should be killed.

Game laws are made for the greatest good of the greatest number, and not for the few people who live in the game ranges. I am well aware that hundreds of deer have been killed during the present winter by residents of the Adirondack region, simply for the purpose of making the present deer law obnoxious; but these law breakers have failed in their purpose. The decent sportsmen of the state will now see that this anti-hounding law is made perpetual, and the people in the Adirondacks will in time learn that they have simply been destroying valuable property that would have brought them good money in years to come, if they had saved it.—Editor.

Enameline

is perfectly ODORLESS, and that is another reason why it is the Modern Stove Polish. You will not have to move out of the house until it "burns off," if you use Enameline. "My stove shines in the night," a lady writes. Put up in paste, cake or liquid form. No other has so large a sale.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York

George H. Webber: In December Recreation, I read the diagram of your character, signed by you. At first I thought it was a letter written by the editor, for I could not believe such an unprincipled person really existed; but I see the devil has not completed his job. Possibly you are one he has condemned, as unfit for his abode. Your squeal is long and heartrending, but who ever saw a stuck hog that did not squeal long and loud?

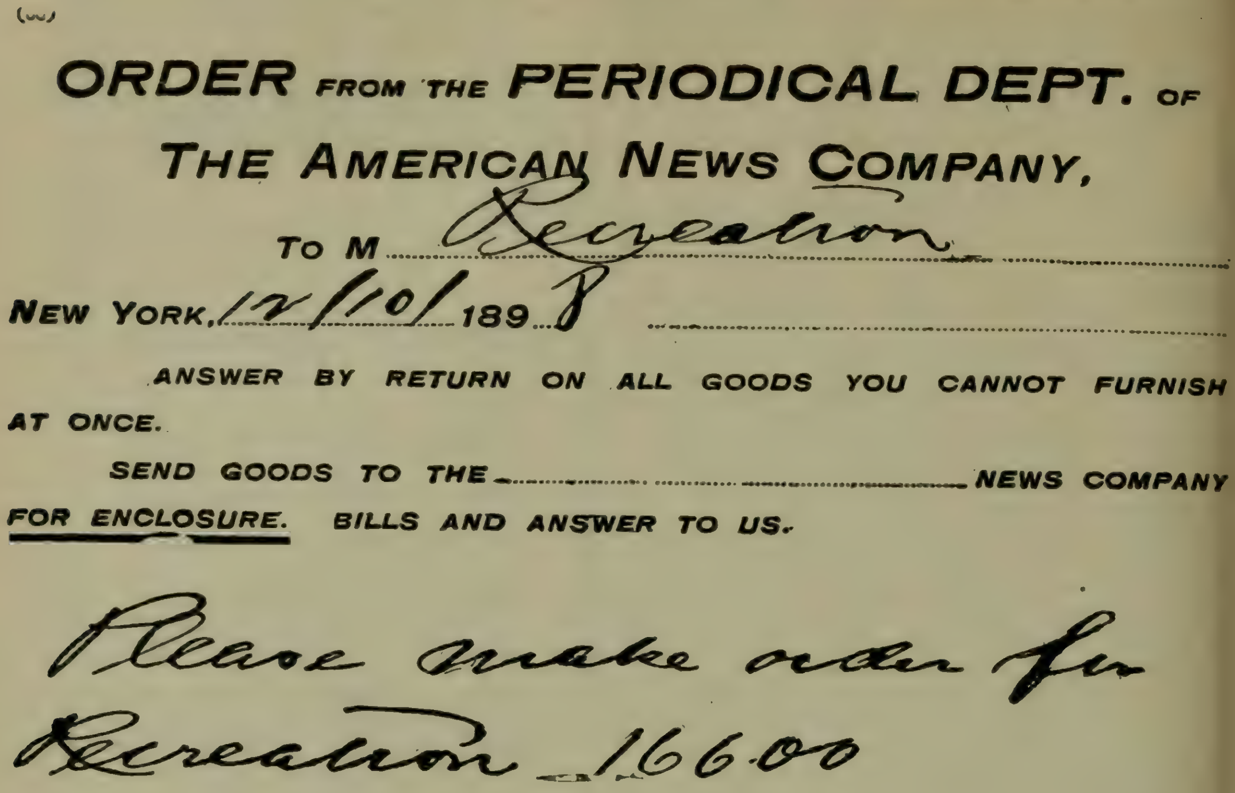
You say there are a good many honest sportsmen there who think as you do. I beg to differ with you. No honest sportsman, or honest anything else, would think as you say you do, or be so devoid of principle and self-respect as to say so.

I see you hold a government position. The poor government! A man (?) who says, " Game was made to kill and he would kill all he could," is not fit to be trusted in any position.

C. S. Scribner, Mt. Vernon, O.

If you would live next to nature, read Recreation.

IN ANSWERING ADS, IF YOU WILL KINDLY MENTION RECREATION YOU WILL GREATLY OBLIGE THE EDITOR



ORDER FROM THE PERIODICAL DEPT. OF
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

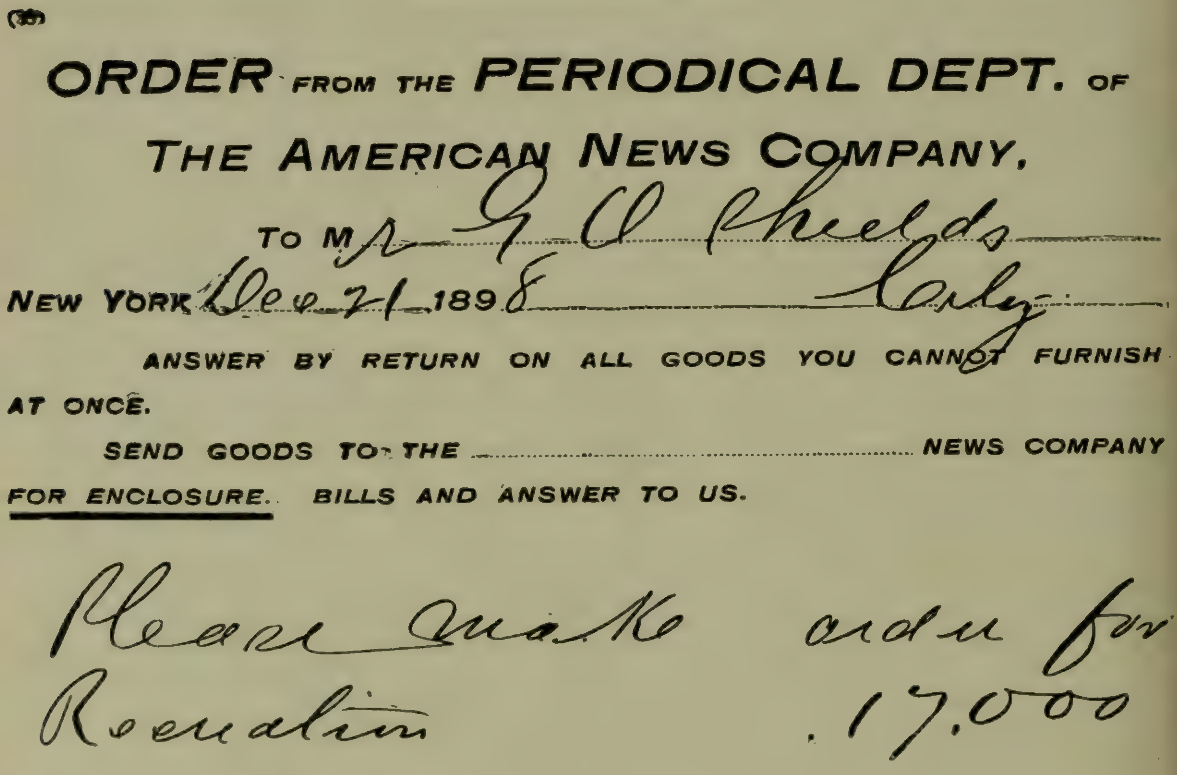
TO M Recreation

NEW YORK, 12/10/1898

ANSWER BY RETURN ON ALL GOODS YOU CANNOT FURNISH AT ONCE.

SEND GOODS TO THE .... NEWS COMPANY FOR ENCLOSURE. BILLS AND ANSWER TO US.

Please make order for
Recreation 16600



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TO Mr G. O. Shields

NEW YORK Dec 21 1898 City

ANSWER BY RETURN ON ALL GOODS YOU CANNOT FURNISH AT ONCE.

SEND GOODS TO THE .... NEWS COMPANY FOR ENCLOSURE. BILLS AND ANSWER TO US.

Please make order for
Recreation .17,000

The counsel for the opposition had been bullying the witness for an hour or more when he finally asked:

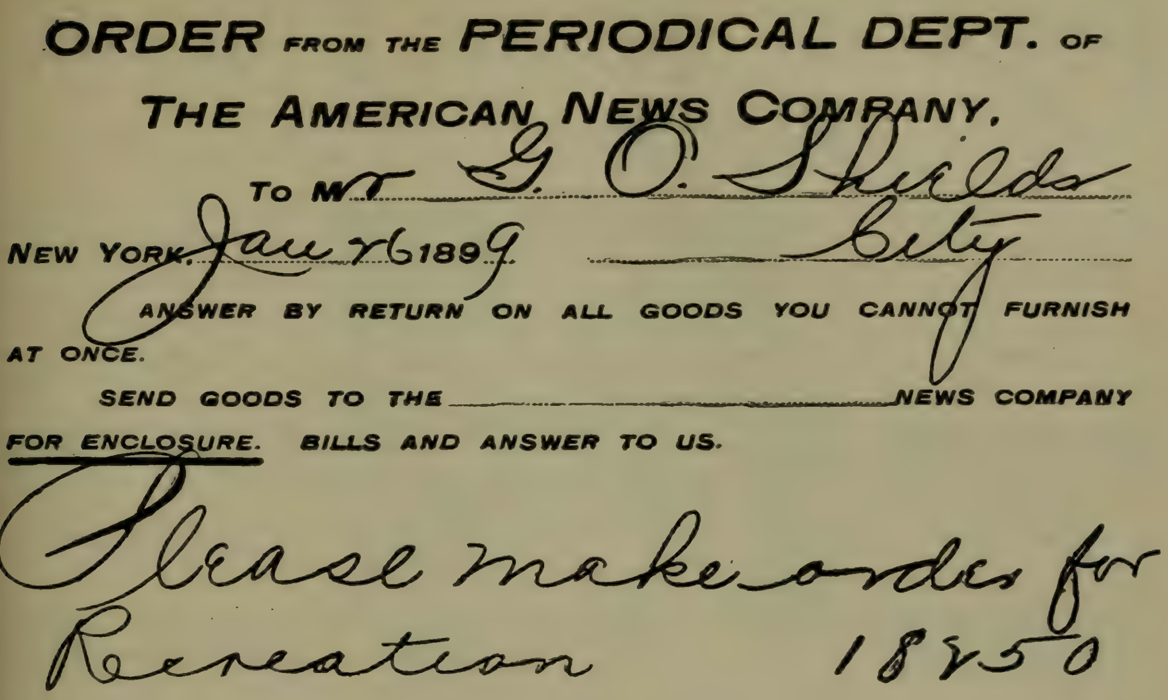
"Is it true that there are traces of insanity in your family?"

"It would be folly to deny it," replied the witness. "My great-grandfather, who was studying for the ministry, gave it up to become a lawyer."—Chicago News.

"They say," ventured the young man, "it is becoming quite the thing for newly married couples to go and see Niagara Falls in winter."

"It must be a beautiful sight in winter," she said. "I should like to see it!"

His next trembling utterance settled it, and they are to start next week.—Chicago Tribune.



ORDER FROM THE PERIODICAL DEPT. OF
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.
TO Mr G. O. Shields
NEW YORK, Jan 26 1899 City
ANSWER BY RETURN ON ALL GOODS YOU CANNOT FURNISH AT ONCE.
SEND GOODS TO THE ______ NEWS COMPANY FOR ENCLOSURE. BILLS AND ANSWER TO US.

Please make order for
Recreation 18750

Here are three straws that show which way the wind blows. I have 35,000 subscribers in addition to this news trade. Will gladly show my lists at any time to any advertiser.

The success of the famous Club Cocktails, made by Messrs. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn., has been phenomenal, but only such as is wholly deserved. The Heubleins made a hit with Club Cocktails, from the day they first placed them on the market. It might be said there was a multitudinous "thirst" throughout the world for a real good, reliable, always-alike cocktail, and Heubleins' happy thought quenched it quickly. The sales of Club Cocktails are enormous, and growing larger every year. Here's more success to them.

For Sale some good white goat heads, some hides of same and some white tail deer horns and scalps.

George Winegar, Holt, Mont.

For Sale: Ballard, Sharps, Marlin, Winchester rifles, nearly new.

G. L. Lehle, 103 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

For Sale: Pair trained bloodhounds $50; pups one month old $5.

S. D. Martin, Box 4, Bantam, O.

For Sale: Remington type writer No. 1, good condition. One mandolin, fine tone, new. Best offer received by March 15, takes them.

F. E. Baldwin, Stronghurst, Ill.

For Sale: A fine hotel property in the game and fish region of Northern Wisconsin. Address, H. T. Ames, Waterloo, Wisconsin.

To Trade .40-60 Colts rifle and tools, for .22 Marlin or good shot gun.

J. M. Cuenin, Chance, Col.

"The tea kettle seems to be quite a singer," said the nutmeg grater. "It beats me; my voice is so rough."

"Me, too," replied the rolling pin; "I can't get beyond dough."—New York Evening Sun.

Mr. Slimson—Bishop, shall I thank the Lord for this bountiful meal?

Willie Slimson—You'd better thank the Bishop, pop. If he hadn't been here we wouldn't have had it.—Life.

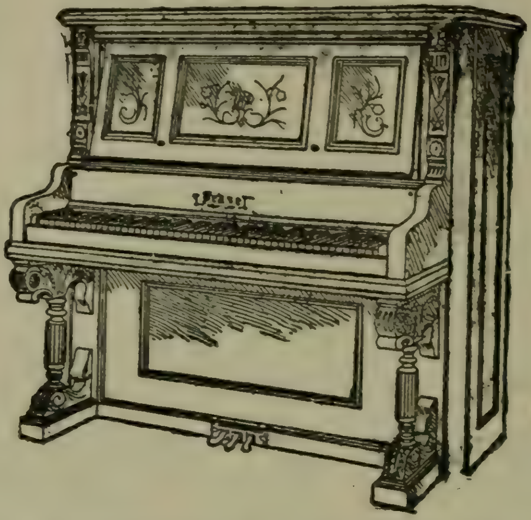
Popular Pease Pianos

MORE THAN 60,000 IN USE

Two New Styles
Now Ready

Exquisite in Tone

Catalogue and Full
Information Free



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of Payment

Beautiful in Finish

And Delivered at
Your Home

OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE

316–22 West
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Pease Piano Co.
New York

Order Everything in the Musical Line

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WM. A. POND & CO.

124 Fifth Avenue, New York.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Sheet Music and Music Books

GUITARS, BANJOS, MANDOLINS,
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ZITHERS, BAND INSTRUMENTS,
STRINGS, PIANOS, ORGANS, Etc.

COMPLETE CATALOGUES, ALSO
OUR READY REFERENCE
MANUAL,
FREE ON APPLICATION.

LIBERAL DISCOUNTS TO THE TRADE
AND TEACHERS.

Adam Ballentine has just got home from his annual deer hunting expedition, and reports having had fine sport. The party he was with consisted of the veteran bear killers, James Reid, of Barton, and Dalton, of Tansley, with Columbus and James Carrick, of Palermo, Bruce and Samuel Hanley, sons of Dr. Hanley, of Midland, and himself. They left on October 28th, and spent their time at the head of the Gohome river, in the Muskoka district. They found large game plentiful—both deer and bear, and secured 10 of the former, including 4 or 5 fine bucks. Unfortunately, they could not get at the bear, although they found and followed many trails. They got a big bag of grouse too, several coons and porcupines, beside smaller game. During the whole time they were out they did not see a white man, except the members of their own party.—Times, Hamilton, Ont.

Recreation

will be in Spaces 92 and 93,
at the Sportsmen's Show.
Call and see us.

1899-35th-1899

Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000

ASSETS

Real Estate, - - - -	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank, - -	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due, - -	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security, - -	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies, -	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums, - -	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds, - - -	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds, -	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds, - -	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks, - - - -	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds, - - -	1,462,300.00
Total Assets, - -	**$25,315,442.46**

LIABILITIES

Reserve, 4 per cent. Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Installment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment, . -	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance, -	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, - - - -	400,000.00
Total Liabilities, -	**$21,209,625.36**
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	**$4,105,817.10**
Surplus to Stockholders, -	**$3,105;817.10**

STATISTICS TO DATE

LIFE DEPARTMENT

Life Insurance in force, - -	**$97,352,821.00**
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	**16,087,551.00**

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	**1,382,008.95**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**14,532,359.52**

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	**16,260**
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	**324,250**
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	**$ 1,254,500.81**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**22,464,596.75**

Totals

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	**$ 2,636,509.76**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**36,996,956.27**

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

THEATRICAL INSTITUTIONS.

'Tis not the star, who, at the play,
Is bent on winning tears,
Who drives the rest of earth away
And holds your spellbound ears;
Who prompts you as your soul rebels
Against life's way perplexed.
It is the man in front who tells
Just what will happen next.

'Tis not the singer with the note
That shakes the chandelier,
Who sets your nervous thrills afloat
Throughout the atmosphere.
It is not joy, alas! but woe
Which fills your being there,
Caused by the girl behind, whose toe
Keeps time against your chair.
—Washington Star.

Accept my thanks for the New Haven hammerless double shot gun you sent me as premium for a club of subscribers to RECREATION. It is a better gun than I expected to get for so little work.

John A. Tunwall, Lynn Center, Ill.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the double hammerless Shattuck gun you gave me for subscribers to RECREATION. Every-one greatly admires it.

T. H. Herman, Waukegan, Ill.

We again draw attention to our Veterinary Antiseptic Soap, which is having such extraordinary success. It is an infallible germicide and antiseptic, and is especially useful in all forms of skin diseases and parasites. Sample tablet, post-free, fifty cents. Send for descriptive catalogue to Spratts Patent Limited, Manufacturers of all kinds of

Dog and Poultry

Foods and Medicines, 239-245 East 56th St., New York, N. Y.

AN ART EXHIBIT.

The "Highlands of Ontario" which lie in the Northern wilds of Canada, a little over 100 miles from Toronto, afford some of the finest summer resorts on the continent. The Grand Trunk Railway Company, recognizing the value of such a magnificent country has had its photographer cover the different regions with his camera, the result being a collection of photographs of great artistic merit, combining scenery, "'Mong the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay," "The Muskoka Lake District," the Lake of Bays District and Magnetawan river, which give an eloquent idea of a natural beauty which is certainly unsurpassed in any other part of the world. Lakes and rivers and streams are numbered by the score, islands by the thousands; while hills and headlands and majestic peaks give the sense of diversified charm which put a longing for summer holidays in the heart. These artistic productions are 30 x 40 inches in size, handsomely framed and there are some 150 in the collection.

It is the intention of the Grand Trunk Railway System to place these on exhibition in the different prominent cities of the United States. They will be at Louisville, Ky., March 6th to 8th; Indianapolis, 11th to 14th; Cincinnati, 17th to 20th; Columbus, 23d to 25th; Cleveland, 28th to 30th; Pittsburgh, April 3d to 5th; Detroit, 8th to 11th; Buffalo, 14th to 17th; Rochester, 19th to 21st; Syracuse, 25th to 27th; Albany, May 1st to 3d; New York, 6th to 10th; Philadelphia, 13th to 17th; Baltimore, 20th to 24th; Washington, 27th to 30th; Wilkesberre, June 2d to 6th and Scranton, 9th to 12th.

HE LIKES THE CREE STOVE.

D. W. Cree, Griggsville, Ill.

Dear Sir: I promised that on my return from my trip I would let you know how I got along with the stove I got of you; the question is not so much how I got along with it as how could I have gotten along without it. I used it 4 months, 3 meals a day, and heated my tent several hours each night for 2 months of the time. I never found wood too green or wet to burn in this stove, and the oven baked equal to a range. In fact it is perfect in every way. Our party of 5 camped on the head waters of Penobscot river. We got 6 good bucks. One pair of antlers spread 26 inches and the buck weighed 215 pounds dressed. The other bucks were all good but none quite so large as this one. Having no guide we did all our camp work and cooking, which is half the pleasure of such a trip. This is a great country for game. One day I saw 26 deer and 4 moose, and on another day 27 deer.

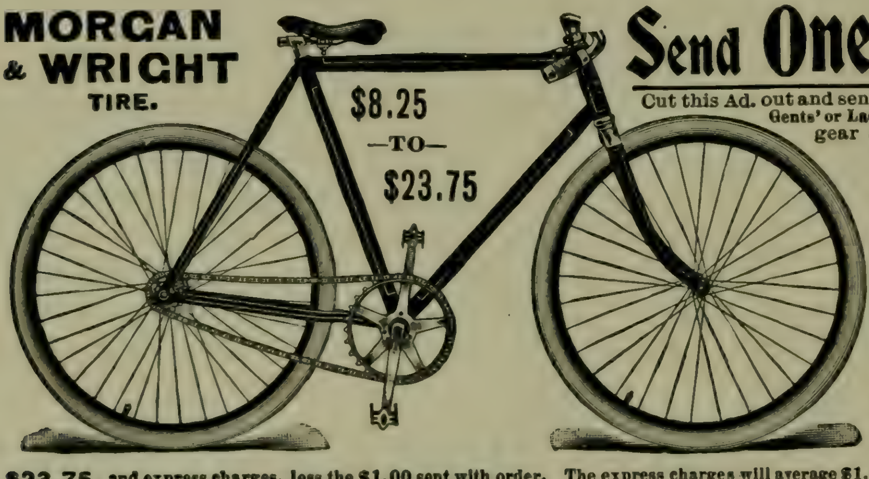
F. A. Sturtevant, Lowell, Mass.

Have received the Bristol steel rod and am more than pleased with it. Many thanks for your kindness.

W. S. Potter, Frankfort, N. Y.

Recreation

will be in Spaces 92 and 93, at the Sportsmen's Show. Call and see us.



Send One Dollar

Cut this Ad. out and send to us, state whether Gents' or Ladies' bicycle is wanted, gear and color wanted, and we will send you this **Our HIGHEST Grade '99 Model ACME KING Bicycle** by express C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, **EQUAL TO ANY BICYCLE MADE, THE GRANDEST BARGAIN YOU EVER SAW** and you are sure we are saving you $25.00, pay the express agent Our Special Offer Price, **$23.75**, and express charges, less the $1.00 sent with order. The express charges will average $1.00 for each 500 miles.

OUR $23.75 ACME KING could not be made better, made from best material money can buy, **MORGAN & WRIGHT'S** highest grade one-year guaranteed pneumatic tire. **Flush joint throughout. FRAME**—22 or 24 in. with 1⅛ in. finest flush tubing, strongest, handsomest and best arch crown and frame made. **HANDLE BARS**—Drop or upturned, and best made expander on seat post, 28 in. **Mason Wheels**, highest grade made, 2-piece flat cranks, best made. **BEARINGS, CONES, NUTS and SPROCKETS** highest possible grade, from tool steel. **FULL BALL BEARINGS** throughout with ball retainers; any gear wanted. **Best known equipment, ACME PADDED SADDLE**, finest ball bearing pedals, finest chain, heavy leather tool-bag, best wrench, oiler, pump and repair kit. **HIGHEST POSSIBLE FINISH**; enameled **Green, Black or Maroon**; bright parts heavily nickel plated. **(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)**

A BINDING ONE-YEAR GUARANTEE goes with every wheel; if it isn't equal to any wheel made, if you don't save $25.00, don't take it.

$8.25, $11.75, $16.95 and $18.75 is our price for lower grades, all new 1899 Models. No old models, no second-hand wheels. For full particulars write for FREE BICYCLE CATALOGUE.

Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

The
Climate of
California

Is better than medicine for invalids, and is a tonic for the most robust.

Winter there is balmier and more inspiriting than a flawless day of spring in the East. It is perfect weather.

This, joined to the countless other charms of that idyllic region, explains why so many thousand tourists have already gone there this season, and why everybody should go who can afford it.

Only 2¾ days from Chicago, and 4 from New York, by The California Limited, Santa Fe Route.

Address General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
CHICAGO.

To amateur photographers:

We take pleasure in announcing our removal from Pontiac, Mich., to Jamestown, N. Y., where we have improved facilities for shipping. This place is also nearer our source of supplies, and has much better water than our old location. We have absorbed all the interests of the Monroe Dry Plate Works, and shall continue to make the Chautauqua Plate. We have made some decided improvements in it, and know you will be more than pleased with it in the future. We shall continue to sell at the popular price at which it has heretofore been sold, and should be pleased to receive your orders, which will have our prompt attention.

The Jamestown Dry Plate Works, Jamestown, N. Y.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" commanded the Proverb.

Accordingly the Sluggard went to the Ant.

"Go to the devil!" exlaimed the Ant.

"Talk about red tape!" sighed the Sluggard.—Detroit Journal.

I wish to ask some sportsman, through Recreation, to tell me the weight of the largest perch ever caught.

W. Oades, Detroit, Mich.

Many thanks for your kindness in placing the query in your columns respecting the breaking of a dog by book; but I was hunting trouble when I asked for it. Answers have come by every mail, up to date, and courtesy demands I acknowledge them all. I am getting off another batch now, on postals, and address this to you, as a proof of the advertising power of Recreation. Answers come from all over the United States.

A. W. Burnham, Somers Point, N. J.

"And, then," the fair maiden went on with her narration, "I covered my face with my hands and wept."

"Impossible," ejaculated the young man. "You could not cover your face with those small hands."

And she was his from that day forward and they lived happily ever after.—Detroit Free Press.

If you call a man a lion
He will always be your friend,
But just hint that he's a bear, and
He will hate you to the end.

I shot 2 large coons near here last fall. One weighed 14 pounds and the other 12½ pounds.

Harry Shaw, Austin, Ill.

A Change in Name
Not in Character
"The Colorado Road"
(Colorado and Southern Railway)

Now comprises all the lines formerly known as the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railway ("The Gulf Road"), and The Denver, Leadville and Gunnison Railway ("South Park Line"), reaching the best of Colorado's magnificent scenery, the most popular health and pleasure resorts, and the most productive mining sections, as well as the principal commercial centers : :

COLORADO

For Health, Pleasure, Wealth, and Grandeur is not Excelled in the World : : : :

Next month we shall have for distribution some handsome and instructive literature on the many features of this wonderful State, of which we shall advise in the next issue of this magazine.

T. E. FISHER, General Pass. Agent
DENVER, COLORADO

"Yes," said the yellow dog, "I believe after death we enter another sphere of action. I think I'll be a golf player."

"How do you figure that out?" queried the black and tan.

"Oh, I'll be in the links."—Philadelphia North American.

Reporter—How did the prisoner procure the means of committing suicide?

Warden—A bride gave him one of her first mince pies and he cut his throat with the crust.—New Work World.

The Lefever hammerless gun you gave me last summer for a club I used during my fall shooting and I never handled a gun that suited me better. At the trap also I have repeatedly come out best, although not an expert shot. A. W. Burnham.

"I am going to sing at the Frobisher's."

"How lucky you are."

"Why so?"

"They don't know one tune from another."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I am never afraid to order goods from any of the firms who advertise in RECREATION. I take it for granted they are all right or you would not carry their advertisements.

W. G. Snider, St. Andrews, N. Y.

C&O ROUTE
F.F.V. LIMITED

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

95% On Time

Between

New York . Philadelphia
Baltimore . Washington
Cincinnati . Louisville
St. Louis and Chicago

Dining Cars . . .
Pullman Sleepers
Observation Cars

Strictly . . .
up to Date

Grandest Scenery in America

H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

...To "the" Pleasure Resorts of...
Texas and Gulf of Mexico
TAKE

THE MK AND T
MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

Via CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, or ST. LOUIS

WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPERS
FREE "KATY" CHAIR CARS

For further information, address
W. S. ST. GEORGE, Gen. East. Agt.
309 Broadway, New York

Uncle Sam, M.D.
AND HIS
GREAT SANITARIUM AND PLEASURE RESORT
IN THE HEART OF THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

Hot Springs Ark.
COMMONLY KNOWN AS
THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

ELEGANT HOTELS, SUBLIME SCENERY,
DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE, HEALING HOT SPRINGS,
WITH FOUR OTHER NOTED SPRINGS WITHIN SIX MILES.
Descriptive and illustrated pamphlets *mailed free of charge* on application to any representative of the IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE, OR TO
H. C. TOWNSEND,
GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

ANOTHER SAVAGE ADMIRER.

Pinkhampton, Col.

Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am the first sportsman to use one of your rifles in North Park, where I live. I had over 60 sportsmen at my camp the past season, and only 3 of them had Savage rifles; but most all of them will have Savages next season; for I convinced them that it is one of the best rifles made, for big game.

I killed one of the finest bull elk I ever saw with my Savage. It was 16½ hands high, had antlers with 6 points and 52 inch horns. I am having him mounted whole, for the lodge room at my hotel.

One of my guides took a fancy to my Savage, after I killed the big bull with it, and I sold it to him. I killed the bull dead the first shot.

J. S. King.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "did yer hear 'bout Alaska?"

"Lots. Are you t'inkin' of de trip?"

"I dunno. I'm told dat daylight lasts twenty-four hours at a stretch. Ef I could get a job in dat locality as night watchman I dunno but I'd be willin' to work."—Washington Star.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

"Never mind," she said, as the old gentleman's heels flew out from under him, and he landed on his back on the sidewalk in front of her; "never mind, you are not the first man I have had at my feet."

His system was badly shattered, but he smiled faintly, and the recording angel put her pen back upon the rack, without having made the black mark with which she had been all ready to decorate his page.—Cleveland Leader.

The Savage Arms Co. has issued a new catalogue, for 1899, which contains many things of interest to all riflemen. It tells everything that anyone could wish to know about the Savage rifle, and gives many valuable hints and facts on rifle shooting and hunting, in general. When you send for it, mention RECREATION.

"And so you love me—me alone?"
She ventured to propound.
"Yes, more that way," said he, "my own,
Than when your Ma's around."
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

I received the Stevens Favorite rifle sent me for 10 subscribers, and thank you very much for so valuable a premium. It is as fine a shooter as any rifle I ever owned.

H. W. Bennet, Wheeling, W. Va.

TEACHING THE GUNNERS HOW TO GUN.

A dispatch from Washington states that Captain Crowninshield, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, has taken steps to still further improve the gunnery of the American navy. The Lancaster and the Amphitrite have been restored to their old duty as target ships and have gone to sea with 50 gunners each, who will be given a 3 months' course in target practice. Captain Crowninshield's head is mighty level. The world had a great object lesson last year as to the value of expert naval marksmen, and it is safe to say that all the navies in the world will burn a great deal more powder in target practice, in the next 5 years than ever before in the same length of time. America must not lose her place at the head, and in order to maintain it, her naval officers must hustle for their laurels. If there is one man in the world whom I love more than another, it is the man who, at 5,000 yards can put 10 successive 13 inch shots in an 8 inch bull's-eye.

A letter from Toronto states that Dr. Paul Outerbridge, of this city, went last fall into the Temascomingo district, Ontario, and killed a bull moose in violation of law. The case was reported to the government authorities who took prompt action in the case, and the Doctor was required to pay a fine of $50. He is a prominent surgeon, a wealthy man, and it is greatly to the credit of the Ontario government that such men are punished as promptly, when they violate the law, as are poor men.

Read the ad of Cornwall and Jespersen on page liv. of this issue of Recreation. This is one of the oldest sporting goods houses in this city, carries a large and complete line of goods and the proprietors know how to treat their customers. Write for their catalogue and when you get it you will find in it many things that will interest you. Mention Recreation.

A RUNNING ACCOUNT.

Wheels bought on the instalment plan
Still get there just the same,
Although the summer days have went
And winter storms have came.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

I received the Davenport shot gun you sent me as a premium for 15 subscriptions and it is a beauty. I have tried it and it shoots all right. That ejector is just the thing. There is no danger of the ejector slipping by the shell. All who have seen Recreation think there is nothing like it. I shall take it as long as I can find a dollar.

Harry C. Colby, Franklin, N. H.

SOME SWAN HOGS.

Waco, Tex.

Editor Recreation: Your information about the swans we killed was correct.

While hunting quails, 15 miles Northeast of Waco, we saw a flock of 11 swans flying above a lake, on which they finally lit. We were some distance away and did some fine stalking to get within shooting distance. At about 40 yards we fired 4 shots into them before they saw us. Four of the 11 birds rose and we fired another round, making 8 shots, when 3 more birds fell back into the lake. Before we could reload the eleventh was out of range. The wounded birds made a good fight with our dogs, in the water, so we retrieved them ourselves. We used Remington guns loaded with No. 4 shot.

The largest swan measured 8 feet 4 inches from tip to tip of wings, and 5 feet in length.

J. A. Honea,
J. W. Chambers.

And so you think you are great hunters, do you? And you expect me to applaud your work, do you? Well, that's where you will be disappointed when you see this. Recreation believes in clean sport—not in such slaughter as this. I wrote you for the purpose of getting the facts before condemning you. If you had said you killed only 2 swans—or even 4—out of the flock and allowed the rest to go their way, then Recreation would have commended your conduct. It would have classed you as sportsmen and gentlemen; but in view of your statement it can not do this.

Would you not have felt much better if you had killed only 2 or 3 or 4 of these birds and left the others to breed and furnish study and sport for others? Would you not rather have a clear conscience and the respect of all decent sportsmen, than to have 10 swan skins and be classed by decent men as pot hunters and butchers? It is hoped you may now reform and that you will never again be guilty of such reprehensible slaughter, no matter what opportunities you may have.—Editor.

Every sportsman worthy of the name glories in your spunk in continuing to lambaste the game hogs, even against adverse criticism of those whose corns are trod on. Keep it up. Recreation is the only sportsmen's publication that has sand enough to come out and call these game destroyers by their true name.

O. D. Bartlett, Middletown, Conn.

Recreation
will be in Spaces 92 and 93, at the Sportsmen's Show. Call and see us.

I went up in the hills, quite early one morning, to take photographs of elk. In drawing near a bunch they saw me and ran down the ridge. I made a detour and unexpectedly came upon them as they were returning. I sat down where I was, in the open, focused the camera for 100 yards and set shutter for ½ second. This I did with the elk in plain sight and coming nearer. They swung to the left, and I had to turn around with 100 elk within 150 feet of me, in open ground. If you think that is nothing, try it. They notice the least movement and are gone. There is no chance to pick out a background, or to refocus your camera. And how tired you get sitting in one position for so long a time. The elk kept coming nearer. At 100 feet I snapped the shutter. At the click they ran a short distance, stopped and soon lay down. Then I got another fine view.

S. N. Leek, Jackson's Hole, Wyo.

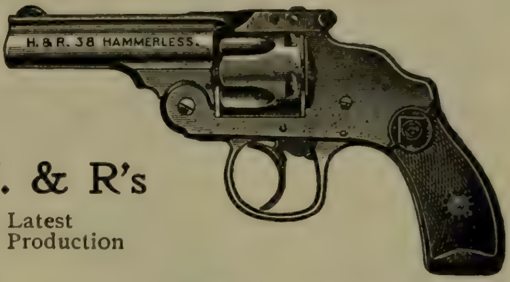
"Oh, spare me, spare me, Mr. Burglar! Think of your dear mother!"

"No use, mum; didn't have none. I was reared in an incubator."—Colored Comic.

Remington guns and rifles were awarded the gold medal at the Omaha Exposition. This is another deserved recognition of these high grade weapons.

IT IS A BEAUTY

And the price is just as attractive


H. & R. 38 HAMMERLESS.

H. & R's
Latest
Production

A NEW *Hammerless Revolver*

ABSOLUTELY SAFE

Ask your dealer for our Revolvers and insist on getting them.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.
WORCESTER, MASS., U. S. A.

Descriptive Catalogue "R" free on request.

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After a series of exhaustive tests, the
LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.
now offers to the public, for the first time
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All Kinds of REVOLVERS

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All of the different kinds of Smokeless Powder manufactured by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. are Smokeless, Absolutely Uniform, High in Velocity, Low in Breech Pressure, Waterproof, and Guaranteed to give as good results, under any climatic conditions, at the end of a Day, a Month, or a Year, as when purchased. Metallic Shells can be reloaded indefinitely with this Powder, the same as with Black Powder.

Correspondence, as to Suitable Powder for Any Kind of Weapon, Solicited.

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All Readers of Recreation

USE

FISHING TACKLE or
GUN GOODS or
PHOTO GOODS or
BICYCLE and GOLF GOODS

If we sell you these in all their great variety of patterns, of FIRST QUALITY, at MUCH LOWER PRICES than you have been paying, you will buy of us and say "thank you."

Will you not?

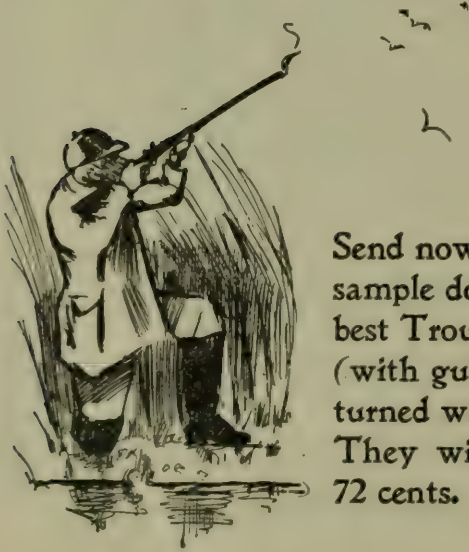
You can get Split Bamboo Rods of us at 75 cents; Flies at 24 cents a dozen; 3-ply Snelled Hooks at 16 cents a dozen; Rifles at $1.75, and Cameras at 50 cents. But we don't make any hurrah about it for that is all they are worth. We don't want you to buy such stuff.

What we do *emphasize* is the fact that we furnish high-grade Sporting Goods at LOW PRICES.

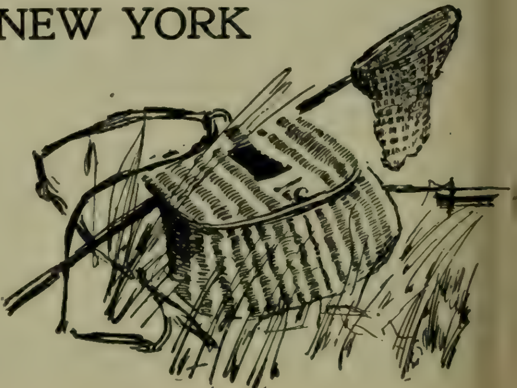
Our illustrated catalog gives full information. Send for it. A proper use of it will save you lots of money. Do us the favor to send for it NOW. Mention RECREATION.

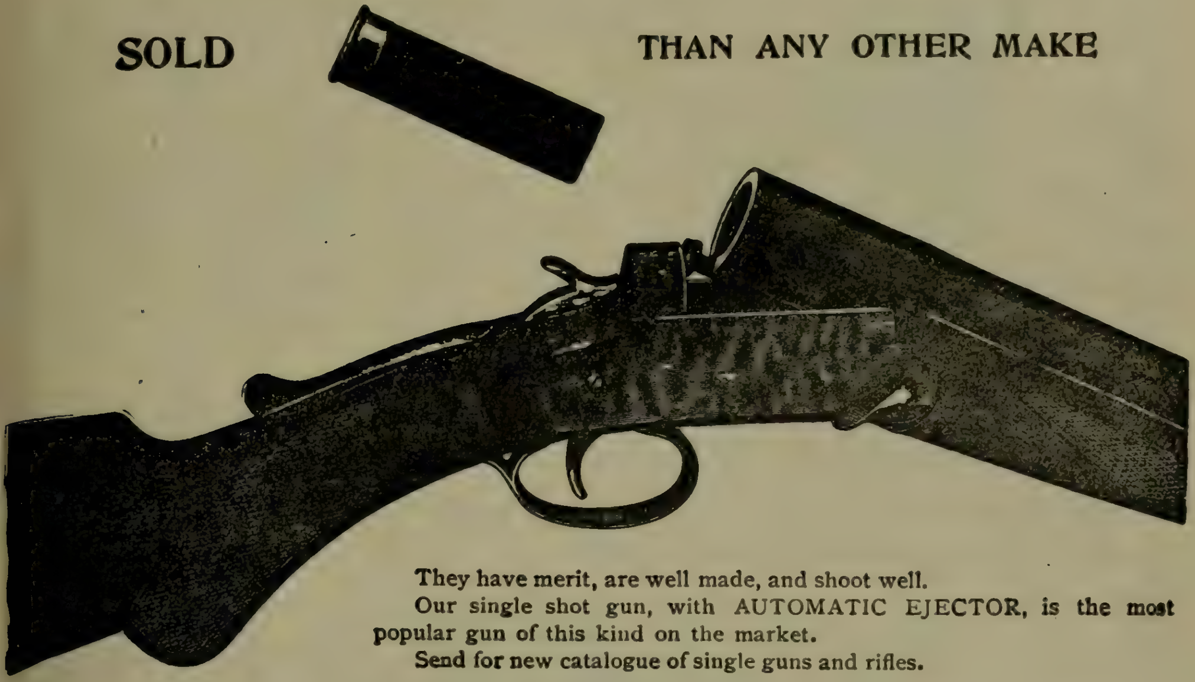
Our Photo Department is in charge of an expert, and our stock is very large and up to date. Chemicals a specialty.

Cornwall & Jespersen
310 BROADWAY
NEW YORK



Send now for a sample dozen of our best Trout Flies (with gut helper, turned wings). They will cost you 72 cents.





THERE ARE MORE

DAVENPORT SINGLE GUNS

SOLD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

They have merit, are well made, and shoot well.

Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

Send for new catalogue of single guns and rifles.

THE W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.

A rose would smell as sweet, they say,
By any other name;
Its thorns, though call them what we may,
Will prick us just the same.

The melancholy days are come, the coldest of the year,
And the fuel-bin's 'most empty and the Spring's not nowheres near.

LUNAR-TICS.

We sat alone, while 'round about
The darkness settled o'er us,
Till prudent Mother Moon came out
And Satellite before us.

Wolves are becoming a great pest here and the stockmen are suffering heavily from their ravages.

Smokeless powder small bore rifles are fast superseding black powder rifles in this region.

W. D. Jeffcott, Lost Cabin, Wyo.

Keep up the grand work of roasting the fish and game hogs. It surely will bring some of them to their senses and teach them to be decent. Hit them hard. RECREATION'S existence cannot be wiped out by such swine as these.

U. S. G. Peifer, Watsontown, Pa.

SMALL PROFITS ∴ QUICK SALES

Trout Flies

FOR TRIAL SEND US

15c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, 24 cents	Quality A Flies
30c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, 60 cents	Quality B Flies
60c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, 84 cents	Quality C Flies

Split Bamboo RODS

Fly Rods, 10 feet, 6 ounces,
Bait Rods, 9 feet, 8 ounces,
With Cork Grip
60c.

TRY OUR NEW

Braided Silk, Enameled, Waterproof

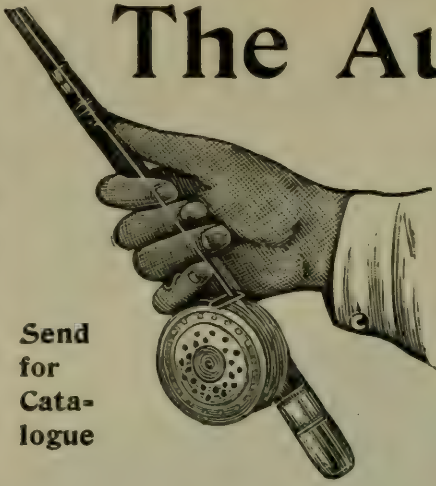
METAL CENTRE LINE

Size No. 5, 4½c. per yd.
Size No. 4, 5½c. per yd.
Put up in 10-yard lengths, connected

THE H. H. KIFFE CO.
523 Broadway, New York

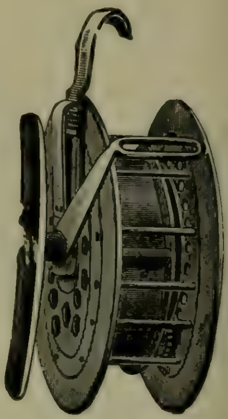
TACKLE catalog free on application.

The Automatic Fishing Reel



Send for Catalogue

If the fish tries running the line out, the resistance of the spring soon tires him. If he comes back, the reel winds the line as fast as he comes in. He can never unhook himself, as the line is always taut, and he can't get a dead strain on it. The brake controlling the spring is operated by the little finger of the hand holding the rod.



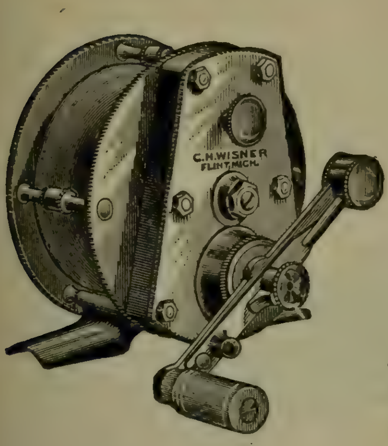
Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Boat Fishing

with still bait—requires a sensitive, straight rod, that the slightest deflection, caused by a nibble, may be instantly felt or noticed. Owing to the strength and backbone of the Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, a very light weight—say, 6½ oz.—may be used, and the pleasure of boat fishing mightily enchanced. The "Bristol" is made in 17 different sizes and styles, and the weights run from 6½ to 11½ oz. Regular jointed style, or telescopic—as you prefer. Send for Catalogue "R" and see what you will see: See?

The Horton Manufacturing Co., Bristol, Conn.
Mention RECREATION.

"THE MICHIGAN"



Mechanically, Artistically and for practical use, the finest ever produced

In Sterling and German Silver

For casting you may instantly release the spool from the master wheel and handle-bar, and they will remain stationary while the spool delivers the line, and they are as quickly attached when you wish to retrieve the line.

Our five-ounce Celluloid Dissectible Minnow Trap is the Latest and Best

FLINT REEL CO., Flint, Mich. Catalogue free

It is surprising to see how scared the men are who violate the game law. Two of them here were informed by Dr. A. L. Brooks that they were going to be written up in RECREATION. Now they say they have been out only once, that they killed only 2 old chickens, and that they wanted to see their dogs work. Just think of that for men who have been violating the game law for years! But we know better. They have been out 3 times and have killed chickens every time. Still we could not catch them with the chickens. We found it out through a little boy—W. H. O'Connell's brother-in-law. Don't let this keep you from roasting them now, for they need it. It will be an example and will do lots of good in this locality.

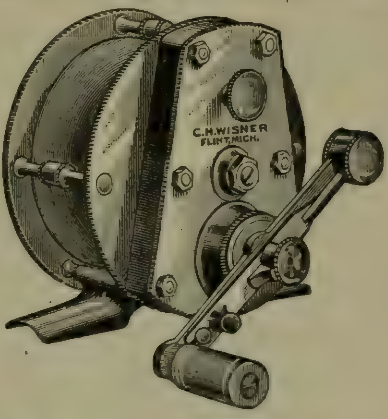
J. F. Talbott, Carroll, Ia.

I will let them off easy this time, but if you catch them at it again give me their names and addresses and I will then brand them good and deep, so they will wear the marks as long as they live.—EDITOR.

Your letter received. Yes I killed 17 quail at one shot, and am not ashamed of it. Put my name in the game hog column if you wish. I can answer satisfactorily.

Lewis Seles, Cherokee, Iowa.

Your name is already in that column. No further answer desired.—EDITOR.



Michigan Reel

THE FINEST MADE

All mechanism, except the spool, is at *rest* when casting

In Sterling and German Silver

We make reels of the ordinary form with *every* bearing jeweled

CATALOGUE FREE

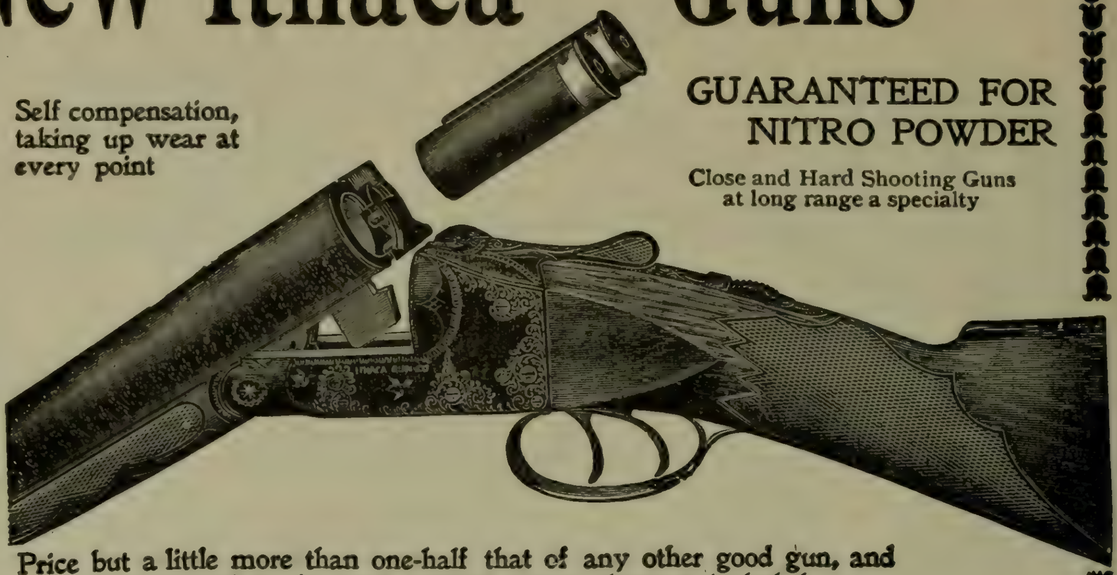
Flint Reel Co. Flint, Mich.

New Ithaca Guns

Self compensation, taking up wear at every point

GUARANTEED FOR NITRO POWDER

Close and Hard Shooting Guns at long range a specialty



Price but a little more than one-half that of any other good gun, and warranted in the most positive terms, shooting included

ITHACA GUN COMPANY, ITHACA, N. Y.

Send for circular and ask for special prices
Mention RECREATION

Manufacturers of fine Hammer and Hammerless Guns

Is Your Gun Worth Saving?
Is Your Time Worth Anything?

The Gun Bore Treatment

WILL SAVE BOTH

It is an absolutely effective and permanent protection against the **Rusting, Pitting** and **Leading** of the bore of Firearms.

Stop Cleaning Your Gun!

If this interests you, write to the

GUN BORE TREATMENT CO.

7 and 9 Warren St., NEW YORK

Barton's enthusiastic aggregation of deer hunters, consisting of Harry Anderson, B. Swazie, W. House, A. Parmenter, E. Anderson, J. Blume, W. Hildreth, C. McArdle, and H. Land have returned from the Black river district, Muskoka, where they had good sport for 3 weeks. They brought home with them 10 deer which were distributed among their friends.—Spectator, Hamilton, Ont.

Roast the game hogs brown. It is the only salvation for our birds, fish and game.

N. M. Payne, Catlin, Ill.

Here are some of my experiences in the matter of heart shots. In the past few years I have shot one doe through the heart, killed at once; one doe through heart, ran 60 feet; one doe through back bone, killed instantly; one buck through head, killed instantly; one buck through heart, ran 10 rods. All were shot with a .38-40. I think a running deer if shot in the heart will continue to run, while one standing will drop. It is more a question of how far the muscles acted upon by reflex energy from the spinal cord, will carry the animal, than which particular shot is most suddenly fatal.

W. H. Dunham, Kalkaska, Mich.

Don't think for a moment that Razor back Webber can harm the good work you are doing for game protection. I am sorry to learn that such a porker gets his living out of the government.

Keep a sharp eye on Charles Bennett, of Raquette lake, next season. He deserves it.

Dr. H. L. Ross, Canaan, Conn.

"She's a wonderful advertiser."

"What's her latest?"

"Getting her agent to mail her a poisoned gumdrop."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

...WHY...

are we selling more

VICTORY FLY RODS

than ever before?

BECAUSE

they stand the strain of hard casting, and have an action and finish that is as near perfect as it is possible to make.

Only the finest Tonquin Cane is used in their construction and every rod is

GUARANTEED PERFECT

Fly Rods, 4 to 8 oz.	-	$15.00
4-Piece Fly (New)	-	18.00
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FINE FLIES AND LEADERS A SPECIALTY

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES
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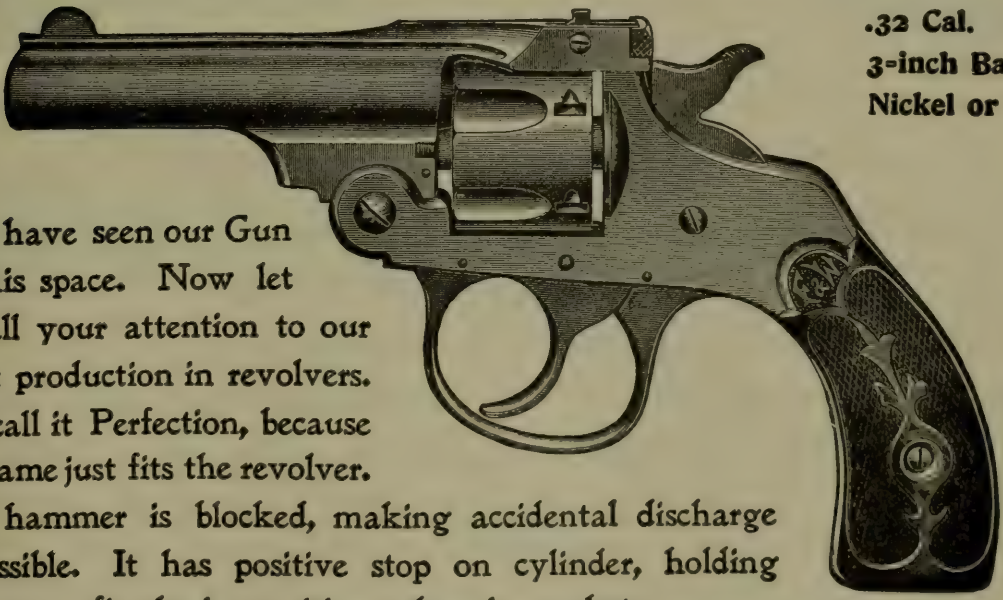
"PERFECTION AUTOMATIC"



.32 Cal.
3-inch Barrel
Nickel or Blue

You have seen our Gun in this space. Now let us call your attention to our latest production in revolvers. We call it Perfection, because the name just fits the revolver. The hammer is blocked, making accidental discharge impossible. It has positive stop on cylinder, holding the same firmly in position when in pocket. Weight only 12 ozs., and 10 ozs. in bicycle size.

No better pistol at any price. This retails at $4.00.

Forehand Arms Co. WORCESTER MASS.

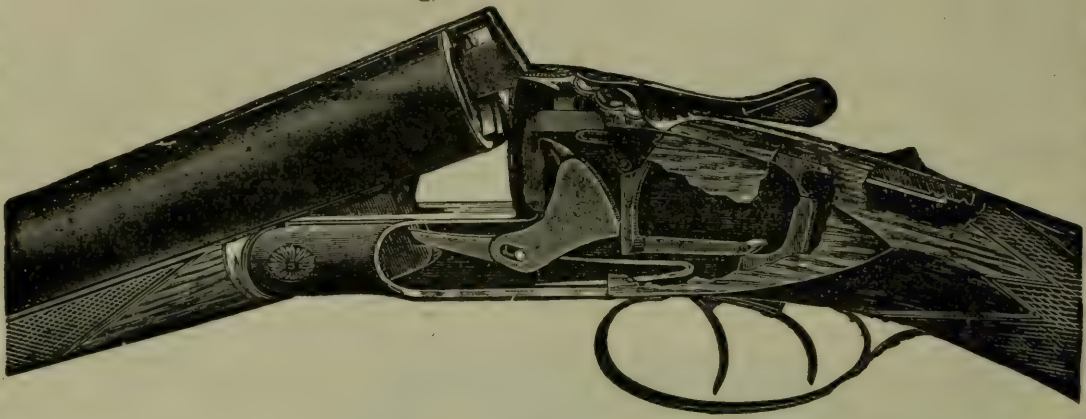
Keep Banging Away!

If you are shooting at the traps and using the

SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS

EJECTOR GUN

you are dropping your birds with great regularity. Buy a Syracuse Gun (made in all grades) and keep banging away. You need never fear anything is going to give out. Just shoot, and, if your gun is pointed right, you will kill your game.



SYRACUSE GUN

Is made from the best material and by the most experienced workmen. It is not an experiment. It has gone through all that long ago. There are three good points about the Syracuse Gun: a simple lock, a strong breech, and an ejector that surpasses anything in its line. Take a chance and see for yourself. Write for catalogue.

...MAKERS...

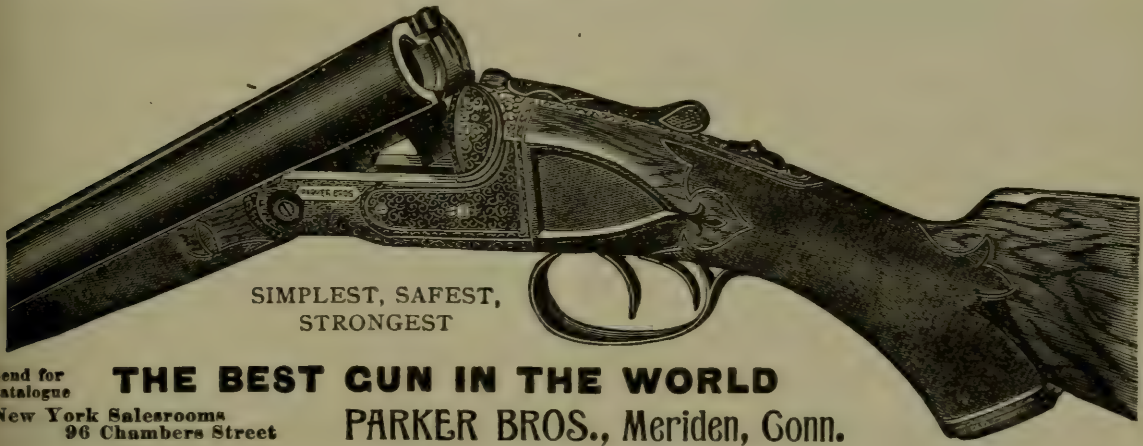
SYRACUSE ARMS CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

"The Old Reliable Parker is Superb"

So says Master GUY GRIGSBY, of Louisville, Ky., the 13 year old boy who on November 24, 1898, won the Kentucky Futurity, killing 49 out of 50 live birds, his 5th falling dead out of bounds.

In three other recent matches, including the Nelson County Fair Handicap and the Club Gold Button, which he won, he scored 42 out of 43 live birds shot at.



SIMPLEST, SAFEST, STRONGEST

THE BEST GUN IN THE WORLD

Send for Catalogue

New York Salesrooms
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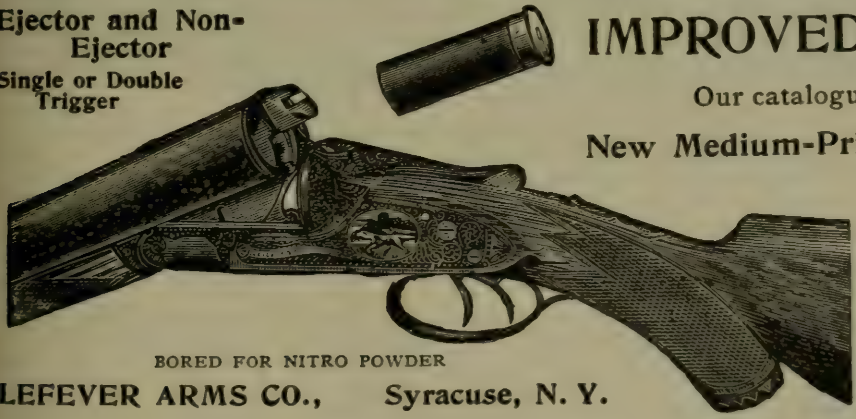
PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.

You are not up to date unless you have seen the

IMPROVED LEFEVER

Ejector and Non-Ejector
Single or Double Trigger



Our catalogue describes our

New Medium-Price Hammerless

This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER

LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

For Sale: Winchester repeating rifle, model '94, .25-35 smokeless. Round barrel, full magazine, fancy curled walnut stock, pistol grip and forearm checked, shot gun butt, rubber butt plate, Lyman sights. Almost new, perfect in every respect. $10 list engraving on frame. Guaranteed a fine, hard and accurate shooter. Worth $35. Will sell, with fine leather case, for $22; or without case $20, cash. No trades.

M. M. Conlon, Traverse City, Mich.

To Exchange: A medical electric battery, cost $35. Wilcox & Gibbs sewing machine, good as new. Cost, $55. World typewriter in good order. Cost, $15. Quackenbush .22 caliber, single shot rifle. Cost, $7.

I want a typewriter; a good 5 x 8 (or larger) photo lens; a good 12 bore double barrel shot gun; a repeating rifle, or offers. What have you?

C. C. Vosburgh, Box 1056, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Du Pont Smokeless
SMOKELESS POWDER

Depend on

DU PONT SMOKELESS

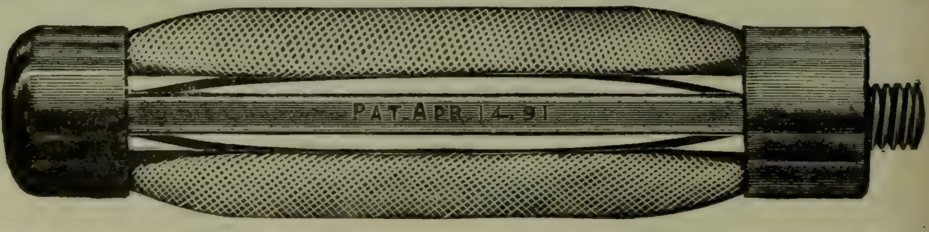
A Grand American Powder for Americans

FOR RIFLES, REVOLVERS
PISTOLS AND SHOT GUNS

SEND FOR CIRCULAR

1802 E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO. 1899

WILMINGTON, DEL.



Gun Barrels Never Pit

or lose that fine polish the maker gave them if kept clean with a **"Tomlinson Cleaner."** It has saved many a barrel from ruin, therefore saved dollars for the owner. It is a neat and inexpensive tool, with brass wire gauge sides (which can be replaced when worn, for 10 cents a pair) that will remove all lead, rust-spots, and foreign matter with such neatness that you will have no more trouble keeping your gun **right.** Our ever-increasing business a proof of its value. All dealers or by mail on receipt of price, $1.00. Fits any rod and lasts a lifetime. An extra pair of sides and tool for rag with each. Gauges .8 to .20.

USED EVERYWHERE IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD

I. J. TOMLINSON 915 S. Salina Street SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THE BAKER IS
ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Beautifully finished, durably constructed, accurate in shooting, latest improvements. The Baker Gun not only has all the advantages possessed by its leading competitors but has absolute safety appliances which render it the most desirable gun for general use.

FREE! We will send for a year, free to any one interested in shooting or hunting, our *Quarterly*, which is nicely illustrated and contains stories, anecdotes and facts. A postal-card will bring it.

BAKER GUN & FORGING CO.
School Street, Batavia, N. Y.

An exchange states that Sam Cable, of Sullivan, Mich., killed more than 1,000 quails during the winter of '98. I wrote the man and asked him if this report was correct. He replies as follows:

"I am happy to inform you that the information you received is correct. I did kill over 1,000 quails last fall."

Then he goes on to toot his horn about his wonderful shooting, and tries to work in an ad for his dog, which he wants all dog breeders to know about.

Instead of being "happy to state," Sam should be heartily ashamed of himself. A hog pen is too good for such a man. He should be confined in a skunk den for at least 3 years.—EDITOR.

Some Rare Opportunities

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod } FREE OF COST
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They can be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

"Recreation" 19 West 24th Street
New York

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, paper; or a Czar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a Photake Camera and outfit, listed at $2.50; or a No. 41 Stevens Pistol, listed at $2.50.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Powder, listed at $2; or a Nodark Camera, listing at $5; or a Stevens Tip-Up Pistol, listing at $2.50.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruising in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Willsie Camera, made for cut films, and listed at $5; or a Boss Dandy Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $5; or a Forehand New Model Revolver, listing at $4.

SIX subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *American Game Fishes*, cloth.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Pocket Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $5; or a Waterproof Wall Tent, 7½ x 7½, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $7.50.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $6.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a single-shot Davenport Rifle; or a Fishing rod, or a Yawman and Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle, No. 44, listed at $10; or a Willsie Camera, listed at $10.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Kozy Camera, listed at $10.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport single-barrel, breech-loading Ejector Shot-gun, listed at $10; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a No. 2 Bullet Camera, listed at $10; or a Stevens Diamond Pistol, listed at $7.50 to $8.50; or an Adlake Camera, listed at $12; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9. or a Grade A Sportsmen's Trunk, made by the New Departure Trunk Co., and listed at $18.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a No. 4 Bullseye Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $12; or a Bo-Peep B Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $15; or an Elita Single Shot-gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listing at $18; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15; or a Grade B Sportsmen's Trunk, listed at $22.

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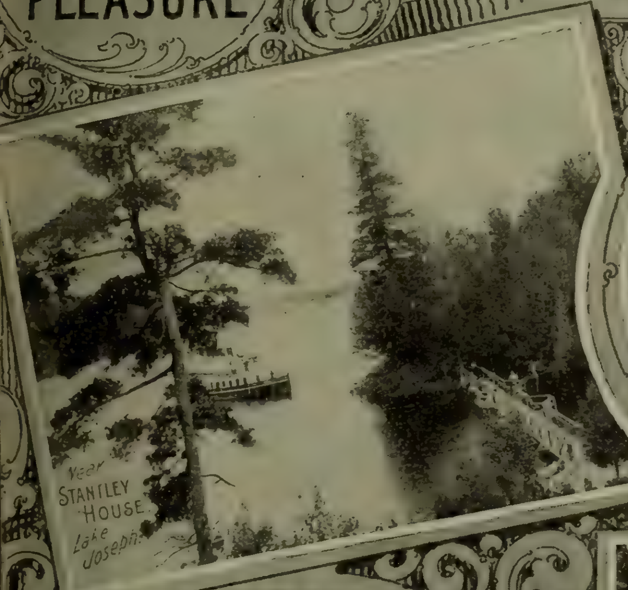
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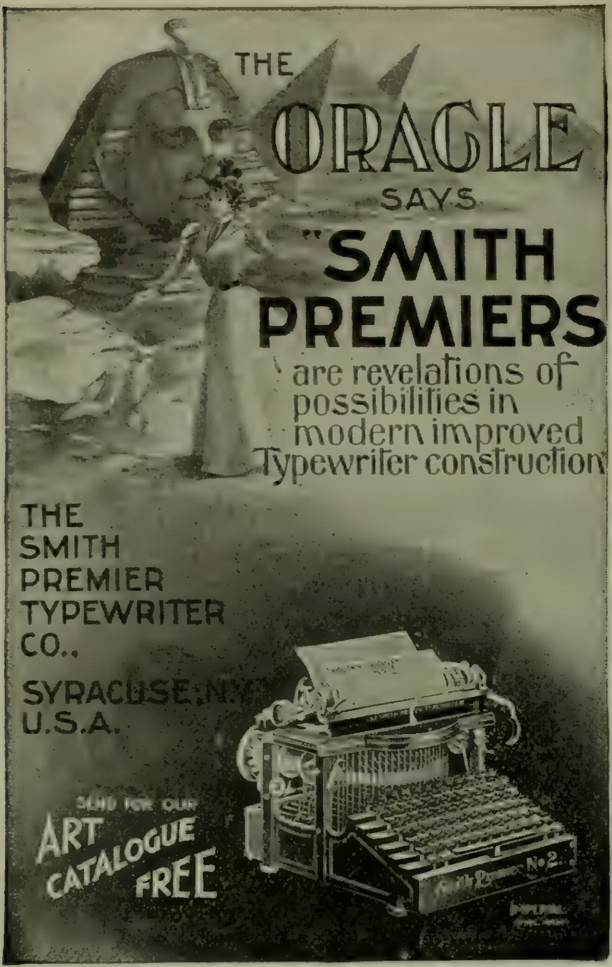
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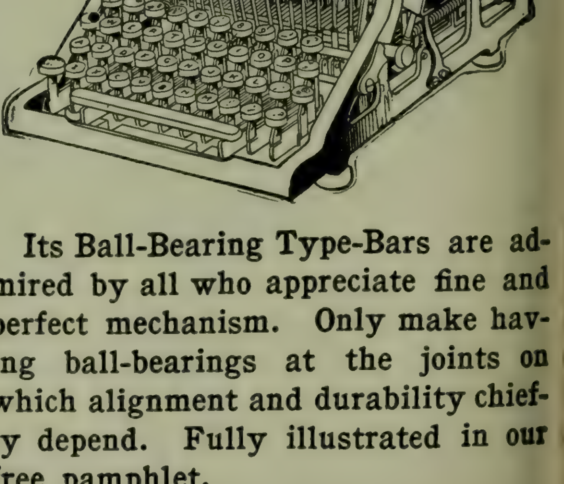
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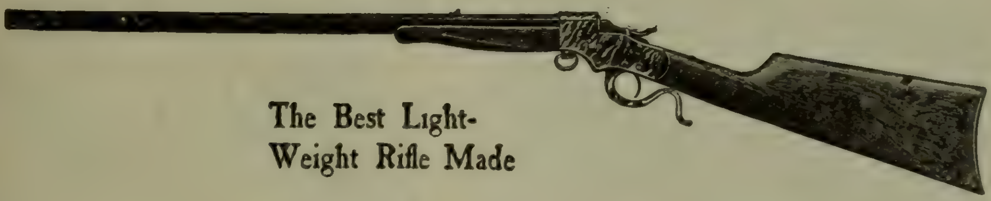

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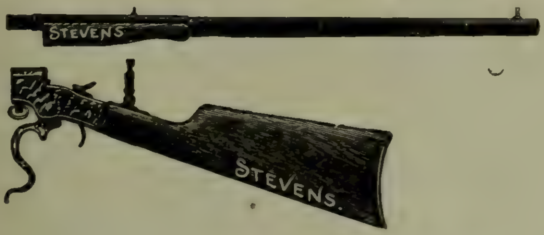

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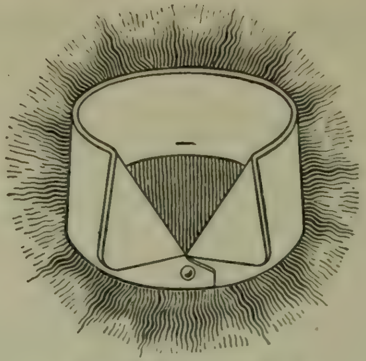

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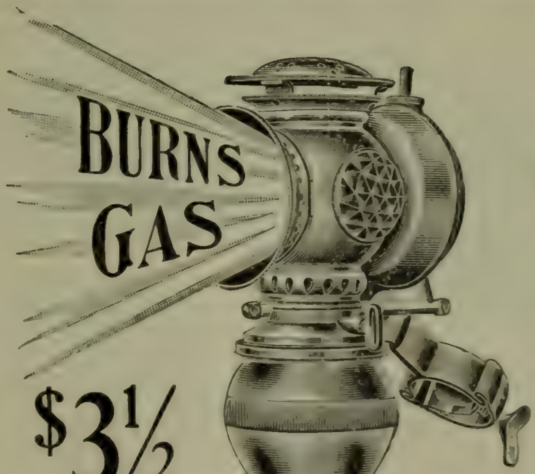

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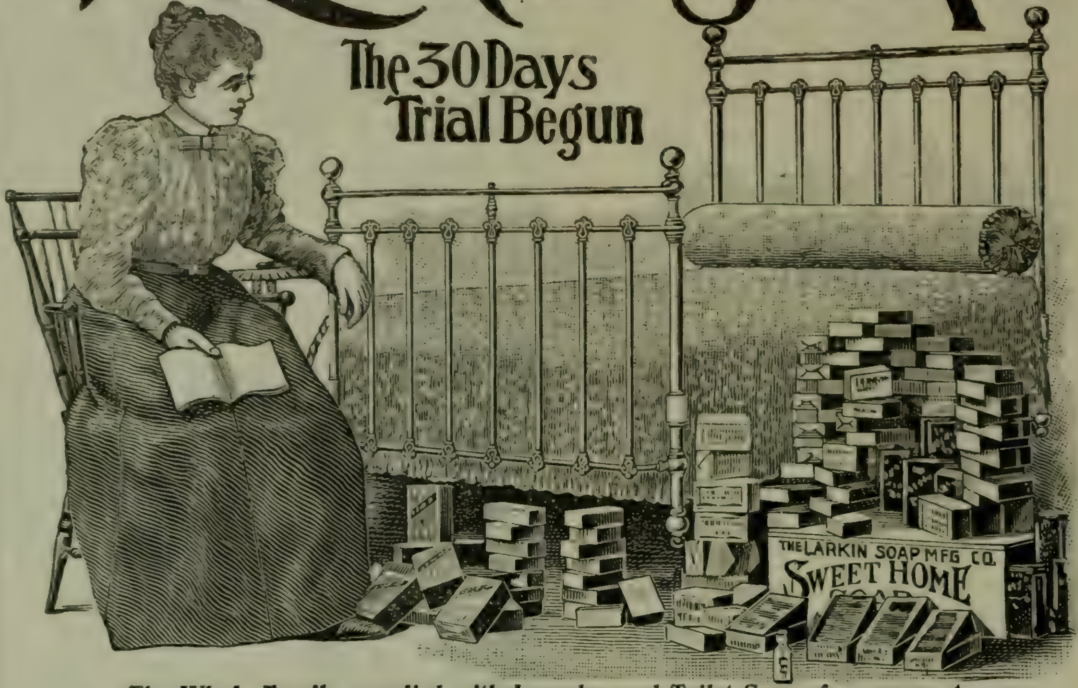

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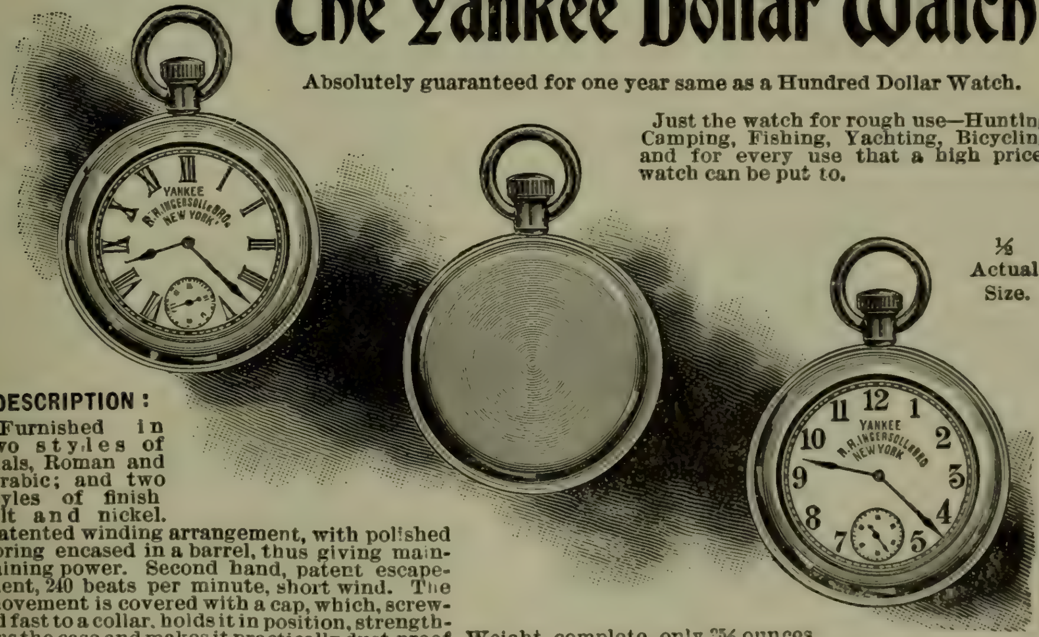

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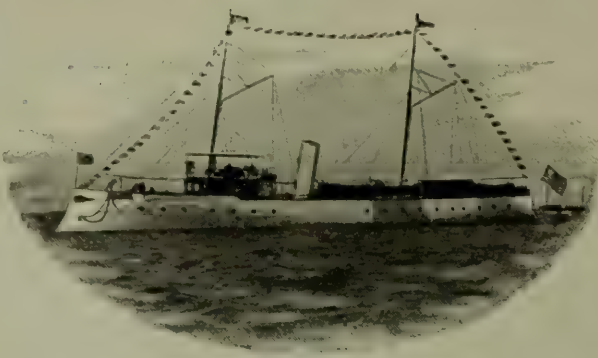

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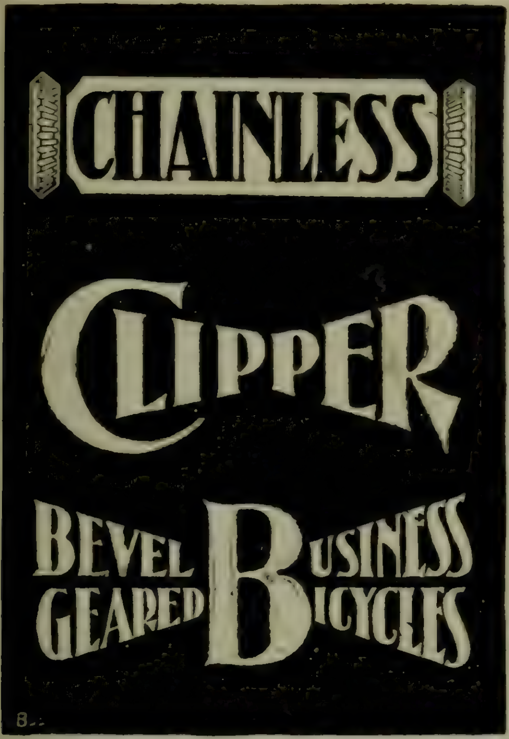

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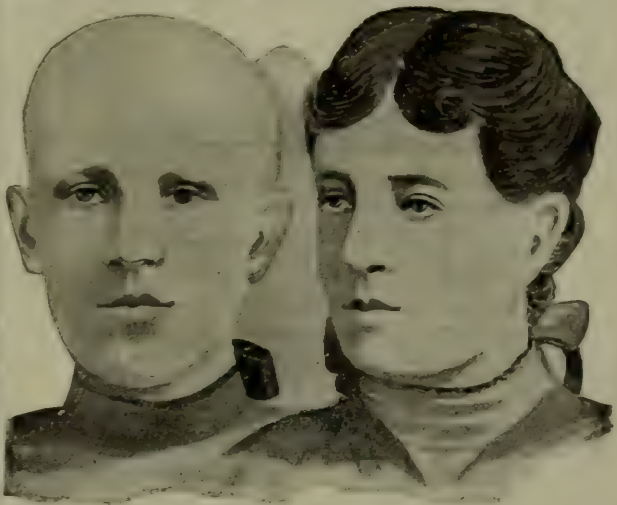
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No charge is made for the **land for making deed, notary fee, taxes or other so-called expense,** but we require all to send **25 cents** when application is made. This amount is simply to help pay cost of this advertisement, postage and **handsome illustrated book on Cuba—its climate, soil, tobacco, sugar and fruit culture.** Each applicant can receive a Warranty Deed for a **Plantation,** or a **House** or **Business Lot,** as he or she may choose.

The Plantations and Lots to be given away, will consist of only **one-fifth** of our property, the remaining **four-fifths** we shall hold for the Company's profit, to be sold in the future at **enormously increased values.**

Large and diversified ownership by energetic and enterprising Americans, will make all of our property worth, in five years, **fifty times what it is to-day**—hence our offer. Such a field of wealth has never before been opened. It may mean a **fortune to you.** It certainly means happiness, comfort, and a competence to those who accept our offer **now.**

$300 to $1,500 PER ACRE

can be made from Cuban Land, raising **Sugar, Tobacco, Coffee, Oranges, Cocoanuts, Pineapples, Bananas, Figs, Citron,** and all **early vegetables.** Three crops per year. No frost, a beautiful, healthful climate, under **American system of government;** a life on the richest and most fertile island in the world. **Forty acres will make you a fortune in a few years.** Five acres a competence for life. We start you on the road to this. Why toil and starve, and freeze, when by at once taking advantage of this offer, you can reap a golden harvest, and live a life of comparative ease.

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The Company will set out and take care of Plantations for those who are not in a position to attend to it personally. After two years a 20-acre plantation will pay **$4,000 yearly,** and after five years over **$8,000.** Think of it!

Our offer is open to all except girls or boys under 16, or paupers. We want people with ambition and energy. Those who have something and want to see that something grow into a splendid and easy livelihood.

CONDITIONS. There are absolutely **NO** conditions that cannot be complied with. You are not required to move there, to improve in any way except at your own pleasure, though we prefer that you should.

EXCURSIONS will be run several times yearly by steamships, for the benefit of stockholders and land owners. These excursions will be either given in one of our own steamships, or one chartered for the purpose at actual cost of transportation and food.

TO-DAY is the day to answer this advertisement to secure its full benefits. Should your application be too late to receive the full benefits then the money will be returned. Send 25 cents, stamps or silver.

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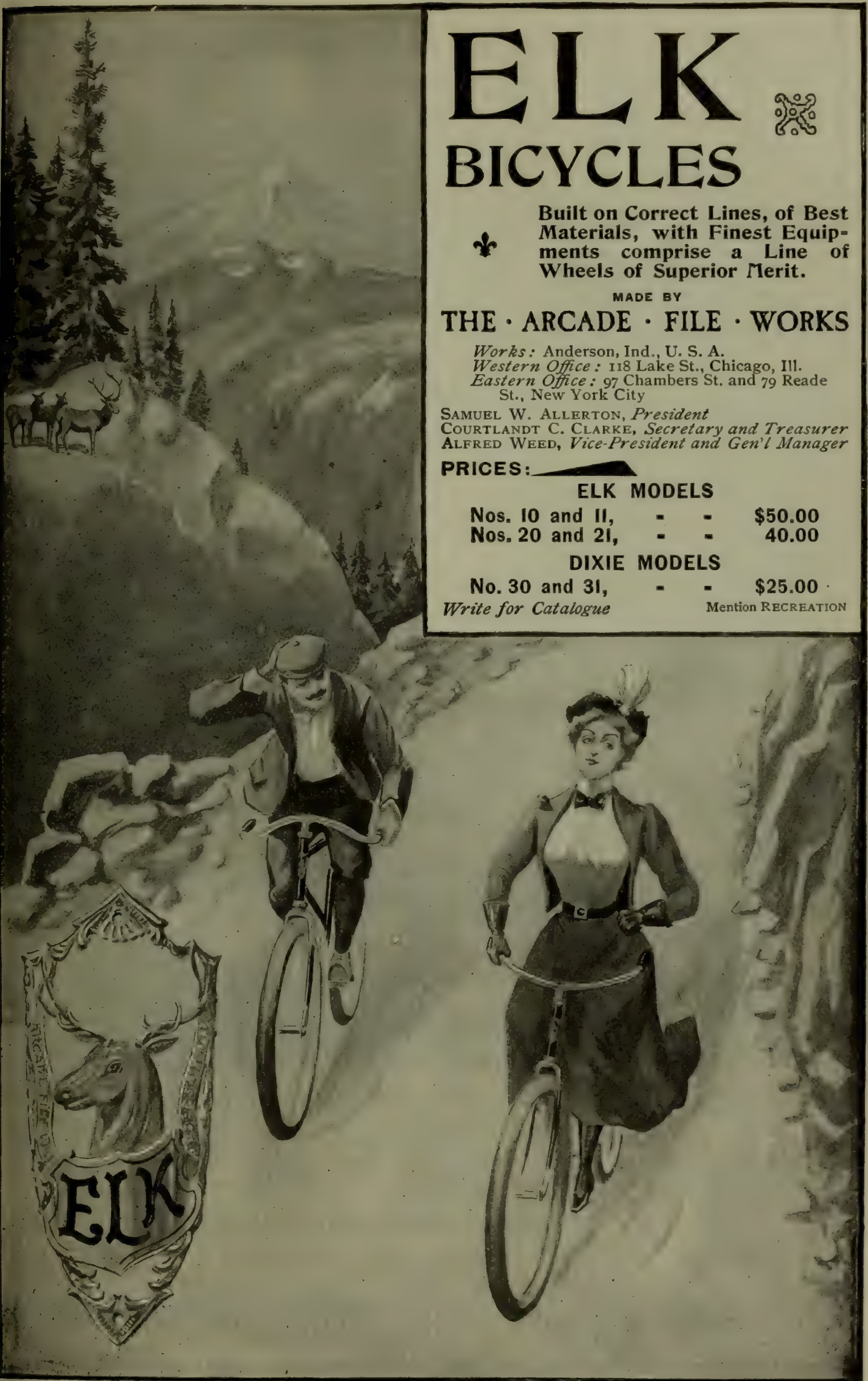

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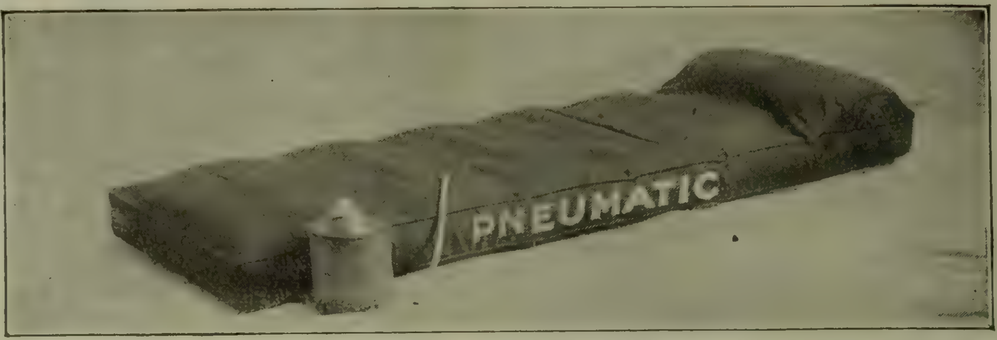

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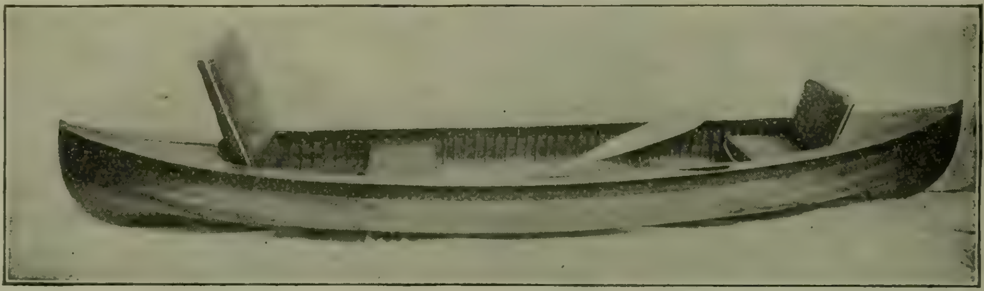

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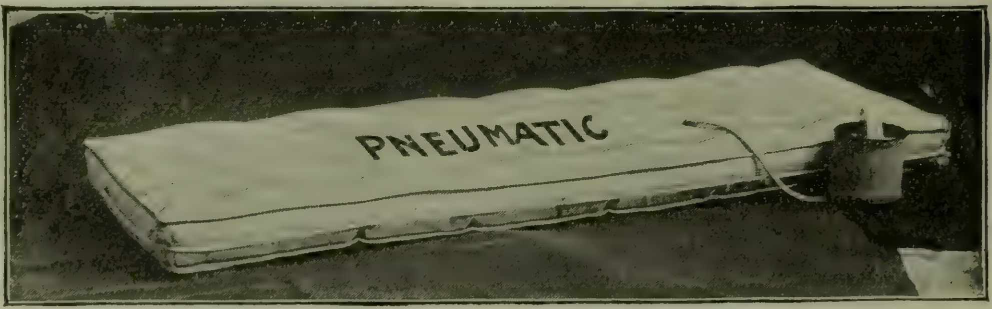

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The only mattress suitable for yachting purposes. The "Paris," "New York," Battleship "Indiana," Yacht "America," and many others are equipped with them. Circular "A" tells why they are superior; send for it. Mention *Recreation.*

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WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

You instantly recognize WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP. It is impossible to mistake its thick, creamy, softening lather or its delicate, refreshing odor, for there is nothing else like it. Under its soothing influence shaving becomes a lathery luxury, and a feeling of intense satisfaction takes possession of you.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS are used by all first-class barbers, and are for sale all over the world.

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Schlitz beer is even cooled in plate glass rooms—in filtered air. Then we filter the beer. Then each bottle is sterilized after it is filled and sealed. The purity is absolute.

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Schlitz beer is aged for months in refrigerating rooms before it leaves the brewery. Beer insufficiently aged is called "green beer," and that lack of age causes biliousness.

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Every process in the making of Schlitz beer is in charge of men who learned brewing under the world's greatest masters—men who have practiced it for from twenty to thirty years—men who are partners in the business.

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For fifty years Schlitz beer has been the standard in all that makes beer healthful. No care is too extreme, no cost too great that adds a whit to purity, and purity is everything.

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Address SCHLITZ, Milwaukee, Wis.

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RABBIT BAY—LAKE OF BAYS—HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.

RECREATION.

Volume X. APRIL, 1899. Number 4.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

BEARDING A GRIZZLY IN HIS DEN.

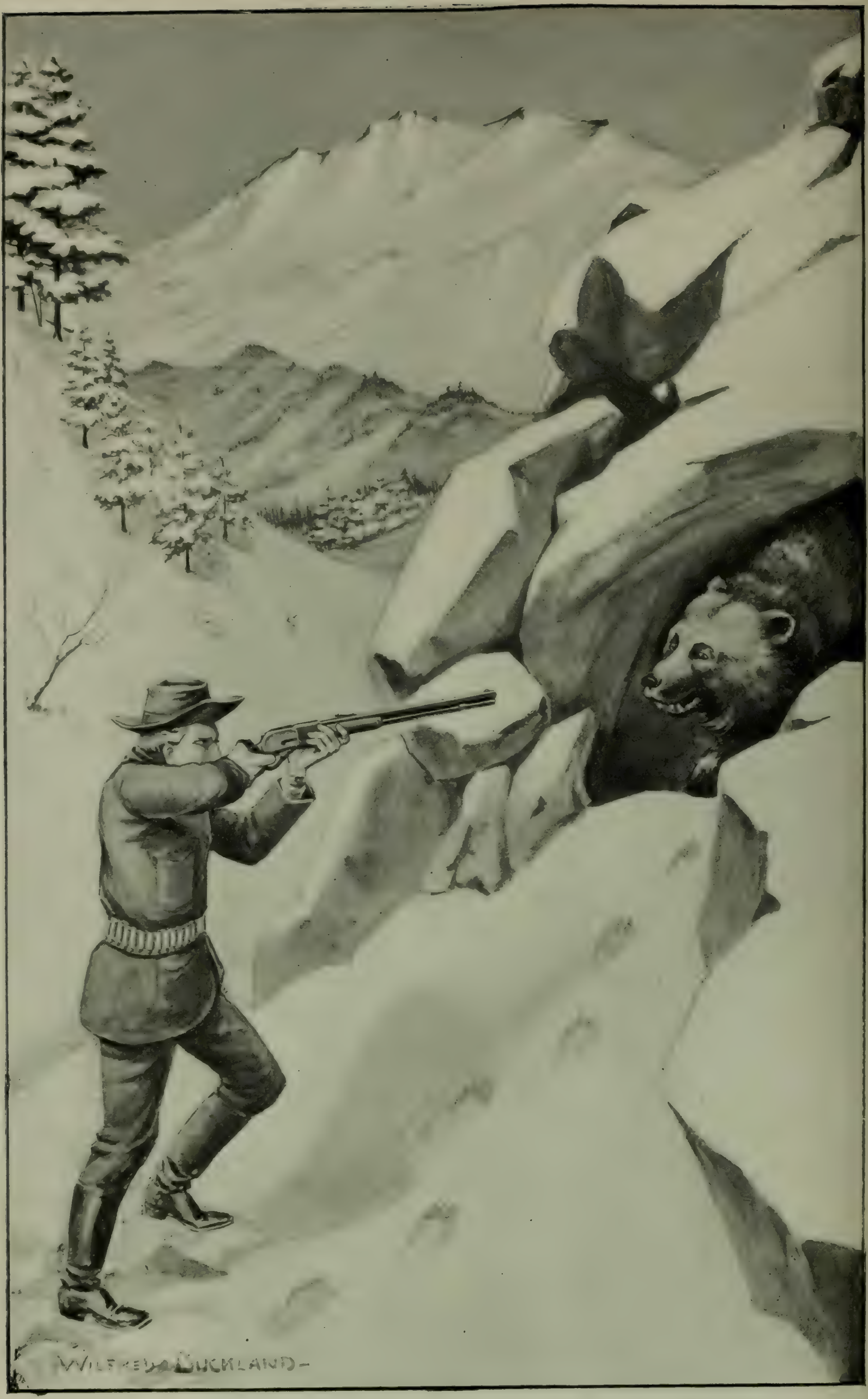
GEO. W. REA.

One winter afternoon I mounted my horse, rode into the foothills of the Tetons in search of game and soon found the fresh track of a big grizzly. He was evidently seeking his den, urged on by the cold and snow. It was too late in the day to follow him, so I continued on my journey, promising Bruin a chase the next day.

It was late in the evening when I reached home, yet I was in the saddle again by daybreak; this time, however, taking with me food for myself as well as for the horse. Although in my 65th year, I rode away feeling as young and sprightly as a school boy. I came to the bear's trail about noon and began the pursuit. All who have followed bears are aware they will pass through every windfall near their line of travel. Snow was still clinging to the trees and brush and my every motion, as I tracked the bear over hill and dale, caused a miniature snow storm. After a few miles the trail turned up the mountain side; the snow becoming deeper as the altitude increased.

At the head of a hollow, into which the tracks led, were a number of large rocks and I felt sure I would find my game among them. I dismounted and leading my horse went cautiously forward. The trail led toward a large rock, while beyond and about it the snow was unmarked. I dropped the reins of my horse and stealthily approached the rock. So steep was the hillside that I was within 6 feet of the hole, down which the bear had gone, before I saw it. I threw my gun to my shoulder, yet hesitated a moment before making my presence known to the animal I had come so far to see. I am a veteran hunter, well versed in bear nature and I knew that standing as near the den as I did, unless I killed the bear at the first shot I would have no time to fire another. However, I was not going to back down and, with my rifle pointed at the hole, I shouted.

No innkeeper ever answered the hail of an expected guest with more celeri y than did the bear my challenge. He was in a far from hospitable frame of mind. As his head came in sight he opened his great mouth and growled savagely. A more vicious looking brute never showed its face. At the crack of the rifle he fell back into the hole. In went another cartridge and I was ready for him again, but everything was quiet. The hole was so filled with smoke that for some time I could see nothing else. When it cleared away, I saw one of the bear's paws. Making a slip noose in a rope I managed to get it over his foot. Then I tied the rope to the saddle horn and my horse pulled the bear out. The bullet had struck between and a little below the eyes, and ranging downward, had completely shattered the vertebræ to the shoulders. The muzzle of the gun was not more than 2 feet from the bear's head when discharged.


WILFRED BUCKLAND

"AT THE CRACK OF THE RIFLE HE FELL BACK INTO THE HOLE."

The following day I obtained assistance and dragged my prize from the woods to open ground and from there, with a sleigh, we brought him in.

He was a magnificent old chap. His coat was perfect and his skin when pegged out measured 6 feet 2 inches wide and 7 feet 8 inches long. He had just put on his winter's supply of fat and was like a prize pig at Christmas. I took 4 gallons of oil out of him and his skin, with a big hole in the center of the frontal bone reposes on my mantel.

PHOTO BY MRS. H. REYNOLDS.

"WHO SAID 'RATS?'"

" When I made a joke the other day," remarked Senator Sorghum, " nobody laughed."

" That's true."

" And when I made a serious speech, I awoke the hilarity of a nation."

" It seems so."

" Well, I give it up. I don't know which is harder—trying to be funny, or trying not to."—Washington Star.

OUR ALASKAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

HUNTING WHITE SHEEP IN THE NAHANNA MOUNTAINS.

A. J. STONE.

My first knowledge of the white sheep (ovis Dalli) was obtained in the summer of '96 while traveling through the upper Stickeen river, several hundred miles from the land of the Nahannas.

Combining all possible information I became thoroughly convinced that the Liard would be the proper route from which to take observations as to the geographical distribution of this animal. In this conclusion experience has proven me correct, and I have been rewarded beyond my highest hopes.

On this route we saw the last of the black sheep and the first of the white, as we traveled North, and located the line of their division, satisfying ourselves thoroughly that the 2 species do not mingle, nor shade off; that the season does not effect change of color; in short, that the 2 are entirely distinct.

When I sailed from Seattle in the summer of '97 I could plainly see, in fancy, these sheep, high up in the Nahanna mountains, and though hundreds of miles of distance and 11 months of hard travel and hard work lay between my picture and its realization, I never lost hope; nor did time hang heavy. Work was a sovereign specific against discouragement, and of work I had plenty. Even the month of isolation at Hell's Gate passed swiftly; the sun shone most of the time, and the winged migrants to the North lent their cheerful companionship. My short stay at Fort Liard gave me the chance to secure a first-class helper in John McLeod.

PHOTO BY A. J. STONE.

OUR OUTFIT ON THE LIARD RIVER.

The voyage from Fort Liard to the Indian settlement near the mouth of the Nahanna river, 100 miles, did not consume much time. The river here skirts the base of the mountains, and as we passed along I narrowly scanned them from the low foot-hills to the serrated summits. The prospect here was not calculated to infuse hope, as the mountains seemed better fitted for the home of the goat than the sheep, which was the object of my quest. However, I remembered seeing a piece of the skin of a white sheep at Fort Liard, which must have been taken in this region. Therefore, I renewed my confidence.

PHOTO BY A. J. STONE.

A TRIBUTARY OF THE DEASE RIVER.

Arriving at the Indian settlement we anchored our "ship" in the mouth of a sluggish tributary, safe from the drift wood which was still running; climbed the high bank, and shook hands all round in silence. The Indians had been notified in advance of our coming, by an agent of the Hudson Bay Company, who had bespoken their friendly aid in our behalf. Our interpreter, therefore, had only to inform them that I was the man whom they were expecting, to secure their prompt assistance.

One of them handed me a note left by this agent, assuring me that I should find what I was in search of, and that the Indians would give me all necessary information as to their country and hunting grounds.

One of them brought from his cabin an old coat made from the skin of the white sheep; and now the last lingering fear of disappointment vanished. I bought the coat at once.

I had been warned to use every effort to put our supplies in a safe place while we were away in the mountains, as, while these people were entirely friendly, yet a hungry Indian is an untrustworthy neighbor. These were hungry, therefore, not to be trusted. Living in a country abounding in moose, they had no meat. They had no tea, no tobacco. Their only food consisted of a few worthless fish taken from the Liard—"Suckers and Jack-fish." They begged hard for tea and tobacco, and stood in ranks 3 or 4 deep gazing at us while we ate our supper. This was trying, so after we had eaten I told them to heat several kettles of water into which I put tea, greatly to their delight. I then engaged a young man to go with us.

Next day we built a strong log cache into which we put our supplies, as we told the Indians, to keep them safe from dogs. Selecting one of the natives with a fairly good face I appointed him to guard our cache during our absence, procured a birch bark canoe, distributed some more tea, and made ready for the mountains. We were off at 4 next morning.

Paddling back up river for 15 miles we landed and night found us camped on a dry knoll of black pine far on our way over the Musky which must be crossed *en route* to the foot-hills. Next day we struck into the mountains, following Old Skow river, carrying about 45 pounds each. Our route led us up a difficult canyon, but at night we camped near the last growth of balsam, having already discovered signs of white sheep. Tracks were not fresh, but not more than 3 days old. Several days passed without results beyond wearing out our shoes. It began to look blue, and the food question was becoming urgent. Finally, one evening after we had come into camp unsuccessful, as usual, the young Indian, to whom I had given a rifle, anxious to try his weapon

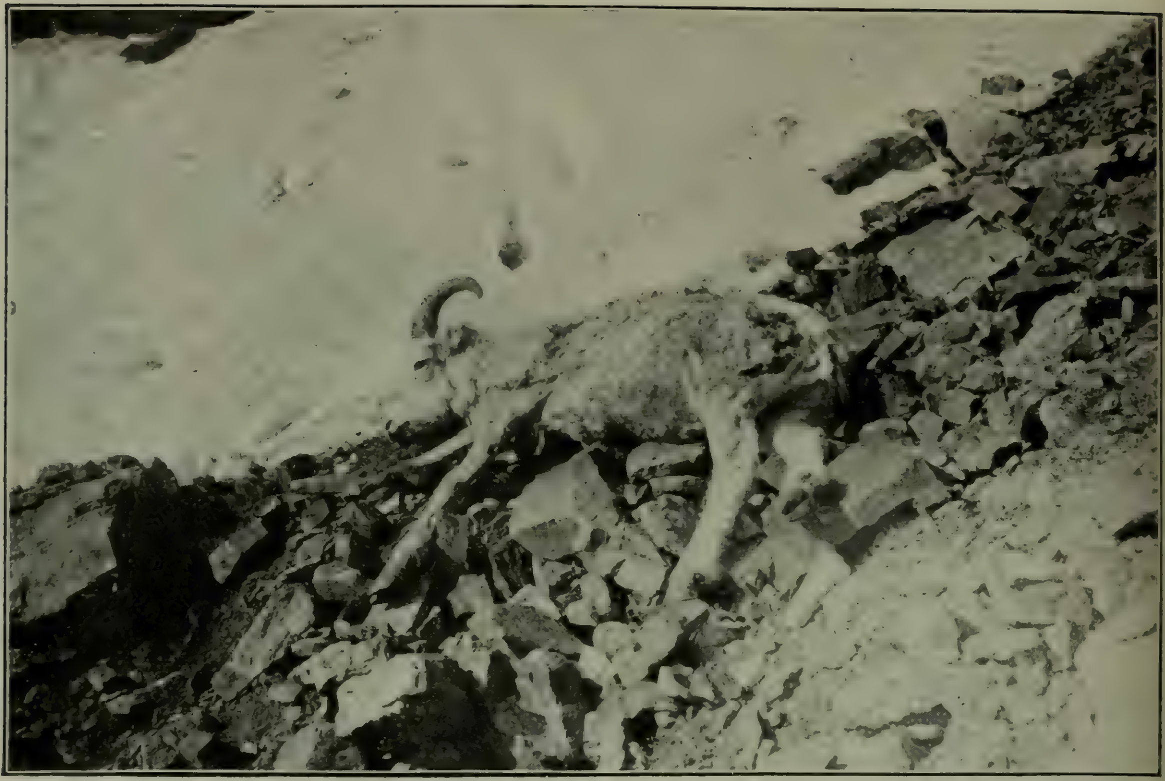


PHOTO BY A. J. STONE.

WHITE SHEEP (*OVIS DALLI*), MALE.

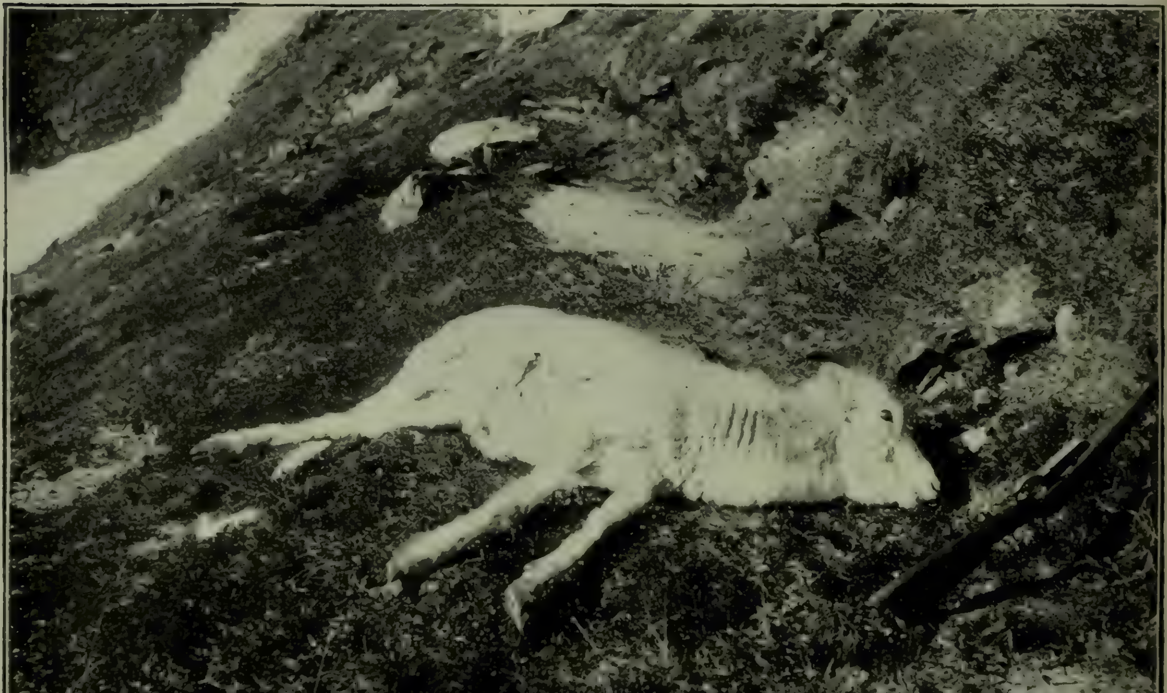


PHOTO BY A. J. STONE.

WHITE SHEEP (*OVIS DALLI*), FEMALE.

PHOTO BY A. J. STONE.

A PAIR OF THEM.

started (after supper) to hunt a little on his own hook. Soon we heard firing and presently the hunter came into camp reporting that he had killed a cow moose and her calf. This set at rest the food question.

John and I went with him to the game, in the morning, I taking measurements and photographing the carcasses. The cow was large and fat, 93 inches in total length, and 68 inches high at the shoulder. The calf (about a week old) 37 inches total length, and 33 inches high.

The meat we cut up, and as the weather was very warm, prepared it for drying, by smoking. This occupied us all till noon, and would keep one man through the afternoon. As I had other work to do, I volunteered to stay in camp and keep up the smoke while the others looked for sheep.

Returning before sunset they reported having seen 3 far off, traveling the sharp crest of the range. Knowing my anxiety to procure specimens they concluded not to pursue, but to return to camp and inform me. I was sure the animals would not go far that night so deferred action till morning. Retiring at 9 we were up at 12 midnight, made a hasty meal of tea and cold moose and at 4.30 were on top of the range. We soon found 2 of them near where they had been found the previous evening. They were still lying down, and as the wind was in our favor we waited for them to move. This they soon did, quickly disappearing. Leaving the camera and our hats behind we climbed in pursuit over as rugged a trail as I have ever attempted.

Reaching the rocks where we had seen them we found a narrow gap beyond which the surface sank into a little basin. Here I felt sure they were. Slipping through this cautiously but quickly we peered over, and there—not more than 75 yards from us, was the coveted prize—2 sheep. Two rifles rang out and 2 sheep lay dead at our feet. What a happy moment! I yelled again and again.

The Indian, to whom this was only meat, and otherwise valueless, the skin being almost worthless, gazed in stolid astonishment at my wild antics. He could not appreciate the toil I had undergone, the dangers I had braved, the hardships I had endured, the hundreds of miles I had come just to get these 2 specimens. The pleasure I felt at being able to determine as to the identity of the white and black sheep, was all folly to him!

He returned for my camera while I proceeded to measure our victims. They were mates and were just in process of shedding; hence not beauties, but because of their condition all the more interesting as specimens. Here were both the old coat and the new to confute the theory of changing shades with changing seasons.

Two days were consumed in getting the skins ready for transportation, for in this warm weather every caution must be ob-

served to guard against loss. Two days more took us to our cache, which we reached with our treasures in good condition.

Everything was found in good shape at the cache. The river was high and drift wood running at such a rate as to render navigation dangerous to our canvas craft, so we were obliged to wait 3 or 4 days. This time I utilized in gathering a few Indian curios, and picking up some knowledge of the fauna of the neighboring country.

During our absence in the mountains 5 moose and 4 bears had been killed by these people, and though they (the natives) did not number more than 25 men, women and children, their supply of meat was almost exhausted when we returned. To one unfamiliar with their manners and habits the amount of meat one of them can eat at one meal is astonishing. These 8 or 10 adults, and 15 or 16 children are fully capable of consuming a large moose at one sitting, if really hungry! Such a sitting would extend through the greater part of one day.

ONE MORE SHOT.

W. H. CASE.

The red is in the Western sky,
The day is closing fast,
The chill East wind across the marsh
Brings thoughts of Lodge and warm repast.

" Come boys," the older hunter says,
" Your day's been filled with sport the best;
It's time to quit, more days will come
To satisfy your youthful zest."

" Wait, Uncle John, just one more shot;
Another chance, I'll ask no more;
We've had a great day, that's a fact,
But one more duck will swell the score."

But the flight had passed,
They watch in vain through fading light;
Safe in some secure retreat,
The wild duck rested for the night.

Then up decoys, and a pull for home
Along the darkening shore;
A good day's sport and a welcome back,
What boy could ask for more?

" Just one more shot." How like us all
In life's long hunt for wealth and lore;
Some fail, but all alike,
Want one more chance to swell the score.

HOUSE BOATING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

D. E. BARNUM.

From office, from store, from factory, from school and from legislative hall gathered a party on pleasure bent—a cruise on the Susquehanna. July 5th had been selected as the date and 2.30 p.m. as the starting time.

Our boat was 28 feet long by 8 feet wide, with flat bottom, each end being rounded up 5 or 6 inches above the water line. The top consisted of a light skeleton frame of wood, with rafters about half pitch, so arranged that it could be taken down and folded compactly into a bundle. Over this was drawn a canvas cover which afforded protection from storm and sun. Two rows of bunks were arranged on each side of the boat, one above the other, leaving a passage way between, a most convenient feature. These bunks were taken down, folded and put away during the day. We believe this the most comfortable, convenient and inexpensive form of boat that can be constructed for the purpose. As there is not much sale for craft of this character at the lower end of the trip, and as it does not pay to ship them back, a cheaply constructed boat that will answer the purpose best suits the requirements. They are usually stripped of their cover, framework and bunks and left as a prize for the finder, whoever that may be.

SUSQUEHANNA NEAR WYALUSING.

The Susquehanna, from Binghamton, which is usually made the starting point on trips of this kind,* for the first 150 miles runs in as many different directions as there are points on the compass, and to reach Wilkesbarre, a distance of about 70 miles in a straight line, requires a journey of nearly 200 miles by river. From Binghamton to Waverly, nearly due West about 40 miles, the river runs through a thickly populated valley containing some of the best farming lands in the Empire State. At Waverly we turn Southward and are soon amid the rocky hills and mountains of Pennsylvania. A peculiarity of the scenery now, is a stretch of narrow valley on one side and high, rocky mountains on the other. This continuing for 2 or 3 miles, when the order is reversed, the valley being on the other side and the mountains opposite. Whatever persuaded this river to cut so crooked a path through this ridge of mountains is a question geologists have

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* Other starting points are Owego, N. Y.; Sayre, Pa., and Towanda, Pa., on the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

RED ROCKS NEAR ALLENS.

failed to satisfactorily answer. First to the right, then quickly to the left, we make sharp turns, and were it not for the screech of the iron horse on the Lehigh Valley road, which traverses this valley, there would be nothing to indicate we were within a thousand miles of civilization.

The Pennsylvania part of the river is far more rapid than that in New York, and as we are drifting with the current of course we make better time here than above. The fishing is also best in these parts. As our boat draws only about 5 inches of water we have little trouble in passing the shallow rifts which are frequently to be found. There are only 3 that might be termed difficult or dangerous. For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the river we mention 3. First, at Apalachin, where the proper channel for the large boat is in the center of the river until you get through the opening of the old dam. Then bear to the right till you pass an old eel weir; then turn sharply to the left, keeping below the rifts across the river to the old ferry boat landing at Apalachin. The second is just above Towanda. Here the boat should pass between the first and second piers of the railroad bridge, on the left hand side, and immediately on getting under the bridge turn quick to the right, directly across the river; then to the left, when you have an easy current to carry you in to Towanda, where you will probably need to stop for supplies.

The third, and most dangerous of all, is at Homets Ferry. No trouble need be feared, however, if the pilot understands the route. You should keep the center of the river, bearing a little to the left until you reach the opening in the old dam. Pass through this and turn sharp to the right, running along close below the dam for a short distance, when the current turns again to the left and there is no further trouble. Two or 3 good men with poles are needed to hold the boat from driving against the rocks on either side, the current being very swift. There is a shallow passage way on the extreme left which can be made when the water is not at a very low stage. None

of our party being acquainted with the river we ran into this narrow passage way just after dark. Finding it so rough and rocky, we were afraid to go farther and finally succeeded in pulling our boat ashore, fastening our guy ropes to some big stones near the water's edge. During the night a terrific thunderstorm caught us all fast asleep. A violent gust of wind, followed by the driving rain, quickly brought us to our senses, also revealing the fact that we had not securely fastened down our cover, which was now fluttering in the gale. In the midst of it all our boat had broken from its moorings, and we were completely at the mercy of the storm. The almost blinding flashes of lightning presented to our view a scene not soon to be forgotten. Some of us were out in the water hanging to the guy ropes, he others vainly endeavoring to hold down he corners of our roof which the fierce vinds seemed bound to carry bodily away. We were all clad in the habiliments so comfortable for a hot July night. Each ace wore an expression, possibly not of right, but in strong contrast to a smile. Luckily the storm did not last long, but he hollows of our couches were well filled vith water, and little sleep did we get that ight.

There are many interesting and beautiful amping places along the river—little owns and railroad stations where may be obtained the necessaries of camp life. One of the most weird and novel camping places s that known as Keeler's Eddy. This is on the extreme right as you go down, and nless care is taken you are liable to pass t by unnoticed. It is a deep gorge in the ocks, with a long ledge or shelf projecting out just a little above the water's edge. The surface of this rock is as smooth and level as a floor, making an ideal camping place. This might properly be named "Echo Cove." Its qualities in that direction were discovered by musical Joe, who stood on the bow of the boat as we entered the cove, singing in mild, melodious tones that old refrain "Maid of Athens," his voice ringing out over the water was caught up, echo answering echo, until the whole valley seemed alive with Musical Joes. Not only was Joe first in music, but as a fisherman he ranked high. His stories did not require the usual discount of 90 and 3 tens, for he always produced the proof.

Our boat was drifting slowly along with the current one day, Joe seated on the bow half asleep, his line trailing behind the boat. It was easy to draw up his line at the rear end of the boat, fasten 2 large bass to it and drop them into the water. Joe soon felt a tug at his hook and sprang to his feet, shouting,

"Boys, I've got one!" Carefully and skillfully he began reeling in his line.

"It's a big one and no mistake," he said.

As the fish neared the boat Joe saw them and broke out with:

"Great Cæsar, there's 2 of 'em!" The explosion which followed upset Joe's usually quiet nerves, and our pilot seeing a rock just beneath the surface, a little distance ahead, ran the boat on it. Striking it squarely our boat stopped suddenly and Joe, who was standing in the bow, went overboard. Being a good swimmer he was soon back on the boat. What followed then can be easily imagined.

Joe's aim was always to be first in every-

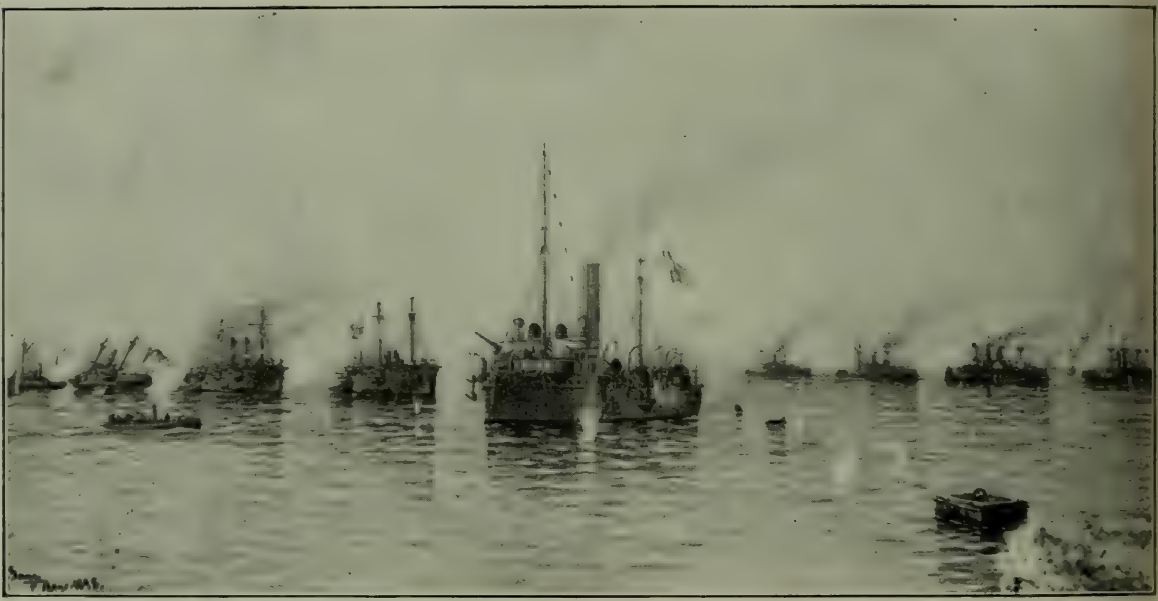
CAMP WYALUSING ON SUSQUEHANNA.

thing he undertook. In ability to cope with the burgess, however, he was compelled to acknowledge Brown a formidable competitor.

House boating on the Susquehanna is becoming more and more popular every year, and the trip from Binghamton, or any one of the other points named, to Wilkesbarre is a most interesting one. Few rivers afford so many advantages for this kind of recreation. The zig-zag course of the river, the every varying scenery, the rocks, hills and valleys, the cool refreshing springs of water to be found at frequent intervals all serve to render the journey enjoyable. Anyone contemplating the trip should secure a genial party, arrange his boat comfortably, with good sleeping apartments, and prepare to stay not less than 2 weeks. This time is required to make the journey drifting with the current, and I will guarantee you a good time.

The best route to return by rail is the Lehigh Valley Railroad from Wilkesbarre. Fast and frequent trains are run on this line, to the North, also to the South, reaching New York and Philadelphia, or points in Western New York State but a few hours after leaving Wilkesbarre.

Those who wish to make the start in the house boat from Oswego, Sayre or Towanda, can take the train on Lehigh Valley Railroad to either one of these points, from all large business centers.



THE BATTLE OF MANILA, FROM A PAINTING BY A SURGEON ON MONTOJO'S STAFF.

The picture shows the flag-ship sinking and the Admiral in the act of transferring his flag to the Reina Christina.

APRIL.

Spring showers and heat will now cause
things to sprout,
And soon produce green leaflets on the
tree;
Woodchucks and snakes on sunny days
come out,
Serenely smile, and wag their tails in glee.

THE NORTHWESTERN CIVET SKUNK, *SPILOGALE PHENOX LATIFRONS.*

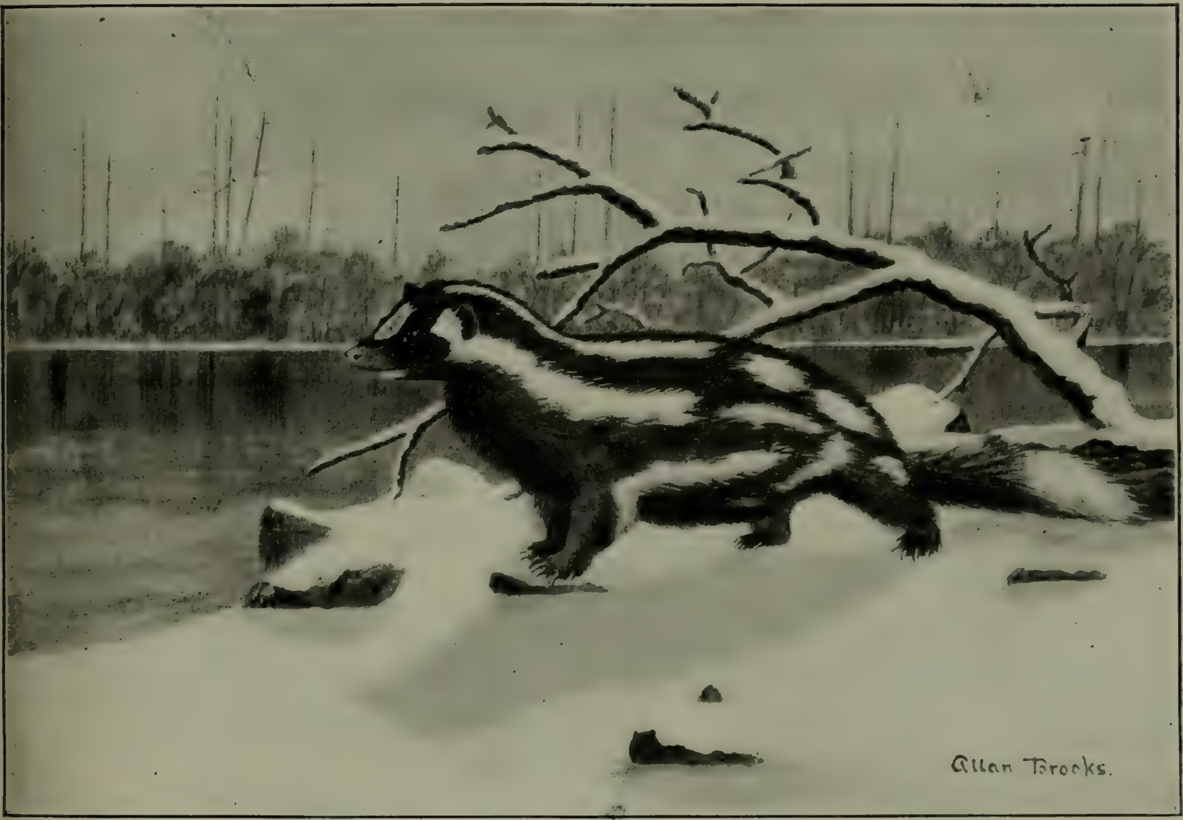
ALLAN BROOKS.

This pretty and odoriferous little animal is generally known by the names "pole cat," or "civet cat" in the regions it inhabits; and like its larger cousin enjoys considerable notoriety on account of its pungent and well known perfume.

Skunks of this genus belong to the Southern fauna and only encroach on the Boreal regions along the Northwestern coast, where, as Dr. Merriam points out, the Sonoran and Boreal elements are curiously mixed.

The species under consideration belongs to the same genus as the little striped skunk figured in RECREATION for July, '97; but is a rather heavier built animal, though much smaller and more graceful than the large skunks of the genus Mephitis. In Southern British Columbia the Civets are confined to the heavily timbered districts, as far as my observations extend. I have never been able to hear of this genus inhabiting the semi-arid interior, but in the humid and heavily timbered valley of the Columbia it is almost as common as it is on the coast. How far North its range extends I have not yet ascertained, but from the high altitude it reaches in the mountains it is clear that it can stand a very low temperature.

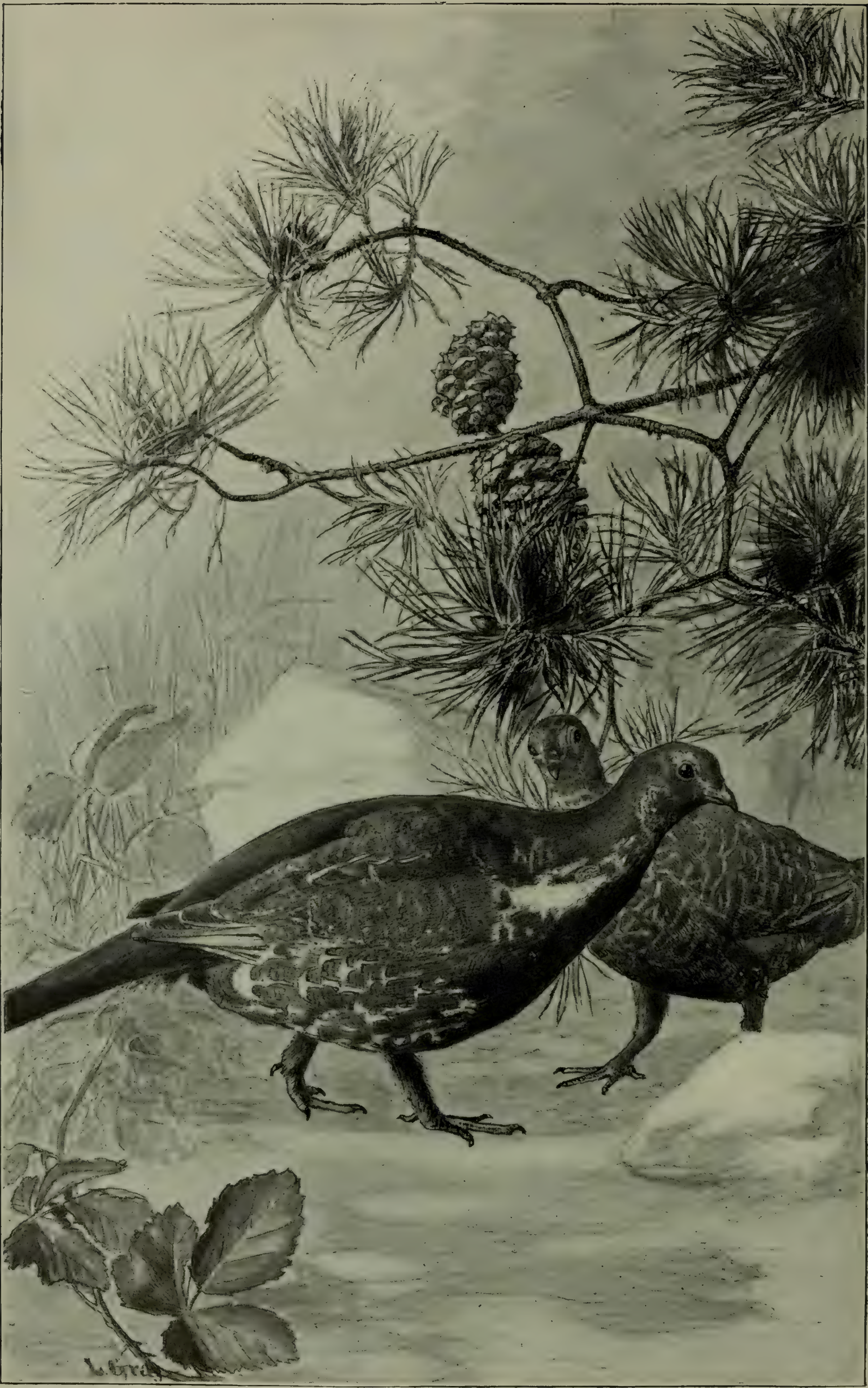
Civet skunks are active little beasts, quite different from the slow moving prairie skunks, and are generally found in the heaviest timber, where they are a nuisance to the marten trapper. They often take up their abode about houses or outbuildings and in my judgment, do far more good than harm. They do not seem to bother poultry, but destroy large quantities of mice, which more than counterbalances the value of any eggs they may steal.


Allan Brooks.

NORTHWESTERN CIVET SKUNK, *SPILOGALE LATIFRONS.*

The markings of the civet skunk vary widely in different individuals; some having much more white than others, especially about the chin, which is sometimes entirely black without any trace of a white spot.

After the first year the white markings are strongly tinged with yellow.



BLUE GROUSE, *TETRAE OBSCURUS.*

THE SHOVELLER, *ANAS CLYPEATA.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

Naturalists generally class the shoveller duck in a genus of its own (Spatula) on account of its enormous bill; but this is the only character that separates it from ducks of the genus Anas, and in markings of the wing, color of iris and its voice, it is clearly closely related to the cinnamon teal, just as the pintail is to the green wing teal.

A male shoveller, were it not for his clumsy bill, would be one of the handsomest of ducks; but it is rather hard to get them in really perfect plumage. They do not seem to acquire it until much later in the season than other ducks get it, and I have never seen a full plumaged drake in the fall.

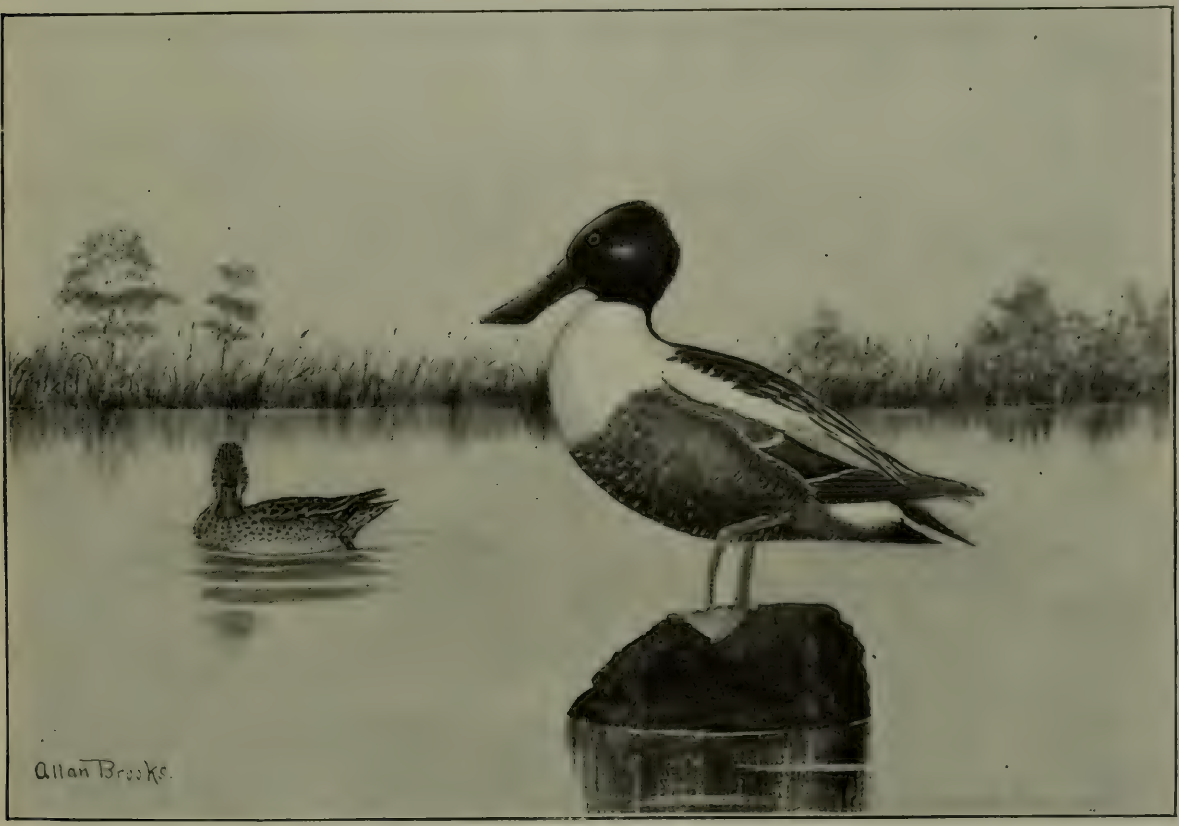
Like the mallard, gadwall, and pintail the shoveller is a duck of very wide distribution, being found over the greater part of the old world, as well as the entire North American continent. It is a rather late arrival in the spring, though an occasional one winters in Southwestern British Columbia.

It decoys readily and is generally very tame compared with other ducks, especially early in the fall.

On alighting in the water it does not make the splash that most ducks do, but alights quietly, without plowing up the water. Its habit of feeding, sifting the mud through the curious lamellæ on the sides of its bill, is well known, and for this reason it prefers muddy, to grassy swamps, though equally at home in both. It is a fairly rapid flier and can keep up with widgeon and teal in ordinary flight, though when these latter put on a spurt they leave it behind.

In Europe the flesh of the shoveller is generally regarded as rather rank; but in America it is esteemed one of the best of ducks for the table, though it is seldom fat.

The iris of the male is bright yellow, and of the female yellowish brown.


Allan Brooks.

SHOVELLER DUCK.

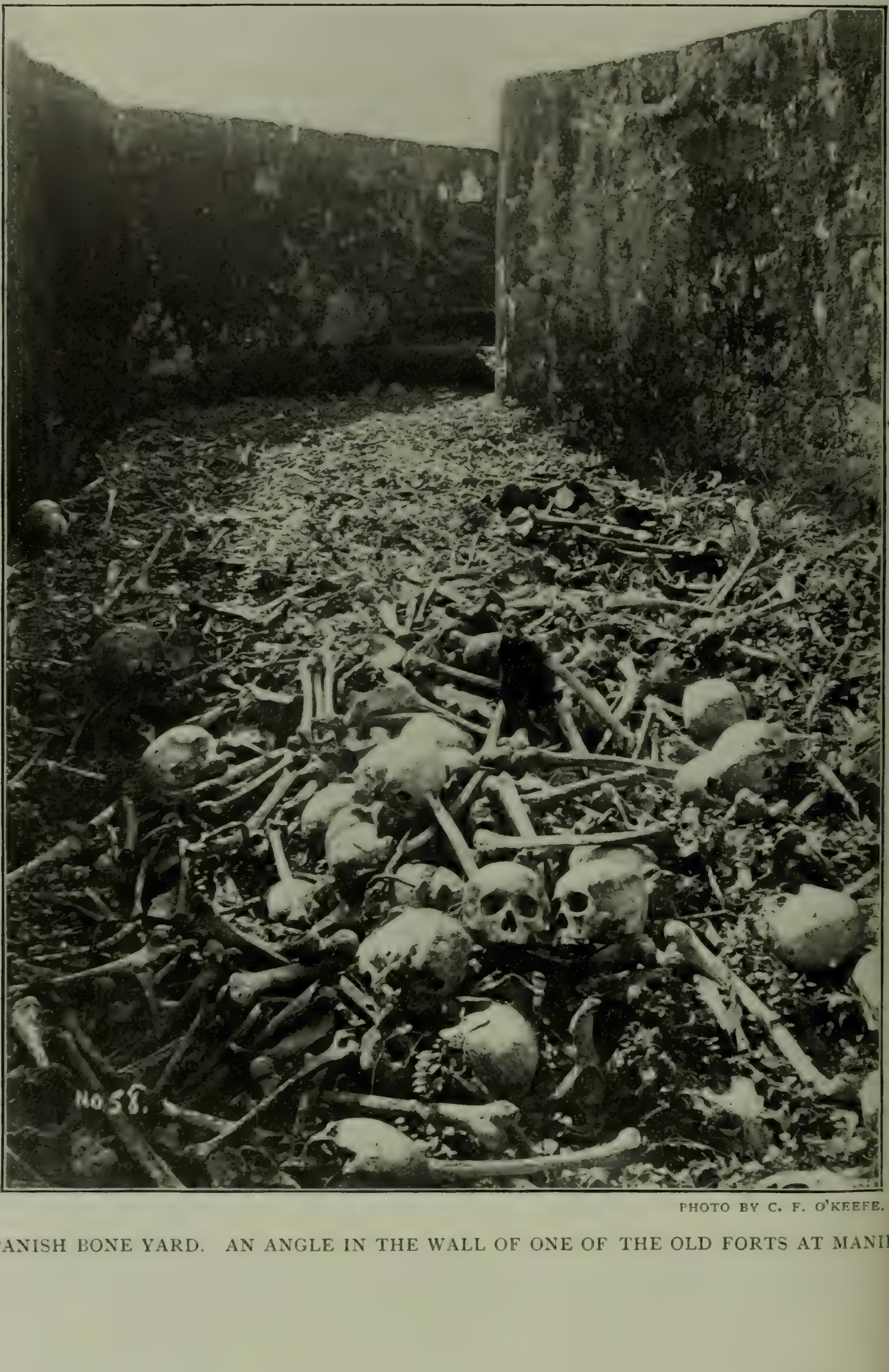


PHOTO BY C. F. O'KEEFE.

A SPANISH BONE YARD. AN ANGLE IN THE WALL OF ONE OF THE OLD FORTS AT MANILA.

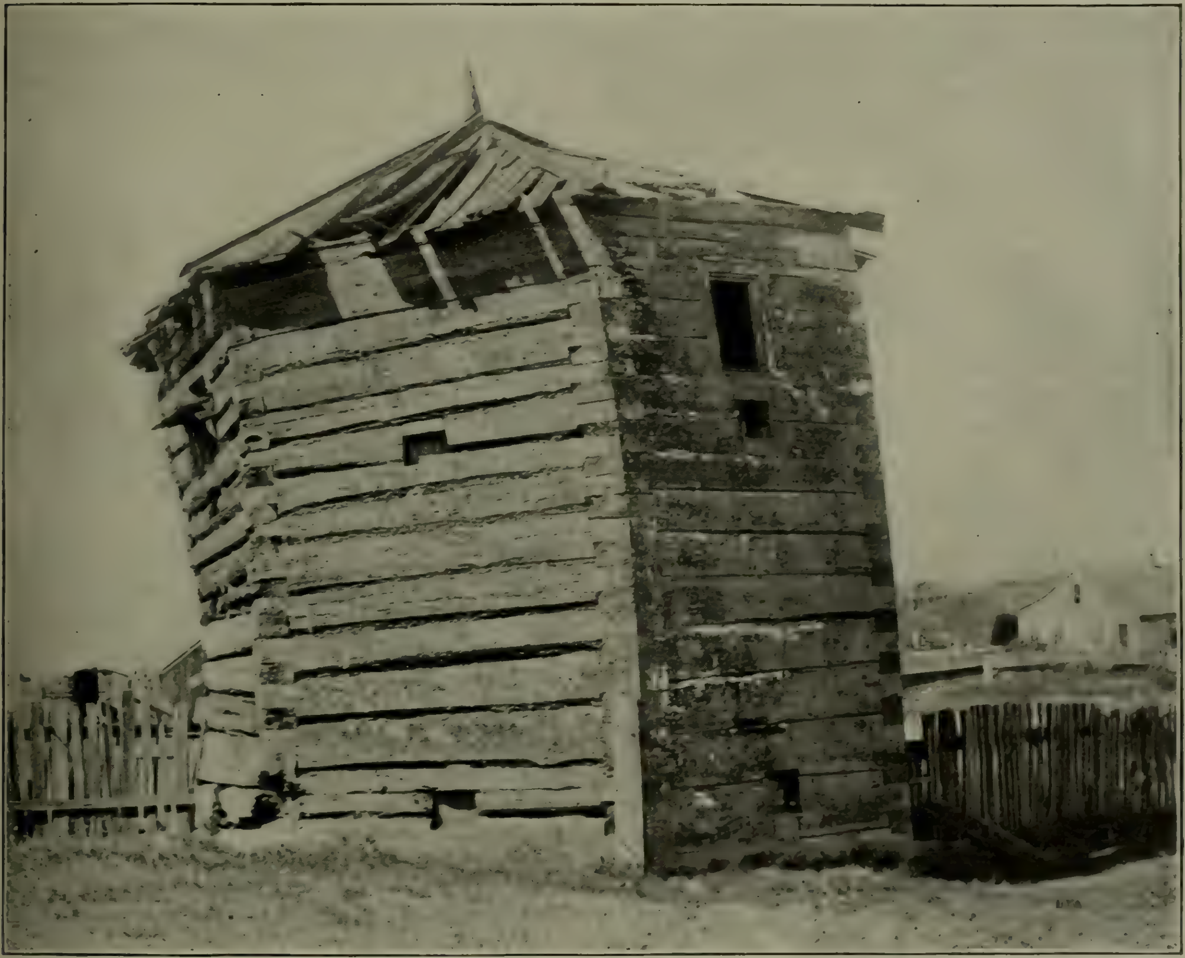
A DEER HUNT ON THE GUALALA.

BY CHARLES H. SAWYER.

Since the present deer law of California went into effect, forbidding the killing of does and fawns at any time, and prohibiting the sale of venison, it certainly seems as though some portions of the State had become veritable deer parks, so plentiful have these beautiful animals become.

A favorite hunting ground of mine is along the Gualala river, in the Northwest corner of Sonoma county, in the heart of the redwood country, and many a buck have I killed in that beautiful region, in quiet stalks along the old roads cut by the lumbermen. My last hunt on the Gualala was in the late summer, and I expected to combine trout fishing with shooting; deer and small game I was sure of, and there was the possibility of a bear or a panther.

From my starting point, the town of Santa Rosa, the road was almost entirely through the redwoods, skirting the ocean for many miles, passing on the way the old Russian fur post of Fort Ross, once a stockaded fort with block houses at the corners, and a picturesque old church, that reminds one of the Greek church at Sitka. But the glory of the place as a fur post departed years ago with the Russians; the stockade has entirely disappeared; the church is used as a barn; and I found pigs quartered in one of the block houses, the only one left worth photographing. A 2 days' drive, including my short stay at Fort Ross, brought me to my destination, and ascending the South Fork a mile or so, I pitched camp on a sand bar in the river bed, along the edge of the timber.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. H. SAWYER.

AN OLD BLOCK HOUSE AT FORT ROSS.

Early the next morning I started to fish up the South Fork, finding plenty of fish and succeeded in getting a fair mess. The dews had been very heavy the night before, and I had made up my mind the deer would not feed until the wild oats (in many places as high as my waist) had dried a little.

Starting out about 9.30 with my beloved .40-82, I followed an old wood road that ascended to the top of a ridge, which it followed, passing through many clearings that seemed the ideal place for deer, and it was not long before I sighted game.

Leaving the road I skirted the lower edge of a little meadow, and discovered 3 deer, a doe and 2 fawns feeding along the edge of the brush about 150 yards away. A suspicious movement in the cover, made me suspect a buck, and I attempted concealment behind some young redwoods; but they sighted me, so I concluded that the chance of a shot at the buck was gone, and sitting down on the bank lit my pipe and watched them for some time. They made a pretty picture, but as the buck refused to leave the cover I gave it up, and leaving the deer quietly feeding I went on.

Though I hunted all the morning and part of the afternoon, and succeeded in jumping 8 other deer, I got nothing, the brush being so thick that I could not see my game after jumping it. Three o'clock found me many miles from camp, tired and hungry, when I came upon a cabin in a clearing, enclosed by a rough picket fence over which grew some splendid blackberries, dead ripe. The cabin was apparently deserted, and I was making a feast on the berries, when I heard some one approaching and discovered a Chinaman coming through the clearing, and who proved to be the owner of the claim. He greeted me cheerfully:

" Hello bossy you likee bellies? Got plenty. You likee dlink? "

He picked me some more berries, got some water from a spring, and seemed very glad to see me; examined my rifle carefully and said:

" You likee catchem bear? My sabe heap big bear. He come catchem my pig. Me have 2 piecee pig, all gone. Bear catchem."

I assured him I should be delighted to kill the bear and received instructions as to the haunts of the bear, which had carried away his 2 pigs much to his disgust, and had been the cause of a great piece of extravagance on his part, that caused him much regret, the purchase of a shot gun that he proudly displayed. It was an old muzzle loader in very bad condition, and for which he had paid $4. He requested me to fire it, but after sounding the barrels with a ramrod, I declined with thanks. He assured me that it was quite safe. The man he bought it of had loaded it for him. I drew the loads however, and found some 5 drams of powder in each barrel. I cleaned it up a bit and reloaded it, firing off one barrel myself, persuading him to fire the other at a mark. His relief when he found his head was still on was amusing.

I should not have liked to bet on the result had he discharged the gun before.

After reloading he shouldered his gun and volunteered to show me the bear if he could be found, and he did show me some sign though quite old. A careful search failed to disclose any fresher, but the Chinaman declared he would go farther up the ridge to some huckleberry patches he knew of, and would report to me at my camp that night if he discovered any fresh sign. It was growing late and I was a long way from camp and wished to return the way I had come in the morning, so I left him and started.

I walked briskly along the back trail, keeping a sharp lookout for a buck, and when about 3 miles from camp, in the same meadow where I had seen the deer in the morning, discovered 2 deer feeding close to the timber, one, a small spike buck giving me a good shot at 100 yards, and I shot him. It was growing dark rapidly, and by the time I had finished dressing my game it was pitch dark under the timber, a young moon giving a faint light in the open. Slinging him on my back I started for camp. The timber was very dense on both sides of the road, which itself was scarcely visible.

I had traveled some distance when a movement in the brush some 20 yards to my right made me pause and listen, it ceased in a moment and I started on, but in a few minutes heard the same sound; some animal forcing its way through the thick brush. This happened several times, and I became convinced that I was being followed by a panther which probably scented the fresh blood of the deer.

The road led me through another meadow, and I walked rapidly on, halting in the timber on the farther side, hoping that the brute might leave cover and give me a shot in the faint moonlight; but he was too cautious to do so, and in a short time I heard him again.

Though I did not fear attack, it made me decidedly nervous, and I hurried on reaching the open river bottom but a short distance from camp, but before I had traversed a third of the distance, I heard from the ridge behind me the scream of the disappointed panther. I have always found these animals abundant in the deer country throughout the wilder portions of the State, but hard to get unless one hunts with good hounds. More than once I have found deer that had been killed and partially eaten by panthers, and many fawns must be annually destroyed by them.

When some distance from camp, I noticed that the fire was burning brightly, and found my friend the Chinaman seated beside it. He arose as I approached and I noticed he carried his gun, and a bunch of birds, that upon further examination proved to be quail. " Hello, Jim," I said, " what have you got? "

" Oh me catchem plenty bird," answered

Jim. "Bossy catchem deer eh? what kind bird you callem? Quail, heap good bird."

I examined the bunch again and found he had half a dozen. "How you catchem, Jim?" I asked. "How many times you shoot?"

"Oh my catchem all one time," Jim replied. "Me see 10 12 piecee. Have got one bush. Quail no see me. Me walkee behind him bush, allee same cat, shootem one time, catchem 6 piecee. Me heap sabe."

He felt so proud that he could not rest until he had exhibited to me his skill as a hunter. It turned out a lucky shot for me, however, as he insisted on preparing his game then and there, saying; "You likem stew bossy? You gotem flour? Me belong heap good cook. Three 4 year me belong cook heap big ship. Me sabe stew, makee all same chicken." He certainly did understand stew, and I thought I had never tasted a more savory mess than the one he prepared.

After dinner he produced a pipe almost as large as himself, and we kept up a conversation in pidgeon English, until the young moon had set. The night grew colder; the shadows under the timber grew deeper; the noise of the river drowned all sounds except the hoot of an owl, when suddenly from the opposite side of the stream came the unearthly scream of that panther, and the echoes had not died away when it was answered far up the canyon by another, and in the direction of Jim's cabin. Jim's eyes fairly bulged out of his head. He had picked up his gun preparing to go home, but those panthers were too much for him and he begged me to allow him to stay at my camp all night. I gave him a horse blanket and robe, and he went to sleep under the wagon. The next morning he had my breakfast ready for me, before I had returned from my morning swim.

I had determined to get a buck on the ridge where I had jumped so many the day before, a buck with a head worth carrying home, so I tackled the wood road again, and found the tracks of one big buck that had left his prints in the damp dust of the road for 2 miles. He evidently preferred the road to the wet brush, and I expected that he would not travel far before making a bed. The trail at last turned down the hill, and I followed by the broken brakes and grass, that seemed to be just rising after the passage of my buck. I knew that he could not be very far away and I very cautiously followed the faint trail that led at last into a patch of brakes of some half acre in extent. Through the middle of this stretched an enormous redwood tree, the victim of storm or fire, and as the brakes were as high as my shoulders I climbed on this log and made my way into the middle of the opening, and stood silent, listening intently. The matted brakes made a view of the ground impossible, and I was certain that the jungle concealed a deer. A faint rustle behind me caused me to turn, and I noticed a chipmunk running up a dead tree. Suddenly, with a crash, a beautiful buck broke cover behind me almost under my feet. I had but one shot, and it was one of those times when one feels as though his rifle was part of his body; no fumbling, no hesitation, a quick steady shot, and my beautiful buck doubled up with a broken neck. An examination showed that he had made a bed against that log, under tangled brakes so dense that he was invisible to me. I stood almost over him and he must have watched until I turned, then made a dash for his life. His 10 point head now occupies a place of honor in my den, and I never look at it that I do not recall with admiration his brave dash for life.

A quiet stalk along the edge of a grain field that night was successful and I added a prong buck to my bag, when having all the venison I could use and give to my friends, I turned my attention to small game, and the next day gave me a respectable bunch. The Gualala furnished a variety of small game, and my bag contained jack rabbits, cottontails, doves, quails, pigeons and grouse. The latter are more plentiful farther back from the coast, preferring the open mountains to the forests.

The Gualala is one of the best regions in California for all around sport, though some sections may excel it in some one particular. The deer in the redwood region are never as fat as they are on the grassy mountains farther from the coast, and it is sometimes hard to find your game in the thick forests; but late in the summer, after the first rains, trailing is much easier, and the deer seem glad to escape the wet brush and get into the open. Huckleberry patches are numerous in the "burns" on the ridges, and it is seldom that a careful stalk among them, when the berries are ripe, will not show a deer or two. Bears are becoming scarce now, and though I have seen the sign of one or 2 on every visit, I have never managed to get one. I believe the only way is to hunt them with dogs.

AMONG WOODLAND PASTURES.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

> " 'Tis Memory weaving across her loom
> The story of my desire."

Let me collect my thoughts and tranquilize my nerves with this mild cigar. Even the name soothes a little.

Great Cæsar! how the months have gone, and the world has covered its face with a new mask! Here I sit, with the yellow circle of light from my tall lamp flooding a few scrawled papers, who, but a day, or half an eon ago, warmed my feet at the farm fireplace. How merrily the wind smote the corners of the little cottage. The poplars outside trailed their thin fingers across the shingles. Inside what comfort there was with the mater in her chair knitting, and the dogs, Romulus and Toby, dreaming in the warmth and light.

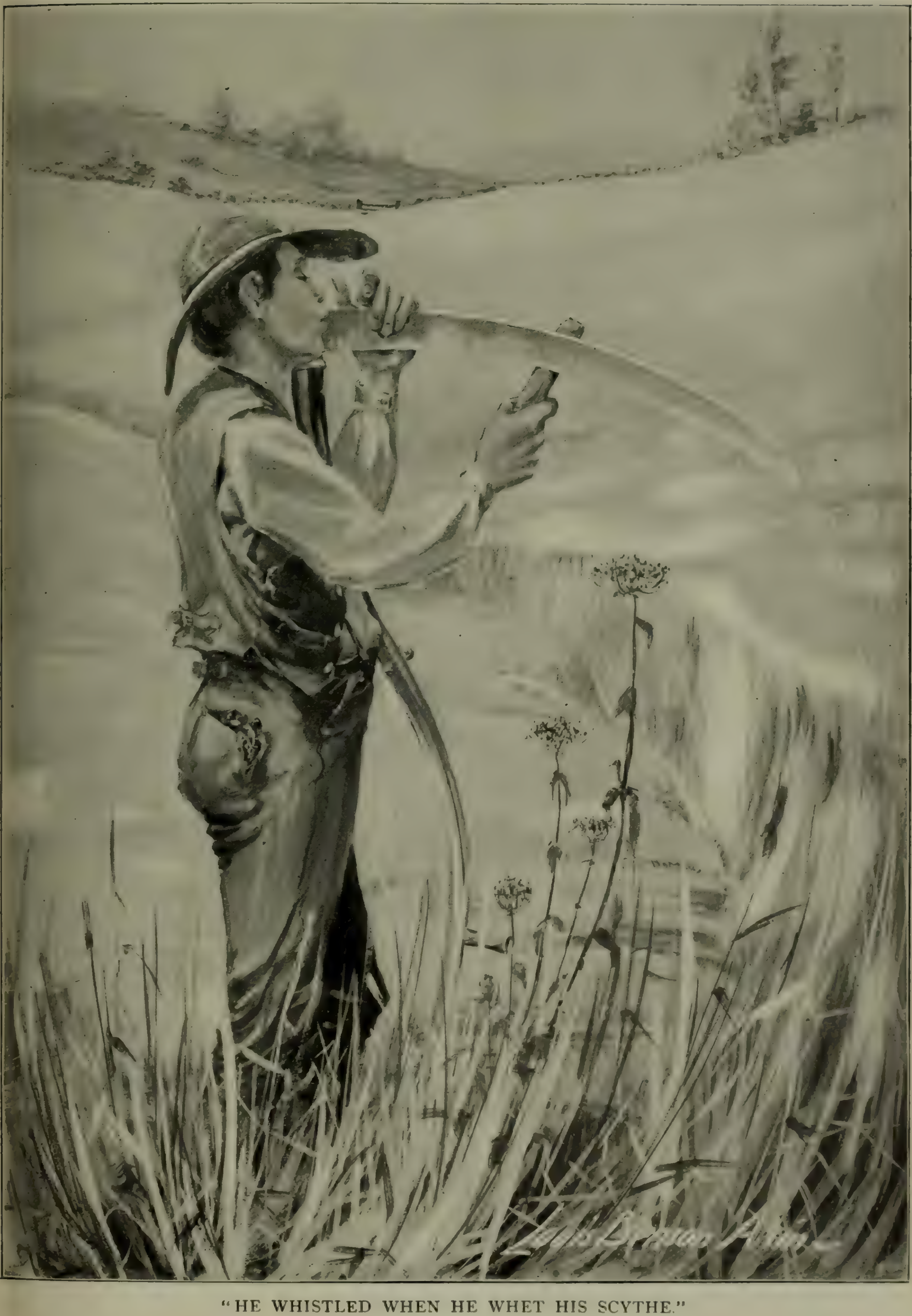
After the day in the open fields or shadowed woods, how comfortable to smoke and dream before the fireplace. First of all, on that November morning, Andrew and I foddered the cattle, dealt out hay and oats to the impatient horses, and milked. Toward noon the ground thawed enough for us to plow awhile. Then, leaving Andrew, axe in hand, at the wood-pile I started off with Rom. and Toby, and tramped the woods until dark. By following for ½ mile the rough wagon-track which starts behind the barn, I passed through Aldergarth from end to end. Half way lies the pond, with its fringe of alder and its guardian spirit, the brooding meadow-hen. Here, early in the morning, one may surprise a few ducks or a young goose grown wing-weary. Beyond the pond the land rises steep, to a height of about 20 feet. The flat in which the pond lies is watered by a little brook called the Seymoure, which creeps away through alders, poplars and forests of spruce to join the Dunbar. On this flat the grass grows tender and thick among the bushes, making ideal pasturage, and in season one is always sure to find a bird or 2 among the alders. The farther side of the valley is covered with second growth spruce and fir, maple and birch. A fairy pathway, once a wagon road, winds through this squirrel-haunted wood, and joins the back-settlement highway.

The ash of my cigar breaks and drops, awakening me from my reverie. The hands of my watch mark midnight, but even now it is not too late to write a little while, letting the memories of past days move my pen.

The farm of Aldergarth was composed of 110 acres of land, about 40 of which had, at one time or another, been under the plow. The rest of its area was covered with wood where a fellow might cut fence-rails, firewood or walking-sticks at his pleasure. The arable land lay on a hillside facing the East, all enclosed by one fence. This fence, which in some places ran through the woods, and was simply a mass of dead evergreens and felled saplings, was a constant source of trouble. To these weak places came breachy cattle, and gazed over the barriers and between the leaves at the patches of green oats and blossoming peas, which I had sowed and harrowed, bestowing on them both care and love. Then, while their mouths watered, some adventurous critter, perhaps my neighbor's bull or one of my own 2-year old steers, would dart at the mass of dried branches or rotted rails. Away would go the stakes, down would go the brush fence, and with much switching of tails, those confounded cattle would file into my beautiful crops. Perhaps an hour later—perhaps 2, I would discover them, standing knee-deep with their mouths full, or else resting in bovine meditation on the trampled grain. The dogs barked and I—but we will draw a veil over what I did and said on these trying occasions. After the cattle had been driven out, new stakes were cut and more trees were chopped down and the barrier strengthened.

Parts of the field which had been left in grass bore a scanty crop in which buttercups and bulls'-eye daisies predominated. The grasshoppers had not shade enough to keep their backs from becoming sunburned. Year after year hay had been cut and hauled away, to be fed on some distant farm, robbing the fine loam of that hillside field of all its strength, or " heart " as my neighbors called it. But where the land had been plowed and dressed with barnyard manure, and then sowed to grain—why, there it looked encouraging.

My peas and oats were my favorite crop. In the fall the land was turned up in long brown furrows. All winter the frost crinkled it and the snow swirled over it. Then when it had become dry and warm in the spring—but why describe the method of sowing a crop, when the manner of harvesting it was known only to those devilish steers and cows.



"HE WHISTLED WHEN HE WHET HIS SCYTHE."

What field is sweeter to look on than a buckwheat field? Pale green at first, then blossom crowned and bee laden, then browning slowly, with promise of fine pancakes. Then the cutting before the grain is too ripe, and the raking into little piles. Even after the harvest is hauled away the great square of red stubble is a cheerful sight, with the sparrows gathering on it or quails hunting for the scattered grains.

One year Carson harvested for me. He was young, and being in love and deeming himself loved, was merry. He sang when he ground his scythe, he whistled when he whet it, and all day, as he cut his wide swathe through the oats, snatches of song were tossed back to me. Although he preferred to chew tobacco rather than smoke it, and held the affections for a while of his sweetheart with a red and white necktie which he donned on Sundays, he was a splendid worker, and possessed traits generally supposed to belong only to men of gentle birth or breeding. When the fair and cruel enchantress showed preference for another, Carson, with a weary smile on his beardless lip, tramped to town and found work in a saw mill.

One misty afternoon in October, Bill flung away the book he had been reading and arose from the depths of his chair. The Parsonette and I looked at him with eyes of mild inquiry.

"Don't be surprised," he said, "I am going out shooting."

"To shoot what?" said the Parsonette, turning down a corner of a page in "The House of the Wolf."

"Golden-wings; there are flocks of them on the Davidson place, they make fine wing shooting, and it is too wet to trail through the woods after grouse."

The Parsonette, whose ambition was to shoot something, snapped at the bait immediately. But for some time I demurred, staring out of the window at the chilly drizzle and the mist hung poplar trees, then back to the fire and the half-smoked pipe. The temptation was too much, however, and after finding out we would have pancakes for tea, I whistled for the dogs and followed the others out into the fog. We struck across a new clearing, where the stumps of the poplars and the roots of the alders lie bare to the weather, and through the heavy fringe of spruce that covered the dividing line between Aldergarth and the Davidson place. The moisture from the branches drenched us as we pushed our way through. As soon as we reached the clearing 4 or 5 golden-wings went up from the ground, and away over a second clump of trees. Although these birds look much like large robins they have the true woodpecker flight, seeming to go through the air in a succession of long leaps.

We spread out a little and started across the spongy sward toward the cover ahead. Here and there in the field grew small maples surrounded by raspberry canes—the outcome of careless husbandry. From these shelters the birds kept flying out, catching us off our guard every time. At last Bill let drive at an old fellow, who was rocketing over the fence, and dropped him. The dogs, who rushed up expecting to find a grouse, were so disgusted they left us and went hunting through the woods on their own hook.

After a lot of tramping without another shot we found ourselves among the alders and cold springs down on the flat. The rain was beginning in earnest and the Parsonette spoke of buckwheat pancakes between his flounderings in the mud. Bill and I had dreams of pancakes too, and strawberry jam, and our feet on the hearth afterward. A vision of a blue tobacco jar formed on my mist dimmed glasses. Just as we turned to go home we heard the dogs barking furiously, away back in the woods. Like one man we dashed toward the sound; but no other 2 men could have fallen into so many water holes as each one of us did. I found Toby standing beneath a dripping spruce. In lots of places the boles of the trees were jammed together, and the light was like that of a church. Rom., who had probably turned his attention to a passing hare, was missing; so also were the grouse which should have been sitting around waiting to be shot. Bang—went a gun behind me and on my head dropped a drummer. He was done for; but with a whirr and dashing of rain drops a whole flock went out of the tree tops. I swore when the Parsonette appeared and picked up his game.

We took a short cut for the farmhouse after that, and in due time came the pancakes, the jam, the tobacco and the open fire. After all it was a pretty decent way of spending a wet afternoon.

The rain falls on the just and the unjust, but the latter nearly always have the former's umbrella.—Town Topics.

AT MORNINGTIME.

ARCHER.

In a sweet vale, through which a crystal stream
Wound 'mid green banks where clustering blossoms hung;
Then on thro' woodlands where the branches spread
Their leafy canopy to hide the sun
In early spring, at morningtime I strayed.
The dew like diamonds sparkled on the grass,
As brightly in the east uprose the sun;
That turned to silver all the shining stream.
Then sweet the wild bird sang its morning song;
Far overhead the cawing of the crow
Was heard, as swaying on the branching elm,
Or sailing high in the clear heaven of light.
At times the wild bird from the dewy grass,
Abrupt, on rapid wing, with startled cry
Sought the deep covert of the wood; and then,
Anon, the active trout would leap to catch
The gaudy fly that glanced with brilliant color
In the sun; and gleamed its silvery side.
The pathway ran by margin of the stream,
That wound in graceful curves past stately elms,
Then deepening into pools that overbrimmed,
And foamed in rapids o'er the pebbly bed;
Now in the shade of the deep forest where
The morning mists still hung beneath the boughs
That arched so grandly o'er the rushing flood.
Oft here where deepening pools in sombre shade
With glassy surface, mirror bright and calm,
With cautious tread, advancing near the brink,
The rod elastic firmly held in hand,
That swayed so freely to the lightest touch,
Casting the fly deceptive o'er the brook
'Till strikes the active trout the deadly lure
And sends a quiver through the angler's nerve.
Struck hard he swirls the water as he plays,
Then rushing to the pool's dark depths he seeks
To break from off the ever tightening line;
Then quick rebounding with a mighty rush
He springs into the air, his speckled sides
In brilliance flashing to the eager eye.
How bends the pliant rod as active runs
And leaps the captive and excited trout.
Secured at last upon the bank he lies
All gorgeous in his rainbow tinted dyes.

Our flag the gentle breeze doth fan
  Above the town of San Juan;
It floated there since Tuesday's dawn
  Above the castle of San Juan.
    —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A VACATION IN MUSKOKA.

JOHN R. CHRISTIE.

Many of my friends are fond of both fishing and shooting, but they claim that a 10 days' vacation is not sufficient time in which to enjoy either. Hence they spend the vacation season in making short trips about New York, or in visiting other nearby cities, and when they return to office or shop they are tired and in more need of rest than when they left.

Many of us do not know what sport we can have, where we can go to get it, and what little it really costs to spend a short vacation where there is good fishing and shooting; nor what beneficial results are obtainable from a week of camp life in a healthy locality where fish and game abound.

One day last spring—one of those days when we get a touch of spring fever—the whole office force seemed to think, as one man, of vacation. The result was we quit work, and began to discuss the possibility of having no vacation; but concluded the business had been sufficiently good that the company need not deprive us of the annual rest.

" Where are you going this year, Jack," I was asked.

" To Muskoka, or up along the Georgian Bay, if possible," I replied.

" Oh, that's too far. Why you spend all your time going and coming."

" Sure," said another. " What's the use of trying to see how far you can go. If one had a month or so, there would be some reason in going so far."

I went as I had gone before, and will now tell you something about my trip. The 10 days allotted to me began Tuesday, July 5th. Monday, July 4th was a holiday, which enabled me to get away on my journey Saturday, July 2d. Sunday morning I was in Buffalo, and spent the day in taking snapshots about the Falls. I had often seen the Falls and seldom paid them even a glance, but this time it was different. I had along 2 cameras, and the recent use of these instruments had given me new eyes. With these converted eyes I went along the Falls, down the rapids, taking snap-shots. I enjoyed the day immensely and as I started away from New York with the intention of making the best possible use of every moment, felt pretty well satisfied with the pictures I got of old Niagara.

Monday noon I met my brother in Toronto, and after lunch we started for Gravenhurst, or Muskoka Wharf, where we took the boat going up the lakes. Tuesday morning I was among the islands of Muskoka, at my destination, and my vacation had just commenced. Muskoka Wharf is 140 miles North of Toronto; and it is just a mile and a half from this place that, after long and careful experiments and tests by medical experts of various places in Canada and this country, the site was located for the Consumptive Sanitarium. Here hay fever is unknown. The air is fragrant with pine, spruce, and balsamic odors, which no doubt largely contribute toward the lung healing record this place has made.

When we arrived at the house we had selected as our temporary home, we were shown the boats that were at our disposal. They varied from canoes and row boats to large fishing smacks. With the sail boats alongside, the canoes and row boats had little attraction for us. However, before we left Muskoka, we found out what it meant to be 8 or 10 miles from home at sundown, with a large fishing smack and no breeze. It meant blistered hands and stiff joints the next day, and a resolution to take a smaller boat on the morrow. The next morning would find us sizing up the different boats at the dock and finally we would again take the larger boat. The factor that invariably brought about this decision was its carrying qualities. With it we could all have plenty of room, beside a goodly supply of ice to keep the bait cool. And it is astonishing the quantity of bait one can use up there, in the course of a week, especially when it's always at the right temperature.

The landlord was good enough to accompany us on these trips, and his familiarity with the island and the various fishing grounds insured a good sail and plenty of sport.

Just before we would set sail in the morning the old man would say, " Well, boys, which shall it be to-day, pickerel, bass or 'longe? " We held in reserve his favorite spot " the bass grounds " though he had worked us up to concert pitch with stories of wonderful catches.

One fine morning we sailed into the cove, running the bow of the boat on a ledge of rocks which afforded us anchorage. In a few minutes my reel whizzed and I had a 3 pound bass as an introduction. What fun we did have for an hour or 2!

I followed my brother about day after day with 2 loaded cameras, and not once could I induce him to take a plunge in the lake. He got so he would shudder at the sight of a camera. No matter how carelessly I would handle the loaded Winchester, he would not pay the slightest attention; but the snap of the camera shutter would make him examine every button on his clothing.

Our week was up. In a little while the boat would be along to carry us toward home, and we hadn't settled up yet. After hunting about the house, we located the landlord on the veranda. I said to him, "Mr. Oldfield, we want to pay you for our board, and for the use of the boats and for your assistance. You have treated us as we never expected, and while we are not rich we want to pay you what it is worth."

"Well, $6 apiece will square you up," said he.

"Yes, but we want to pay you for the boat and for showing us about," I said.

"Never," said he; "$6 is plenty, and if you have had a good time so have I."

And that was all he would take; but we shall never forget him and the associations of this vacation in what some would call the wilds of Canada.

What did the trip cost me, you ask? About $35 in round figures, made up as follows:

Railway fare including sleeper, New York to Suspension Bridge and return	$20
Suspension Bridge to Muskoka and return, via Grand Trunk Railroad	7
One week's board, with use of boats	6
	$33

That sum would not go far about New York.

A MORNING WITH THE DUCKS.

BUFFLEHEAD.

"What the deuce is that?" was the thought that flashed over me. "Oh, yes! the alarm clock." With one jump I was out of bed and, seizing the cause of the racket, I smothered, or rather tried to smother its noise under the clothes.

Then I went over to the other side of the room and putting my hand on Dave's shoulder began a tattoo on his chest.

This having no effect, I turned on the electric light and, holding the bulb in front of his eyes—well, by heroic measures I finally got him to open his eyes. Then I said:

"It's half past 3 and cold as blazes. Let's give up the ducks."

"I knew you would squeal," he answered, getting out of bed.

"I knew what would get you up," I rejoined.

We got into the togs we had spread out the night before and got out of the house without waking up everyone in it, a very unusual performance, and started for the shores of Narragansett bay, only 200 yards from the house.

I went into the club house and, getting the decoys, we put them in a low skiff with the guns and started for the marsh. We had not, for once, neglected to bring a lantern with us, and so while Dave rowed, I put in order the strings on the decoys and, if I ever realized that my fingers were all thumbs it was that morning.

After making our way through about 100 yards of ice we struck clear water, and under Dave's powerful strokes we soon reached our destination.

Then putting out our decoys, perhaps 25 in all, some canvas, but mostly wooden ones, we pulled the skiff up on the shore and got in the blind.

I had my 12 gauge hammerless and my .40-82 Winchester, while Dave had a semi-hammerless and a single barrel 8 gauge, a fine gun of its class.

Dawn came slowly, but the ducks were astir, and at the first peep of day we saw a few flitting forms go up the bay, indifferent to our attempts at calling.

I became interested in a gorgeous sunrise and was taking in a large "sun dog" when a rasping voice said, "Quit that rubbering and get down; here comes one."

As I dropped behind the blind, that peculiar sliding splash told us the duck had dropped in among our decoys.

Before I could get my gun, Dave's 12 had sounded the whistler's death knell. As Dave and I had had a little discussion on the shooting qualities of the 8, compared with those of the 12, he sticking up for the larger, I said: "Why didn't you use your wonderful blunderbuss?" "Oh," he said, "a pop gun is good enough for a shot like that. I think you might have gotten him."

Then I saw 2 ducks coming in and had the satisfaction of seeing mine wilt at the crack of the Dupont, while Dave, having missed the other with his 12, made a circus, or chance shot, whichever you wish to call it, with the cannon, killing the female at a distance way out of ordinary range.

After picking up 2 of these buffleheads, he turned to me and said: "Now don't say anything about your 12. It ain't in it." I had to admit it was a fine shot, but he who laughs last laughs best, you know, and I laughed last, for he made miss after miss with the big gun, and not until his shoulder was black and blue did he return to the 12.

Whenever a flock gathered in the water I would send a 260 grain pill among them, which would start them up, and of the many stragglers our decoys would bring in one or 2.

So we kept on killing and missing, our chilled condition being relieved by an occasional dash after a cripple, and a hurried return to the blind, until we thought we had our share. Then we quit.

While rowing home we looked at our bunch of 14, and, as no bird I know of is harder to hit, or hangs more tenaciously to life when wounded, than do these highflyers, we shook hands with ourselves.

A BARREL OF LIVE BEAR.

E. S. SHEPARD.

Away back in the 70's Amos A. Webber and I were engaged in locating government pine land in Northern Wisconsin. One afternoon when walking along an old tote road we came to an abandoned logging camp, on the banks of the Tomahawk river, a branch of the Wisconsin, in what is now Oneida county. Tame grass and sorrel which had grown thick around the camp and in the trail, enabled us to approach quietly. On coming around the corner of the old cabin we spied a small bear that had crawled into a barrel, leaving only his hind parts exposed. Of course the thing to do was to have some fun and Webber catching up a club stepped carefully up to the barrel and brought down the club as hard as he could on the bear's hams. He made such a sudden spring that he came up and caught his balance with the barrel still on his head, emitting the most unearthly howls imaginable. They sounded terrible inside of the barrel.

Whack! Whack! went the club on the hind quarters of the bear and round and round he went while I stood guard over myself, with a heavy club, for fear the infuriated creature might get loose from his incumbrance and make a charge on me instead of on his tormentor.

After dancing the highland fling awhile, and furnishing about as good a free circus as I ever saw, the bear came in contact with a stump and tumbled out of the barrel, uttering roars that made my hair stand on end for an hour. Webber gave him a few more vigorous whacks with the club before the bear got out of reach, which he did as fast as possible. He ran across the chip yard to the edge of the cedar swamp close by, stopped, turned around, stood up on his hind legs, placed his paws on his hams, showed his teeth and growled, stepping from side to side as though in pain about the region of his crupper bone; but another demonstration of the stout club in the hands of his assailant put a stop to his seeming observations. Then he went down again and shambled off into the cedar swamp, out of sight.

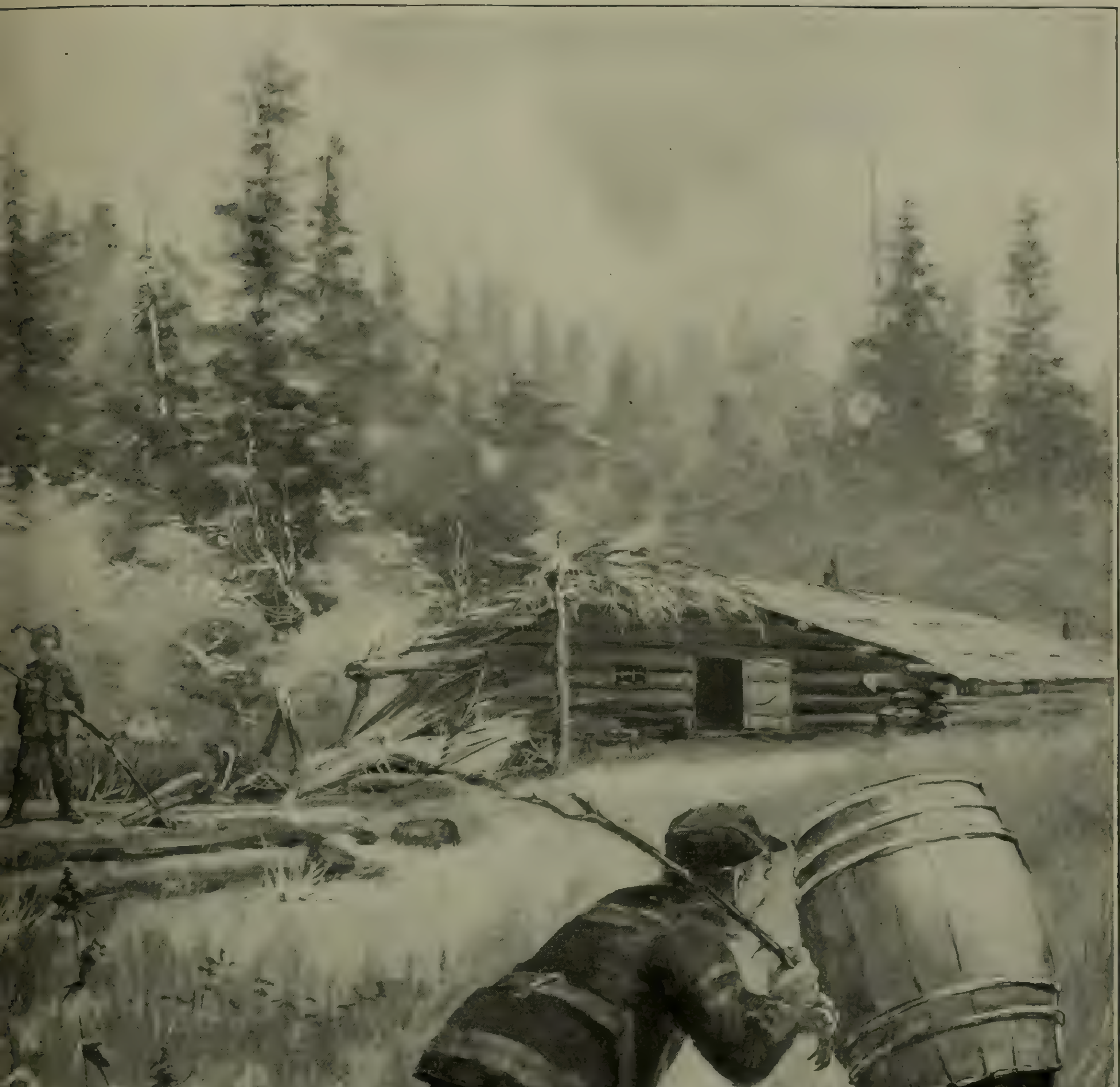
THE HOG BEHIND THE GUN.

F. P. W.

Heaps of powder, bags of lead,
Piles of birds, alive and dead.
No end of smoke, and blood, and "fun"
For the savage hog behind the gun.

Slaughtered ducks and geese abound,
Killed while feeding on the ground.
He shoots till setting of the sun,
This razor-back behind the gun.

He kills whatever comes to hand,
Quails, grouse or rabbits, while they stand.
Death to the game till the game is done,
Death to the hog behind the gun.



"WHACK! WHACK! WENT THE CLUB ON THE BEAR'S HIND LEGS."

CAMP LIFE AS A NERVE TONIC.

MRS. H. W. ARMSTRONG.

A few years ago everybody did not go to the seaside. This I knew to my grief, as mine was one of the families that could not afford it. Worn out fathers and mothers among people of moderate means, and a fair proportion of well-to-do people did go, but they were a small percentage of the population. To-day everybody goes; but the seaside is becoming crowded and living there is expensive.

A sojourn in the woods is more health giving and infinitely less costly, than a visit to the seaside. I am the mother of 8 children and I have a large house. My neighbors are lavish of advice, telling me how much better I would be if I did not spoil my children as I do. Be this as it may, in the hot weather of last June I was threatened with nervous prostration. One of my relatives, a sportsman who lives as much as he can in the woods, said to me one day, " I can cure you of all this and you will have no medicine to take or Doctor's bill to pay; instead of that, your treatment will result in saving your money as well as your health." And, thereupon, he unfolded a startling plan. Said he: " Four hundred miles from here, in the Canadian woods, is a large and beautiful lake, with many small islands on its surface. On one of these islands I have a camp—a plain, substantial, well shingled wooden building. There are 2 rooms, one up stairs and one down, each 16 feet square, and an outside kitchen. I want you to take your most useful boy, and your most helpful girl and go there. Nobody else; you must be your own cook and your own housemaid. You will be 1½ or 2 miles from the railroad station, and the steamers will pass close to you. A small mail boat will leave you everything you need, daily, if you wish. When you want to send a letter or a telegram you can row to the station. Your boy will pick up dry fuel for you and your girl can help you to cook. You will find comfortable spring beds and good bedding in the cabin. You will find a little parlor stove and on many a day when your friends here are sweltering, you will need a fire, just a little one, as you get up. Every morning your boy will catch for you, 2 or 3 bass, pickerel or trout for breakfast. You will have chicken, bacon or beef for dinner, and a light tea and lighter supper."

Thus did my kinsman prescribe for me. Husband and family laughed heartily at his proposition, but he spoke earnestly, and so perseveringly that he at last persuaded me to try it for a week. He met me at the lake and installed us. The charming scenery and novelty pleased me from the start. There were a few settlers and farmers about, all English speaking Canadians; civil, decent folk they were, and I felt perfectly safe in their neighborhood. My intention was to stay one week. I arrived on Monday, and was so busy satisfying the hunger of 3; in decorating our little camp; in returning the visits of 2 or 3 neighbors; in fishing; and in exploring about 100 islands in the immediate vicinity that time fairly flew. We determined to stay another week, then another, until 7 weeks had glided by so swiftly and enjoyably that we all regretted the necessity of returning home in time to prepare the children for school. My husband spent 10 or 12 days with us and felt he was being banished when he had to leave. My friends sent me newspapers and magazines by every mail. I really had no time to open them and certainly had little inclination to do so. Our canoeing and boating trips were delightful. The most satisfactory part of our experience was the summing up of our expenses. We found that we had lived well on 20 cents each per day. It is true we had no fuel to buy, lights cost almost nothing—those long days in the North made it almost unnecessary to have a light. Our only extra expense was railway fares to 2 or 3 neighboring stations that we visited; but this was not compulsory, and should not be charged against the cost of living.

We rowed 1½ miles to church services every Sunday morning. We had a store within a like distance, where we could get almost everything we needed. My husband drove back one day 6 miles on the mainland to some well stocked trout and bass lakes. Adding up all my expenses, I find the cost of living there for 7 weeks, or nearly 2 months including the time taken to get there, was less than it would have cost me to spend one month at the seaside resort to which I generally go, and that is not the most fashionable or expensive of places.

The station agent at the little Canadian Pacific railroad station nearby told me there are places innumerable in that country where one can camp as cheaply and enjoyably.

I am captivated by my summer in the woods, and expect to return there every summer. I had nearly forgotten to mention the most valuable result of that experience, namely, the complete banishment of nervousness. Before I had been there a month I had forgotten I had nerves. I gained a little in weight and a great deal in general good health, cheerfulness and energy. My cousin told me this camp of his cost but little over $200. The interest on that would make a very small rental, and is more than counterbalanced, he says, by the rapid increase in value of the property, as the islands are sold and built on.

These islands are the property of the Ontario government. They can be bought for $5 and upwards, according to size. An island about an acre in extent sells for about $5. The Government agent in our locality, which is on the North shore of Lake Huron, is Mr. George Hamilton, Richards Landing, Ontario. For the selection of an island, I think Mr. J. H. McNally, of Desbarats, Ontario, would be willing to take some trouble. He is a sportsman, one who knows a good location, and he wants summer neighbors of our kind.

I feel as if I were doing good service to the public in giving my experience, and I am quite sure a number of people, who have hitherto gone to the seaside, will hereafter take to the woods.

MEPHITIC BIMANCUS.

JOHN BOYD.

I purpose bringing before the notice of the sportsmen of America a creature not hitherto scientifically described, but nevertheless well known. It inhabits nearly all parts of the globe, and is the 19th century realization of a race which history tells us was numerous during the middle ages, but not so degraded then as now. Evolution in this case has had a retrograde instead of an elevating effect, and this degeneration will likely cause the extinction of this animal before another century opens.

Of titles it has many, but to suitably name it is a difficult task. It belongs to neither of the 5 great families of the earth, while possessing characteristics inherent in all. In it can be found habits usually attributed to the *Pisces*, *Aves*, *Amphibia*, *Mammalia* and *Reptilia;* and while the latter predominate, characteristics of the order *Pachydermata*, sub-order *Swinus*, class *Mammalia* are highly developed.

The creature is readily recognized by even a novice, as in outward appearance it follows the form of the order *Bimana;* yet it must never be confounded with those intelligent beings, as a true specimen of the latter will never be seen in the company of the creature I am describing. Nor can the 2 be compared in any way, except in superficial structural formation.

The creature is generally active and industrious after its own manner, but insatiable greed marks its every journey—all its destruction of life being performed in a cruel way. It has no other object in view than slaughter, and a desire to pose among its fellows as the chief expounder of their own inordinate swinishness.

As already stated, the creature is to be found all over the earth. This is true—for on river, lake and forest an occasional specimen may be met with, engaged in persistent search of its prey. And not alone in the wilderness is it to be seen. It has also an ardent love for a cosey corner in club-houses, hotels and places of public resort; and often its presence destroys the charm that pervades those pleasant spots.

I could repeat Longfellow's "Hiawatha," where he pictures "Iagoo," the Great Boaster, and apply the human description with emphasis, to the brute before us.

Someone says, "What is this creature's name?" You may call it what you like, for really it is too loathsome to waste good language on. You can find its picture in several places in RECREATION, and more recently on pages 7 and 437 of the current year, where it is shown surrounded by all its victims.

Now, friends, let me ask a favor. Do not degrade the hog by misapplying his honest name to the wretch I have described, for the hog is useful, while our subject is the reverse.

If some of the churches are as bad
As other churches say,
Their steeples really ought—how sad!
To point the other way.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

By Permission of Grand Trunk Railway System.

A QUIET NOOK 'MONG THE 30,000 ISLANDS OF GEORGIAN BAY.

IN THE MAINE WOODS.

W. S. WALKER.

It was at the close of a beautiful day, that 3 tired yet happy individuals boarded the evening train in the early part of September for a few weeks' vacation in the Maine woods. Horace —— a tall, slim, lank, good natured fellow, that every one liked. Joe ——, short and stout, with an appetite that any backwood's man might feel proud of, and I. We carried luggage enough to last us all winter. We had a wall tent, 12 x 16 feet, with fly, blankets, cooking utensils, folding camp stove, fishing rods of different kinds, and each 2 guns, shot gun and rifle.

We arrived in Rockland early the next morning, went aboard the steamer, "Frank Jones," lying at the wharf, ready to sail, and after a pleasant trip of 4 or 5 hours, disembarked at Sargentville in Hancock County. Then, after some delay, we hired a 2 horse team and driver and drove over [illegible] of sweet perfumed country road, [illegible] the early frosts had changed the sum[illegible] of the trees into autumnal splen[illegible] due time we reached the head [illegible] the Bagadwee river, where we again unloaded, and waiting to eat a lunch, and to hire a suitable flat-bottomed boat, we again loaded, pushed our boat from the bank and allowed the current to carry us toward the outlet of the river. Oh, what happiness! this was what we had waited for a whole year, and we shouted and yelled like school boys. We camped that night about 4 miles down the river on a thickly wooded point, and soon had the tent up and a fire going, but as it was too late to try shooting that night, we cooked ham and eggs for supper. It didn't seem right to call them "ham and eggs," they tasted so much better than any we ever had at home. "Juicy joint and hen fruit," is better.

Early next morning we started on our journey down the river again, and just before noon, found what we were looking for, the outlet of Burnt Island pond (a sheet of water 8 miles back in the woods). Rowing ashore I left the other boys to look out for our stuff, and went in search of another team to haul our outfit into the above mentioned pond. I soon induced a farmer to yoke his oxen and take us through 8 miles of an old logging road to the pond.

At the river we found the boys anchored a few rods from the shore having fine sport catching Tom Cods (Frost fish). We soon had everything loaded into the old hayrack, and in less than one hour's time, were in the woods away from every human being. We halted just long enough to get our shot guns together and then we ranged ahead of the team keeping the old logging road in view, and the result was 4 ruffed grouse and 2 rabbits when we reached camp, which was just at dark. We got our boat into the water again and rowed across the pond to our camping ground, the only clearing near the pond. It was 10 o'clock that night before we had our tent up, boughs cut for our bed and supper cooked. This was fried grouse, bread and tea.

We awoke bright and fresh early the next morning and were on the pond when the sun showed itself above the treetops. We had a good mess of trout, not large ones but weighing from ¾ to 1½ pounds each.

We spent 2 weeks in this delightful spot, and caught all the trout we cared to eat. We could have killed plenty of grouse, but only shot them when we wanted some to eat. We saw frequent signs of deer, but only one large buck. He walked into the clearing the night before we broke camp, likely attracted by the light burning in our tent, and as he was to windward of us could not get our scent. He stood there within 25 yards of the tent in the bright moon light, whistling, until we all had a good view of him. The law protected him, and he seemed to know it.

We got some fine trout in the 2 weeks we were there, the largest weighing 3½ pounds.

We went for a rest and good time, not to slaughter game. At no time during our stay were we more than half a mile from our camp.

We came home feeling rested and ready for business for another year.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

DEER HUNT ON SNAKE RIVER.

A. E. EMERICH.

In the fall of '96, when I was living in Mount Home, Idaho, Bill Turner asked me to hunt deer with him on Snake river.

We were soon on our way, and by the middle of the afternoon reached the ferry.

Bill was armed with a .45-90 Winchester. He said is was "pizen" to deer when he did the shooting.

I had my old .40-70 Remington.

We crossed the river and, after making some inquiries, decided to go up the stream about 7 miles to a butte called Indian Point, a famous crossing for deer. We got there about dusk, drove down to the river bank, and pitched our tent. Bill called me at 4 next morning. Hastily dressing and eating breakfast, we were soon off for the day's sport.

We decided to hunt the sand knolls, a large flat, entirely surrounded by rim rock. As we climbed to the top we saw numerous signs, but in a 3 or 4 miles' tramp failed to start any game.

As we neared camp we concluded to climb to the top of Indian Point, as it looked a likely place for deer. The top was flat and contained probably 100 acres of sage brush land. Bill took the left side while I was to take the right and follow the rim rock to a certain point where we would meet.

I soon heard Bill's .45-90 banging a fusillade of shots. Thinking he had started the band, I lost no time in reaching his side, and found he had killed a large doe and her fawn. We took our game to camp, and dined on deer's liver and bacon.

Bright and early next morning, we tried the sand knolls again. We failed to start any game, however, and as Bill had a lame foot, he returned to camp. I continued hunting, and while following a buck's track came to where 5 or 6 deer had come up to the high ground after crossing the river. I abandoned the buck's trail and went after the bunch.

I saw them at about 400 yards' distance, and they discovered me at the same time. In a moment they disappeared behind the knolls. I made all haste to follow, and reaching the rim rock, saw they had gone down a small gulch. I crawled to the edge and looked over. There stood 5 does and one buck, about 60 yards away. I succeeded in killing 3 does before they got out of range. Hastily dressing them and leaving a few empty shells on them to keep the coyotes away during the night, I returned to camp.

The third and last day's hunt was a failure. A misty rain set in, and we made a late start. We were following the edge of the rim rock, peering over once in a while for game.

Suddenly there sprang up, not 20 yards in front of us, an immense buck. Bill pumped the .45-90 for all he was worth, but not a shot reached the mark. Next morning we broke camp, taking with us 5 fat deer.

A REMARKABLE SHOT.

STUBB.

Seeing mention of some remarkable shots, called to my mind one that seems worth mentioning. About the first of September, '75, a friend from Iowa came to my home in Kansas on his way to California. About the first question (after the usual greetings) was, "Are there any antelope near here?"

"Well I should smile? Antelope? Plenty within 10 or 12 miles."

"Good. But how is your work; so you can go? I want to kill an antelope."

"Yes, I can go but won't say how many antelope you will kill, for they are shy when strangers are around."

Dinner over, guns and traps to stay over night and we were off. We had to ford the Arkansas river but it was low, so not a difficult thing to do. After going about 8 miles and getting into the hills I saw some antelope and asked if he would try them. No, you go after this bunch, which I did and scored 3.

After dressing these I started for a small lake among the hills. This lake was the secret of so many antelope here, for it was a dry time, with no water on the "flats." Before we reached the lake I saw a big buck and told my friend there was his chance, as it was much easier to get within range of a single animal than of a herd. I showed "pard" where to go and gave him all the instruction I could on short notice.

After making camp and waiting some time, I took my "scatter" gun and my English setter and within 30 rods of camp, got young prairie chickens enough for our supper and breakfast. Returning I soon had supper started.

Pard soon returned and reported about as I had expected, viz., that having located his game, he kept out of sight and got near where he was to make his shot; that he was just crawling to the top of a low ridge to shoot, when he thought he heard something behind him and on looking around saw his buck following him, with nose out and sniffing at him. "He had not caught my scent until I turned and then—well, I didn't get him."

Supper over, a good sound night's sleep and we were astir early. Just as I was finishing my coffee, I saw on a knoll, not more than ¼ of a mile from camp, an antelope gazing at us. As I reached for my rifle he walked down the opposite side of the ridge. Leaving my friend to finish his breakfast I ran to the ridge, crawled to the top and dropped Mr. Antelope. I dragged it to the top of the hill and removed the entrails. While doing so, saw a large buck watching me from a point about ½ mile distant and seeming much interested in what I was doing. Soon another young buck and a doe joined him. I rolled the antelope I had killed back and forth 2 or 3 times, and backed off the hill, leaving the carcass where the 3 could see it. I got into a ravine that ran around the hill to the side where the 3 animals were standing, feeling sure their curiosity would get them into trouble. I had not gone more than 200 yards toward the 3, when they came on the run and I just got in good position to receive them when they arrived. The first one fell only 27 paces from me. The others ran back about 125 yards and stopped. I took good aim for his shoulders but as I was about to pull I saw the doe start to run. She was crossing perhaps 20 feet behind the buck. I held my aim for an instant and pulled just as I should have done had I been shooting at the doe alone.

At the crack of the gun she dropped in her tracks. The buck made 3 or 4 jumps and fell. I paced to the first one, dragged it to the other 2, and returned to camp in time to help hitch up the team. We then dressed the 4 and returned home. I hunted no more and my friend killed none, although antelope were plenty.

TIME TO CALL A HALT.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: The stand you take on the question of game protection stamps you as the friend of every true sportsman. In October RECREATION, J. K. L. asks you to "Let up on the game hogs—we have had enough of that," etc. We have not had enough of it, nor shall we have until this wholesale butchery of game shall have been stopped. You and RECREATION have become a power in the land, such a power that many men, who have shot too many birds, or caught too many fish, say to their friends, "Gee whiz! Don't let that leak out or RECREATION will have a seal brown roast on us."

And so it should be. If we take care of what game we have left, there is some chance for the sportsmen of the next decade; but as things now are, game, large and small, is rapidly being cleaned out, to use the hog's expression. Right here in California, and in Minnesota, which state I left in March last, we are shooting birds that were unmolested 10 years ago. The turtledove (in Minnesota) is an example. This is a sure indication that game is growing scarcer.

The question is not, "Is game becoming extinct?" but, "How can we prevent the extermination of game?"

First stop wholesale slaughter whether by market hunters or sportsmen (?).

Second, stop market shooting altogether.

Third, take such measures as Judge Denny did in Oregon, i.e., introduce and propagate foreign game. Also shorten the open seasons on domestic game.

Fourth, increase the number of game wardens, and make their salaries such that a man can afford to be honest, and attend to his business.

Fifth, increase the fine on illegal shooting, making half of it go to the informer, as we do here; the fine to be, say $100 for each and every offense. The giving of ½ the fine to the informer would tend to make every farmer a game warden.

It is strange that a citizen, law abiding in every other respect, will ruthlessly break a game law, only caring whether it is likely that he will be caught. It makes one sad to contemplate this destruction of game, but we must face the evil and do something to stop it. A few years ago every covert in Minnesota held a ruffed grouse, and some of them several large coveys. Now they are scarce and the man who gets ½ dozen of them near town, in a day, is congratulated. The quail is the happy exception. In mild winters they hold their own pretty well. Migratory fowl like ducks, geese, bay birds, etc., do not follow the pathways they did 10 years ago, but every year, what are left of them go the wildest most inaccessible route they can find. There are fewer of them every year.

It is the same with fish. It is not so easy to clean them out as game, on account of their fecundity, each one laying many hundreds, or even millions of eggs. Here at Los Angeles we do most of our fishing in the sea, where fish are more roving in their habits than in fresh water. Hence the damage done by catching too many is not so great. Still thousands of pounds of fine fish go to waste at Catalina every season. They are caught by pseudo sportsmen who fish for a record. We would like to hear from you on that subject, out here.* I do not want to convey the idea that the people here are not sportsmen; for I have never seen a town that contained so great a percentage of them as does Los Angeles. The damage is mostly done by tourists, from other states. One can go to nearly any of the beaches near here, Long Beach, Terminal Island, San Pedro, Redondo, or Santa Monica, and catch a good mess of palatable fish, or if he wants sport, can catch yellowtail, which are gamy enough. Can you tell me what the yellowtail is? his family, and specific name? I cannot find anything about him except that he is "a large fish peculiar to the Pacific water of the United States."

E. L. Hedderly.

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* See August, 1898, RECREATION, page 130.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

I think it would be a good plan to give some account in RECREATION of the amount of game in Eastern markets, and where shipped from, etc. Game dealers are seldom exposed in this matter and they dislike it exceedingly. A game dealer here says to-day, that immense quantities of quails and prairie chicken are coming from the South, through St. Louis, which is one of the worst game markets of the country.

I am informed that no game of any account is now being sent to New York, from Chicago.

Prairie chickens have been received here in large numbers, from Nebraska and South Dakota and immense quantities of venison from Wisconsin. Very little game is now coming from Minnesota.

Market hunters from St. Louis made a fearful raid on Wisconsin ruffed grouse last fall. One man killed and marketed over 1,500. It is said politics are to blame for the officers not doing their duty up there. Immense quantities of game have been illegally shipped from Milwaukee, where the present state game warden, Ellarson, lives.

Ask the state sportsmen's association, of Texas, what they are going to do about stopping the shipment of ducks and geese.

M. R. Bortree, Chicago, Ill.

ANSWER.

So far as I can learn very little game is being offered for sale in New York, contrary to law. You know the history of the Delmonico case regarding the sale of venison. We are watching the dealers, the hotels and restaurants closely. I am personally making another tour of the uptown hotels and cafes, trying to buy ruffed grouse, quail or woodcock. The legal season for selling these in this state closed December 31st and thus far I have been able to buy but one bird. That was a quail and a case is now pending against the manager of the Holland House where I bought the bird.

We are crowding the work of the League in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania diligently, and hope within another year to be able to close the markets in Boston and Philadelphia, when the legal season for killing game in those states closes.

The President of the New York Game Dealers' Association called on me the other day and asked me to consent, on behalf of the League, to the passage of a law at Albany extending the privileges of dealers. I told him emphatically the League would never consent to this; but that it would fight his Association from now till doomsday rather than have any such privilege again extended to the dealers. He argued that the game was being killed in the West and shipped to Boston, Philadelphia and other Eastern states, where the sale of it is allowed all through the winter, and that the game dealers of New York should have equal privileges with those of the other 2 cities. I told him we were striving to correct the abuses prevailing there now, and that we hoped to succeed in the near future; that in the interest of the Western and Southern states, we should endeavor to curtail the traffic in game so far as possible, in all the Eastern states.

I have personally put more than $1,000 of good money into this League work, within the past year, and have devoted to it at least 50 pages of space in RECREATION which, at my advertising rates, is worth $100 a page. I am devoting at least one half my time to the League work and the 15 employes in my office are required to devote at least half their time to this work. I do not expect to ever get a dollar of this money back; but I do feel that the Western sportsmen should aid me in this work more generously than they are doing. Some of them are working with us manfully and diligently, but the great mass of them, while patting us on the back, refuse to even send in a dollar for membership in the League. I wish you and your friends would go to work and show the Chicago sportsmen something of what the League is doing for them, in shutting off the traffic in game. Try to make them see their duty in this matter, to the extent of at least becoming members of the League.—EDITOR.

HE CONFESSES AND BOASTS.

Coronado, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: Your favor of the 28th at hand. One of my friends also received a similar letter, but having heard that you called people game hogs who secure any unusually large bags of game, it was referred to me. I think the personnel of our party, wherever known, would refute any such accusation; so I do not hesitate to tell you a few of the facts.

The Water Company, of which I am President, has a reservoir in which the water has stood at about the same level for 2 years. Pepper grass and moss grew in it to a great extent in the upper, shallow end, and considerable at the lower end. The mud-hens came in by the thousand, early in September, and began to eat it. We tried every possible way to kill them off and save the feed for the ducks, which we intended to shoot from blinds. The ducks came in in such quantities (especially ruddy-ducks) that after they got a taste of the feed you could not drive them away. It resulted, therefore, in our endeavoring to get rid of the mud-hens; we got enough boats to spread across the lake, leaving about 80 yards between the boats. The lake is long and narrow, and we would paddle from one end of it to the other. When half way along, the ducks and mud-hens would think they were being cornered and fly between and over us—the ruddy-ducks flying very low, and as quickly as any teal ever flew.

We are fair shots; some of us excellent shots. We have about got the lake in shape now to furnish good blind shooting. We came in last night, from one day's shooting, bringing 338 birds. Our highest score for any one day was 906. Another day we secured 849 and another day 597. The first day's shoot of all was 502. The game is all saved, picked and put in cold storage and will be supplied to our guests this winter.

Few people in this country consider the ruddy-ducks worth killing, and I was of that opinion when living East; but these have proven so fat and juicy, that the canvas-backs we killed on the lake, while fully up to the average, were not in my estimation equal to the ruddy-ducks.

We killed almost every variety of ducks—the canvas-back, redhead, sprigtail, gadwall, widgeon, spoonbill, ruddy, black-jack, different kinds of teal, butterball and others.

Our quail shooting, too, in this vicinity, is the finest in the world. If you have never killed California quail in their native heath, which is among the cactus, you do not know what difficult birds they are to hit. I remember Mr. Ira Paine, at the zenith of his skill, trying them, and failing to bag the first 9 birds he shot at. After that "he got on to their curves" and killed them without trouble. E. S. Babcock.

It is a great pity that business men like you should have lived to the opening of the 20th century without learning that such killing as you recount is not sport but simply cold blooded slaughter. It is condemned and reprobated by every decent sportsman in the land. In reproving and exposing such work as yours I am simply voicing the sentiment of all the best men in the craft.

The birds you killed did not belong to you because they had stopped to rest and feed on your property. They are migratory fowl and belong to all the people of your state. Have you no regard for the rights of the other 1,000,000 in your state?

You confess to the killing of 3,192 ducks in 5 days. Suppose instead you had killed say 192, which would have been enough for any 5 decent men to kill, and have left the others to breed. Suppose each of them had raised, next summer, say 5 young, on an average. That would have meant a flight of 15,000 ducks next fall that can never come because of your slaughter. Think what you have robbed your brother sportsmen of. Think what you have robbed the whole country of. Think what you have robbed nature of!

I trust you and your friends may never again be guilty of such a piece of slaughter as this.—Editor.

A DISGRACEFUL AND DISGRACED LOT OF BUTCHERS.

The Milwaukee "Sentinel" published, in its issue of January 22d, a picture of 16 deer hanging up and 6 men standing in front of them, gazing at the camera and seeming to say to the world in boastful and grandiloquent terms, "We slaughtered 'em!" Accompanying the picture is a letter from the Hon. John W. Thomas, a member of the Wisconsin Legislature from Chippewa county, in which he takes these deer butchers to task in strong terms. He says that in 17 days these 6 men killed 35 deer. At least 20 copies of this issue of the "Sentinel" have been sent me, by as many different readers of Recreation, requesting me to roast these game butchers.

One of my friends, Mr. T. W. Borum, of Barron, Wis., encloses, with the clipping, a copy of a letter he wrote the editor of the "Sentinel," in which he says:

Your illustration entitled "1898, One Week's Hunting on the Jump," shows what some people with bristles on their backs are capable of doing when turned loose. Any party of 6 men who will in 17 days slaughter 35 deer certainly invite the hearty contempt of all true sportsmen. The wholesale slaughter of game in Wisconsin does not end with the killing of deer. There are a lot of "pot hunters" who make it their business each season to slaughter and market from 400 to 500 chickens and ruffed grouse. It is reported that no less than 3,000 of these latter were shipped from Rice lake last season, and 2,000 from Haugen. One man says he and his partner shot and sent to market 1,200. There is another class of would-be sportsmen who visit Wisconsin lakes and trout streams and bend all their energies in an attempt to make "records" of the number of bass and trout caught. I remember a party of 6 who camped a week last summer near Minocqua, and averaged about 1,000 pounds of bass and pike a day. What use can a party of 6 men make of such a catch? Personally I favor a law prohibiting the sale of game and game fishes; but if we cannot have that, we want the legislature to at least give us a law, and to provide for its enforcement, that will put a reasonable limit on the kill of game and the catch of game fishes. Unless we can have something of this nature, and have it soon, game and game fishes will soon be as scarce in Wisconsin as the buffalo are on the Western plains.

It is gratifying indeed to know that so many of the sportsmen of to-day feel outraged by such exhibitions of swinishness, as is shown in the picture referred to. If all men who are thus indignant at such treatment by the daily papers would write the editors thereof, expressing their sentiments as Mr. Borum has, the editors would soon learn that, instead of increasing their circulation by lauding such brutal pictures, they are disgusting their best readers. Then they might possibly quit it.

A subscriber in Tomahawk, Wis., sends me another clipping from the "Sentinel," showing this same picture and says:

I inclose clipping showing the mugs of a party of hunters who live here and who are parading themselves as the greatest and mightiest hunters of this section. I want you to give them the best roasting you are capable of, and I know from experience you can do them to a turn. I have watched the columns of RECREATION, and am heartily in accord with your effort to stop this unnecessary slaughter.

This is only a sample of what has been going on here all through the past season. We who intend to make this our homes will try and have a law enacted by the present legislature that will at least preserve a few of the remaining deer and grouse. Here are the names of the deer butchers shown in the picture, and who made this shameful massacre: H. J. Sparks, A. A. Chapman, Henry Devonce, Peter Lundeen, Roman Woodzecka and W. H. Chapman.

I trust these vulgar butchers will not feel so proud now as they did when they stood up before the camera, and when they saw their dastardly work illustrated in the "Sentinel."—EDITOR.

GAME NOTES FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

PEMIGEWASSETT.

Here in Central Massachusetts there are confronting us a series of problems which we find extremely difficult of solution. The region roundabout has long been known as a remarkably good bird country, and ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock shooting has been far above the usual Eastern average. But the advent of the portable steam saw-mill and consequent decrease of the pine woods, the increase in numbers of expert shooters and of fine bird dogs, the prevalence of shooting and snaring for market, legalized by statute, all have brought us face to face with the threatened extermination of our local game birds.

It is possible, such is the nature of our covers, to kill off our grouse more closely each season, and while the remainder struggle to repair the inroads made among their numbers, each autumn sees a lessened supply to tempt the shooter. The old cry then goes forth, "Remarkably poor season for birds," as if the cause were far to seek and hidden in mystery. But it isn't. It's most wofully apparent, yet "none are so blind as those who will not see"; and the work goes on.

We need a law prohibiting the sale of game. The price paid for game birds is the incentive which tempts the local experts to hunt 5 days a week and bring to market 5-6 of the entire amount they kill in a season.

It has been suggested that a shorter open season, say October 1st to December 1st, would remedy matters; but I cannot see how it would. The dozen local hunters, who kill the bulk of the birds, hunt 4 days a week, as the season is now. Shorten the season and they will hunt 6 days a week, and kill just as many birds; while the man who shoots once or twice a week is robbed of a third of his sport.

There is a law in this state which permits a farmer to snare birds on his own land, and the manifest intention of the framers of the law was that the birds so taken were to be for his own use. Such a law would be fair and just. But unscrupulous farmers, tempted by the market man, have gone into the snaring business on a large scale, and have completely cleaned out certain of the best covers in the county. This practice has been, undoubtedly, one of the factors in the disappearance of the grouse.

To abolish the sale of game (or, at least, the sale of ruffed grouse) would be to take the most important step possible for the preservation of our birds. Of course an attempt to legislate in this direction would meet with instant and determined opposition; but if everyone interested would work; if the L. A. S., plus the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, plus the numerous local organizations, would confer (which they have done) and act (which they have not done) I haven't a doubt that such a measure could be carried through. Let every Massachusetts sportsman join the L. A. S. and I know it will be carried through. It is time to do this thing now!

I believe your crusade against the game hogs, and the vigorous manner in which it is persisted in, form the only way of keeping pot hunting and slaughtering prominently before the people as a detestable practice unworthy of decent men. The short-sighted, ignorant attitude of your Vancouver correspondent, Webber, only serves to show how slowly evolution works in occasional cases. His mental caliber might be reckoned at about ".22 short," and almighty short at that; but faith in human nature leads me to believe there are comparatively few such heads as his to interfere with the progress of events, at least in this country. His might pass as an average intellect, say in Spain, where they're only about 300 years behind the times; but in America—well, it's too bad he has lived to call attention to himself. Couldn't RECREATION start a fund to bring him East and send him through the first 5 or 6 grades of a grammar school? Not so much to improve his grammar, which Heaven knows is poor enough, but to give him just a little common sense and decency?

I want to write a bit of my appreciation of "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted." The illustrations are marvelous, the natural colors of birds' plumage certainly never could have been more faithfully rendered, even by the immortal Audobon himself. As a handbook of identification it should be on every sportsman's desk, and in every club library. The text, by Neltje Blanchan, has such an original and attractive style that I am induced to read for the mere pleasure of reading what ordinarily would be dry and prosy identification data. This book is worth much more than is asked for it, and with RECREATION, at $2.50, the combination is really a hard one to beat.

I want to buy a good, reliable but cheap breech loading gun, but am undecided as to what it shall be. The gun made by N. R. Davis & Sons, Assonett, Mass., has been highly recommended to me.

Will readers of RECREATION who have used this gun kindly tell me, through the magazine, what they think of it.

S. D. Ledyard, St. Louis, Mo.

THEY DON'T DROP.

Greenville, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: The more I read of shots through the heart, that drop deer dead in their tracks, the more I think. For years I have been trying to meet with that kind of a deer. Every one I have plugged in this way has steadfastly refused to behave thusly. No matter whether it be a standing or a running shot, the deer always "gets" and rarely drops within 8 or 10 rods. Without exception this has been my experience and it is also that of those with whom I have hunted. I don't recollect a hunting trip on which some plugged hearts have not been brought in to fry, and the account is always the same. Of course I am alluding to shots made by ordinary leaden or practically all leaden bullets, and not .30-30 smokeless express shells or other atrocities, for as such I have come to regard them. Dangerous to other hunters and merciless to beast, they should have no place in the equipment of the hunter, except for dangerous game; certainly not—for example—in the Michigan woods.

My little .45-60 Winchester carbine, I have found answer all needs, and though the boys used to dub it a toy, I no longer hear any disparaging remarks. It cuts off grouse heads just as neatly as it drops deer in their tracks, provided the bullet catches them in the brain pan or the spinal column.

I can't see why, when a man has a tried and trusty weapon, he must be so anxious to procure one just a shade more deadly. A new rifle even if made to measurement, won't come up on a hurried shot like the one you have been used to. These are often the critical shots, the ones which try a man's nerves, and need that confidence in the rifle, which means so much. If anything happens to my .45-60, I shall get another rifle; or if I find myself again in regions where a more powerful arm is advisable, I shall have one along. But for deer and such the .45 suits me.

All the same I wish I could get just one heart shot at a deer and see the animal lie down and die there and then; if only to be able to say I had seen it. After that, I don't care a continental; all the rest can run on in the same old way.

Percy Selous.

A SCOURGE OF SHEEP.

Visalia, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: I spent the early part of last summer in the Sequoia National Park, as a special agent of the Interior Department, driving out what Muir terms the "hoofed locusts." Later I was employed as guide for the troop of cavalry sent to do that duty.

The destruction wrought by sheep in the higher altitudes must be seen to be understood. Hillsides are denuded of brush and grasses, and tramped into dust inches deep; meadows packed and dried out; grasses killed on them and the meadows later covered with sand from the hillsides and changed to sandbars so steep that the shifting sand makes them nearly impassable. Before this last stage is reached there are many phases; one of the first being the overcoming of the valuable natural grass by noxious weeds. This state of affairs makes it hard for game even to exist and nearly impossible for men and horses to pass through the country, owing to lack of forage. I saw deer in only favored localities, where sheep could not go, and killed—none. Forest fires did considerable damage in many parts of the Park, but fortunately did not reach the "giant forest" of Sequoias, the show place of the Park. Even these fires are caused in general by sheepmen, either careless of campfires or desirous of a pasture the next year clear of large brush, trees and fallen timber.

M. L. Weaver.

The picture drawn by Mr. Weaver is indeed a sad one. Of course, the sheep industry is important to the country at large, and we could not live without it, but it is a national calamity that the "hoofed locusts" should be permitted to overrun and desecrate the most beautiful mountain ranges in the West. Sheep should be grown only on farms, under fences, or on the desert plains, where they could not destroy and desecrate the most beautiful works of Nature.—EDITOR.

A TRIP IN MINNESOTA.

Conneaut, O.

Editor RECREATION: I returned some time ago from an enjoyable hunting trip in Minnesota, with Harry Neal, of this place, as a companion.

We found deer plentiful but much wilder than usual, owing to the building of a railroad through that section. There were a few moose, too, as well as lots of smaller game. We managed to kill a deer and a moose.

The small bore cranks would have stood a pretty small chance with that moose, with a .32-40 or a .38-55, at the distance at which I had to shoot him. I shot at about 350 yards. Could only see his head and hindquarters. I pulled for his back without stopping to raise my sights. I had a .45-70 Winchester, with smokeless, soft-nose cartridges. He went down, with a ball through his spine, but I had to shoot him through the heart before I dared go near him to cut his throat.

I left the moose head in Duluth to be mounted, and am having a rug made of the hide. Harry had his deer hide tanned by our Indian guide.

One thing came to my notice, while there, that made me mad clear through. A party of hunters—or rather butchers and hogs of the worst type—camped on the beach of Lake Superior. They would set their dogs after deer and the dogs would chase them into the lake and these brutes (I mean the 2 legged ones) would go out in a boat, cut the deers' throats and tow them ashore. The wardens were particular not to let a sportsman take a piece of venison out of the State, but allowed a thing like that to go on. I think if everybody would read RECREATION there would be much less of that kind of business. A. A. H.

INDIANS ARE AFTER THE ELK.

Kalispell, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: I inclose herewith letter from Henry Morrison (Slippery Bill). He was one of the first men in this State to join the L. A. S. and lives in a locality where he can do us a lot of good.

I have laid the matter before Commissioner Brennen, of the Forestry Reserve, and he has sent one of his rangers to investigate and take proper action in the premises. The locality mentioned by Morrison is on one of the government timber reserves. Sidney M. Logan.

The letter is as follows:

Summit, Mont., February 18, 1899.

S. M. Logan, Kalispell, Mont.

Dear Sir: Last Monday 7 Indians were seen going up to the head of Badger creek, about 10 miles back of this place, after elk. My trapping partner met them as he was coming out. They had 3 toboggans, shod with oil cans. The elk winter on the bare hills near the summit and are dead easy, being poor and tame. When these toboggans are loaded with what little good meat there is on elk at this time of year, it will represent about 15 cow elk to each sled, as they winter better than the bulls. These red devils kill bulls merely for their tusks. Moose are hard to get, as they winter high up in the heavy timber and are safe from raids of this kind. The Kootenays did a big job on game last fall. Ollie tells me he saw 3 bunches of them—about 75 ponies—packed. This will give you a tip on the Injun. H. Morrison.

SLAUGHTER OF ELK IN JACKSON'S HOLE.

Editor RECREATION: As a member of the L. A. S. I desire to report to you that during the last 60 days 1,000 head of elk, mostly cows, were killed in the Teton timber reserve, Wyoming, mainly by men from Idaho and partly by people living in the Teton basin, along the Idaho line. We attempted to stop the transportation of this game, and succeeded in obtaining a few convictions; but the fines imposed were so light the guilty persons considered it a huge joke. We have evidence against some of these persons sufficient to obtain convictions, but are afraid to proceed.

We were successful in seizing 35 head of elk, and believe we saved a great number of elk from being killed.

The people of the lower Jackson Park have subscribed a large amount of money to defray expenses in keeping game wardens employed to protect the game, the county authorities having refused us any assistance, notwithstanding the fact that $4,000 has been turned in to the general fund from the issuance of hunting licenses and from fines for violation of the game laws.

W. L. Simpson, Jackson, Wyo.

Since the above was written we have organized the Wyoming Division of the L. A. S. with Dr. Frank Dunham, of Lander, as Chief Warden. He has appointed Mr. Simpson and Mr. S. N. Leek local wardens for Jackson's Hole, and the chances are that the next outfit that undertakes to slaughter elk in the Hole will find out what the L. A. S. was made for.—EDITOR.

TRAPPING PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Cherokee, Ia.

Editor RECREATION: You sound the right note when you advocate the closing of the game markets. That is the only way to stop the slaughter of game. Ten years ago, this country was teeming with prairie chickens and quails, and in spring and fall we had thousands of ducks. Now it is a hard matter to get a mess of chickens; and while a great many are shot in the close season, most of them have been cleaned out by trapping. Along the line of the railroad, in Monona county, hundreds of chicken traps are set and baited; and the men owning them have been shipping prairie chickens and quails to Boston, New York, and Baltimore for years. Last year 3,000 birds were shipped from one station alone; other stations furnishing heavy shipments as well. At the close of the last shooting, these same trappers again began trapping and shipping. Their second shipment was seized, and on opening the barrel, 135 birds were found. At $10 fine for each bird it should have cost the shipper $1,350. The Game Warden was summoned, the trial completed, and the shipper was fined $100 and costs. The man who was fined stopped trapping, but his neighbors, for miles around, continue the same as before. The Game Warden has been notified, but pays no attention to the notice. The same conditions exist in other counties of this State; and unless something is done there won't be a prairie chicken in Iowa in 5 years from now. C. D. Greig.

Give me the names and addresses of these hogs who are doing the trapping and I will send an officer after them.—EDITOR.

REPUDIATES THE VANCOUVER HOG.

Traverse City, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: I am glad you gave the Vancouver game hog space in RECREATION to roast himself. This he has done to a T, and I doubt if there is another man among your great army of readers who would have given himself away so completely, even if he had slaughtered game to such an extent as this member of the herd claims to have done. It is a shame and a disgrace to the American people that such a specimen should be kept in office. But such is politics.

RECREATION is doing a great amount of good for the preservation of game. I have read sportsmen's journals for many years, but yours is the first with nerve enough to come right out and go after, not only violators of game laws, but also those of the rules of common decency. I know many shooters who used to kill to excess, but who, since reading your articles have become enlightened, and these very men are now working for the protection of game, in various ways. Some of them are trying to have the bag limited by law and to have the sale or gift of game prohibited. They are anxious and willing to live up to and help enforce such laws. But where the real hoggish instincts are dyed in the bristles, as they seem to be in Webber's case, I doubt if even game laws would ever cure them.

Keep up the good work. Yours has been a hard row to hoe, but the worst is past. You may lose a few hogs as subscribers, but you will certainly gain 10 sportsmen to every bristleback you lose.

M. M. Conlon.

That is a peculiar kind of game hog you have found up in British Columbia. Uncle Sam ought to cross him with a devilfish and improve the stock. He must be an Arkansaw razorback, which you know eats everything. If they can't get ducks they eat crow, buzzards, or any old thing. Roasting is too good for Webber. He should be barbecued in the old fashioned way; hung on a spit before the fire and turned until thoroughly done. Then he should be well salted and peppered to make him feel good. Out of his own mouth hath he condemned himself. His last letter finished him in the estimation of all true sportsmen. But alas! he is not the only one. We have members of his herd al over the West. Roast them brown. It wi not lessen your subscription list.

J. L. Klinkinbeard, Medicine Bow, Wyo

A GOAT AND TWO BEARS.

Woodworth, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: Some time ago I wrote you an account of one of my hunting trips when I killed a bear but I was fearful my poor story would not appear in your splendid magazine. I was happily disappointed so I write of another trip I have lately made.

My father and brother were out with me, with M. P. Dunham as guide. We used a tepee instead of a tent and were gone 8 days. It was more of a pleasure trip than a hunt, although we did some hunting and fishing. The first day we hunted I shot a goat. The next day I caught a salmon trout weighing 14 pounds. It was the largest trout I ever saw. It measured 3 feet long and 18 inches round the body, 4 inches back of the head. I will send you the head so you can show your friends the kind of fish we have out here.*

I was out hunting twice last spring, with one of my brothers and Mr. Dunham. I shot a bear each time but would not have got either, if it had not been for Mr. Dunham. I am going to get a picture of my hunting pony to send you so you can judge of his size. He is the smallest pony I ever saw and the prettiest.

Jennie A. Peers, Age 13.

A LEGISLATOR ON OUR SIDE.

I am in receipt of the following from the Hon. J. H. Wallace, member of the House of Representatives, Montgomery, Alabama, which shows that the sentiment for game protection has reached the capital of the Magnolia State and that it is still spreading:

Dear Mr. Shields: My bill for the protection of song birds, game birds, and game mammals in the State of Alabama, passed both houses and was yesterday approved by Governor Johnston, who is himself an ardent sportsman. Several counties were excluded from the provisions of my bill, through a misconception of its principles by rural representatives; yet I hope next session to fight to a successful end for protection for the birds all over the State. Local laws are of no avail. I am contending for a uniformity of our State laws, and when local legislation is relegated to county commissioners we can achieve the end we have begun.

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* The head came all right, and seems to have been worn by a monster salmon trout.—EDITOR.

I am very much occupied now, as you may divine, but as soon as I am at leisure shall send out the L. A. S. literature you have sent me, and endeavor to enlist the co-operation of our people in the laudable undertaking of song bird and game protection. Cordially yours,

J. H. Wallace.

SPORTSMEN ON THE DELAWARE.

The few remarks concerning "Fish Thieves in the Delaware" which appeared The Sun of August 30th have thoroughly awakened the people living along the upper Delaware, with a result which is likely to be serious for future malefactors.

The river is visited daily by scores of sportsmen who are liberal in their disbursements of cash; and hotels, boarding houses, boatmen, liverymen and others have discovered that it pays better to protect the fish and cater to an army of gentlemen than to permit the depletion of the waters by a few rascally, law-breaking fish hogs.

It now seems certain that the next gang caught illegally destroying bass will meet with a heap of speedy and disgusting trouble

A new association has lately been formed, not for "show," but for business purposes, and it will go for fish and game law breakers tooth and nail, and will never let up until the nefarious practices cease. This is the "League of American Sportsmen," and every full-sized American, be he sportsman or not, should become a member and aid in bringing to an end some of the blackest crimes of the age The office of this League is at 19 West 24th Street, N. Y.—Kit Clarke, in N. Y. Sun.

SWALLOW SHOOTERS.

A live bird shoot took place at Sportsman Park Monday afternoon, which proved one of the most interesting shoots of the season. About 350 swallows, which had been taken from the large chimney at Balmer's green house, were used as targets, and the lively little birds kept the best of the shooters guessing. Thirty men participated and a general average of 57 per cent. was made. Balmer and Tindolph tied for first place with 9 out of 10 birds. Barrowman and Litherland took second money with 8, and Eluere and Linsey took third money with 7 birds.—Vincennes, Ind., Commercial.

Editor RECREATION: In order that the above paragraph may have the circulation it so widely deserves I send it to you. It is not right that it should remain hidden in the narrow circles of its original publication. Let it go before the thousands of readers of RECREATION.

I believe the benighted fossils who make our laws consider such noble "sport" illegal, but as the people of this enlightened community are more advanced and progressive, our "best citizens" participated in the tournament and the winners are the heroes of the hour, outshining, in public estimation, the victors of Santiago.

Public sentiment here sustains these noble "sports" and if any narrow minded mossback tried to prosecute under the new state law the only result attained would be the lynching of the prosecutor. I hope RECREATION will hasten to give these heroes their due meed of praise.

Angus Gaines, Vincennes, Ind.

They deserve the fate of the Italian who was caught by a game warden in the act of shooting robins, and who, when he resisted arrest, was shot and killed.—EDITOR.

LAWBREAKERS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Utica, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: Last summer I spent my vacation in the Adirondacks, on Big Moose lake, where I killed a deer—a buck with 6 points. I want to tell you how the sportsmen (?) hunt deer on the Fulton chain, especially on Raquette and Long lakes, and vicinity. Two hounds came over from Shallow to Queen lake and stopped at a camp where 2 gentlemen were hunting on Queen, in the latter part of August. When the dogs arrived they were nearly starved, and after being fed they lay down and slept for a whole day. Mr. Crego, president of the Brown's Tract Guides' Association, sent a man up and had the dogs shot. A friend of mine spent the summer on Long lake, and he says they hound and jack there regularly. He says he went jacking several times and met several other parties who were at it. There are plenty of deer in Herkimer County, and will be for several generations to come, if properly protected. The guides are all in favor of continuing the law which prohibits hounding and jacking. I hope you may be able to do something to better this miserable state of affairs.

E. F. H.

Give the names and addresses of the people who did the hounding and jacking, and I will undertake to have them prosecuted.—EDITOR.

TRYING TO EXTERMINATE THE CARIBOU.

An English magazine prints a picture of a pile of caribou saddles that is simply sickening to look at. The caption under the picture reads thus:

"A Bag of Caribou Taken in Newfoundland."

An editorial note says:

> The steamer Virginia Lake recently brought to St. John's, on the west coast, large quantities of the frozen carcasses of these beautiful animals. The great heap here pictured contained 369 caribou, and a fortnight afterwards the same steamer brought 500 more. They are not wasted, but form a delicious and cheap article of food, greedily purchased by rich and poor.

The laws of Newfoundland require nonresident hunters to pay a license fee of $100, and the authorities claim this is done for the purpose of protecting the game. They say if they should reduce it to say $25, the amount charged in Canadian Provinces, so many American hunters would go there that they would soon exterminate the game.

These law makers need not trouble themselves in the least about Americans exterminating their game, even if they should remove the license fee entirely. If they will simply allow their own people to carry on the slaughter, as they are now doing, for 2 or 3 years, there will not be enough caribou left on the island to tempt an American to cross the channel, even if no license fee were charged and a steamship pass furnished him.

HE IS CAMPING ON THEIR TRAIL.

In this vicinity, a few years ago, a man could catch salmon and mountain trout by the hundred, and could see 25 to 200 deer in a day's hunt. Now he cannot, in a week or month, catch or kill what he could eat in a week. The deer and birds have been destroyed by the hogs and pot hunters, the fish by sawmill dams and dust. Our present game warden and fish commissioner and I have just been giving the lumber men a roundup. One of the men pleaded guilty, and was fined $100 and costs. Another was arrested and was acquitted, the jury being out all night and standing 5 for conviction and one for acquittal. The other 2 that were arrested were turned loose, because the deputy warden and the lawyer thought they could not be convicted. As long as I am in this locality I will camp on their trail, which is 7 miles above this place, on the Little Spokane and its tributaries. Some of them have dams that the fish cannot get over. If we can not compel them to take care of their dust we shall soon have no fish nor meadow lands along the stream.

J. C. Cowgill, Chattaroy, Wash.

A TEXAS BEAR.

My first hunt in Western Texas was with a naval officer who visited me in the fall of '92. Two ranchmen, veteran hunters, accompanied us. We camped about 45 miles from Pecos, at the mouth of a deep canyon. On the way to camp we started 5 white deer and I shot a spike buck. The rest of the bunch got away. I was anxious to do all the hunting I could and after our tent was pitched I started up the canyon. I had not been out long before I started a big black bear and the sight of him filled me with strange emotions. I sent a .44 ball into him as soon as I could recall the object of my visit to the canyon and then the bear did a war dance and the way he rolled and kicked and spurted blood was a caution. As I saw him down I dropped my gun and sailed toward him with my hunting knife. But the bear was not dead and before I reached him he was on his feet and running up the canyon. I went back after my gun and then followed him, pumping lead as I ran. This race lasted for about a mile and then the bear tried to climb the side of the canyon. I refilled the magazine and kept up the pumping until a ball finally went through his head and he came tumbling down. It was dark when I got back to camp. My bear was the most important prize of the hunt, but the rest of the party got their share of game before we quit.

I. J. Bush, Pecos, Tex.

IS THE WOODCOCK DOOMED ALSO?

Lee, Mass.

Editor RECREATION: I have been greatly alarmed, during the last 2 or 3 seasons, at the scarcity of woodcock. They are my favorite bird, and I would rather kill a dozen of them than 50 of any other game bird. I wonder if they are going the same way as the buffalo and the wild pigeon. Have recently hunted in 3 States, in the coverts they love and which should hold many, but alas! how many covers have I drawn blank!

I should like to hear from other sportsmen on this matter, for I am sure something is wrong. We don't get the birds either on the flight, or on the breeding grounds, as in days of yore.

The woodcock is a bird that the hogs can't trap or snare as they do our other game birds. It can only be shot on the wing, in a sportsmanlike manner. No potting it in flocks on the ground, as in the case of quail. How is it, then, Mr. Longbill cannot hold his ground? Will brother sportsmen please enlighten me? He has sadly decreased in numbers and I fear will soon be extinct. Corduroys.

TWO SHAMELESS BOASTERS.

Chester, Pa.

Your favor of the 22d received and I am glad to give you the information you ask. It is true we brought home over 800 birds from our shooting grounds, but that was only a little more than one half of what we shot, lost overboard, gave away, and disposed of in one way and another before coming North. Our shooting was done around Hatteras as you are no doubt aware.

Geese, brant, ducks, swans and all sorts of wild fowl abound there at this season. Every year a party of 9 or 10 of us go South on the yacht "Sybilla," owned by Mr. John F. Betz, of Philadelphia, for whatever sport we can get. Last year we brought home only 100 trophies. I have the honor to be the leader in the way of bagging game, and Mr. Fred. Betz comes a close second. The rest do not take so kindly to lying out all day in a sink box, but still do a fair portion of shooting and contribute their share to the showing. I write this in haste to let you know that you are correctly informed concerning our game, or nearly so.

John Leary.

HE WANTS TO KILL IT ALL.

Schroyer, Kan.

Editor RECREATION: I see the L. A. S. is still growing. It is all right in one way and in one way it is not. You not only want to limit the killing of game to the open season (which is all right), but you do not stop there. You go so far as to limit the number of birds in one day, no matter how many more one gets a chance to shoot. I am not a game hog by any means, and do not want to be known as one, but when I go out for a day's hunt I go for all there is in it, and the more game I kill the better I like it. The bag of large game, such as deer, elk, and moose, should be limited.

C. J. Cook.

You should read the replies to Webber, now being printed in RECREATION, and see how unpopular your "Kill-all-I-can" doctrine is among decent sportsmen. If you kill 50 quails or 100 ducks or chickens in a day, the real sportsmen will vote you a game hog, whether you like it or not.

PLEASE CONFIRM MY REPORT.

Rutland, Vt.

Editor RECREATION: Will some of your readers please give, through RECREATION, the height of the large California jack rabbits, from ground to top of head, and top of ears? Also length and weight, and number killed in some of the large drives held in Tulare, Fresno and Kern Counties?

Also size and weight of some of the big grizzlies there?

I was out there 11 years, and on coming back here and telling about what I had seen, even to the big trees, 20 to 30 feet in diameter, I was called one of the biggest liars in town. I have seen the old grizzly, "Monarch," belonging to the San Francisco "Examiner." Will some one give his size and weight? I take this means of proving some of my stories.

Keep on hitting the game hogs and give them no peace. C. Wright.

A GOOD DAY FOR RABBITS.

A few days ago Will Hacker, Colonel D. C. Williams, L. Polhemus and I went to Fithian, a village 14 miles West of here, on the C. C. C. & St. L. R. R. There we took a team and drove 1½ miles North where we found a cornfield full of weeds and burrs, or rather a field of burrs with a little corn here and there. There was about 2 inches of snow on the ground. It had thawed some the day before and had now frozen a crust hard enough to bear the weight of a rabbit, and this gave them good sprinting facilities. After encircling the field—only 35 acres—several times, and making 2 trips to the sled to unload our game, we decided we had enough, and started home at 2.10 p.m. We had killed 43 rabbits in 2 hours and 10 minutes. It was one of the most enjoyable trips any of us had for a long time.

O. K. Baldwin, Danville, Ill.

GAME NOTES.

I am delighted with your method of handling the game hog. No man on earth loves to shoot any better than I do, but I am glad to find a man who has the courage of his convictions. Your criticisms are at times somewhat caustic, but none too much so for the occasion. No doubt we have all killed more game in days gone by, than we should. I have, and at times have been heartily ashamed of myself for doing so; but we should call a halt, and when a man goes at the work of reform as you have, all fair minded sportsmen should support him. It has been my pleasure to hunt and fish on almost every part of this continent, and I have seen wild fowl and other game slaughtered in the Northwest by just such men as Webber until the sight was simply sickening. You are right. You have given him sufficient rope and he has hung himself. We have a society here for the protection of game. We have been negligent in regard to these matters for some time, but you have stimulated us to the extent that we are now going to look after the swine. I hope soon to be a member of the L. A. S.

F. E. Hall, Laconia, N. Y.

In the fall of '96 a party of 6 of us went duck hunting on one of the Illinois river lakes. My brother went ahead of the rest of us with our camp outfit to locate before our arrival. At Meredosia he got a boatman and they loaded everything into a cranky 12 foot boat. They then started for a place 7 miles up the lake. They were all right until they struck the first bay, which is 2 miles wide. Waves were very high, and they were overloaded. A large wave broke into their boat and she sank at once, turned over and came up bottom side first.

A fisherman saw the affair and came to their assistance just in time to save them. It was a cold day and the boys went to a farm house to get dried. They felt very bad to think of everything lying under 10 feet of water, even their guns. They borrowed a boat from the farmer and from the Government locks they got drags and hooks.

The outfit had included a lot of decoy ducks and these floating marked the place where the boat had sunk. They had good luck and got everything back except one gum boot.

W. W. Wood, Franklin, Ill.

A bill has been introduced in the Arkansas legislature which prohibits the shipment of fish or game out of the State, makes the commissioner of mines, manufactures and agriculture State fish and game warden, with power to appoint one deputy in each county who shall have equal authority with himself. The bill makes it unlawful to catch, kill or injure prairie chickens for a period of 5 years, and Mongolian or English pheasants for 10 years. It further provides that:

"Any person who shall have in possession, or who shall sell or expose for sale, any feathers or skins or parts of birds for use in millinery or similar purposes, or shall kill for such purposes any birds in this State, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined not less than $25 nor more than $50 for each bird skin, or part of skin, or parcel of feathers so sold or offered for sale or killed for that purpose; provided, this act shall not apply to ostrich feathers or feathers of chickens or other domestic birds."

Verily, the handwriting is on the wall and the bird-bedecked hat must go. Selah.

S. A. Lewis, in your February number, refers to the malaria of the Dismal Swamp and to "the ague laden breeze of that dread place." I must correct him. The Dismal Swamp has been known for 200 years as particularly free from malaria and extremely healthful.

The ante-bellum planters who had a surplus of slaves and were averse to selling them, were particularly anxious to hire them to the Swamp Company as shingle makers, and because of the healthfulness of the swamp. That a person can drink any quantity of the water without any ill results, is proof of my assertion, because if any malaria exists it is in the water. I have drank it that was 30 years old from the tanks of a U. S. man-of-war and it had made several voyages around the world. It was the custom of the old navy to water the ships with Dismal Swamp water whenever the opportunity offered. It keeps to eternity, and is light and healthful.

James F. Duncan, Norfolk, Va.

I have been doing a little shooting about the islands and along the coast line here. I have some of the finest specimens of ducks mounted, which I intend sending home to my native country, New Zealand, where RECREATION goes also. The gray duck here is identical in every respect with the same species in New Zealand. We have many species of ducks there, but no other game bird or beast, save the moa, a bird standing 17 to 18 feet high and which is wingless. We have also the blue wood pigeon, the kaka, a species of parrot, and several varieties of wingless birds not considered game. We don't shoot the moa any more for he became extinct in his wild state about 600 years ago. The country is, however, fairly well stocked with imported game which is doing well. Also with the big land monopolist, not yet quite so pernicious as the same species in America.

H. A. Walmsley, Vancouver, B. C.

Allow me to thank Arthur F. Rice and you for that delightful bit of outdoor painting, "Skitchewaug," in your January number. It fairly takes one captive and leads him among the grand old trees and rocks, where squirrels bark and grouse drum at their own sweet will.

Mr. Rice's charming story is so well told that away through the vista of the trees, and through the hazy atmosphere one can see the gray piles of rocks, and revel in the whole grand picture of God's great outdoors.

That it brought to me so much joy and pleasant reminiscence, one chilly, wet day, down in Georgia, where I was wintering, is my excuse for these too few and feeble lines.

RECREATION grows better every month, and there's no telling where you will bring up if you keep on.

Arthur Munson.
Stamford, Ct.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: Yours of 21st received. The party who accompanied me was David L. Ward, Ed. L. Robinson, Chas. Warfield, Jacob Espenbeck, Fred. Glasser and John I. Leary. We shot 3 deer at Hatteras island and during a week's stay there killed 200 brant, 50 geese and about 75 red heads. At Ocracoke island, where we lay about a week, we shot 300 red heads, 2 swans, 30 geese and about 100 black heads, beside a lot of quail.

John F. Betz, Jr.

And yet some men complain because certain states have passed laws exacting high licenses from non-resident sportsmen. North Carolina should pass a law requiring such as these to pay a license of $100 each. And it should be rigidly enforced too.

I have just finished reading February RECREATION, which I have found unusually interesting. To what species of monkey does that Vancouver Webber belong? You are certainly having a lot of fun with him, as are all your readers. It seems incredible that any alleged man should be fool enough to write such letters as he writes. If there is a good blacksmith in Vancouver Webber should get him to put a heavy band around his (Webber's) head. If he don't, it is likely to burst. I feel sorry for his Gordon setter, to whom he refers in such boastful terms. Any dog who is compelled to associate with such a specimen as Webber is certainly in hard luck.

Thomas Harris, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Your letter received. I do not remember how many deer I have killed, but my old time friend and comrade, John Hornaday, who goes with me every year, says the number is 723. I have killed them until I was ashamed to kill any more. We have a great many deer here yet, especially on the Rio Grande, where we go every year.

W. H. Owen, San Antonio, Tex.

It's a great pity you don't stay ashamed when you get to feeling that way. Two deer is enough for any man to kill in a year. Suppose you had hunted 40 years; that would allow you 80 deer. Whatever number you have killed beyond that, is in excess of your share.—EDITOR.

I congratulate you on the success of your war on game hogs, and hope you will keep it up. There are a few who have their sty in the Hotel Coronado, San Diego, who need roasting, if newspaper reports of their exploits are true.

Game about here is almost extinct, though duck shooting on the fresh water ponds near the ocean, about 24 miles from Pasadena, is still good. The varieties killed there are spoonbills, green wing teal, widgeons, pin tails, gadwalls and mallards in numbers about as I have placed them. We also get cinnamon teal, canvas backs, blue bills and ruddy ducks, this last in large numbers for those who care to kill them—which I don't.

H. H. Rose, Pasadena, Cal.

The article in February RECREATION, by Po Ka Gon, recalls vividly to my mind the last time I had the pleasure of meeting the Chief. This was about 10 years ago, and at that time he criticised severely those rapacious hunters whom nothing would satisfy. He said some of them would live to regret their greed. He also said he expected to live to be an hundred years old, but it seems that like many of us he overestimated his vital forces.

I am glad you give it to the swine, right from the shoulder. Your good work is having its effect.

C. P. Bissell, Grand Rapids, Mich.

I have been making diligent inquiry in the different game sections, and from what I can learn game has wintered well.

There was a lamentable slaughter of elk in the North end of Jackson's Hole by "white savages" in November, and considerable killing on this side of the range by red devils from the Shoshone agency. It seems almost impossible to keep the Indians from killing game. We have arrested them time and again. We bring them in here, fine them and they "lay out" their fines in the county jail, at the cost of the taxpayers. Let's kill them off.

Frank Dunham, Chief Warden,
Lander, Wyo.

G. G. S. Lindsey and Dr. Bruce L. Riordan have returned from the Magnetawan river district, where they have been camping since the end of last month with D. A. Cameron, C. C. Ambery and F. Swift, of Walkerville, and T. Minty, of Seaforth, the rest of the party remaining another week. They report deer plentiful and brought down some big bucks. Ex-Mayor Boswell, Dr. Leslie and J. F. Stupart, of the Observatory, came down from Ahmic Harbor, yesterday, with 5 deer. Four hunters were detained last night at Burk's Falls on a charge of shooting deer in the water.—Globe, Toronto, November 10, 1898.

The only sportsmen's magazine has arrived, brighter, fresher than ever. Its coming is to me like rain to a parched soil. It has made a different man of me. I now see the necessity of stopping when I kill a reasonable number. I never was a game hog, but came very near it, and now reading RECREATION for the past 3 years has shown me the great truth and the worth of your peerless magazine. May it bring you a tenfold increase.

Will you please send me blank applications for membership in the L. A. S., for I am anxious to become a member.

Calvin Lee, Reading, Pa.

There were 6 men in the hunt and as we stood bunched near a swamp a 13 prong buck sprang into view 40 yards away and made for shelter. A shower of rifle balls rained about him until he disappeared, and after the magazines had all been refilled we took the trail. We soon found blood, then a piece of leg bone. Two miles we followed the trail; then jumped the buck. Another mile and he jumped again. Two shots hit him and he fell. Examination showed 7 wounds. He was a hard buck to kill.

F. F., Cincinnati, O.

AN ACRE OF BASS.

Richmond, Ind.

Editor RECREATION: I have for 40 years fished the streams and lakes of Indiana for bass. Closely observing their haunts and habits I have thought ever since Seth Green promulgated his method of artificial propagations, that the day would come when water would be walled in and fish cultivated just as fields are fenced in and planted.

In 1895, as commissioner of Fisheries for Indiana I had occasion to visit the village of Warren, Huntington county, and found there a pond in an excavation from which gravel had been taken. The pond was 60 x 120 feet in area and 6 feet deep. It had neither inlet nor outlet and had filled with water during the preceding winter and spring. The owner of the ground, Mr. Thompson, an enthusiast in fish culture, had previously constructed 3 small ponds, supplied by an artesian wall, and had succeeded in hatching pike, perch and other fish. He determined to see what he could do with bass in the new pond. In May he obtained a few adult small mouth bass, male and female, and placed them in the pond. Early in June he saw the fish preparing nesting places. Soon after they spawned and in due time the eggs hatched.

I visited the pond in September following and found it swarming with young bass. The ensuing winter was unusually cold, the water in the pond froze solid in some portions and a large number of the young fish were killed. When the ice thawed the margin of the pond was lined with dead bass, 4 or 5 inches long. If there had been an inlet and outlet to create a current this destruction would not have taken place.

After a year's absence I revisited the pond and could see bass, apparently a foot long, darting here and there, sometimes singly and sometimes in schools of 100 or more. I strung my rod, removed the barb from my hook and baiting with a minnow, made a cast. Soon I had a run, and landing my victim found it a lively young bass that measured 11½ inches and weighed 13 ounces. I continued fishing until I had 7, the largest 15 inches long and weighing 16½ ounces.

I realized I was accumulating evidence of great importance:

1. That bass would breed in enclosed still water.

2. That bass one year old will average one pound each.

3. That they had made this surprising growth in the absence of artificial food of any kind at any time of their existence. In the fall Mr. Thompson drew off the water and by actual count found the pond contained 1,017 bass, weighing one pound each.

A pond 60 x 120 equals 7,200 square feet and is 1-6 of an acre, and 6 times 1,017 is 6,102—the number of pounds of bass that could, under like conditions, have been raised in an acre of water. Besides the bass there were 600 or 700 ring perch, weighing in the aggregate 250 pounds or more. That added to the weight of the bass, makes 1,267 pounds of live fish in the water of 1-6 of an acre; or at the rate of 7,602 pounds an acre, which at 8 cents a pound will amount to $608.16.

It is but reasonable to suppose that with a liberal supply of food a much greater yield in weight would have resulted.

W. T. Dennis.

A RECORD ESOX.

St. Gabriel de Brandon, P. Q.

Editor RECREATION: Last fall I caught a muskalonge which weighed 35 pounds. It was 4 feet 3 inches long, and its girth at the shoulder was 21 inches.

I was trolling on Lake Muskalonge at about 5.30 p.m., just after a rain storm, and was pulling alongside a bank of yellow lilies when my line suddenly straightened out and sang like the A string of a Cremona. It was caused by the fish having unwisely mistaken my spoon for the more esculent whitefish of which *Esox estor* is so fond. He gave me a hard fight. After towing the boat 200 yards he suddenly rose and sprang nearly 10 feet in the air, shaking his head furiously to get rid of the most unsavory morsel he had ever tackled. But the hook was well fastened in his tongue and held. After another futile leap he resumed his towing tactics, this time back and right into the bank of lily pads. I concluded he was as good as gone, for the stems of the weeds are strong and grow in twisted bunches of 20 or so. These become entangled with the trolling line, and a sudden rush on the part of the fish will sometimes snap the line like a thread. However, just as he struck the weeds he resumed his belligerent tactics and in his struggles cleared a space in the weeds for 10 feet around, in which I succeeded in holding him. During one of his paroxysms of ill temper he struck the side of the skiff with his tail, cracking the top plank and making the old boat shiver from stem to stern. I watched my opportunity. When he had quieted down and was swimming on the surface near the boat, looking unutterable things at me with his great, yellow, tigerish eyes, I gave him a gentle turn and a sudden, steady pull over the side of, and into the boat. He lay on the bottom, floundering and lashing, until I feared for the bottom boards. A tap on the head with the stretcher quieted him.

Not being able to keep him, nor to send him up to Montreal, I disposed of him to a man in the village. A hotel keeper finally secured him and gave a banquet in his honor, as he was the record fish for that lake. Forty-five guests attended. The fish was stuffed with potatoes and roasted whole in a baker's oven, a roasting pan having been made expressly for it, owing to its size. I was not at the banquet, but was told some of the guests were served no fewer than 5 times, which speaks well for the fish's delicacy of flavor, not to mention the appetites of the guests.

My father held the record up to the capture of this fish, he having caught, by trolling, a 31 pound maskalonge some years ago. A 34 pound muskalonge was speared some time ago, but does not hold as a record. Until recently these noble fish were netted in great numbers in Lake Muskalonge, but the advent of a game warden worthy of the name has changed that, and now not a net, I believe, can be found in the parish. J. H. Hicks.

AN INGLORIOUS END.

I wish to recommend to anglers a trial of Beaver creek, one of the most beautiful streams in British Columbia. September is the best month for fishing here. The trout having become tired of his ova menu settles down to business again, and gives proper attention to artificial flies and an occasional grasshopper. Our trout are not to be fooled by any ordinary bait; it must similate a real, juicy midge, or it will not pass muster. However, the trout are here and weighing all the way from 10 pounds down, as the sequel will show.

Not long ago Rev. J. Calvert, of Trail, B. C., walked to a railway station 7 miles distant, and his route crossed Beaver creek. He is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and carried his camera with the hope of securing a few shots at the beautiful scenery. In preparing to take a picture he saw, reflected on the ground-glass, the outline of a large fish. Leaving his camera he discovered in a shallow basin in the jagged rocks bordering the torrent, a trout of extraordinary proportions.

On the hook a 10 pound trout requires a large amount of catching. The amateur loses many a wary fish in the landing and even experienced sportsmen have been outgeneraled by clever trout. Mr. Calvert, having had some experience, knew all this, but undeterred by the odds against him he climbed down to the pool containing the finny monster. There he knelt, as is his wont on all solemn occasions, and with his bare hands offered battle to the fish. Luckily, the fisherman in this case was nearly as amphibious as his antagonist. Over and under, to and fro, in the pool the clergyman and the fish rolled and surged. At times the wily 10 pounder seemed on the point of escaping to the stream, only to be caught by the tail and hauled back ignominiously.

At last, with hands bleeding from the sharp teeth of the fish, the triumphant clergyman stood up, holding the trout in both hands and looking more like an instructor in aquatic sports than a dignified churchman. Holding a large trout with one's bare hands while jumping from stone to stone over a deep pool is to simply invite calamity. Rather than risk the loss of his prize in that way, Mr. Calvert vowed he would swim, and trusting to his fisherman's luck and the peculiar good fortune usually granted to him who expects little, he essayed it, arriving safely with his fish at the camera. Then he photographed his victim and the pool from which he took him. The unfortunate trout weighed 10½ pounds.

W. J. Devitt, Trail, B. C.

NEW SPECIES OF TROUT.

Quebec, Jan. 26.—A new species of trout has been discovered in the Tourilli Fish and Game Club's waters. This trout runs up to 4½ pounds in weight, and is the most beautiful and gamy of the salmon family. A specimen has been sent to the Smithsonian Institution and has awakened a great deal of interest among scientists. It is generally supposed to be the rare and much coveted Salmo marstoni.—The Citizen, Ottawa, Canada.

Will you give us some information, in RECREATION, as to *Salmo marstoni*, mentioned in this clipping? Where is that species principally to be found?

In the early stages of spawning, by what exterior marks can the female be distinguished from the male speckled trout? Has color anything to do in this respect?

Your magazine is ever interesting and I am always awaiting it with anxiety and pleasure. E. Edward Lemieux,
Dept. of Militia, Ottawa, Can.

I referred this inquiry to Hon. George M. Bowers, U. S. Fish Commissioner, who replies thus:

The fish to which your correspondent apparently refers was described in 1893, by Professor Samuel Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass., under the name *Salmo marstoni*, in honor of Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the "London Fishing Gazette." This trout belongs to the group of salmonoids known in Europe as charrs or saiblings, represented in America by a number of species and varieties, most of which inhabit Arctic regions. Later authors have consequently assigned Marston's trout to the genus *Salvelinus*, of which our brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) is the best known example.

Furthermore, this fish is closely related to the blue-back trout of the Rangeley lakes (*Salvelinus oquassa*) and is by some regarded as a variety of that species.

Marston's trout is known from Lac de Marbre, Ottawa County, Quebec, from which the type came, and from Decallones township, 70 miles East and 40 miles North of Montreal.

This fish cannot be mistaken for the speckled or brook trout of either sex, except perhaps during the parr stage. It differs markedly in color and form, having, among other distinguishing features, a plain back, a deeply forked tail, and 13 dorsal and 12 or 13 anal rays, instead of the 10 and 9 rays, respectively, which the brook trout has.

THEY ARE LAW BREAKERS.

The law of our State prohibits the spearing of black, strawberry, green or white bass, but says nothing about lake bass. The omission is taken advantage of, by many people, to spear lake bass, and that means every fish that comes along.

Should like answers to the following questions, through RECREATON:

1. What is a black bass?
2. What is a lake bass?
3. How many species of black bass are there?

J. C. Douglas, Albion, Mich.

Professor Evermann writes as follows:

Editor RECREATION: Replying to the queries by Mr. Douglas, if the Michigan law makes it unlawful to spear "black bass, strawberry bass, green bass and white bass," it covers all the species of bass found in the State except the rock bass or goggle-eye (*Ambloplites rupestris*), and the wording may be such as to include that species also. There is no such species as "lake bass." The so-called "lake bass" is one or any of the above-named species that happens to frequent, temporarily or permanently, the lakes. In Michigan the following species are known to occur in lakes:

1. Large-mouthed black bass (*Micropterus salmoides*). This species is also known as Oswego bass, green bass, mud bass, bayou bass, and is doubtless called lake bass in Michigan by those who wish to evade the law.

2. Small-mouthed black bass (*Micropterus dolomieu*). This is also called simply black bass, and would doubtless be called lake bass by the same people.

3. Strawberry bass (*Pomoxis sparoides*). This is also called calico bass and grass bass.

The first 2 species named may be readily distinguished by the number of rows of scales on the cheek. The large-mouthed black bass has only about 10 rows counting downward and backward from the eye, while the small-mouthed black bass has 17.

The man who spears "lake bass" is spearing black bass and is liable under the law.

See Jordan & Evermann's "Fishes of North and Middle America," page 1010.

ICE FISHING IN MAINE.

J. W. NASH.

I remember reading an article in which it was said that a man who would fish through the ice was no sportsman. I shall either have to admit being unsportsmanlike or accuse the author of that article of gross prejudice, and I think many people will uphold me in the latter course. However, I am not going to argue the question, but tell of a trip to Lower Stone pond, in Oxford county, Me.

Mel Sampson is one of the boys and when, in the latter part of February, he invited me to take a trip to his camp, I at once accepted. By 8 o'clock next morning we were snugly packed in a long pung, with snow shoes, traps, toboggan and supplies for a 4 days' outing. Two o'clock found us in one of the cosiest camps in which it has ever been my good luck to sleep. It was on a wooded knoll on the shore of the lake and commanded a fine view. After a combined dinner and supper of oyster stew we got things straightened for morning and turned in.

We were on the ice by daybreak and soon had our lines in and ready for business. Pretty soon a flag went up at the hole farthest away. Being nearest to it I did some tall sprinting but was too late. Mel next had a call and took a 3 pound pickerel. This fish we cooked for breakfast and before we finished it up went another flag. I ran to the hole and landed—or should I say, iced?—the fish. He was such a handsome fellow I determined to mount and paint him. So we cut a large, deep hole in the ice in which to keep him alive until we were ready to return home. We went back and finished our breakfast and then began fishing in earnest. We had but few lines set, for we are not fish hogs, and that day we caught only 8 fish, though they were all large.

The next morning was stormy and we made the round of the lines only a few times. During the day we caught 4 more good fish and, at night, thinking we had all we could use, we took up our lines. The next day we started homeward, carrying with us 7 fish.

I have caught many pickerel, but neither before nor since have I seen such plump beauties as those we took at Lower Stone pond.

KILLED A TON OF FISH.

I inclose a clipping from the Dover (N. J.) Index.

I lived in Dover a number of years and know the Rockaway river. It once afforded fine fishing, but for several years past few trout have been caught in it. The Port Oram furnace no doubt poisoned many fish before the wholesale slaughter recorded in the clipping.

James Rourk, Philadelphia, Pa.

The clipping reads:

" Fish Warden George Riley was sent to Dover on Friday to investigate a matter which has created great excitement along the Rockaway river from Port Oram to Denville. On Wednesday the fish in the river and canal at Dover began to show symptoms of distress. They came to the surface, spun around and finally turned belly up and died. The canal and river cross each other at Dover and both above and below the meeting point thousands of dead fish were seen. They represented every thing from 4 pound bass and big brook trout down to minnows, crawfish, frogs and eels. It was evident something poisonous had been put into the stream. It even drove the muskrats out of their holes in the bank and made them seek dry land.

Mr. Riley said he saw over a ton of dead fish. He was convinced the source of the trouble was at the Port Oram iron furnace. The furnace was blown out for repairs on Monday and Tuesday and an immense quantity of refuse from the stack and flues was allowed to escape into a brook running into the canal. Some violent poison generated in smelting the iron had been dissolved in the water and poisoned the fish. The evidence led directly to the door of the furnace. The dead fish were thick all along the brook leading down to the canal. Other streams not in connection with the canal were unaffected, but the fish in the river were affected by the poison as far down as Boonton, where they could be seen holding their heads out of water as if to get fresh air. The fish commissioners will certainly prosecute the case under the law which provides a penalty of $500 for allowing deleterious matter to escape into waters inhabited by game fishes."

IN GOOD OLD DAYS.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: Fifty years ago all that was needed to catch bass and pike in the Niagara river near Buffalo, was a cotton chalk line, a cane pole, bullet sinkers, and a flat headed Kirby hook looped on. Gut snoods were an invention for dudes, and he who used a reel was far on the road toward imbecility. A pole—there were no rods in those days—was superfluous, except where one had no boat, and was forced to fish from the pier.

I have often seen bass and pike playing in the water beneath the boat in 15 to 20 feet of water, and watched them bite. Crawfish were the common bass bait, and were usually a tempting morsel, but there were times when it was next to impossible to get a fish. On such occasions it was not uncommon for the fish to make a rush at the bait as if to scare it off the hook, stopping when a foot or so away, and standing still to see the effect. Now, if a crawfish were dropped overboard the bass would take it in with hardly an effort, unless the crawfish attempted to get away, when it was soon overtaken.

On one such occasion a bass, after making several attempts to frighten the crawfish off the hook, undertook to knock it off with his tail. His attempt was unsuccessful, as the hook struck him just behind the anal fin, resulting in landing him in my boat.

While I have no use or sympathy for the European so-called German carp, I think the fear of their eating the spawn of the black bass groundless, because the bass remains near the nest until it becomes a nursery, and woe be to any intruder. This fish has a habit of raising the dorsal fin stiff and erect, and running under his antagonist with this bony saw, which is unpleasant for his enemy. Anything inanimate that comes over the nest is taken in his mouth and carried away. It is this propensity to remove obstructions that makes bass fishing so remunerative to the fish hog during the spawing season.

C. C. Haskins.

A BIG CATCH FOR A SMALL GIRL.

Briggsville, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: Although a girl and but 13 years old I am fond of fishing. We live on the bank of Lake Mason, which is 3 miles long and one mile wide. We fish through the ice, in the winter, by means of tip ups. When I was about 9 years old papa, Mr. Kellogg and I went out for a half day's fishing, on the lake. They fished for pickerel and I for small perch, with a thread line and a minnow hook. Finally I got tired of holding the line, so papa made me 2 little tip ups; with which to fish for perch. After leaving the hooks in the water a few minutes I had a bite, and on pulling my fish out of the water found it to be a 3 pound pickerel, the first one I ever caught, and on a minnow hook and thread line at that. I had barely got that hook back in the water when the other tip up " made game " and on hastening to it I found a one pound pickerel on that hook. That day I caught 20 perch and the 2 pickerel with 2 lines, while Mr. Kellogg and papa had to be content with a few perch. What do you think of that for a catch?

A year or 2 afterward papa, my brother

and I were fishing for pickerel. I had a little tip up, with a thread line, set for perch. When we were called to dinner we left the hooks set and on returning after dinner found the perch line broken and the hook gone; so I took another line and started fishing for perch. I soon felt a strike and on pulling up found a good sized pickerel on my hook, and in his mouth was the hook and part of the line lost in the forenoon.

This is a good place for fishing, and people from all over the United States come here to fish and hunt.

Mamie Ager, Briggsville, Wis.

AN ILLINOIS CAT.

The article in January RECREATION, by B. W. Evermann, regarding the "spoonbill cat," recalls an exciting time I once had with one. I was fishing in a small lake formed by one of the dams in the Illinois river. There were a number of bayous which run out from this lake, and I was fishing for bass at the mouth of one of these bayous. I was using a common 16 foot cane rod, with a No. 4 spoon for bait. In casting near a large tree stump something struck at the spoon, but I failed to hook him. I cast again, in nearly the same place, and the "something" struck again and got hooked. I was in a small canoe and immediately found that I had hooked a big fish. It circled around the mouth of the bayou 2 or 3 times and then started out toward the middle of the lake, towing the boat along. After half an hour's work the fish was tired out and I finally got it alongside the boat and got my hand in one of its gills. Then came the difficulty of getting it in the canoe without upsetting. After trying unsuccessfully several times to get it in over the side of the canoe, I at last got in the bow, on my knees, and after churning the fish up and down several times, fell over backward in the canoe, dragging the fish in on top of me. It was a "spoonbill cat," which tipped the scales at 32 pounds.

The fish had been hooked in the mouth, but the hook had torn out, and when I landed him in the boat I found that 2 of the hooks of the gang had caught and held fast about 2 inches from the end of the bill and were so solidly embedded that I had to use my knifht to get them out.

I have known of several "spoonbill cats" being caught with minnows, but never before knew one to take a spoon.

FISH NOTES.

The controversy anent steel rods and Yawman & Erbe reels amuses me greatly. I once owned a steel rod, and the first offer for it—by a farmer boy in California—took it quick. For bait fishing the "bamboo derrick" seems to have a number of advantages over the steel rod; and for fly-fishing the average billiard cue certainly has the advantage of not twisting and hooking all the brush in the country. I have no objection to steel rods in the abstract, and like them hugely when in the hands of anyone trying to hog a stream ahead of me, with flies.

The number of square, unrepairable snap-offs I have seen steel rods do, make the chances of a kill considerably in favor of a good split bamboo or lance; while the accuracy of the latter rods is of a different brand entirely. The automatic reel is a question of taste, and in all truth a legitimate article of tackle. I use both kinds and cannot see that I lose more fish with one than with the other; but for an all day trip with flies, over a difficult brook, what a lot of trouble and work the automatic saves! F. G. Warner, Hartford, Ct.

My cottage is on the banks of Gun lake, one of the finest lakes in central Michigan. It is about equally distant from 3 cities—Hastings, Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo—which form a triangle around the lake. The nearest railroad point is Shelbyville, about 5 miles away. Residents of Hastings, Kalamazoo, Plainwell, Wayland and Allegan have built club houses at Gun lake, and there are also many cottages. Fishing there is good. We were trout fishing in June, on Little Manistee river, in Northern Michigan, where I have fished every season for the past 5 years and always had good luck. This year 4 of us caught 700 trout in a week, and could have caught many more. They did not run as large as usual, being 8 to 12 ounces in weight, while other years, we have caught them as large as 18 ounces.

Frank D. Black, Hastings, Mich.

Entirely too many. You should not have taken more than 20 fish a day to each rod. This would aggregate 480 trout.—EDITOR.

One morning about 3 o'clock a friend and I started for the Mohawk river with rods and guns. We cast our lines along shore, baited with the small sand pike. Then I took the gun and went after snipe. I killed a snipe, then heard my reel buzz. I hurried back to the rod and had a lively tussle in landing a nice black bass weighing 4½ pounds. I stayed at the rod awhile and landed 4 more, 2 bass and 2 pike. My friend was below, and I saw him strike several times and occasionally I saw a puff of smoke. I knew that meant a snipe. The fish soon quit biting, so I started for more snipe. Then my friend came up the river with 5 good sized bass and pike and 4 snipe. We then started for home with our creels and game pockets both well filled. We had a good bag and a day's enjoyment with our Irish setters. B. Doyle,

Rotterdam Junction, N. Y.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

THE THEORY OF DRIFT.

W. E. CARLIN.

While there are yet many problems to be solved, in the science of rifle shooting, the theory of drift is well understood among experts. Drift is the term applied to any deviation from the vertical or horizontal planes of fire, other than that caused directly by the force of gravity. It is a complex affair and not easily disposed of. It may be divided under several heads, and the reasoning that would apply to one given set of conditions may not at all apply to another.

We say, for instance, that a bullet drifts in the direction of the grooves in the barrel. This is true for several forms of projectiles, but not true in the case of a solid cylinder having its flat head opposed to the resistance of the air. The resistance of the air is the cause of drift, but not, as explained in February RECREATION, because of the slightly greater resistance offered beneath; owing to the bullet falling under the influence of gravity. The bullet is constantly entering undisturbed air, and the slight difference in resistance could account for but a small amount of the actual drift of elongated projectiles. Your correspondent is also in error on several other points. The axis of the bullet fired does not remain parallel to the axis of the bore; and there is no such cushion of air for it to roll on. The form of air waves set up by the bullet, when its velocity exceeds that of sound, is beautifully illustrated in the photographs taken by Professor Boys, R. S., and others.

Finally the curve described by the bullet is not a parabola, and the higher the velocity the more the trajectory departs from the parabolic curve.

I am aware that in many text books which treat of trajectory *in vacuo* the curve is called a parabola, for simplicity's sake; but if all the factors are considered, the resulting equation is that of an ellipse and the greatest range is not obtained *in vacuo* at an angle of 45°, but slightly less.

I shall here consider only the usual form of bullet, i.e., an elongated projectile having a more or less sharp pointed head and having its center of gravity situated behind its center of figure, and fired at an angle of elevation to the horizontal. In substance it is taken from Professor Bashforth's explanation, which has since been proven correct on the experimental range, but is abridged and simplified as far as possible, and with some additions.

To begin with, it may be stated that our elongated projectile is never absolutely steady in its flight. The drift is in every direction as viewed from the rifle; the deviation being greatest in the direction toward which the projectile rotates, and that the beginning of all drift (under the conditions assumed) is a drift upward.

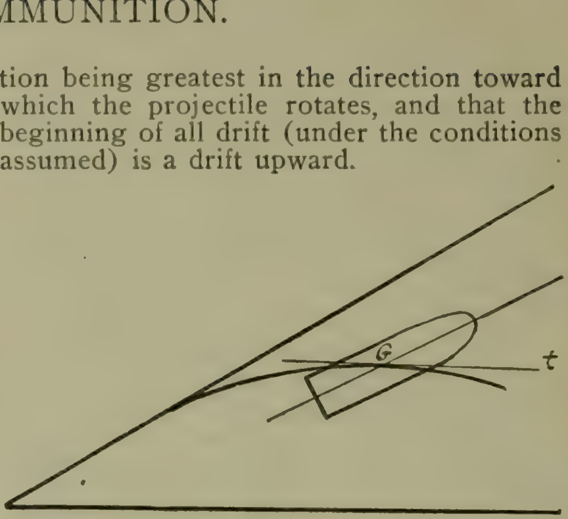

FIG. 1.

Let us first consider our projectile fired from a smooth bore barrel, at an angle of elevation as already stated. We may suppose (Fig. 1) the center of gravity, *G*, a pivot. The resistance of the air will raise the point, which will assume the positions *A*, *A′*, etc , until the projectile has been turned completely over and the heaviest part, the base, will travel foremost. Now if the same bullet be given a very rapid motion of rotation about its longer axis, by means of the grooves of the barrel, the resistance of the air will tend to raise the point as before, while the rotary motion about its longer axis will resist this and tend to keep the projectile point foremost.

The projectile is therefore acted upon by 2 rotary forces, the rotation about its longer axis and the resistance of the air which tends to give it a motion of rotation about its shorter axis passing through the center of gravity. It is easily seen that the axis of progression is not tangent to the trajectory, it being deflected from it by the action of gravity; so that the resistance of the air does not pass through the center of inertia, but above it or below it, depending on the shape—in this case, above it. This forms a *couple tending* to overturn it. It is easily proved that a projectile acted on in this manner will not yield fully to either force, but will move slowly up and to the right or left, as proved long ago by Professor Magnus, depending on the relative direction of the 2 forces. Captain Ingalls considers that the axis of the projectile will describe a cone about an instantaneous axis; that is, an axis passing through the center of inertia of the projectile and parallel to the resistance of the air. This would lead to a slight motion of mutation, or the cone described would be slightly corrugated.

This conical, or spiral drift, was gone into experimentally by my friend, Mr. E. A

Leapold, of Norristown, Pa., who measured through light screens very many spirals—and later by me. The results showed that the width of the spiral from an accurate charge was very small, but one can produce an exaggerated spiral flight, as is well illustrated in several trajectory tests of express rifles, having high velocity and light bullets. In some cases the spiral was so exaggerated that in shooting through screens at 200 yards the trajectory would be higher at 50 yards than at 100 yards.

To return to the explanation of drift:

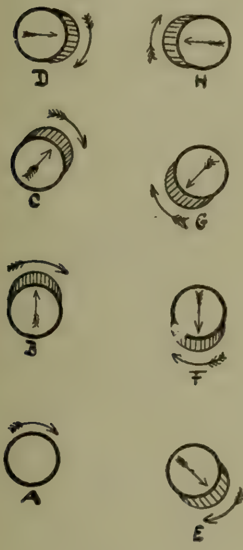

FIG. 2.

Fig. 2.—A shows the bullet just after leaving the barrel, the observer being behind the gun. The resistance of the air will elevate the apex as shown at B. The motion of rotation being to the right the point will begin to move to the right, C, and the resistance of the air will cause the point to continue moving to the right until it reaches D, at which point the drift is entirely horizontal and to the right. Up to this point it is evident there have been 2 drifts in operation, an upward or vertical and a horizontal drift; for as soon as the axis of the shot begins to move to the right the left side of the shot receives the greater resistance from the air and the tendency is to force the projectile bodily upward and to the right.

When the projectile reaches D the circumstances of the case will change slowly, for the tangent to the trajectory, Gt (Fig. 3), does not remain parallel to AH, but is always dipping downward; while the resistance of the air in this case causes the axis of the shot to dip downward. Should the tangent, gt, dip more rapidly than the axis, ga, the projectile will tend to return to position C, and the motion of the projectile becomes oscillatory. This is likely to happen when the angle of elevation is great, the velocity low and the trajectory much curved.

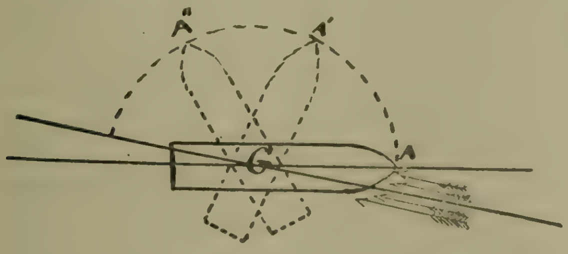

FIG. 3.

But at ordinary angles and velocities the axis, ga, dips faster than the tangent, gt, and the projectile will assume positions E . . . H, and afterward the axis, ga, may go on rotating about the tangent, gt, and may make one or more complete revolutions, depending on the range.

A very important fact is that when the point of the projectile is to the right of the vertical plane passing through the tangent, the tangent, gt, to the trajectory and the axis, ga, of the projectile are both dipping downward; but when the point of shot is to left of vertical plane passing through the tangent, the tangent, gt, is dipping downward, but axis, ga, is rising upward. Hence the drift will be in operation a much longer time to the right than to the left. The reason of this is evident, for the tangent to the trajectory is always dipping; but the axis of the shot is rising after it passes position D and is to the left of the vertical plane. The former is due to the action of gravity; the latter to the resistance of the air.

It is evident there is a drift in every direction. The vertical upward drift exceeds in magnitude the downward, especially since the bullet passes at a high velocity from A to D and is lifted up and made to move as though fired at a higher angle of elevation. The vertical drift is in small proportion to the horizontal drift in ordinary small arms firing, since the angle of elevation is very small. Vertical and horizontal drifts are only components of spiral drift.

I believe any cause that increases the vertical component of drift leads to inaccuracy; such as high angles of elevation and high velocity, above a normal limit. Light hollow pointed bullets fired at a high velocity produce exaggerated spirals. The widest that ever came under my notice had a width of 10 inches in going 200 yards. In the most accurate rifles the spiral is so slight that it is impossible to measure it in some cases, showing that the vertical component of drift is small compared with the horizontal component.

All the above phenomena would be reversed with a left handed twist.

A NEW POWDER.

Cincinnati, O.

Editor RECREATION: To the devotees of field sports there can be no more interesting reading than such as is offered in RECREATION'S department "Guns and Ammunition." No story of days on the uplands or in the marshes can take the place of a plainly stated review of actual experiments with guns and powders and their results. The former, if well told, help one to pass a pleasant hour—to live again in memory happy days of the past; the latter stimulate an interest in the present, advance new ideas and furnish subjects for active consideration.

There is but one drawback to this department and that is the want of thought displayed by some of its contributors. Jumping at conclusions has done an immense amount of injustice to really good arms and ammunition. To be more explicit, some young sportsman spends an unsuccessful day in the field; birds are feathered or missed and the powder, shells and gun, or one of them, is blamed. If the gun and shells have been used before with good results it is the powder that is immediately denounced. Now if the matter were allowed to rest there and a new powder selected but little harm would be done. But if, on the contrary, the shooter sees fit to set forth his grievances in a letter to RECREATION thousands of readers accept the alleged facts set forth as gospel. Then when buying a stock of ammunition they carefully avoid the brand that has been blacklisted by a writer who a few days later probably discovers that he has not been loading properly and that in reality the powder is all right.

Aside from this feature, the discussion of powder, shells and guns, or of rifles and metallic ammunition, will always be a subject near to the heart of the sportsman and one which never grows old.

For many years I have experimented with firearms, and as a result I can make the statement that all guns turned out by reputable makers are good. The cheap gun on which no maker's name appears is never good, and will be dear at any price. The only point for the sportsman to determine is to see that he gets a gun that is adapted to the work for which he intends it. It is a great error to conclude that the best gun is the one that shoots closest. Nine-tenths of the shooters of to-day are out-gunned. In other words, the shooting of the gun is better than the marksmanship of the man who has hold of it. These men would do better work with guns of modified choke.

I have used a light 16 gauge in wild fowl shooting and the result was unsatisfactory. Then with a heavy, full choke 12 gauge I have blown quail to pieces in the woodland or missed them outright. The guns could not be blamed, for with conditions reversed they would have worked to perfection. Therefore the man who can afford but one gun should not seek an extreme in either direction of open or close shooting, but should secure one of average pattern, and by a careful selection of loads endeavor to make it do the work required. This is not by any means the impossible task it would appear, for with the variety of powders, wads and shells which is now at the command of the sportsman, almost any desired result can be obtained.

The question of smokeless powders is of especial interest, and there is nothing pertaining to gunning in which such marked improvements have been made in the past few years as in nitros. The one object of the different manufacturers has been to obtain a powder which would not be affected by climatic changes, and which hot or cold, wet or dry, would always give the same results, and this regardless of whether it had been loaded a day or a year. The first smokeless powders that were offered the shooting public fell far short of embracing these points, and what was worse they had an unpleasant way of going through a process of detonation which developed an uncontrollable explosive power and frequently resulted in the bursting of guns.

One powder manufacturer at least has succeeded in correcting all these faults, and is now making a powder which seems beyond criticism in these points and to be almost perfect in action. Unlike many other nitros it is as hard of grain as black powder, and is far more uniform than any other smokeless powder I have ever tested. The uniformity is explained by its process of manufacture, for instead of being screened to obtain the right size of grain, as is necessary with the vast majority of powders, it is made in the form of a long string and then cut into exact sizes. Thus it is impossible for one grain to contain a greater amount of explosive than another.

The makers assert that this powder was waterproof, and after a thorough test I was obliged to admit they were right. For 30 days I allowed a quantity of the powder to soak in water, but it showed no sign of softening. Then I poured the water off, dried the powder by rubbing it a few minutes over a blotting pad, and loaded a dozen shells. These were fired at targets in a comparative test with shells I had just loaded with fresh powder. If there was any difference I was unable to detect it. It was quick in ignition, gave a high velocity and an excellent pattern. In fact all tests I was able to give it proved it superior to any other smokeless powder I had ever used, and I have during the past season shot it exclusively in the field, with most satisfactory results.

Speaking generally of nitros, they are as far ahead of black powder as a hammerless ejector gun is of a muzzle loader. It is advisable, however, that after the sportsman has made a careful test and selected what he regards as the best he should stick to this one kind. There is not one of these powders that will shoot exactly like another, and frequent changes are sure to ruin the shooting of the best marksman by destroying his judgment of time and distance.

In the manufacture of shells a constant improvement is also being made. The high priced and high grade smokeless powder shells, first introduced several years ago, are still standard, but the demand for a cheaper article in which smokeless powder could be used with good results has led to the turning out of a new brand every few months. On the whole, each has been an improvement over its predecessors in quality as well as price, until now there is little more to be asked for in this direction. It is only essential that the shooter select a shell that is adapted to the powder he intends to use and that he follow the powder manufacturer's directions in loading it.

If these points are complied with it is not likely there will be as many complaints of bad work with gun, shell or powder, and many a day in the field will be made a happy one that would otherwise be filled with dissatisfaction and regrets that some other load had not been used. E. H. L.

HOW TO LOAD.

In reading your magazine I have often noticed articles on loading shells for shot guns. Many of these articles are both interesting and instructive. They are the first things I look for when I get my RECREATION. This is a subject I have given much thought and experiment, having loaded thousands of shells. I find no trouble in loading Dupont's W. A. or Gold Dust when following maker's directions.

I loaded 63 grains of another brand of smokeless in a 2⅝ blue rival shell, using regular wadding, same as for all others. Result: gun boomed like a cannon, kicked like a 1,600 pound mule, burst the shells at the folded rim, smoke issued from the breech and made the bells ring in my ears like Christmas chimes. I fancy I hear some W. A. man calling out, "You didn't know how to load it and used a common measure and had some old trap of a gun." But the powder was weighed on 4 different druggist scales and one diamond scale, and was just the amount recommended on the can for medium to strong loads. Furthermore it was fired in a new gun. Then I drew the balance of the loads because I couldn't give them away to anyone who had seen the trial (some 10 to 15 members of the club), and I wouldn't dare give them to anyone who had not seen the trial. I reloaded with 54 grains, and have never seen or used a more pleasant or effective load. The experiment convinced me that the powder was not uniform in pressure. If so, it could not be reliable, might prove too weak or too strong at some critical time, resulting in lost birds, if weak, or a burst gun if too strong, neither of which is particularly enchanting to a common trap shooter. Were it not for the "disagreeable effluvium" that arises from Gold Dust, I should prefer it above all others. In ease of loading, ignition, quickness, effectiveness, it is unsurpassed; but taking all points into consideration I am in line with a great majority of the shooters who pronounce in favor of Dupont. In this I do not decry other brands.

There is one point, however, which I am unable to understand. That is, many recommend the use of an 11½ or even an 11 gauge wad, somewhere over the powder. Others advise a 12 gauge. Now, if the large wad, as most recommend, then every man knows, who has ever pushed a wad into a shell, that the shell is enlarged so that the 12's are loose following. Again, if the 12's be of any use in the propulsion of the load through the barrel, why is it then necessary to make use of the 11½ or 11?

If the larger wads lie right, then it follows the smaller are little if any value except to raise the shot in shell up to the proper place to crimp. This is a wasted trouble and a needless expense, except as to the shortest shells on the market. Again, all our modern made guns are said by their respective makers to be suited to the use of 12 wads. My experience convinces me that the maker knows what he is talking about; that larger wads get up a little more friction on the points of contact, the shoulder and cheek of the shooter and the stock of gun, but no better results are obtained at the other end. Try 10 of each kind on a target at 35 yards, and note results. You will find equal penetration and better pattern where all 12 gauge wads are used.

John H. Vernon, Sioux City, Ia.

A SPECIAL RIFLE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: I am pleased to see Mack Miner, M. P. Dunham and others so energetically fighting for the general adoption of the smokeless rifles. Stick to it, brothers; the black powder fogies will come around after a while.

I used a Winchester .30-40 when in Idaho last year and found it an improvement over my .50-110 single shot of the same make. Still, it left much to be desired; its chief shortcomings being a short point blank range and lack of shocking power at long distance.

It held up fairly well at 250 yards and was a good killer at that distance; but at 500 yards the ball, having lost a great deal of its initial velocity—2,000 foot seconds—had little smashing effect. This summer, having rid myself of the .30, I had a gun built which, but for its weight, would be ideal. Being made to stand excessive charges of smokeless powder, it is rather heavy—about 9½ pounds, unloaded. The weapon is of the revolving magazine type, and the product of a maker comparatively unknown among sportsmen—mainly because he does not advertise in RECREATION.

Its calibre is .40, and its load 75 grains of Wettern smokeless powder with a 300 grain metal patched bullet. The velocity of the bullet has never been tested, but, judging by trajectory and penetration, it must be

3,000 f.s. at the muzzle. I tested the rifle in many ways, and think it will prove a killer. The trajectory is wonderfully flat; the penetration, amazing. At 10 feet from the muzzle the full metal patched bullet bores through 3 milled steel plates of ⅜ inch thickness each, or 38 inches of seasoned oak. I can't get enough pine boards with which to test it at short range—it must penetrate 8 or 9 feet in such soft wood. At 500 yards the bullet goes into oak about 17 inches. So you see it is equal in penetration at that great distance to the .30-40 at a few yards, besides having much greater shocking power. With soft nosed bullets the penetration is much reduced, being 26 inches in pine at the muzzle and only 14 at 500 yards. The trajectory, which I ascertained approximately by firing at a mark pointblank at different ranges, and noting the drop of the bullet, is about 1¾ inches high at mid-range when shooting at 200 yards; 4½, at 300 yards; and 15, at the 500 yard range. So you see it will hold up at 500 yards almost as well as the .30-40 at 300.

The rifle is Lyman sighted—point-blank at 200 yards. The barrel is of Whitworth compressed steel and warranted to last 5,000 rounds.

I shall probably take it to Maine next season. Its wonderful trajectory will not be of much use in the woods, but the weight and terrific velocity of the .40 calibre bullet should make it extremely effective on moose. Using it in the West, it would be possible at great distances—say 1,000 or 1,200 yards—to pick off a whole band of elk; but, of course, no true sportsman would think of so misusing the powers of such a splendid weapon. .40 Calibre.

.30-30S IN THE WOODS.

CHARLES CRISTODORO.

Why is it a tenderfoot in the woods after deer, who will miss a standing buck in the open, will put a ball through a man's head at 100 yards if he happens to catch sight of it? What makes the tenderfoot such a fatal shot when aiming at a deer which is not a deer but a human being? It was bad enough with the .38-56 and .45-90 black powder rifles, and a man ordinarily took his life in his hands when he went into the thicket for deer; but now, with the .303 smokeless in the hands of a careless novice, trouble of the worst kind is in store for the hunter.

The .30 rifle is the arm of the future for big game, but it does seem out of place in the thick woods comparatively adjacent to civilization. How often is a deer killed at 300 or 400 yards in the scrub oaks or laurels? The flat trajectory, long range .303 is out of place where other hunters are roaming through the woods within a radius of a mile or 2.

Killing a man by accident in the woods with a rifle is much like 2 ships colliding at sea. The woods are large and the sea almost boundless, but many men are accidentally shot in the forest and many ships do collide on the sea. That the percentage of accidental killings in the woods—human killings I mean—will advance with the general use of the small bore rifle I do not for a moment question. It may be a newspaper yarn but it is said that during the Leech lake Indian skirmish a sergeant, armed with the regulation Krag-Jorgensen, shot twice at the temporarily exposed body of a warrior who showed himself from behind a 2 foot pine tree. In each case the soldier missed. He then aimed directly at the center of the tree and fired. There was a yell, a Winchester fell on one side of the tree and an Indian on the other. The ball had passed through tree and Indian in succession.

For stalking elk on the plains, hunting grizzlies in the mountains, or taking 500 yard shots at mountain sheep or goats the smokeless, soft nosed .303 is beyond doubt the rifle of rifles; but when it comes to shooting deer in the woods, with a score or more of other hunters in the vicinity, it is out of place.

But on some subjects there is no use preaching. The .30-30 has come to stay; it will be used on grizzlies and squirrels alike; it will be used on the mountain and open plain as well as in the dense woods and tangled thickets. The crop of accidental killings will increase. But instead of dying a lingering death with a .38 or .45 ball in his back, the exit of the potted hunter will be accelerated and made painless by an expansive bullet. While on this subject one reference to a curious shooting incident reported in the papers.

Two hunters going into the woods rolled themselves in their blankets and went to sleep in the open. The nearby report of a gun awoke them and looking up, one of the party saw 2 men about 30 yards away, one with a jack light on his head, turn and run away through the woods. One of the sleeping hunters had received 3 or 4 buckshot in the face and head and in a short time became unconscious and died.

As both men were asleep and not moving, the accident was accounted for as follows: The dead hunter wore spectacles and slept in them. The glare of the lantern light reflected on the glasses gave the appearance of a pair of glaring eyeballs of a deer or other animal. A rapidly aimed charge of buckshot did the rest. This was a case of tenderfoot woods-murder for which the .303 cannot be held responsible.

ERRATA.

Ouray, Col.

Editor RECREATION: I find in my article in November RECREATION 2 typographical errors, probably due to my poor writing. In speaking of the rifle shell muzzle sizer you left off the last letter, making it " size," which might have a different meaning.

Again in speaking of a certain load I said there was no leading and no jumping. As printed it reads, " No pumping." This implies I had discovered a new phenomena in my rifle.

Angus Ballard, in November RECREATION, says of the .30-30 Marlin cartridge: " The factory cartridge for large game carries 33 grains of Dupont's No. 2 smokeless powder and a 170 grain metal jacketed, soft nose bullet." This is an error. The full charge cartridge for the .30-30 Marlin, as manufactured by the U. M. C. people, carries 30 grains of Dupont's military powder, instead of the No. 2. The latter is a low-pressure powder made expressly for pistol cartridges. Thirty-three grains of No. 2 would fill a .30-30 shell to overflowing.

Not long ago a man here went hunting with a .30-40 single shot Winchester and shot a deer at 400 yards. The bullet struck the neck, cutting the jugular vein and wind pipe and passing through struck another deer just behind the shoulder. Both deer were killed. Where the bullet stopped no one knows. I shot a deer running, at 125 yards, striking the shoulder and piercing the heart. He dropped in his tracks. Another, shot at 100 yards in the neck, also fell dead. I use a .30-30 repeater. I saw a buck shot in the neck at 100 yards with a .25-35 Winchester and he was killed instantly.

I enjoy RECREATION and think it has a tendency to keep down a growth of bristles.

J. W. Henderson, Ouray, Col.

HE ANSWERS SEVERAL OF THEM.

Westfield, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: I have long admired your beautiful and valuable magazine, and consider it the best sportsmen's magazine I have ever seen.

I have used nearly every gun on the market, including the following. If any reader is about to buy a gun he should send to the makers for descriptions and then buy from a retail dealer as his prices are usually lower than those of the manufacturer. You will find these makes thoroughly reliable in every respect:

Single guns: Remington Semi-Hammerless: Crescent Arms Company, The New Trap, and Crescent; Forehand; Davenport Arms Company, Ejector.

Hammer Double Guns: Ithaca, Remington, Baker and Davis.

Hammerless: Ithaca, Remington, Syracuse and Davis.

Repeaters: The Burgess and Spencer guns are possibly still on the market, but the Winchester, with its sterling qualities, is far above either of them.

In reply to a few queries I would say to " Greenheart " that I can furnish Eley's wire cartridges at 40 cents a dozen.

To Mr. MacDonough: The Remington Semi-Hammerless is the finest gun of the kind I ever used.

To S. Kneeland: All the Marlin repeaters have excellent ejectors.

To Mr. T. A. Harrison: I agree with you. It is not the gun that makes the game hog. It is selfishness. A repeater in the hands of a true sportsman does not make him a game hog. I recommend the sliding action Winchester repeater.

" Q," Battle Creek, Mich., will find the .22 W. R. F. cartridges entirely satisfactory. He might also try .22 extra long. The former has 7-45 grains; the latter 7-40 grains. The former costs 14 cents more per C than long rifle, while the latter costs 17 cents more. Use W. R. A., model 1890. Factory loads are cheaper than individual loading, in so small a calibre.

J. Hauser will be pleased with the .32 R. F. long, or the .22 W. C. F. The .25 R. F. short is also a good cartridge.

To T. B. S., Boston, I would recommend for a 16 gauge gun, 2¾—one ounce; the shot to be loaded into 3 apartments with a thin card board wad between, and the new thin top wad over. This is an excellent load.

I consider No. 4 the best size shot for rabbits. For quail I use No. 8, and prefer chilled to drop shot.

If Roy J. Boynton will test both powders—King's semi-smokeless and Dupont smokeless—he will find the former is not quite equal to the latter as regards penetration. I use King's smokeless for shot guns, and find it equal to Dupont's in some respects, including cost. A one pound can of Dupont's costs 54 cents: while a one pound can of King's costs 45 cents.

M. W. P., Westfield, Pa.

A NEW EXPANSIVE BULLET.

I send you herewith a sample of a new expanding .303 bullet, together with the maker's description, which I hope will prove of sufficient interest to both yourself and the readers of RECREATION, to warrant publication in the near future. I cannot recommend the bullet too highly, both in accuracy and efficiency.

The great trouble I have found hitherto with the ordinary soft nosed .30 and .303 caliber projectiles is that they do not invariably deform on striking tissue, sometimes slipping through an animal (when no bone is struck) like knitting needles and allowing the poor brute to get away and die a lingering death.

The bullet I am sending you will expand

perfectly on the tissue alone, and will utilize nearly all of the tremendous energy developed by the modern small bore rifle, on the object it strikes. You will notice that the ratchet slits being opposite the twist of the rifling, serve to bind the nickel envelope more securely on the lead core, thus preventing any chance of stripping, but to make assurance doubly sure, there is a deep groove at the base, holding the metal patch and lead together, as in a mortise.

The Winchester model '95 ".303 British" handles the bullet perfectly.

J. H. P. Howard,
San Mates, Cal.

The bullet forms a ratchet on its sides by means of diagonal slots cut obliquely downward through the metallic envelope at an angle opposite to that of the rifling of the barrel in which it is intended to be used. On striking, the soft head of the bullet is forced backward, rupturing the envelope at the neck into as many sections as there are slots; while on penetration the spin of the bullet brings the ratchet formation into violent contact with the substance struck, causing an instant stripping of the sections, each with its cutting edge presented obliquely outward to the opposing tissues, and leaving the soft core free to expand in every direction.

The special property claimed for this projectile by its inventor, Mr. Danl. Fraser, in addition to the destructive effect noted above, is its unfailing and immediate expansion, a quality the importance of which will be at once apparent to all who have used the modern small-bore rifle for sporting purposes. The principle is equally applicable to the .256 bullet.

The bullet is made by Daniel Fraser & Co., London.

PETE AND HIS .45-70.

I notice an article by Grizzly Pete in October RECREATION, praising the .45-70 Winchester. He says when he was on his annual bear hunt last year, he ran across an old sow and 2 yearlings, shot them all in the head with his .45-70 and killed them. He called the old one a "sow," as if they were hogs. I would sooner believe they were hogs than bear, or he could not have gotten close enough to shoot them in the head, for that is the only way he could kill anything with his old .45-70 pop gun. I have hunted 30 years and know whereof I speak. We have about 25 hunters in this part of Oregon and they all use .30-30 or .25-36 rifles. Pete tells of 9 cow elk he killed from his dooryard. He probably meant in his dooryard, or he could not have hit them with that old pumpkin slinger. If he killed those elk he wears the coarsest bristles of any hog yet. First class hunters do not kill cow elk. We have several ladies here who have killed bull elk, using a .30-30. They downed them at the first shot and without breaking all of their legs as Pete did.

W. H. Borem, Camas Valley, Ore.

Please settle a dispute as to the relative merits of open and globe sights for target rifles. A. claims a man using open sights is at a disadvantage, shooting against globe sights. B. and C. claim there is no advantage in globe sights when shooting at a stationary target.

W. H. Turner, Ritzville, Wash.

ANSWER.

A man using peep and globe sights has unquestionably a great advantage over a man using open sights—especially for target shooting. You can get much finer definition of your front sight on a target by using a rear peep, than by using a rear open sight. Nearly all of the best target shots use peep and globe sights. Open sights are mainly used for hunting, simply because peep and globe sights are more delicate and are more liable to be damaged by the rough usage which a rifle generally gets in hunting. Furthermore, these peep and globe sights require a better light than the open sight does and frequently, in heavy timber or in the twilight, an open sight can be used on game when a peep and globe sight would not be available. The Lyman sights are popular for hunting purposes. They may be termed peep and globe sights in one sense, though they are not of the elaborate form generally used for target work.—EDITOR.

ANOTHER CONVERT TO THE .25-35.

The .25-35 was given a thorough trial this fall and I find it the best rifle for deer I have ever used. The killing power of this arm has not been over estimated and I think it equal to the .30-30. I killed deer with the .25 that would have escaped had I been using a black powder gun. The .25 knocks the life out of a deer quicker than any .45 I ever hunted with, and I agree with Mr. Dunham that it is superior to either the .45-70 or .45-90. I would not advise anyone to reload the high power shells for the .25, but the short range cartridges for small game can be reloaded. The Ideal hand book gives the different loads. The high power shells can be reloaded to shoot accurately, but it has been my experience that after reloading a shell 2 or 3 times it splits

W. E. L., Merrillan, Wis.

WANTS INFORMATION.

I have a new .25-20 Winchester rifle. Can I load with about ½ the factory charge? Will Dupont's black, shotgun powder do as well in the rifle as in shotguns? What primer must I use? In loading this charge, can I fill the space between the bullet and powder with cotton? Also can I buy bullets for the .25-20 from the W. R. A. Co. or others.

F. L. Bringhurst, Alexandria, La.

ANSWER.

The charge of powder in .25-20 may be reduced at pleasure. If from 12 grains upward is used, Dupont's F.F.G. should prove satisfactory. If the charge is 6 to 10 grains a finer grain should be used—F.F.F.G. The space may be filled with a wad of cotton put in and tamped down lightly, or the space can be left unfilled. It is rather better with the small loads of fine grain powder not to fill up the space. With reduced powder charges better results will be gotten from the 77 or 65 grain bullet than from the 86. Any of these bullets may be bought from the factories. I do not know what shell you use, so cannot tell what primer you should use. You will find it stated on the box in which the shells come. If by shotgun powder you refer to such as Dupont's diamond grain, it is not so good for ordinary purposes as their rifle powders. The rate of combustion of diamond grain is much more rapid than rifle powders; it does not stand compression so well and is apt by its higher initial pressure to cause irregular shooting.

THE ALL AROUND GUN.

Many efforts have been made to supply shooters with an arm suitable for all ordinary uses, and which would use cheap ammunition. Mr. A. M. Wright, of Ellensburg, Wash., has well nigh solved the problem of an all around rifle. He conceived the idea of making a chamber bushing the same size and shape as the .30-30 shell. The caliber through the bushing is the same as that of the gun, except that it is chambered to take the regular .32 caliber c.f. pistol cartridge. The gun, after being discharged, extracts the bushing as it would an empty shell; the shooter puts a new cartridge into it and reinserts it in the barrel as he would in a single loader. The .32 cartridge is much cheaper than the .30-30, and just as accurate for target and small game shooting. Mr. Wright, using this bushing in a .30 caliber, '94 model Winchester, put 6 consecutive shots in a postage stamp at 40 yards, and 5 of the 6 could have been covered with a 10 cent piece. Many have shot the gun at our matches, and all pronounce the invention a success. This form of bushing can be applied to other rifles using bottle necked shell.

W. A. Rice, Ellensburg, Wash.

THE .25 STEVENS.

In reply to inquiries in RECREATION, I would like to say a word regarding the .25 caliber Stevens' favorite rifle. I own one of these little guns, and find it just the thing for ducks, rabbits, squirrels, woodchucks, etc. Its accuracy at 50 yards is really surprising. At longer ranges I have not used it, but it is guaranteed accurate at 200 yards. My rifle has 22 inch barrels, and Lyman sights. I would not advise anyone to get the bicycle rifle; it has too short a barrel. I cannot understand why the .25 calibre cartridge has not become more popular. It is cheap, perfectly proportioned and vastly superior to any .22. I do not claim for it the title of "all round" cartridge. The .32-40 is my ideal for such use. I also own a .22 repeater and would not part with it for any other arm of like caliber.

E. F. Fielder, Albany, N. Y.

ANOTHER NEW BULLET.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co., New Haven, Ct., is now ready to supply moulds for a new bullet. The points of its superiority will be readily recognized by those who shoot at target, or expert riflemen, desirous of securing the highest score at the range. It is designed for rifles using the .38-55 Marlin and Winchester ammunition. The size of the bullet as cast is a trifle above standard, so that it can be sized after being lubricated to .375 in diameter. The shape of the point from the first band or crimping shoulder is identical with the .38-330 Marlin, which is shorter than the standard .38-55-255 Marlin. The bands are narrower than in the regular 255 grain bullet. The grooves are also narrower and are cut square and deeper, thus holding the lubricant better, and more of it. These smaller divisions of the bearing permit of a better distribution of the lubricant in the barrel, which prevents leading. It also enables the bullet to be inserted into the barrel with much less pressure, while the extra width of the base band following the lubricant prevents gas cutting which deforms the base of bullet, thus deflecting its flight. The broad base band also presents a stronger bearing to hold on to the rifling firmly, all of which is beneficial to regularity and accuracy in the shooting. The company is also prepared to furnish its perfection adjustable moulds for this bullet, which will enable the user to cast the whole variety of lighter weights of this new bullet. They will also make single moulds for the different weight bullets that may be ordered. The lighter ones are said to be good for light charges, short range target work and small game.

If interested, correspond with the company, mentioning RECREATION.

NOTES.

In the "Ideal Hand Book," No. 9, there is an article on "Patched Bullets in .30 Calibre Rifles," in which several writers claim to have obtained entirely satisfactory results from the use of paper patched lead bullets with full charges of smokeless powder.

I understand the metal jacket on the bullets wears out the rifling in a comparatively short time, and the question arises: Why have the factories jumped over the well-tried paper patch for the metallic one? Is it because it was thought that paper would not stand the quick twist and high velocity? And was it jumped over without giving it a trial? I have been a close reader of RECREATION for 4 years, but this question has not been brought up, so far as I can remember. I should like to hear from your many readers on this subject.

A. Kennedy, Missoula, Mont.

I have done some remarkable shooting with my .30-30 Winchester. With a party of friends on a quail hunt in Western Nebraska, I killed a wolf at 240 yards, the first shot passing through his heart. The second day I shot 3 times at a wolf running. The first shot missed; the second broke a leg and the third passed through him. This shot was at something like 150 yards. On the rifle range of the local shooting club, I shot at live turkeys, tied by their legs, at a distance of 300 yards on open ground, and killed 2 out of 17, there being 12 persons shooting. All the members of the club used fancy peep and globe sights, my gun being the only one with open sights. On the same range at the same distance, I got 2 birds out of 20, 14 shooters.

John Combe, St. Joseph, Mo.

Will say in reply to C. M. Grover, in December RECREATION, that the cost of reloading .30 caliber shells is $1.20 per 100, figured as follows: One pound can Dupont military powder, which contains, by weight, 15¾ ounces and will load 230 shells, $1.25; jacketed bullets, full or s.p. 230, at .54 c., $1.25; primers, 230, 25 cents; total, $2.75.

If powder is weighed for every charge you can get greater accuracy than with factory cartridges. In the first and only 10 shot group with my loading—30 grains Dupont military powder, U. M. C. shells, No. 6½ primer and 170 s.p. bullet, Marlin rifle, telescope sight, muzzle rest, distance 100 yards—I put 9 inside a 2¼ inch circle. The 10th shot was 7-8 inch from circle, which deviation was caused by an accidental movement as the trigger was pulled.

E. A. Pottier, Kansas City, Mo.

Y. M. C. A., Findlay, O., wants to know which is the best gun for deer. I use a Savage .303 with soft nose bullets and smokeless powder, and have never yet failed to get any deer shot at. I never shot one that ran over 250 yards, and have never killed one that had been hit more than once. Y. M. C. A. will make no mistake if he buys a Marlin or a Winchester .30-30. Both are good guns and are made by good people; but I prefer the Savage because of its hammerless and circular magazine features. The most deadly ammunition I know of is soft nose bullets driven with smokeless powder. I should not advise the use of full metal patched bullets for any but target use.

L. A. S., No. 150,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Will you or some of your subscribers tell me which is the best gun for all-round shooting, on open plains and thick timber. Also if .30-30 smokeless shells can be reloaded, and how.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine I ever read.

L. M., Mendocino, Cal.

Read back numbers of RECREATION. It has given many pages of information on these subjects within the past 2 years.

I own a .30-30 rifle and would not exchange it for any gun made. In reloading shells use the Ideal mould and loader. Set the adjustable chamber high enough to slightly crimp the shell around the bullet. Load with 7 or 8 grains of Walsrode powder and a 140 grain ball. Harden the lead with one to 20 of antimony, and no factory loaded shell will give better results. I have repeatedly put 5 out of 8 shots in a 4 inch ring at 100 yards. For big game and at long range I should use the jacketed ball and 28 or 29 grains of high pressure smokeless powder.

Charles N. Murray, M.D., Ivoryton, Ct.

I have been obliged to part with my cherished .38-55 rifle, because of inability to take it to the game-fields. I exchanged it for a .25-20, same make. This, like its predecessor, is fitted with Lyman sights. The new weapon, however, is a stranger to me as yet. I've not been introduced, and don't know what it will do. Can I reload profitably?

W. H. N., Washington, D. C.

I should like to hear, through RECREATION, how the Winchester .32-40 compares with .30-30 caliber guns.

F. H. Campbell, Lexington, Pa.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

NATURAL HISTORY.

AGAINST HAWKS AND OWLS.

Oskaloosa, Ia.

Editor RECREATION: I wish to say a few words regarding the protection of hawks and owls, as suggested by a recent writer. I have been a close student of Nature for many years, and an especial lover of the birds, and had many a fight when a boy, in defense of the nests of robin, blue bird, finch, thrush or other song bird, from the assault of some young ruffian who wanted to destroy them out of pure cussedness. I have always believed—and still have no reason to change my mind—that the hawks and owls are the very worst enemies the song birds have, and even more destructive to our game birds and small quadrupeds than the "game hogs." I would only except 3 species of the 2 families; the others are the sharks of the air. The first I would except is the swallow tailed hawk, the most beautiful and graceful, and fast becoming the most rare of our native hawks. It is, to the best of my belief, entirely harmless; living on insects, which are generally taken in the air. There was formerly a family of these beautiful birds that nested year after year on my father's farm in Van Buren County in this State, so I had a good opportunity to study their habits. I have frequently lain for hours in the shade of a tree watching their graceful evolutions and long swoops of 1,000 feet or more. Their flight is surely the very poetry of motion. Being unmolested they became very tame and would come from high in the air and take a locust or other large insect within a few feet of me.

The other 2 species that I would except from my anathema are the sparrow hawks and screech owls. They each have a few counts against their characters, but on the whole have a pretty good record. They each sometimes destroy small birds when mice and insects are scarce, but as they also kill the pestiferous English sparrow I am inclined to forgive them. All the others, so far as I know, are bloodthirsty pirates and sneaks and should be exterminated.

I have frequently, almost, domesticated quails by scattering grain where they could get it during bad winter weather, and have seen with sorrow the number of my pets growing smaller and smaller each day, and knew a hawk somewhere in the vicinity was the murderer. Then I would commence planning to right the wrong, and Mr. Hawk usually atoned for his crimes with his life. If his favorite perch was where I could not get within shooting distance, I would pursue the following plan: I would select a low spreading tree in an open field, then cut a good sized pole long enough to reach a few feet above the topmost branches of the tree, nail a board 5 or 6 inches square on the top of the pole, set it up through, lash it fast to the tree, and place a steel trap on top with the chain attached to the pole. The first hawk or owl that came that way was nearly certain to stop there and look for a victim, with the result that he never got any farther. In case there is no tree to lash the pole to it can be set firmly in the ground, with cross pieces nailed on, by which to ascend and place the trap in position; or a short pole set in the top of a stack of hay will answer every purpose. The more distant the trap is from other convenient perches the more numerous will be the captures. Now when we consider that a hawk requires a quail, or about its equivalent each day, and an owl a little more, it is easy to see what a number of birds' lives we save in a year by the destruction of a single specimen. If a small percentage of the bird lovers among our boys would adopt the foregoing plan, or if our sportsmen would encourage the country boys of their acquaintance by furnishing each with a cheap steel trap, or offering a small bounty, and instructing them how to proceed, there would soon be an astonishing increase in our game and song birds. This plan, however, is only feasible after the fall migrations and before the birds return in spring, because in summer, when woods and fields are full of birds, the trap would make victims of too many of the little beauties we are planning to protect.

L. C. Elerick.

LET US SAVE THE BUFFALO.

Wichita, Kan.

Editor RECREATION: From time immemorial the heart of the hunter has sighed for the wild, untrodden paths; for trackless forests, for rugged mountain and meandering stream; for complete isolation from the busy work-a-day world. Time was when this broad continent was one magnificent game preserve, abounding in game of every kind. The "happy hunting ground" which was the dream of the aborigines who roamed at will over the wilderness and plain, within whose borders they hoped to continue the pleasures of the chase after death, was only a duplicate of their terrestrial domain. They could conceive of no happier experience than fell to their daily lot.

Then came the conquering Caucasian with his implements of husbandry, his wonderful appliances of mechanical skill and his death-dealing firearms. The conqueror overspread the land and with resistless energy and ruthless zeal waged war, not only on the savages, but on the beasts that had been their prey. It was a war of extermination, fierce and long continued. The Indian, a tattered remnant, is still with us, a truce having been declared; but the war on the wild beasts of the forest and the plain still goes unrelentingly on, and several species, notably the buffalo, the elk and the antelope, are now nearly extinct. With each succeeding year it becomes more apparent that wild game will ultimately disappear from the United States unless some provision is speedily made to preserve it from wanton destruction. The few large game preserves now maintained in the East by men of wealth, were established because their owners found they were frequently disappointed after going long distances in quest of their favorite sport, because of the wholesale slaughter of wild game by market hunters.

The buffalo that 40 years ago roamed the plains in countless millions is now no more, as far as wild specimens are concerned. A few are kept in parks and a few on ranches. Those in parks are becoming inbred for the lack of proper diligence in securing sires from different herds. Those on ranches fight the domestic cattle, so that it angers the ranchman and he kills the buffalo, as he has the most interest in cattle. Others who have not studied the breeding of the buffalo dispose of them for what they will bring for hide and meat. There have been several shipments of buffalo to England in the past 2 years. There is no good reason why the buffalo could not be made to breed as regularly as domestic cattle, when once fully understood.

In compiling a manuscript on the destruction of the buffalo, I learned much as to the success and failure of the people who had attempted to breed this noble animal, and with what data I have, I am fully convinced that it can be done successfully under proper conditions. Anyone can readily realize that the financial profit would be great. I could go into further details, but space will not permit. It would not take much capital to monopolize the buffalo of the world, and some man could make himself famous by taking this matter in hand. Being a dealer in wild animals, few can realize more than I the rapid destruction of all wild game animals that is going on.

I hope this may cause an investigation of this subject and lead to some result. I am glad to know that Congress is considering a bill to protect the plumaged songsters and to propagate and distribute game birds. With the many years of experience I have had, I am fully convinced it can be made a grand success.

Chas. Payne.

CONCERNING THE PURCHASE OF ANIMALS

The New York Zoological Society is in receipt of so many inquiries regarding its intentions as to the purchase of animals for the Park, it is desirable that some information on this subject should be published.

The Society does not propose to engage men on salaries, to travel for the purpose of capturing wild animals. The cost would be too great, and the results too meager, to justify such a method. Nor does the Society propose, in many cases, to attempt to purchase animals that are running wild, and have not consented to be caught. Occasionally, however, when a rare and particularly desirable species is wanted, a standing offer will be made to buy a certain number of specimens at stated prices and under stated conditions. As a general rule, most attempts to buy animals previous to their capture end in disagreement, or disappointment to at least one of the parties concerned. "First catch your hare," is a rule which is as sound in selling animals as in cooking them.

As a general thing, it is necessary for every zoölogical garden or park to patronize responsible dealers in live animals, as also resident collectors. From hard-earned experience they know how to crate and ship animals to the best possible advantage. They know it is unwise to forward a diseased or deformed animal, and they also know beforehand something about values —which saves much time. Not unfrequently it happens that a hunter who captures an animal that to him is strange, imagines that it is worth double its real value, and feels indignant when a zoological garden offers him what is really a fair price. In about 19 cases out of every 20, the man who captures a wild animal thinks it is worth far more than it really is. For example, if we were to offer a farmer's boy $2.50 for a wild goose that he had caught and cooped, the chances are he would be highly indignant; but at this moment we know of 32 wild geese for sale, properly crated, at that price.

If we were asked to name the greatest small annoyance that comes in the daily mail of a zoological park, we would reply: the letters which say, "What will you give me for it?" Very often not the slightest clue is given to the size, age, sex, or condition of the captive animal. All these are left to be divined by the man who is asked to submit an offer. Occasionally, however, it is possible to fix the value of an animal, if it is fully and fairly described.

The Society will not be ready to receive any animals earlier than April. It is hoped that some of the owners of large private game preserves will present to the Society enough animals to start the herds of buffalo, elk and deer, and that all friends of the Society will do their utmost to bring about the presentation to the Society of a large number of desirable specimens. If the monkey house and antelope house are erected at an early date, the Zoological Park will then be able to receive and care for any animal that may be offered to it.

When the Zoological Park is ready for animals, all members of the Society, and all friends who are not, will be expected and requested to do their utmost to secure, as gifts for the Park, a large and continuous supply of fine, typical quadrupeds, birds and reptiles, especially of North American forms.

SHALL WE HAVE BIRD DAYS?

Washington, D. C.

Editor RECREATION: In an article under the above heading in February RECREATION Dr. G. A. Mack takes occasion to deride the " well meaning but misguided people " who are advocating bird days in the schools.

While sympathizing most heartily with Dr. Mack in his desire for bird protection, and in his denunciation of the scourge of egg collecting, I feel that in justice a few words should be said against his views of bird day, for in treating of this subject he clearly shows himself a " well meaning but misguided " individual, though of a different sort from those against whom he protests. Dr. Mack is evidently not aware of the fact that " bird day " is already observed in many schools in our country, and in some States is authorized by law; and he has not taken the trouble to look up the results of the experiment, merely stating his opinion without any investigation of the question. Having for the past several years been in communication with thousands of people interested in all phases of bird protection I feel qualified to advocate most strongly the observance of bird day. The principle of bird day is not to encourage the study of an " ology," as Dr. Mack seems to think; but to encourage the protection of birds; and the first thing that is impressed on the minds of the children is that the bird's song means, as Dr. Mack says, " Look at us, listen to us, love us, and let us alone."

No advocate of bird day ever encouraged egg collecting, and the result of the observance has been to deter egg collecting on the part of boys. If Dr. Mack was unable to prevent his boys from collecting birds' eggs, it does not follow that others have not been more successful; and bird day has been instrumental in stopping many a would be collector. Boys are not brought to know of the existence of birds and birds' eggs by the observance of bird day. Every boy knows what a bird is by the time he goes to school. Simultaneously he seems to learn from some source or other that a bird is created to be killed, and his first sling-shot, air gun or rifle is brought to bear on it, in consequence.

It is to counteract this idea of the bird that bird day is advocated, and experience has shown that its influence is excellent. So that to-day every lover of birds, especially readers of RECREATION, should use their influence in behalf of bird day in the schools. It is the object of its promoters to instruct children not only in the use and importance of protecting small birds, but in the object of game laws and the necessity for their enforcement. The importance of this goes without saying.

It is claimed with justice that it is not worth while to devote one day to trees and another to birds, and in some States, notably Wisconsin, arbor and bird days are combined with excellent results.

To ridicule arbor day as Dr. Mack has done serves no purpose but to hinder the work of many of those who are laboring so hard for the preservation of our forests. The failures of the exercises to which he alludes are in no sense an index of the results of the observation.

Dr. Mack's ridicule of ornithologists is equally narrow minded and shows that he has confused scientists with egg-hogs.

Perhaps he has never known any true ornithologist—a class who are among the foremost advocates of bird protection and game preservation,

Witmer Stone,
Chairman American Ornithologists' Union
Committee on Bird Protection.

YES, BY ALL MEANS.

Madison, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: In the February issue of your valuable magazine G. A. Mack asks " Shall we have bird days? " No doubt Dr. Mack means well, and although I heartily agree with him on a great many points, I believe in " bird days."

It is true that from the way most arbor day exercises are carried on in the public schools little " boon to a deforested world " will ever result. Yet, let them be carried on in a proper way and the good that may result will soon manifest itself. In an undertaking of the nature of bird and forest protection people must be made to understand that, sooner or later, such undertakings are going to produce good pecuniary results. If once it becomes evident to the general public that the destruction of the birds and forests means a financial loss, they will soon begin to take effective measures. The public schools are educating and bringing up a new generation. What better place can be found in which to teach this new generation the value of forest and bird protection? A day set aside for this purpose should be celebrated with a view to teaching the younger children to love birds and trees, and the older ones the economical value of them.

Dr. Mack asks how many birds would

remain if each school were presented with a good collection of birds and eggs. It is not at all necessary for any of the smaller schools to have such collections. Every good, wide awake science teacher should know enough about birds and how to study them to take his pupils into the fields and woods where the real live things themselves can be studied. Futhermore the ornithological publications give pictures and accounts of birds that serve the purpose as well as skins and eggs would.

Many teachers would perhaps object to introducing any more holidays into the school year; but above all things let us have a "bird day," even though it be in connection with our arbor day, that our children may learn of the benefits which nature bestows on us through her avifauna, and that each may learn to do his duty toward the protection of birds.

H. A. Winkenwerder.

CAN ANYONE GIVE ME HIS NAME AND ADDRESS?

About 2 years ago several friends and I were returning from a hunting trip in Minnesota. While on the train the question was brought up as to what has become of our wild pigeon, when an old gentleman, hearing our remarks, said,

"Boys, I can answer that question. I am a retired sea-captain, and some years ago, while in command of a ship, about 3 o'clock one afternoon it began to rain and blow a gale. About 11 p.m. it turned in to freeze, so that the rain turned into ice and sleet. It was one of the worst storms of that kind I ever saw in 50 years on the sea. Next day about noon the storm let up, the temperature rose and the sea went down. Two hours later the look-out reported a strange mass floating on the water. It looked like an island. On getting up to it we saw it was dead birds, that had perished in the terrible sleet storm. They were pigeons, and covered the ocean for miles. There were millions of them. For many miles the ship plowed through them, until on changing our course they were left behind. The birds had been caught in the storm in mid-ocean, and the rain striking them had turned into ice and borne them to the water, and they were drowned."

H. Miller, Chicago, Ill.

I would gladly give $10 to know the Captain's name and address, and to be able to communicate with him. This sounds very like a sailor's yarn, yet it may be true.—Editor.

WILD PIGEONS AT ANN ARBOR, MICH.

October 1, 1898, word was brought me of a large flock of wild pigeons feeding about 12 miles from this place. The morning of the 3d found Brown Peter in the buggy shafts, carrying us at a good clip over good country roads for the township of Salem, Washtenaw County. An hour's ride took us to the ground. The pigeons were feeding on new land that had raised a crop of buckwheat, still standing in the shock.

On my approach the flock took wing, but I was soon snugly hidden in a natural blind and in an hour the flock had all returned. I remained in my hiding place until the farm bell warned me it was the dinner hour, so after gathering a basket of mushrooms I returned to the house.

After dinner, as I again approached the field, the birds took wing, but soon returned. Near my hiding place stood a dead walnut tree, and at many times during the day from 3 to 20 birds would be perched thereon, while on the ground was a constant movement of wings, as the birds in the rear seemed to be jumping over those ahead. I should judge there were about 200 birds in this flock, and had I so desired, many times during the day I could have slaughtered from a dozen to 20 by using both barrels of my gun; but at 4 o'clock I left them in peace.

I afterward learned that a few days later 4 things in the disguise of men sneaked on these birds and at one discharge slaughtered about 50 of them, causing the remainder of the flock to take its departure.—A. B. Covert in Michigan Ornithological Bulletin.

I should like mighty well to know the names of the 4 brutes who committed that slaughter. Can anyone tell me who they were?

A HANDY PRESERVATIVE.

While most sportsmen are able to preserve their larger trophies, such as the heads and skins of big game, until they can reach the hands of a taxidermist, many of the smaller specimens become a total loss.

Lack of time, and of proper knowledge, are the principal causes of the loss of many valuable souvenirs of days out of doors, and interesting objects of natural history.

Probably the easiest and least expensive method of preserving the skins of mammals up to the size of a fox, is by immersion in the following preparation:

One part formaldehyde (about 40 per cent. strength), 9 to 14 parts water; mix thoroughly, and put in glass or earthenware jars or large-mouthed bottles.

In order to insure an immediate penetration of the flesh, the abdominal viscera should be removed from the larger specimens.

I think this will work equally well on birds, reptiles and mammals. On removal from the solution they may be skinned and mounted as readily as fresh specimens.

This solution is much less expensive than alcohol, and leaves the subjects in a much firmer and better condition than the usual preparation of equal parts of 95 per cent. alcohol and water.

Formaldehyde, in the strength usually used, (40 per cent.), may be had for about 65 cents per pound. A more concentrated form, called formaline, comes a trifle higher. A small bottle of it may easily be carried and diluted when needed. Do not stand over it while mixing, as the fumes of the formic acid affect the eyes.

Albert B. Farnham, Taxidermist.

DO COTTONTAILS BURROW?

In January RECREATION is a statement to the effect that cottontails do not live in holes in the ground, but that they take refuge in them from pursuers on rare occasions.

This is far from what I have observed during the 15 years that I have known them. The cottontail is found in fair numbers along the Humboldt river. The soil being soft the river has, in the past, often changed its course, by washing through from one bend to another, leaving blind sloughs. These became the stamping ground of the beaver, the muskrat, etc., who burrowed into the banks. In the course of time these sloughs partially filled up, so that they contained water only during May, June, July and August, and were then abandoned by these animals. During the other months these burrows are occupied by the cottontail. The banks being covered by a heavy growth of willows and brush, these places form ideal homes for bunnie.

He is often found on cold mornings, when he suns himself at the mouth of his burrow, or in some convenient place near by. I have tracked them often, but have never found where they have traveled any great distance. Year after year they can be found in the same places.

Until last year I had often wondered what became of them when the river bottom becomes flooded. One day while boating, I noticed a commotion in the water, in the brush, near the bank. My curiosity being aroused I landed with 2 dogs. After a turn or 2 they stopped before a tangled mass of briars and willows. I examined it closely and found, thereon, high and dry, a cottontail, which I am sorry to say I killed. Continuing my search in the vicinity, I found 3 more. This exploded the theory I had formed, viz., that before each rise of water, they moved to the foothills.

The cottontail is also found in the mountains, and although I have hunted him there, successfully, I have not been able to study his habits as I have nearer home.

The beaver and otter have almost disappeared from this part of the country. There are still some muskrats.

Louis A. Lemaire, Battle Mountain, Nev.

Will you please tell me about the habits of flying squirrels, their food and how to keep them? I should like to know how often they breed and when.

R. D. Benson, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWER.

Flying squirrels do not make very attractive pets. Because of their nocturnal habits, they are so quiet in the daytime there is little to be seen of them save round balls of soft fur. At night, however, when people are asleep, they are very lively.

A flying squirrel should not be confined in a small box so long as large ones are obtainable. If the box is 3 feet high, it will easily contain a section of a hollow tree trunk of small diameter, which the little creature can climb, and possibly rest within. Every captive squirrel is entitled to rough limbs on which it can climb and gnaw to its heart's content. A flying squirrel must have a dark hole or a box in which it can curl up during the day, out of the light. The best food for this species is shelled corn, but it eats only the heart of each grain. To this should be added bits of raw sweet potato, carrots or apples, and occasionally a soft-shelled nut, like an almond. It is best not to overfeed a captive animal; for more cage animals are killed by too much food than by the want of it.

BALD HORNETS.

I wonder if anyone else ever tried to domesticate the bald hornet, so common in the forests of the Mississippi valley. Seeing a goodly number of them catching flies about the house, last fall, I secured their nest, which I found swinging on a small maple. I cut off the limb on which it hung, and corking up the entrance to the nest, took it to the house and hung it on the wall over my bed. Then I put on my bee-hood, opened the doorway of the nest, took my seat in a chair nearby and awaited events. The hornets flew out full of fight; 2 or 3 biffed the hood but finding me unharmed they soon quieted down. It was several days before they took kindly to me, though I was careful not to molest them. Inside of 10 days they took no notice of me beyond showing they could distinguish me from any other person. If a stranger entered the room they would dart at him with the accuracy of a rifle bullet. They answered a better purpose to keep the room clear of intruders than a watchdog. When the frosts of October came they perished, but the nest still hangs in my room. I want to watch closely in the spring and see if any of the occupants revive, or young hatch out. I may learn a point or 2 regarding them.

Daniel Arrowsmith, Ellsworth, Ill.

WENT TO BED HUNGRY.

Mr. Brown's article and Mr. Thompson's lecture in May RECREATION evince thorough understanding on the part of both gentlemen, of the "pesky varmints" after whom was named this metropolis of the lakes. I am reminded of a story told me years ago by a brother operator. He was located at a small station called Aitkin, in Northern Minnesota. One summer evening he and the station agent returned from the village with material for a light supper to be eaten in the depot. A large "chegocho" disputed their right on the premises and had to be shot before it would yield possession. The boys then cooked supper, and with door wide open sat down to eat. Presently in marched a still larger skunk—the newly made widow, perhaps—attracted apparently by the smell of the food. With bated breath they watched the lady make a tour of the room picking up a crumb here and there, and hoped she would cut her visit short. She eyed the table narrowly, measured the height for a jump, then concluded to make 2 of it and landed squarely in my friend's lap. With a yell that brought half the villagers on the run the 2 boys cleared the door, and have never eaten a meal there since.

Fred. Phillips, Chicago, Ill.

THE RANGE OF OUR BIG GAME.

I am busy working out the actual ranges of our horned game and should like to ask whether any reader of Recreation can give me positive and direct information on the following heads:

Elk.—Did you ever hear of Elk in the Lower California Peninsula? In Mexico? In Southeastern Texas? North of Lake Superior? In the upper Peninsula of Michigan? In the Northern part of Wisconsin? In the Northern part of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan?

Caribou.—Did you ever hear of Caribou in Wisconsin? Michigan? Wyoming? Oregon? or Vancouver Island?

White-tail.—How far North in the Rockies have you seen White-tail Deer? Are they found North of Lake Superior?

Moose.—Did you ever hear of Moose in Wisconsin? Michigan? or Washington?

Please state carefully time and place, in making records. Mere rumors not desired. Only authentic reports or facts are useful.

Ernest Seton Thompson.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Old Point Comfort, Va.

Editor Recreation: While looking out of my window this bleak morning, with snow drifts several feet high, I saw a common blackbird watching a sparrow. Finally he pounced on the sparrow and drove his bill through its eye. For several minutes the blackbird pecked at the sparrow's crown, as I thought, in an effort to get at the dainty morsel of food, the brain. Finally the black destructionist picked the sparrow up and flew away with it.

I would suggest that you call the attention of the game wardens of this State to the necessity for protecting robins. The game hogs of this State tell us they kill 50 to 60 robins in a day. This is simply abominable and should not be allowed. Cannot the good women of Virginia rise in their might and influence their husbands, brothers and fathers to inaugurate a measure to stop the slaughter of a bird which the Northerners are striving to save from extinction? Edward F. Duffy,

26 Orleans Street, Newark, N. J.

Replying to Mr. Guernsey's question about wood ducks and black ducks: The former is abundant in British Columbia, a few staying throughout the winter in the lower Fraser valley. When I first came here, in '87, these were rather scarce ducks, but they have since increased rapidly. During the month of October large flocks pass down the Fraser every night, apparently coming from the interior; yet in the Vernon district, East of the Cascades, they are scarce. Where do all these wood ducks come from? It is not a duck that goes far North to breed. One of the reasons for its abundance is that it is not affected by the summer floods, which destroy so many of the nests of other ducks, its tree nesting habit being a provision against this. I have never seen the black duck in B. C., though a straggler may appear now and then. I would like to know if Mr. Guernsey has ever taken it in Assinaboia.

Mr. A. Brooks, Chilliwack, B. C.

I am greatly interested in taxidermy and ornithology. Is there any way in which I may kill birds to mount, and collect nests and eggs without infringing on the laws?

I have great respect for the laws protecting song and insect-eating birds and do not wish to violate them in any way.

L. W. E., Groton, N. Y.

I am glad to know you have so wholesome a respect for the game laws, and that you are observing them faithfully. You can get from the State Fish and Game Commissioners a permit to kill a limited number of birds for scientific purposes, if you can satisfy them that the privilege would not be abused. Application should be made to Hon. Barnet H. Davis, Capitol Building, Albany, N. Y.

Why do you not join the League and thus aid in the work of protecting the game, the song birds and the fishes? Every friend of these creatures should be in this League and should be doing everything possible to get his friends into it.—Editor.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the New York Zoological Society, held in February, Governor Morton, the President, announced that Mrs. Antoinette Eno Wood, daughter of the late Amos R. Eno, had subscribed $5,000 to the building fund of the society. Mr. Morton also announced a subscription of $1,000 from Roswell P. Flower, and Madison Grant, secretary of the society, announced that Samuel Thorne had raised his subscription to $5,000. These subscriptions increase the building fund to $128,000.

Plans for the antelope house were approved and its immediate erection was directed. Work on the foundation of the monkey house was also ordered commenced. As soon as the additional $70,000, still needed, has been raised the funds in hand will complete the park sufficiently to open it during the coming summer.

Apropos the numerous articles appearing in RECREATION regarding the "passing of the birds," let me call the attention of your numerous readers to the bird murderers of the "Key of the Gulf," Key West, Fla. In April of each year regular expeditions are fitted out at Key West for a raid on the rookeries at Bird Rock, a point off the coast of Florida, near the Bahama Banks, for the wholesale robbing of birds' nests. These raids are participated in even by officials of the State and city, and are of annual occurrence. Thousands of birds' eggs are consumed in Key West each season, and are sold on arrival of the boats from their raids. No wonder our bird life is being destroyed when such wholesale methods of robbing their nests are continued, year after year. The only wonder is that any birds are left.

J. S. W., Boston, Mass.

I have noticed a number of articles in different issues of RECREATION concerning the castration of squirrels, and the odium is usually listed with the many misdemeanors of the red squirrel. In Eastern Iowa, where there are no red squirrels, it is charged to brother gray or fox squirrels. That this condition, in most cases at least, is only apparent will be readily understood when we recall the anatomical fact that in the *rodentia* the testes are retained within the abdomen, descending only during each period of rut. Ira A. Eberhart, M.D.,

Chicago Lawn, Ill.

Here is a bombshell in the enemy's camp. After all it would seem that about 90 per cent. of the crimes charged to the red squirrel were never really committed by him or anyone else.—EDITOR.

A subscriber at Ripon, Wis., writes me that a good way to ascertain the quality of eggs is to touch the tongue to each end of the egg, and states that if the egg is good, the large end will be warm and the small end cold.

I am of the opinion this is merely a matter of weather or of environment. I have taken eggs out of hens' nests in the barn along toward Christmas when both ends were cold, and I have taken them again in the dog days when both ends were warm. If my friend should take a case of eggs out of a refrigerator where they had rested for 24 hours he would no doubt find both ends cold, and if he should take them out of a lumber drying kiln where a temperature of 180 had been maintained for 24 hours, it is likely that both ends of the egg would be warm.

Two quails were sent to the Michigan Agricultural College by a farmer who wrote that he killed them because they were eating his grain. He wished an examination made of the crops of the birds. This was done, and the result made public. In neither crop was found any grain, but in one of them were about 4,500 seeds of the false nettle, a troublesome weed. This goes to show that the quail, instead of being an enemy of the farmer, is in reality a great help. Professor Barrows, of the Agricultural College, says that quails eat a large variety of weed seeds, beside grasshoppers, chinch bugs and other injurious insects. He once examined a quail's crop and found it filled with span worms and measuring worms, both of which are among the farmer's numerous enemies.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

I did not suppose there was a man in Michigan, or anywhere else, mean enough to begrudge a quail the little bit of grain it would eat in a year; but here's another record breaker.—EDITOR.

Does the black bear have both cubs of the same color, or one black and one brown, or both black? I have found them both ways—the black being the smaller. Are the black bear and the brown of the same species, or not?

Wm. H. Cramir, Stevensville, Mont.

The black bear and the brown bear are of one and the same species. Yes, and the colors vary, as in domestic animals, though not so widely. It frequently happens that in a family of cubs one may be black and another brown. In other instances, both are black, while the mother is brown, and in still others both are brown, and the mother black. The matter of color seems to be purely accidental.—EDITOR.

I saw at Algonquin, Ill., a mounted specimen of a squirrel which is undoubtedly a cross between a red and a gray. I wonder what Mr. Clark will say to that? I do not deny that the red may destroy eggs or fight with the gray squirrel. The gray gets the worst of the fight because he is not so fast or so strong.

A. H. Wichert, Chicago, Ill.

You doubtless mean the large red squirrel, or fox squirrel, while the beast that has been on trial for so long is the little red devil; the pine squirrel. He is only half as big as a gray and not found in Illinois, so far as I know.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

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2d Vice-President, E. S. Thompson, 144 Fifth Ave., New York.

3d Vice-President, Hon. W. A. Richards, Cheyenne, Wyo.

4th Vice-President, W. T. Hornaday, 69 Wall St., New York.

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H. W. Loveday, Chief Warden, Schiller Building, Chicago.

Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW YORK.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Albany,	C. D. Johnson,	Newtonville, N. Y.
Allegany,	J. D. Holden,	Belmont, N. Y.
Broome,	M. A. Baker,	Whitney's Point, N. Y.
Cayuga,	H. M. Haskell,	Weedsport, N. Y.
Chemung,	Fred. Uhle,	Hendy Creek, N. Y.
Erie,	E. P. Dorr,	103 D. S. Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
	Marvin H. Butler,	Morilla, N. Y.
Essex,	Warren H. Broughton,	Moriah, N. Y.
Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie, N. Y.
Oneida,	E. J. Breeze,	Forestport. N. Y.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown, N. Y.
	J. H. Kidd,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Rensselaer,	Capt. J. B. Taylor,	Rensselaer, N. Y.
Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond, N. Y.
Schenectady,	J. W. Furnside,	Schenectady, N. Y.
Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Islip, L. I.
	P. F. Tabor,	Orient, L. I.
Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego, N. Y.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill, N. Y.
Westchester,	George Poth,	Pleasantville, N. Y.
Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley, N. Y.
Rockland,	A. Woodward,	Ramapo, N. Y.
Sullivan,	Ernest W. Kenne,	Mongaup Valley, N. Y.
Dutchess, Columbia,	A. B. Miller,	Jackson's Corners, N. Y.
Broome,	John Sullivan,	Sanataria Springs, N. Y.
Orange,	Thomas Harris,	Port Jervis, N. Y.
St. Lawrence,	J. W. Aitchison,	Madrid, N. Y.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park Street, Bridgeport, Ct.
Hartford,	Abbott C. Collins,	783 Main Street, Hartford, Ct.
(County Warden, care Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.)		
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont Co.	Nelson Yarnall,	Dubois.
Uinta Co.	S N. Leak, W. L. Simpson,	Jackson.
Carbon Co.	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass. Photographic goods.
Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City, Photographic goods.
W. H. Longdon, Bridgeport, Conn. Sportsmen's goods.
New York Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson Street, New York City. Condensed products.
Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y. Traps.
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis. Moccasins, hunting shoes, etc.
Novelty Cutlery Co., Canton, O. Pocket cutlery, ink erasers, etc.
M. A. Shipley, 432 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Fishing tackle.
Willis Arms & Cycle Co., Kansas City, Mo. Bicycles, athletic and sportsmen's goods.

Reuben Woods Sons' Co., 324 S. Salina Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Sportsmen's goods.
Edward Paddock, 94 Hudson Avenue, Albany, N. Y.
D. T. Abercrombie & Co., 36 South Street, New York City. Tents, etc.
W. H. Longden, Bridgeport, Ct.
V. Kindler, Saginaw, Mich.
William Shrive, Yonkers, N. Y.
T. W. Tignor & Sons, Richmond, Va.
T. B. Davis Arms Co., Portland, Me.
P. Haerr, Springfield, O.
Stark & Weckesser, Dayton, O.
J. C. Stamp, Wheeling, W. Va.
R. D. & William Lathiel, Savannah, Ga.
M. F. Kennedy & Bros., St. Paul, Minn.
W. H. Langdon, Bridgeport, Ct.
Brooks & Co., Elmira, N. Y.
J. M. Warren & Co., Troy, N. Y.
France & Thiele, San Antonio, Tex.
Morris & Reinhardt, 183 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.

I hope to be able to add materially to this list, from time to time.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the officers of the League was held at the Hotel Marlboro, New York, February 8, 1899, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Present: G. O. Shields, President; E. S. Thompson, 1st Vice-President; W. T. Hornaday, 2d Vice-President; A. A. Anderson, 4th Vice-President; F. S. Hyatt, Treasurer; A. F. Rice, Secretary, and Messrs. Luques, Pond, Seymour, Coffin, Keller, Young, Watkins, Whiton, Alexander, and Reutinger.

The Treasurer's report was read, showing receipts of $760.12 and expenditures of $688.36 during the year. On motion the report was accepted.

The Secretary submitted a report showing receipts of $1,325.85 and expenditures of $694.33 during the year.

The report of the Secretary was on motion accepted.

Verbal reports were made by the chairmen of several committees as to progress of work in their various departments.

The following resolution, offered by Mr. Pond, was adopted:

Whereas, The officers of the League of American Sportsmen have seen fit to have the League incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and,

Whereas, The laws of the State require that in such cases the incorporators shall elect a Board of Trustees, and that these trustees shall elect officers for the ensuing year, and that the incorporators shall adopt a Constitution and By-laws, therefore,

Resolved, That the League of American Sportsmen in annual meeting assembled, does hereby approve the action of the officers in having the said League incorporated; in adopting a Constitution and By-laws, and in electing a Board of Trustees. It also approves the action of these trustees in electing a board of officers, to serve during 1899, and until their successors shall be elected and qualified.

(The Board of Trustees re-elected all the old officers.)

The meeting was then adjourned.

Arthur F. Rice, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Pursuant to the call, the annual meeting of the League of American Sportsmen was held at the Hotel Marlboro, February 9, 1899, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Several States were represented by their chief wardens, deputy wardens and by members of the League. All routine work having been performed at the meeting of officers on the 8th, this general assembly discussed ways and means of protecting the game, the birds, the fishes and forests in the various States, and listened to reports of the officers and members present, on these lines.

Mr. H. S. Mygatt, Local Warden for Susquehanna County, Pa., made a full statement of the work done in his section during the past year and pointed out certain evils that should be corrected.

Mr. L. H. Reutinger, Chief Warden for the State of Ohio, gave a most encouraging report of the condition of affairs in his State, and outlined the means employed to enforce the game laws there. His remarks indicated that the L. A. S. is firmly entrenched in Ohio and that good results may be looked for in that State.

Vice-Presidents E. S. Thompson and A. A. Anderson spoke of the conditions prevailing in Wyoming and made especial mention of the necessity of enlarging the boundaries of the park, in order to secure a winter range for the big game therein.

Mr. A. E. Pond, Chief Warden for the State of New York, made an exhaustive report of the League work in this State. He told of several convictions that have been secured, and pointed out certain difficulties in the way of game protection under the present system of State supervision. The recognition already accorded the League by the authorities and the people at large, forms a pleasant feature of his year's work.

Dr. Robert Morris delivered a most able address on the deleterious effects of eating refrigerated game and stated no first class hotel or restaurant would serve cold storage game to its patrons.

The Secretary read several letters from State and local wardens, reporting the arrest and conviction of violators of the game laws, and some important communications from absent officers and members, including a strong letter from the President of the N. Y. State League for the Protection of Fish, Game and Forests.

The President of the L. A. S. then read his annual report, after which the meeting adjourned.

Arthur F. Rice, Secretary.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT.

It is one thing to say what you are going to do—what you *hope* to do—and another thing entirely to say what you *have* done.

A little more than a year ago a convention was held in this city for the purpose of organizing a League of American Sportsmen. I had the pleasure of telling the 140 gentlemen assembled in that convention, from 17 States, what we proposed to do with this League, when organized. You honored me by placing me at the head of the organization and it is with peculiar pleasure that I have undertaken to tell you to-day what this League has done in the short space of one year.

As you know, all of the 140 men present at the convention joined the League before leaving the hall. Many of them went out into the vineyard to work, and have sent in many other applications for membership since that date. By the aid and co-operation of these 140 men, and of many others who were not fortunate enough to be able to attend the convention, and by the unceasing labors of a few of the faithful, the membership has grown until to-day we number 1,376. We now have members in 36 States. Divisions have been organized in 11 States and the 12th is now in process of organization. Several other States have turned in nearly the requisite number of members to enable us to band them together, and from present indications we shall organize at least 5 more divisions with the next 90 days.

Thus far New York is the banner State in point of membership and in point of effective work really done by the officers and members of its division. This division has 377 members, and Chief Warden Pond has appointed 38 wardens in as many counties, the majority of whom are patrolling their ground in search of lawbreakers. Several arrests have been made and several convictions secured in this State for violations of the law, and it is due to Chief Warden Pond to say that he has paid the rewards for such convictions out of his own pocket. This is because the League has thus far been short of funds for pushing its work and meeting its obligations. Soon after Mr. Pond was elected to his present position, he offered to pay, out of his own funds, all rewards that might be earned during his first fiscal year.

Local Warden E. P. Dorr, of Erie county, is entitled to the honor of having done perhaps the most heroic and effective work of any local warden thus far appointed. His first official act was to arrest and secure the conviction of a man who was trapping robins. He found 2 other people engaged in this unlawful work; secured indisputable evidence against them, and could have prosecuted them successfully, but magnanimously refrained from doing so on their releasing the robins they had captured and promising not to repeat the offense. The next important piece of work done by Mr. Dorr, in the interest of bird protection, was when he found some grape growers in Erie county shooting robins that were carrying off their grapes. Mr. Dorr called on these vineyard men and told them, manfully and emphatically, that this killing must be stopped. The farmers protested that the birds were eating their grapes and that they had a right to defend their property. Mr. Dorr replied that the law must and should be obeyed and the farmers finally agreed to stop the killing and to drive the birds away by the use of blank cartridges, instead of killing them.

In November, Mr. Dorr called on a number of hotel and restaurant men, meat dealers and cold storage houses in Buffalo, and warned them that venison must not be sold or had in possession after the 20th. Some of the hotels had already advertised that they would serve venison at their Thanksgiving dinners, and in 4 of these instances Mr. Dorr's warning caused them to have these notices withdrawn. One hotel did sell venison in defiance of Warden Dorr, and we are now negotiating with the State Fish and Game Commissioners for permission to proceed against the managers of that hotel in the name of the State.

One of Mr. Pond's local wardens caught a party of fishermen taking undersized trout from a stream in the Catskills. When he reached their camp they had in their baskets 43 trout under 6 inches long (the legal minimum size). The law prescribes a penalty of $10 for each offense and these men were, therefore, liable to pay a total fine of $430. The local warden finally compromised the case by the offenders paying into court $150.

A warden in Friendship, N. Y., had a wealthy man arrested for shooting robins. He denounced the action of the warden as an outrage and said he would go to jail rather than pay a fine. The officer started with him and when he reached the door of the jail he weakened and paid a fine of $50.

A number of other wardens, in various parts of this State, have done effective work in various ways, but I have not at hand the necessary data to enable me to give them the credit that some of them deserve.

The Chief Warden and Secretary-Treasurer of the Connecticut Division have also been doing valuable work. They have thoroughly circulated the literature of the League throughout the State; have had several hundreds of our muslin posters distributed in public places and have advised lawbreakers, in various ways, that the League is after them.

Two local wardens in that division have also secured convictions for violation of the law.

On the 27th of December, Mrs. Bertha Williams, of East Canaan, saw George Stevens fire at, kill and carry off a ruffed grouse. She remonstrated with the offender and then wrote a letter accusing him of having killed game in close season. After passing through several hands the letter reached Mr. H. C. Went, Secretary-Treasurer of the Connecticut Division.

After consulting with the chief warden, Mr. Went communicated with Dr. H. L. Ross, L. A. S. warden for Litchfield county, requesting him to ascertain the facts in the case and to prosecute the offender, in the name of the League of American Sportsmen, if the evidence seemed to warrant it.

On January 27th, Dr. Ross brought Stevens before Justice Garfield and charged him with the shooting as mentioned above. Stevens pleaded guilty, and was fined $10 and costs—total $16.

Chief Warden Pond reported to me in February that he had dined at Burns' restaurant, 6th Avenue and 43d Street, and that he had found on the bill of fare certain game birds that could not, at that time, be legally sold. I wrote Mr. Burns, calling his attention to this fact and asking him to assure me that he would at once discontinue the illegal sale of game of all kinds. A few days later I received a letter from Mr. Burns assuring me that the laws would be strictly obeyed by him at all times.

Chief Warden Elrod, of the Montana Division, has been conducting a most vigorous and effective campaign of education in that State. He has issued frequent bulletins and circular letters to the newspapers, to League members and to other sportsmen throughout the State, to public schools, etc., calling on sportsmen, and the public in general, to respect and obey the game laws and to aid in their enforcement in every way possible. He has especially urged these people to stop killing song and insectivorous birds, and has implored the women of Montana not to wear the plumage of such birds in their hats. The good effect of this work has been shown in part by the rapid increase in membership in Montana.

Chief Warden Elrod is urging upon the Legislature of his State some important amendments to the Game and Fish Laws, and it is hoped he may be successful in securing their passage.

Chief Warden Pratt, of the Michigan Division, is another earnest worker. He has not yet been successful in inducing many men to accept appointments as local wardens; but is using the mails liberally in advocating amendments to the game laws and in educating the sportsmen to observe them and to stop killing when they get enough. The present law in Michigan allows each hunter to kill 5 deer each season. Mr. Pratt has declared himself emphatically opposed to this law and has petitioned for an amendment limiting the kill to 2 deer for each man in each season. Mr. Pratt went to the North woods last fall, on a deer hunt, and as soon as he had killed 2 deer he quit and returned home. Such self-denial on the part of an enthusiastic hunter, when in the woods where deer are plentiful, merits the highest commendation that the English language is capable of.

There are other sportsmen in Michigan who, while hunting last fall, did as Mr. Pratt did—that is they quit when they got 2 deer. This course on the part of these men is almost wholly due to the educative influences of the L. A. S.

Certain alleged sportsmen in Michigan have, I regret to say, petitioned their present Legislature to repeal the law which prohibits the shooting of ducks in spring. Mr. Pratt has arrayed himself manfully and heroically against this proposed amendment and is doing everything possible to defeat it. This man should have the cordial support of all good sportsmen in the State of Michigan, and in the United States, in his good work.

Dr. H. R. Bishop, Chief Warden of the Massachusetts Division, has done valuable work for the League, in that he has personally secured and sent in 76 applications for membership. Unfortunately his business engagements have thus far prevented him from doing other important work that is demanded of him; but he has promised faithfully that after the end of March, when he will be released from certain pressing obligations, he will devote a large portion of his time to the League work; that he will, as rapidly as possible, appoint local wardens in the various counties of his State, and aid them in the discharge of their duty.

Chief Warden Stangroom, of the Washington Division, is another hustler. He has sent in nearly 100 applications for membership, has appointed several local wardens, and is in search of men in all counties of his State for these positions. The sportsmen of that State are earnestly implored to co-operate with Mr. Stangroom, and to aid him in his good work.

Dr. Frank Dunham, Chief Warden of the Wyoming Division, is in the saddle and is making his influence felt every day in the good cause. One of his first official acts was to appoint 2 local wardens in Jackson's Hole, namely, S. N. Leek and W. L. Simpson. He is in correspondence with sportsmen all over the State, looking for good timber for wardens in other counties, and as fast as the right men can be found they will be appointed. No State in the Union has more at stake in the matter of game protection than Wyoming. Dr. Dunham realizes this, as do many of the other good people of that State, and they welcome the League as an important ally in enabling them to save their game.

Your President desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to the other officers of the League for their hearty co-operation in the work. Especially have Vice-Presidents Hornaday and Thompson, Secretary Rice, Treasurer Hyatt and Attorney Seymour rendered most effective aid. Without this co-operation it would have been impossible to have accomplished the work that has been done during the past year. Mr. Rice has worked like a Trojan and his work has borne much good fruit.

One of the first and by far the greatest achievements of the League was in securing the repeal of the infamous Section 249, of the Game Laws of New York. Under this law, which I am ashamed to confess was on our statute books for 3 years, game dealers were allowed to sell game all through the year, if they could show that it came from some other State.

This acted as a serious drain on the game fields of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota especially. Furthermore, under its provisions game was constantly being killed in our own State, shipped into the city and sold by unscrupulous dealers, under the pretext that it came from some other city. Under this law a dealer could get a box of ruffed grouse from New Hampshire, for instance, and, under cover of the express receipt for that shipment, could sell 1,000 grouse that were killed, or even snared, in this State, in violation of law. He could get a carcass of venison, say from Michigan, and under cover of the express receipt thus obtained, he could sell 100 carcasses of venison illegally killed in the Adirondacks and smuggled into New York, marked "veal," "mutton," etc.

Various local gun clubs and game protective associations in this State had repeatedly, during the 3 years referred to, petitioned the Legislature for the repeal of this Section 249, but had failed to secure it. Before the L. A. S. was 3 months old it sent a delegation to Albany, which fought the game dealers, the hotel men and the express companies to a finish; secured the repeal of Section 249, and induced the Governor to sign the bill. This one achievement of the League entitles it to the active support and co-operation of every sportsman in the United States and Canada, and especially of all in the Western States.

When the open season for killing deer in this State closed, in November last, I issued a circular letter to game dealers, cold storage houses, hotel and restaurant men, calling their attention to this fact and advising them that the League would take measures at once to find out whether these people were observing the law. I personally made a tour of the uptown hotels and cafés, ordering in each place a venison steak. I failed to find it except in one instance. This was at Delmonico's, 5th Avenue and 26th Street. There I secured a venison steak, ate a part of it, and brought the rest away with me. Then I wrote Mr. Delmonico, stating the facts, and assuring him that, if he would agree in writing not to again allow game to be served on his tables, in close season, no action would be taken; but warning him that unless he did so promise the League would proceed against him. He promptly replied, through his attorney, as follows:

> Dear Sir: Replying to your letter dated 15th inst., to our Mr. C. C. Delmonico, would say: We do not intend to act contrary to the law, and will see that no repetition of the occurrence you refer to takes place in the future. Yours respectfully,
>
> Delmonico's,
> J. C. Hull, Atty.

A few days later Mr. Hull called on me and assured me that the serving of venison at this house was unintentional and in a measure accidental; that it was due to the fact that the *chef* at that house is a Frenchman who cannot read English and who is not familiar with our laws. The manager had neglected to instruct him when to take venison off the menu card. Mr. Hull further assured me that if I had gone to either of Delmonico's other houses, at any time after the close of the legal season for selling venison, I could not have obtained it at any price. He said Mr. Delmonico had only the highest respect for the game laws of the State and that he intended to observe them at all times.

When the legal season for selling grouse, quail and woodcock closed, I made another tour of these uptown hotels and restaurants, endeavoring to buy birds of either species. I was unable to do so until I reached the Hotel Fleuret, 5th Avenue and 19th Street. There I succeeded in buying a quail. I ate a portion of it and brought the rest away with me.

Then I wrote the manager, as I had written Delmonico. The next day I received a reply from him as follows:

> I have been supplied with certain game birds of late, such as quails, partridges, snipe and woodcock, by dealers who assured me such birds were imported; but I have no intention of violating any game law, and I promise you that hereafter no such game shall be served in my house during the closed season.
>
> Yours respectfully,
> Leon Fleuret.

Thus 2 of the most prominent caterers in this city have come into line and I hope to induce all the other hotels and restaurants to do so in time. It is now in order for the friends of game protection in this city to give these houses their trade in preference to others who are known to be evading or violating the game laws.

On January 30th I dined at the Holland House, 5th Avenue and 28th Street, and was surprised to find venison announced on the menu card. It was, however, stated thereon that this was imported venison. I ordered a steak, got it, ate a portion of it and brought the rest away with me. Then

I wrote the manager of that house, enclosing copies of the correspondence with Delmonico and Fleuret, and asking him to pledge me, as the managers of these houses had done. I said I had noticed the statement on the menu card that the venison had been imported, but that that fact would constitute no defense under the law; that the statute simply prohibits the selling or having in possession of venison, except from August 15th to November 20th, and makes no distinction as to where venison may come from. In due time I received a letter from Mr. Baumann, Manager of the Holland House, which reads as follows:

> It is needless to state that a house of our reputation and standing never intends to violate any game law.

This is not as explicit as it should have been, but I dined at the Holland House again, soon after receiving this letter, and the venison item had been taken from the bill of fare.

On February 10th, I went to the Hotel Savoy and found Egyptian quail listed on the bill of fare. I ordered one and it was served to me. It was an American bird, and on my return I wrote the manager of the house to that effect. I also called his attention to the fact that even if the birds were imported that would make no difference, as the law prohibiting the sale of quail at this time of the year, makes no exception in favor of imported birds.

On February 13th, the manager of the Hotel Savoy wrote me as follows:

> Your letter at hand. The Hotel Savoy regrets the circumstances that occasioned your letter, and gives its assurance of intent to comply with the law, and of care that the law will be adhered to.
>
> It begs to present its acknowledgments for the courteous tone of your letter.

Early in December, Mr. Arthur F. Rice, Secretary of the League, was notified that a certain meat dealer in Washington market was exposing caribou for sale. Mr. Rice called there, found a carcass of caribou on exhibition and demanded of the manager of the stall that it should be taken down and not again offered for sale. The manager claimed he was not violating the law; that there was no law against selling caribou meat in this State; that he had consulted a certain authority on this subject and had been advised to this effect. Mr. Rice very properly had a copy of the game law in his pocket, a section of which he read to this man. When the man saw he had been misinformed, he plead guilty, took the carcass down, put it away and assured Mr. Rice it would not be offered for sale again; but that it would be destroyed.

A few days ago Mr. Rice learned that another dealer in the same market was offering venison for sale. He called there and found a carcass of it hanging up. He saw at once that this was not an American deer. He called on the dealer for an explanation and was shown a steamship bill of lading for 19 carcasses of venison, from Havre, France. It is believed at this writing that it is unlawful to offer even imported venison for sale here, and this question is now being investigated by Attorney Seymour. As soon as we learn the exact status of the law on this point, we shall proceed against this dealer, if we find he is violating the State law.

Another important work which the League is doing is this: It has secured from the Secretaries of the States of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota lists of the names and addresses of the Legislatures of these States, and I am now engaged in writing a personal letter to each of these 360 men, a copy of which letter is appended hereto and made part of this report. It is hoped a considerable number of these law makers may be induced to join the League and aid us in our work. We hope by this means to show them the importance and the need of prompt action in order to save the game and the fishes, song and insectivorous birds and the forests of their respective States.

We are also pushing the missionary work of the League into the Southern States as rapidly as our funds will permit.

Your President and Chief Warden Pond were chosen by the Executive Committee of the League to represent it in the National Convention of the State Fish and Forestry League, which was held in Syracuse December 8th. We had several opportunities there of making known to the delegates in that Convention the nature and objects of the L. A. S., which were heartily approved. I personally had the honor of introducing this resolution:

RESOLVED: That the Law Committee be instructed to ask for an amendment to the present game law prohibiting the sale of ruffed grouse, woodcock, quail and brook trout at all times.

This resolution was greeted with a storm of opposition. Several men claimed the floor at once in order to talk against it, and each in turn was recognized and did oppose it. Friends of the measure, however, set out to win these men to it, and did so, one by one. When the Convention finally voted on the resolution there was only one voice against it.

That the L. A. S. is not to be confined in its work to the United States is shown by the fact that we have already 16 members in Canada. Among these are some of the most prominent and influential sportsmen of the Dominion. Several of these men are deeply interested in this work and write me they are anxious to see enough members enrolled in the different provinces of Canada to warrant the early organization of a division in each. From present indications it is safe to assume that divisions will be organized in at least Quebec and Ontario within a few months. It is of the utmost importance that Canadian sportsmen should be induced to join us in this great work of game, fish and bird protection; especially in order that migratory birds may be protected in so far as possible during the months when they live in Canada.

On the other hand, as I have already said, the missionary work of the League is being pushed into the Southern States as rapidly and as energetically as the funds at our command will permit. There is a most urgent need of legislation and enforcement of good laws in the Southern States, in order to protect these same migratory birds during the winter months. There can be little encouragement for sportsmen in the Northern States to protect waterfowl and song and insectivorous birds during spring, summer and fall, so long as unscrupulous and thoughtless hunters are allowed to slaughter them, without regard to species, or to numbers, all through the winter.

The letters I get from some friends of game protection in the Southern States, recounting the fearful destruction of even song birds, as carried on there by pot hunters, are enough to bring tears to the eyes of any bird lover. Early in January I received a letter from the Hon. J. H. Wallace, a member of the Alabama Legislature, imploring me to write to the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee asking him to report favorably a bill which he (Wallace) had introduced for the protection of game birds, song and insectivorous birds in that State. I wrote the Chairman of that Committee, as requested. I wrote him as I felt—imploring him in the strongest language I could command, to report the bill favorably and to work for its passage. Mr. Wallace wrote me, a few weeks later, that his bill had passed both houses of the Legislature and had been signed by the Governor. He did me the honor to add that for a long time it was impossible to secure any interest in the bill, on the part of the members of either house. Finally he got the bill reported in his branch, and in making his final argument in behalf of the bill, he read my letter to the house. It was greeted with vociferous applause, and the bill passed by a large majority. The interest created in the bill in the lower house enabled its friends to pass it through the Senate and it is now a law.

While I personally do not claim any credit for the passage of this bill, yet I do claim that, as Mr. Wallace has assured me over his own signature, its passage was largely due to the influence exerted by this League.

Some months ago, James L. Tooker, a New Jersey game warden, caught an Italian in the act of killing song birds in violation of the law. Mr. Tooker ordered the man under arrest, when the man drew his gun on Tooker and was about to fire. Tooker shot and killed the Italian, purely in self-defense, yet he was arrested on a charge of murder and placed in jail.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the League, held in December, the Secretary was instructed to tender to Mr. Tooker the sympathy and the moral and financial support of the League in so far as it would be possible to aid him. An appeal was made to members of the League for contributions to the Tooker defense fund, and the sum of $22 was contributed. This was turned over to Mr. Tooker's friends who had immediate charge of his defense.

Strange to say, Mr. Tooker was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment. After all, this is not so strange, for one of the judges who presided at the trial was himself arrested and convicted a year ago of violating the game laws of the State of New Jersey.

We are now negotiating with the Court of Pardons, of the State of New Jersey, for a hearing in Mr. Tooker's behalf, and if such hearing can be obtained, several officers of the League will go to Trenton and make arguments with a view to obtaining his release.

The New York Zoological Society has accorded the League a most generous and important recognition, as shown by the following extract from the minutes of a recent meeting:

Resolved, That the sum of $100 be and is hereby appropriated from the General Fund of this Society, and paid into the Treasury of the League of American Sportsmen, to be expended under the direction of the League Warden for the State of New York, Mr. A. E. Pond, in the actual work of enforcing existing laws for the protection of the birds and quadrupeds of this State.

Passed by Executive Committee, December 15, 1898. Madison Grant, Secretary.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I congratulate you most earnestly and heartily on the grand work this League has done, and on its great achievements during the past year. I thank you, and every member of the League who has contributed a dollar to it, or who has aided in its work in any way, for your support and co-operation, and I pledge you my most earnest efforts for the continuance of this work through the coming year.

If you will all co-operate with me, as you have done, and if the thousands of other sportsmen in the United States can be induced within the present year to cooperate with us as they should do, we will have 100,000 members at the end of this year; we will have a division in every State in the Union and several divisions in Canada. Shall we have this co-operation and support? It depends largely upon you to answer. It is impossible for one man or for 10 men to do the work alone. It requires the assistance of the thousands and I earnestly hope we may have it.

HE DECLARES WAR.

Worcester, Mass.

Editor RECREATION: I have been a constant reader of RECREATION for several years. I like the way in which you so ably dispose of the game hogs. Don't let the fire go out. It will be needed for many years yet. I have seen but few roasts on game hogs in this State, and it is about time for some of those in this section who call themselves sportsmen to walk into the pen and take their medicine. When I think of the fish and game that are taken illegally, simply for the market price, it makes my blood boil; yet little has been done to stop it. I now appeal to you, and to the L. A. S., for most of the State game wardens I know of are entirely useless. Many of them are poachers and pot hunters themselves. What protection can we expect from such hogs as these? This city of Worcester has a population of 100,000, yet you can go to the city line in the fall of the year, 3 weeks before the legal hunting season opens, any day in the week, but more especially on Sunday, and you can hear the crack of the game hogs' guns. This is kept up until the snow gets so deep that it is impossible to hunt. These men wonder what has become of the ruffed grouse and the quail.

This state of affairs will continue, to a certain extent, until a State law is passed prohibiting the sale of game of all kinds for at least 10 years. This is the only way to protect it. I am thoroughly familiar with all of the game and game covers in this State, as well as in several other States. Am also a lover of birds, and have studied them many years. Our grouse and quail are decreasing every year. I don't think I have killed 100 birds all told, in the last 4 years.

Within 10 miles of this city is a pond that has a number of pickerel, and every Sunday in winter one to half a dozen men from this city go there, set up their tilts and fish all day; yet no move has been made to bring these lawbreakers before the judge. I have dug up the hatchet and shall from this time forth continue to fight the fish and game hogs to the bitter end. Send me a few of the circular letters and copies of the constitution and by-laws and I will try and start a branch of the L. A. S.

F. W. Allard.

The L. A. S. literature has gone to you by express. Now sail in and enroll a large number of members.

Send me the names and addresses of the lawbreakers, in order that I may brand them.—EDITOR.

MEETING TO ORGANIZE L.A.S.

Flathead County Division of the League of American Sportsmen held an important meeting Monday evening at the office of Sidney M. Logan, at which there was a large attendance. The secretary of the division was directed to correspond with members of the legislature and with the State warden of the League, with a view to securing the passage of a law providing a bounty for the killing of mountain lions, and to make suggestions in regard to other needed amendments to the game laws.

It was agreed to prosecute offenders against the game laws of the State vigorously, without fear or favor.

The League desires to call attention to the fact that under the laws of this State informers are entitled to one-half of the fine collected from offenders; also that speckled and mountain trout are being sold by Indians, butchers and others in flagrant violation of the law, and that hereafter such offenders will be vigorously prosecuted.

The division is thriving wonderfully, and almost daily new members are added. At present the membership includes residents of Big Fork, west side of Flathead lake, Bad Rock, Fairview, Brocken, Libby, Troy, Jennings, Kalispell, Columbia Falls, Belton, Nyack, Summit, Marston, Tobacco, Stillwater and Whitefish.

All ministers and teachers are requested to hand or send their applications to any member of the committee in order that they may be enrolled as honorary members.

The membership is $1 a year, the bronze badge of the League being 25 cents extra. Every lover of nature, every sportsman, every person who believes that the forests of Flathead County should be protected against the depredations of timber pirates; every person who believes in the protection of song birds, of game birds, game animals and fishes should join the League and contribute his dollar to the good cause.

Any person (man or woman) desiring to become a member may procure blank applications from any member of the committee.—Kalispell, Mont., Inter Lake.

AN APPEAL TO MONTANA SPORTSMEN.

Are you a sportsman? If so, show your colors by joining the League and assisting in protecting the game.

Are you a minister of the Gospel? If so, join the League in its good work! Preach against the wanton extermination of God's creatures and the destruction of His forests.

Are you a teacher? If so, teach the young to respect the laws of their State and impress on their minds the sin of wanton destruction of birds and animals.

Are you a farmer? If so, join the League and assist in preventing the extermination of insect destroying birds; help the good work along by refusing absolutely to permit any person to hunt on your land during the close season.

Are you a county official? Do you expect to be re-elected? If so, join the League, for obvious reasons.

Are you a pot hunter? Are you a sportsman (?) who kills young ducks before they are able to fly? Do you kill more deer, ducks, or grouse in a season than the law permits? Are you one of those creatures, too lazy to do an honest day's labor, who kill deer for their hides, fish for market and pull old ducks off their nests to raise a few dollars for the purpose of keeping soul and body together? Do you use seines or explosives for the purpose of catching fish? Do you run a butcher shop and expose trout or venison for sale? Do you run a restaurant or hotel and sell fish, birds or venison by the plate? If so, look out for squalls!

TO PROTECT THE GAME.

A movement is on foot to organize a division of the League of American Sportsmen in Georgia. Several well-known sportsmen of Atlanta and Savannah have started the ball rolling and have already enlisted the aid of a number of representative sportsmen in the movement. Only 25 members are necessary to constitute and perfect a division, and this number has nearly been secured. The membership is open to all sportsmen as defined by the laws of the association, 15 years old and upward. Ladies are also eligible to membership, and in many of the Northern States form a large part of the organization.

When organized the division will be of inestimable value to sportsmen generally, and will no doubt be the means of greatly increasing the game supply in the next few years.

It is the intention of the League to perfect divisions in every State in the Union, and it is safe to assume that it will be but a short while when Georgia will not only have a well organized division, but will have a game warden, as well, to look after the interests of the sportsmen and protect the game. Every sportsman, or, in fact, every person who loves the beautiful gifts of nature, should join in the movement and help to make it a success from every point of view.—J. S. E., in Savannah News.

SOME ADIRONDACK GUIDES.

Old Forge, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: I mail you a copy of the proceedings of the annual meeting of the Brown's Tract Guides' Association, which was held January 11, 1899.

You will note that we are not in favor of hounding deer at any time. Dogs should never be let loose after deer in this State again. It would mean their extermination in a short time.

Several of our members have become subscribers to your magazine and are in full sympathy with you. We meet the porkers here frequently and have a roast. Make your fire hot and keep them sizzling. I enclose $1 for membership in the L. A. S.

I have been much interested in your roast of C. H. Bennett, of Raquette lake. He and his crowd are a bad lot. Mr. Servis R. Mason, of Chicago, Ill., can tell you about the mountain lamb.

If I can be of service to you in bringing them to time let me know.

A. M. Church, Secretary,
Brown's Tract Guides' Association.

The report referred to in the above letter is exceedingly interesting. It states that the Brown's Tract Guides' Association has 131 members, including nearly all the guides in and around the Fulton chain of lakes. In addition to this there are a large number of associate members.

The Secretary reports that $126 has been expended during the past year in enforcing game laws, and that a balance of $114 remains in the treasury. Men who are known to have violated game or fish laws are not eligible for membership. The report continues:

> We are under great obligations to many of the members in this respect, particularly Ira H. Parsons, Ned Ball, Dana Fraula, Peter Rivette, Richard Crego, Frank Williams, Danforth Ainsworth, H. H. Covey, John Stell, Will Commerford and others, all of whom did much hard work, and work not at all times pleasant. The thanks of the association are also due to T. Arthur Irvine, Levi Melleur, Lowell Hamilton, and William Evans for services rendered. Several associate members devoted their time to the association for this purpose. The service rendered consisted of raiding the country as far as possible, seeking violators of the game law, and shooting without ceremony all dogs found loose in the woods and in pursuit of deer. Raids of this kind were made throughout the country between Big Otter lake and Moose river to Beaver river waters, and to all points between Shallow and Eighth lakes and the Fulton chain; also to the South Branch, Beaver, Squaw, Indian, Balsam, and Horn lakes. On one of these trips 2 members traveled on foot a distance of 125 miles, at an expense for board, etc., of $9.26. As a result of these efforts about 20 dogs were killed, mostly in pursuit of deer. Two men have been arrested who have settled. Four more of the same party are yet to settle, and several cases are being investigated. The knowledge that some one was on the lookout for people of this class has had a good effect, and much less poaching has been done this year than formerly. There are stlll too many

people who are willing to violate the game law, and the utmost vigilance is as necessary as ever. The association put in a vigorous protest against the repeal of the anti-hounding law last year, and every member has expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the game law as it is.

A few guides in the Adirondacks who are opposed to the anti-hounding law, and who are constantly violating it, claim that all the others are too. Mr. Church's report seems to indicate that they are mistaken.

I received my membership card and your letter asking me to hustle more members. I will get everyone I can to join, but as I live in the mountains I have a poor chance. Am living about 27 miles from any place. There is one section house about 5 miles away and only 10 people live there. Nyack is not even a post office. Essex is about 29 miles away. That is my post office, and it is only a section house. So you see this country is not very well populated. I have been here 10 years. Made my living from hunting and trapping, but never sold a pound of meat in my life. There is plenty of game here yet, and will be for some time to come. The deer are being killed off by mountain lions. They kill a lot of deer, and it would be a great benefit to have a bounty on them that would make it worth while to hunt them. I got 4 lions in the last 5 days. There should be a bounty of $5 on lions, and paid in cash. All kinds of game is plentiful in this country—that is to say, about 50 miles square. We have goats, sheep, deer, elk and some moose. The elk and goats are safe for years yet, because few know anything about this country and strangers can't get at them.

I shall be on the East side of the range early in the spring and I expect to rustle some members for our League.

Dan Moody, Forest Ranger,
Nyack via Essex, Flathead Co., Mont.

The following is from Hon. J. H. Wallace, a prominent member of the Alabama Legislature and who recently introduced and pushed through that body the first measure ever enacted in that State for the protection of game and song birds:

House of Representatives,
Montgomery, Ala., February 17, 1899.

Dear Sir and Friend: Replying to your favor of 14th instant: I have just called on Governor Johnston, and he gladly accepts your invitation to become a member of the League of American Sportsmen. Inclosed please find my check for membership fee for Governor Johnston and myself. The Governor is an enthusiastic sportsman, a fine shot, and an ardent advocate of song bird and game protection. He gave my bill the most cordial support, and I hope at the succeeding term of the General Assembly to have a law enacted that will apply to the entire State of Alabama.

Your efforts in behalf of the protection of game are most commendable, and one possessed of your energy and diligence will certainly arouse an interest that will bear rich fruition.

I will be glad if you will command me at any time when I can serve you, or serve RECREATION. Fraternally yours,

John H. Wallace, Jr.

Who will head a movement to educate the masses and especially the children of the present generation to preserve the birds of plumage, of which millions are annually killed, exported and sent back to the United States to adorn the ladies' hats and for other purposes of decoration? A wanton destruction of these birds is continually going on along the coast country, and unless checked in its incipiency these beautiful sea birds which have so long been one of the chief attractions along the coast country will be exterminated.—San Antonio, Tex., Express.

The movement is already "headed" and is sweeping over the whole country. Its influence is already shown and felt in 36 States, including yours. Tell your readers to join the L. A. S., Mr. Editor, and aid in this great work. The League is doing the very things you say should be done and it needs the co-operation of every sportsman and nature lover in Texas, as well as in all the other States. May we not have the aid of the "Express"?

Since the last issue of RECREATION the Illinois Division has been organized, as will be seen by reference to the official directory. This makes 12 divisions now in working order. There are others to be formed soon, and every friend of RECREATION should make it his business to aid in extending the membership of the League.

The chief warden of this new division is Mr. H. W. Loveday, the present State game warden of Illinois. He has deputies scattered all over the State who will be appointed local wardens of the League. Thus the State force will greatly strengthen the League and vice versa.

Your crusade against game hogs interests me. The L. A. S. is opposed to the sale of game. Why not make it binding on members, that they shall not sell any of the product of their rods or guns. Let us practice what we preach. Let us stand up, declare and maintain, that any man who turns his hunting or fishing skill to pecuniary profit, or who over-kills, is a "professional hunter," not a "sportsman," and therefore ineligible to membership in the League. Then turn about and see if better privileges cannot be obtained for sportsmen than for professionals.

Wm. G. Reed, Boston, Mass.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

MEETING OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE A. A. A.

This year's session of the Intercollegiate A. A. A., held in New York on February 25th, was one of the stormiest in years. "Reform" was the watchword, though many of the delegates differed as to the measures to be taken to insure a healthier condition of intercollegiate sport. When the Executive and Advisory Committee adjourned on Friday night, February 24th, everything was in a chaotic state. Harvard insisted on the amendments presented by her representatives. After a long discussion concessions were made by the framers of the University of Pennsylvania amendments and a combination formed, including Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania, by which a majority of the delegates were brought into line on the principal subjects involved.

The following answered to the roll call when the annual meeting was called to order:

R. S. Fuling, Boston College; W. H. H. Knipe and F. M. Taylor, College of the City of New York; C. Hans Van Baur and Frank Steven, Columbia University; R. H. Ripley, Jr., Cornell University; T. A. Lynch, Dartmouth College; P. B. Reilly, Fordham College; James P. B. Duffy and J. E. Mulligan, Georgetown University, Washington; B. H. Hayes, F. R. Nourse and J. T. Roche, Harvard University; E. B. Conklin, Haverford College; J. F. Donnelly, Holy Cross College; R. W. Fuller, B. J. Meyers and W. L. Williams, Lafayette College; Rodney M. Heggie and Samuel W. Hicks, New York University; H. Kennedy Hill and C. L. McKeihan, University of Pennsylvania; Keith Donaldson and John R. Cregan, Princeton University; A. H. Shearer, Rutgers College; J. P. Broomell, Swarthmore College; John C. Boland, Syracuse University; H. H. Lehman, Williams College; J. M. Magee, J. D. Dana and T. R. Fisher, Jr., Yale University; W. I. Lee, Hamilton College.

After the minutes of the previous meeting were read, Hamilton College was admitted to membership and her representative allowed to vote. The following institutions were dropped from the roll because of arrears in last season's dues:

Boston University, Brown, California, Iowa, Lehigh, Leland Stanford, Michigan, Pennsylvania State College, Wesleyan, and Wisconsin.

A motion was made to drop from membership all the colleges that had not complied with Article III. of the Constitution which imposes a fine of $25 on each college that has not made a report of at least one athletic meeting held under its auspices during the preceding year. When the Secretary announced that only 5 colleges had complied with the rule, the motion was changed, calling for the report and imposing a fine if not submitted before April 1st.

G. T. Kirby, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, then reported what his committee had done, and submitted the amendments to the Constitution as altered and recommended by the Executive Committee.

The following change was then made to Article 7, providing for the appointment of a Faculty Committee. The amendment was adopted in the following form:

The President of the association, immediately after his election, shall appoint a faculty committee of four, a member being designated from its faculty by each of the four universities or colleges making the highest scores in points at the previous annual field meeting.

The rule shutting out the alumni from the future meetings of the association was championed by the Harvard delegates. The Advisory Committee recommended that any alumnus or ex-member of the Executive Committee be allowed to be present and make motions at the meetings, while the Harvard rule required that a 2-3 vote of the association be obtained before any person other than a delegate be called upon for advice. A compromise was effected as follows:

Any member or ex-member of an executive or advisory committee or any ex-officer shall be allowed to enter into discussion, but not to vote. Any alumnus may get the floor on a two-thirds vote of the association.

The next article which came up for discussion was No. 17, which was amended as follows after much wrangling:

If a student has represented a college in any intercollegiate track meeting in which more than 3 colleges or universities participate and has won a point—a point meaning first, second, or third place—in any event, he shall not be eligible to represent any other college he may hereafter attend in the intercollegiate meeting until he shall have resided 2 calendar years at the college or university he represents and has passed an annual examination or 2 full years' work. This amendment not to be retroactive, but affecting only those who enter college after the date of the adoption of this amendment.

Harvard and Princeton have long fought the discrimination made by the association against the schoolboys who have won prizes in games before entering college. As finally amended the section of the constitution dealing with the question now allows the schoolboys to compete and win prizes in games held by clubs, etc.

The great contest of the meeting was over the powers of the Faculty Committee. At Harvard's suggestion the rule prepared by the Advisory Committee, limiting the right of appeal to the Faculty Committee from the findings of the Executive Committee only in regard to questions of standing in college, was changed to allow appeal in all cases of eligibility for competition. Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania stood together on this question, and the increased power was given the Faculty Committee.

But few changes were made in the by-laws. The proposal to insert a relay race was squelched. The order of the track games on the final day is to be as follows:

100-yard run, semi-final heat; 120-yard hurdle, semi-final heat; one-mile run; 440-yard run, final heat; 120-yard hurdle, final heat; 100-yard run, final heat; 2-mile run; 220-yard hurdle, semi-final heat; 220-yard run, semi-final heat; one-half mile run; 220-yard hurdle, final heat; 220-yard run, final heat.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are, President, Keith Donaldson, Princeton; Honorary Vice-Presidents, J. C. Boland, Syracuse University; P. B. Reilly, Fordham College; Secretary, J. B. Van Vleck, New York University; Treasurer, W. R. Quinn, Columbia; Executive Committee, T. R. Fisher, Jr., Yale; F. R. Nourse, Harvard; R. H. Ripley, Jr., Cornell; C. L. McKeehan, University of Pennsylvania.

The Executive Committee appointed Mr. W. B. Curtis referee of the annual championship meet, and Oliver Shiras, manager.

At a meeting of the delegates interested in cycling the Intercollegiate Bicycle Racing Association was formed. The constitution and by-laws of the Track and Field Association were adopted with the wording changed to suit bicycling.

It was decided to leave the time and place of the annual meeting to the Executive Committee.

H. N. Hall of Columbia was elected to the presidency. The colleges only were voted for by the delegates in regard to the other positions which are to be distributed as follows: Secretary, New York University; Treasurer, Cornell; Executive Committee, University of Pennsylvania, Yale, Princeton and Harvard.

TO CONTROL ROWING EVENTS.

Few who read the names of the officers of the Highland Rowing Association of the Hudson will be able to realize immediately what an effect that organization is to have on our rowing interests. The names of Mr. C. E. Lambert and the other gentlemen associated with him as officers of the association are a guarantee that the new organization will have to do only with *amateur* rowing. I am assured by the president that only college rowing is to be encouraged by this new body. It has been formed with the aim of seeing,

1st. That the college crews rowing on the Hudson are properly welcomed and cared for.

2d. That the course is properly policed on the day of the race, and that the competing crews are protected from interference in the best possible manner;

3d. That arrangements shall be made for the holding each year of a great international regatta of college crews on the Hudson.

One hundred gentlemen, well known for their liberality, and for their love of amateur sport, have willingly become the patrons of the Highland Association. It is only a question of time when we shall have a series of international regattas held in this country that will eclipse anything of the kind held heretofore in any country.

The Highland Rowing Association is the most sportsmanlike proposition that has been made in this country for years, and deserves all the encouragement every amateur, every collegian, and every lover of amateur sport can give it.

THE CREWS.

Now that the aquatic affairs of the rowing colleges are settled, the different crews are hard at work, all determined that if any effort on their part can bring them in at first place it shall be made.

Harvard is training diligently, and is determined to conquer Yale if possible. The men have now been in training about 2 months, and an increased interest in rowing is being shown on all sides. The Crimson has only to try to beat Yale this season, and the attention of coaches and men is not being distracted by looking after a third crew.

Of last year's 'varsity eight, Captain Higginson, 4; Biddle, 7; Harding, 5; and Kernan, 2, are still in college. With the exception of Biddle all these men will try for places in the '99 boat. Of last year's substitutes, Perkins, Marvin, and Blake will row again. All the members of last year's freshman crew have returned to Cambridge, and as every man is now training with his class crew they may all be regarded as candidates for the 'varsity. In addition to these men there are several promising freshmen who have rowed before going to college, and a number of upper classmen with considerable previous experience in their class boats or on the crews of the Weld Boat Club.

Among the more promising 'varsity candidates, together with their weights, are:

Higginson, 1900, 165; Harding, 1900, 164; Kernan, 1900, 170; Perkins, '99, 183; Marvin, '99, 166; Blake, '99, 160; Peyton, '01, 182; Lawrence, '01, 178; Hawkins, '01, 160;

Boardman, '99, 170; Campbell, '02, 182; Land, '01, 175; Donald, '99, 190; Tilton, '00, 175; Byrd, '00, 168; and Heath, '00, 182.

Cornell should have another fast crew this year if present appearances count for anything. Coach Courtney has excellent material to work with, even if the conditions are not as favorable as they were a year ago. Some disappointment was manifested by those in charge of Cornell's aquatics when only 2 men who rowed on the '98 crew reported for the preliminary practice: Dalzell, bow, and Beardsley, 6, were the 2 men who answered the call for candidates, though both Wakeman and Baily will probably be rowing before long. Briggs, Savage, Moore, and Bentley are not in the University this year. It is said that Sweetland and Holloway, 2 of the '98 substitutes, will train again this season. Hanmer, of the 1900 crew, and Carter, who was stroke of the '97 'varsity until forced to give up on account of illness, will row this year.

Other 1900 men scheduled to come out are Colt, Smallwood, Ihlder and Shire, while almost all of the 1901 men will try for 'varsity seats.

Manager Gould of the Cornell Navy has been in Poughkeepsie trying to arrange for quarters for his crew, and conferring with the officials of the Highland Rowing Association. Up to the present no definite quarters have been decided on for Cornell.

The following are the statistics of the more prominent candidates trying for the Cornell eight:

E. B. Carter, weight 156, age 22, height 5.10½; R. W. Beardslee, 160, 22, 5.11; C. W. Coit, 160, 22, 6; C. H. Kraatz, 165, 19, 5.11½; E. J. Torney, 168, 19, 5.9; N. O. Tiffany, Jr., 152, 22, 5.10; T. B. Little, 173, 19, 6.1; W. Caldwell, 191, 21, 6.2; S. S. Lowenthal, 172, 19, 5.10; C. H. Briggs, 134, 20, 5.10; W. C. Dalzell, 164, 22, 5.10; N. L. Ritchie, 110, 20, 5.4; M. C. Shire, 140, 21, 5.8½; G. O. Wagner, 150, 22, 5.8½; C. H. Fay, 160, 21, 5.11½; S. W. Hartley, 160, 20, 5.10½; S. S. Estabrook, 153, 21, 5.8½; R. W. Robbins, 155, 18, 5.8½; C. A. Tryon, 155, 24, 5.8½; C. B. English, 160, 22, 5.9; J. C. Otis, 154, 19, 5.9; H. S. Sleicher, 168, 21, 5.11½; H. E. Vanderhoef, 164, 21, 5.9; D. R. Thomas, 150, 19, 5.8; L. S. Lyon, 155, 20, 5.9½; A. W. Palmer, 152, 20, 5.9; J. H. Massie, 162, 22, 6.1; H. E. Holloway, 160, 21, 6; L. A. Rice, 170, 24, 6.1; S. C. Hulse, 150, 20, 5.10; L. E. Hanmer, 162, 25, 5.10½; J. B. White, 160, 24, 5.10½; C. B. Smallwood, 174, 23, 5.10; F. C. Perkins, 180, 20, 6; F. B. Taylor, 166, 20, 5.4½; C. S. Loos, 150, 22, 5.8; M. F. Dirnberger, 165, 23, 5.8; H. Coward, 106, 21, 5.4; S. S. Whitney, 170, 20, 6; W. H. Carrier, 155, 22, 5.10; C. A. Thomas, 175, 21, 5.11; C. W. Wilson, Jr., 165, 19, 5.10½; H. W. Swanitz, 160, 21, 5.11½; E. S. Holcomb, 146, 21, 5.9; W. L. Pate, 112, 20, 5.4.

The candidates for the Yale crew are looking forward to beating Harvard as eagerly as the Harvard men are looking to conquer them. Doctor Gallaudet and Captain Allen are much pleased with the progress made thus far, and Yale is showing her old time vim and energy by getting the men on the water at an earlier date than in many years heretofore. All the candidates are strong and well built, and if bone and muscle count for anything Harvard will have to develop her men considerably in order to equal the condition of the Yale men, who are unquestionably physically superior to the Crimson candidates.

An innovation, so far as Yale is concerned, will be made this year in the rowing at New Haven and New London. In the past the racing squad has been cut down to 12 men at Easter time, but this season 2 full crews will be kept in training up to the day of the race. In this way there will be 2 men trying for each seat in the boat, and every man will be continually kept on his mettle. Here are some interesting facts about some of the prominent candidates:

J. H. Niedecken, 1900. Prepared at St. Paul's School; rowed No. 7 on 1900 crew and No. 5 on last year's University crew. Weight 170 pounds, age 21 years, height 6 feet ½ inch.

R. P. Flint, '99 S. Prepared at Lawrenceville; rowed No. 4 on 1900 crew and on last year's University crew. Weight 170, age 22, height 6 feet.

J. P. Brock, 1900. Captain of 1900 crew. Prepared at St. Paul's; No. 3 on last year's University crew. Weight 175, age 20, height 5 feet 10.

W. B. Williams, 1900. Prepared at DeLancey School; stroked 1900 crew and also last year's University crew. Weight 160, age 20, height 5 feet 10.

H. P. Wickes, 1900. Prepared at Andover; No. 2 on 1900 crew, and also on last year's University crew. Weight 173, age 20, height 5 feet 10½.

F. W. Allen, 1900. Captain. Prepared at Andover; rowed No. 6 on '97 University crew and on '98 University crew. Weight 180, age 21, height 6 feet.

W. E. S. Griswold. Prepared at Black Hall School; rowed on his Freshman crew and No. 7 on '97 University crew. Weight 178, age 22, height 6 feet 1½ inches.

J. C. Greenway, 1900. Prepared at Andover; rowed No. 4 on '97 University crew, and substitute last year. Weight 168, age 22, height 6 feet.

J. W. Cross, 1900. Prepared at Groton School; rowed No. 5 on 1900 crew. Substitute on last year's University crew. Weight 183, age 21, height 6 feet.

R. H. Gillett, 1901 S. Prepared at Hotchkiss School. Substitute on 1901 crew. Weight 187, age 22, height 6 feet.

C. B. Waterman, 1901. Prepared at Detroit High School; rowed bow on 1901 crew. Weight 157, age 20, height 5 feet 8.

H. Auchincloss, 1901. Prepared at the Groton School. Substitute on last year's Freshman crew. Weight 173, age 20, height 6 feet 1.

A. Cameron, Jr., 1901. Prepared at St. Paul's School. Stroked 1901 crew. Weight 163, age 18, height 5 feet 11.

P. H. Hayes, 1900. Prepared at the Buffalo High School. Weight 168, age 19, height 5 feet 11.

P. L. Mitchell, 1901. Prepared at University School. Rowed No. 7 on 1901 crew. Weight 165, age 19, height 5 feet 11.

W. E. Minor, 1900. Prepared at Franklin School. Weight 156, age 21, height 5 feet 9.

F. M. Wheeler, 1901. Prepared at Andover. Weight 171, age 21, height 5 feet 10.

H. Chappell, 1901. Prepared at Bulkley School. Weight 180, age 19, height 5 feet 11.

DeW. B. Casler, 1900. Prepared at Little Falls Academy. Weight 178, age 19, height 5 feet 11.

J. C. Greenleaf, '99 S. Prepared at Westminster School; rowed No. 7 on last year's University crew. Weight 170, age 20, height 6 feet.

R. L. Atkinson, 1901. Prepared at Smith Academy; rowed No. 3 on last year's Freshman crew. Weight 167, age 19, height 5 feet 9½.

J. A. Keppleman, 1901. Prepared at Andover. Rowed No. 2 on 1901 crew. Weight 170, age 21, height 5 feet 9.

T. Kelley, 1900 S. Prepared at Lawrenceville. Weight 184, age 19, height 5 feet 11½.

L. M. Thomas, 1901. Prepared at St. Paul's School. Weight 165, age 20, height 5 feet.

G. P. Stillman, 1901. Prepared at St. Paul's School. Substitute on last year's Freshman crew. Weight 185, age 19, height 6 feet 1.

H. P. Olcott, 1901. Prepared at Betts Academy; rowed No. 4 on 1901 crew. Weight 180, age 20, height 5 feet 11½.

F. G. Brown, 1901. Prepared at Groton School; captain of 1901 crew. Weight 190, age 20, height 6 feet 2.

R. A. McGee, 1900 S. Prepared at the Taft's School; rowed No. 6 on 1900 crew, and substitute on last year's University crew. Weight 185, age 22, height 6 feet 1.

R. M. Patterson, 1900. Prepared at Tudor; rowed bow on 1900 crew. Weight 155, age 22, height 5 feet 11.

R. M. Newport, Jr., 1901. Prepared at Westminster; rowed No. 5 on 1901 crew. Weight 172, age 20, height 5 feet 11.

J. M. Patterson, 1901. Prepared at St. Paul's. Substitute on 1901 crew. Weight 163, age 20, height 6 feet.

J. D. Ireland, 1900 S. Prepared at St. Paul's School. Substitute on 1901 crew. Weight 160, age 21, height 6 feet.

The Columbia crew candidates for both the 'varsity and freshmen eights are training regularly every day. Up to the first of March the Hudson and the Harlem were too full of ice to permit any regular rowing. While the crews did get out for a spin now and then, most of the work has had to be done on the machines. The 'varsity squad now numbers about 12 men, while 2 full freshmen crews are rowing daily. In addition to training the regular 'varsity eight, Coach Peet is busy with the candidates for the crew which will row in May against Annapolis and against the eights entered in the Harlem Regatta.

There is no doubt that Columbia will have this year a crew that is fully the equal of her '95 eight. Almost all of the candidates are veteran oarsmen, and are a strong, husky lot of men. Coach Peet is well pleased with the progress that has been made, and the men are rapidly acquiring that form and finish for which Doctor Peet's crews are noted.

Coach Ward says that never in the history of rowing at Pennsylvania have the chances for a winning crew been so good. The men are showing fine form, and the interest taken in rowing is greater than at any time in the past few years. The crews have only been able to take a few practice spins on the river, up to the present time, but it is hoped from now on the conditions will be such as to allow daily work on the water without any interruption. Taken altogether the chances of a winning eight seem to be excellent, and all Pennsylvanians are hoping they may be as fortunate at Poughkeepsie as they were at Saratoga.

GOSSIP OF THE TRACK.

The outlook for a strong track team at Cornell this year is exceptionally good. All of last year's team are back at college with the single exception of Powell, who will be greatly missed. Warner, however, has shown great improvement in his jumping, and he may be able to improve on his 5 feet 8 inches this year. Outside of the sprints and shot puts there is no event that will not have good men trying for it, and it is highly probable that some strong men can be developed for the events mentioned from the new material in the Freshman class. Of the old men there will be Hastings and Vreeland in the quarter, both of whom are able to run under 53 seconds; Walter and Clark in the low hurdles, and Yale, Ripley and Alexander in the high hurdles, all of whom can go pretty close to the record. Ripley holds the college record, with a jump of 21 feet 9 inches, while in the long distance runs Barrett, Sweat, Tuttle and Yeatman should improve over last year and make the competition for the team in these events very keen. Kinsey, Young, and Tomey are the most prominent candidates for the pole vault, the former being the best man Cornell has ever had in this event. He holds the college record of 10 feet 2½ inches. Taylor, Baker and Joseph are about the best of the sprinters. Young and Seuder in the shot and hammer are not up to the standard, and the Freshman class is being relied on to a great extent to furnish the men for these events.

Captain Potter and Rush are the only '98 men missing from the '99 Princeton track team. The strength of the '99 team lies in Captain Cregan who captured the mile and the half mile last year; Jarvis, the four-forty winner; and Bottger at the shot. There are a few good freshmen, Hutchinson leading, in the hurdles.

Princeton expects to be strong in all the running events, but weak in the field sports. As usual the team will be small, and for that reason Princeton will not take many seconds and thirds.

Princeton will be much stronger in both the hurdles this year, owing to the going to college of Hutchinson, '02. He has made the high hurdles in 16 1-5 seconds. Wheeler, who won a point in the intercollegiate meet in '97, will train for both hurdles this season.

In the half-mile, besides Captain Cregan, are Gaskill, 1900, and Bachelor, '02. Cregan and Palmer will enter the 2 mile race. Besides Bottger, Kearney, '02, and Pell, '02, are candidates for the shot-put. The hammer throwers are new men—Riley, '02, and Mills, '02. Carroll, 1900, won a point out of the high jump in '97, and ought to come close to winning the event this year. Bottger and Gardiner, '02, are candidates for the broad jump. Moore, '02, will try the pole vault.

Captain Stevens and Trainer Mack are much pleased with the men who answered the call for candidates for the Columbia track team. Columbia's strongest event will undoubtedly be the quarter-mile, in which Captain Stevens and Maxey Long are first class men. Rosenthal will show up well in the mile, and Cogan and De Mille are the best men in the half-mile. Hackett leads in the 2-mile run, while O'Rourke, Van Bauer, Powers, Barker, and Reynolds, from Leland Stanford, will take charge of Columbia's hurdling interests. The chief reliance in the sprints is placed on Long and Stevens, the quarter-milers, though Trainer Mack has great hopes of Johnson, Bucholz, Pratt, Wolf, Weisse, and Ryttenberg. The team is deplorably weak in the high jump. In the weights, Wells is throwing the hammer near the 130 foot mark, while Bruce is around 40 with the shot.

Candidates for the Yale track team presented themselves to the number of 137, and among them are almost all the old men now in college. The '98 men who have left college are not many, and taking it all in all the prospects for a strong team are bright. It will be hard to fill the place of Captain Perkins in the hurdles, and the loss of Cadwalader and O'Donnell in the weight events, Van Beuren in the hurdles, and Byers and Chappell in the sprints will be severely felt, though the general opinion is that the places can be acceptably filled. Waller, '99 S., the high jumper, who enlisted in the Rough Riders, is expected to make a good showing this season. Boardman, 1902, shows promise in the quarter-mile, and Chittenden, 1902, in the long distance runs. Hunter, 1902, in the broad jump, and Barnard, 1901 S., in the hurdles, are expected to do some good work for the Blue.

There is little doubt that the chief contest in the intercollegiate games will lay between Harvard and Pennsylvania, with the chances for honors now about even. In all probability Yale and Princeton will have a sharp contest for a place. Of course either of these may spring a surprise on their competitors. Columbia and Cornell should run close when the final score is counted.

The joint gymnastic exhibition given by the teams of Yale and the University of Pennsylvania was participated in by the following men: Yale—R. G. Clapp, '99 S., captain; E. L. Eliason, 1901; L. H. Schutte, '99; A. H. Terry, P. G.; W. K. Shepard, P. G.; G. H. Whipple, 1900; W. L. Otis, 1900, and M. J. Whitley, 1901 S. Pennsylvania—McCracken, Weaver, Gibbons, Gordon, Taylor, Williams, Gengenbalt, Stephens, Crane, Stout, Geer, and Saul.

Gideon Perrie, the professional Canadian weight thrower, has been training the Harvard shot putters for some time past. Flanagan has charge of the Crimson hammer throwers, and they are already showing the valuable effects of his training. W. F. Garcelon has made great progress with the hurdlers at Cambridge, and Harvard should show up well in hurdling.

The dual track and field games between Yale and Harvard will be held this year at New Haven, and the date has been announced as May 13.

ODDS AND ENDS.

At the last meeting of the Intercollegiate Cricket Association the officers were chosen for the ensuing year as follows: President, A. W. Jones, University of

Pennsylvania; Vice-President, W. S. Hinchman, Haverford College; Secretary and Treasurer, R. Houghton, Harvard. The association comprises at present only Harvard, Pennsylvania and Haverford, but it is expected both Yale and Princeton will enter teams in the competition this year. A committee consisting of R. S. Holland, Harvard; F. A. Evans, Haverford, and O. Paul, Pennsylvania has been appointed to arrange a Canadian match with the all-college 11. Another committee, consisting of J. P. Morris, Haverford, A. W. Jones, Pennsylvania, and R. Houghton, Harvard, was appointed to award last year's intercollegiate prize bats. The championship cup for 1898 was awarded to Haverford, and the following partially completed schedule has been arranged for this season: Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, May 16th, at Cambridge; Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, May 19th and 20th, at Philadelphia; Harvard vs. Haverford, May 26th and 27th, at Cambridge.

Anything that has for its object the raising of the standard of college athletics, no matter what the branch, should be encouraged in every possible way. Sport for gentlemen cannot be too pure. The newspapers of late have been full of proposed amendments to the constitution of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association which Harvard, supported by Yale, intends introducing at the annual meeting of the association.

The first amendment is to Article 14 of the constitution, and reads: "No delegate shall represent a university or college at the annual meeting unless he be a student in attendance at that university; but an alumnus, ex-member or graduate may be called in for advice by a two-thirds vote of the association."

The second amendment is to Article 18: "A student shall be allowed to compete at the intercollegiate meeting 4 times, and no more. This applies to all departments, medical school, law school, academic, etc. If a student has represented a college in any intercollegiate track meeting of any sort, and has won a point, a point meaning first, second or third place in any event, he shall not be eligible to represent any other college he may thereafter attend, in the intercollegiate meeting. This amendment not to be retroactive, but affecting only those who enter college after the date of the adoption of this amendment."

Both of the proposed amendments are very apt, and will contribute greatly to the raising of the general athletic standard. Any talk of Yale and Harvard withdrawing from the association if their ideas are not accepted, is utter nonsense. Yale and Harvard are not the only colleges in the country which desire purity in athletics. The amendments, if proposed in the proper manner, will undoubtedly be accepted by the association because of their merit, and not because any 2 colleges refuse to compete under any other terms.

An executive committee shall consist of the chairman, secretary and one other member appointed by the chairman, and said committee shall have the power to arrange the play-off in case of a tie, and to attend to any other business.

On a definite arrangement of the schedule the executive committee shall decide which captain in each game played shall appoint a referee. The name of referee thus chosen must be submitted to the other captain for approval.

The managers of the different teams shall consult with the managers of the rinks in reference to the expenses of each team, and the guarantee necessary. A game forfeited is a game lost. A meeting of this body of representatives shall be held at the end of the season, unless the chairman sees fit to call such a meeting sooner.

The resolutions were signed by the following: J. S. Williams, Jr. and A. M. Henderson, Columbia; S. Stoddard and G. S. Mittendorf, Yale; C. S. Hoyt, Brown, and W. E. Wallace and B. D. Parish, Pennsylvania.

Yale has taken a stand with her own athletes that every other college should imitate. All track, baseball and football men have been instructed not to join athletic club teams where the expenses of representatives are paid. All the Yale men who in the past have played on the teams of clubs suspected of paying their representatives' expenses, have been brought up with a sharp turn.

As soon as a man makes a reputation in college he is immediately besieged by the representatives of the different clubs, all of whom offer to pay the athlete's expenses if he will but consent to represent the agent's organization during the summer. If all the universities and colleges would follow the example set by Yale this growing evil might be suppressed.

A detailed statement of receipts and disbursements on account of the Princeton '98 football team is given below for the reason that it furnishes a fair estimate of the necessary cost of running a first class eleven.

The statement is as follows:

Receipts—Games in Princeton—Lafayette, $226.50; Cornell, $2,176.04; Virginia, $294.50; Yale, $12,804.96; other games, $452.65. Total, $15,954.70. Games away from Princeton, $1,157; training table, $527.61; sundry receipts, $11. Total, $17,650.31.

Disbursements — Guarantees, $1,868.37;

traveling expenses of team, $1,182.94; suits and athletic supplies, $1,222.98; doctors and drugs, $784.59; rubbers and rubbing materials, $252.64; coaching expenditures, $1,596.71; police, $45; officials, $140.69; personal expenses, captain and managers, $91.76; training table, $2,149.62; Yale game stands, $5,075; carpenter work, $224.77; livery, $27.50; postage, printing and stationery, $32.20; telegraph, $57.25; traveling expenses of individuals, $132.13; incidentals, $238.87. Total, $15,923.02. Balance January 25, 1899, $1,727.29.

Following is a list of names of the men who answered the call for candidates for the Yale baseball team:

Pitchers—C. P. Cook, 1901 S.; W. P. Scott, 1901; J. W. Clark, 1900; F. R. Serles, 1901; G. N. Whittlesey, 1900; C. M. Hall, '99 S.; E. Alexander, 1900; R. Russell, 1900; F. C. Hecker, 99; W. R. Lane, 1900 L. S.; W. J. McConnell, 1900 L. S.

Catchers—A. Newcombe, '99 S.; G. E. Hecker, 99; P. C. Kiefer, 1901; A. C. Augur, 1901; A. M. Hirsh, 1901.

First Base—O. W. Platt, 99; C. B. Buckingham, 1901; F. C. Robertson, 1901; W. W. Davis, P. G.; C. G. Pearce, 1901; A. H. Sharpe, M. S.; E. Cutter, 1900 S.; D. L. DeGolyer, 1901 S.; J. W. Wear, '99.

Second Base—A. W. Davis, '99; K. Twining, 1901; W. R. Hitt, 1901.

Third Base—H. S. Wallace, 1901; W. B. Hubbard, 1900 S.; E. H. Brown, 1901; W. Noyes, '99; C. C. Mix, L. S.; H. D. Wescott, 1901; G. A. Droste, 1901.

Short Stop—W. P. Irwin, 1900 S.; S. B. Camp, 1900; C. W. Bronson, 1900; E. D. Brown, 1901.

Outfield—S. L. Coy, 1901; G. M. Clarke, 1901; W. W. Taylor, 1900 S.; G. A. Lyon, 1900; W. C. Senger, 1900; E. L. Eliason, 1901; M. C. Pearshall, 1900 S.; N. T. Montague, '99; W. H. Swenarton, 1900 S.; J. H. Wear, 1901; J. L. Boyce, 1901; G. W. Simmons, 1900; H. B. Wallace, '99.

The Weld Boat Club of Harvard will enter crews this spring in the Harlem Regatta, held in May, and in the Metropolitan Regatta on June 17th. Columbia will also have her second crew entered in the Harlem Regatta.

The schedule of games so far arranged by Manager Wilson of the New York University Baseball Team, is as follows:

April 5, Columbia, at Ohio Field; April 15, Wesleyan, at Middleton; April 20, Dickinson College, at Ohio Field; April 22, Trinity, at Ohio Field; April 27, Syracuse, at Ohio Field; May 4, Lafayette, at Ohio Field; May 6, Rutgers, at New Brunswick; May 10, Fordham College, at Fordham; May 17, Lafayette College, at Easton; May 20, Manhattan College, at Manhattan Field; May 24, Fordham College, at Ohio Field; May 27, Rutgers, at Ohio Field; June 3, Manhattan, at Ohio Field.

The Athletic Association of the University of Pennsylvania will give an intercollegiate relay race meeting on Saturday, April 29th, open to all the colleges and universities of the United States and Canada. There will be 3 races to determine the college championship of America. One race will be for one mile, the 2d for 4 miles, and the 3d for 2 miles. The teams are to be composed of 4 men each.

A banner will be awarded the winning team as a college trophy, and each member of the team finishing first will receive a gold watch. The members of the 2d team will each receive a silver cup. The rules of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association are to govern the contests, and there is to be no entrance fee. An effort has been made to arrange in groups the colleges that are of about equal strength. Colleges to the number of 72 have been invited to compete and these have been divided into 15 groups of from 4 to 5 colleges in each group.

Yale, it is said, will revert to her old system of training—that is, to have one head coach of recognized ability in each branch of outdoor sport, and to invite as many assistants as possible to help him out. At present the baseball is in charge of "Dutch" Carter. Dr. Gallaudet controls the rowing, and C. H. Sherrill is the graduate power in track athletics, while Copeland is in charge of the active training of the men. The football coach is to be a prominent graduate and an ex-captain, who will have power similar to that given to Carter, Gallaudet, and Sherrill.

The following men responded to the call for lacrosse team candidates at Harvard.

F. H. Purington '99, E. R. Fay '01, C. F. Curley 2L., G. H. Breed '00, N. P. Breed 2M., C. R. Woods '00, J. A. H. Keith '99, R. E. Smith '02, M. T. Nichols '01, R. S. Hardy '01 and H. K. Boutwell '00.

It is expected that the team will make a trip as far South as Baltimore during the Easter vacation to play Johns Hopkins, Swarthmore, Lehigh and possibly Stevens. A game has been arranged with the Crescent Athletic Club for May 13th. The Intercollegiate League games between Harvard, Columbia and Cornell are to be held on May 12th and 15th.

The first 2 contests for the Banks cups for all-round in-door athletics, at the New York University, resulted as follows: High jump, won by Samuel Jones, '02, 5 feet 6 inches; second, R. Brogan, '02, 4 feet 11 inches; third, Caleb Hyatt, '01, 4 feet 10 inches. One hundred-yard dash, won by Arthur Denchfield in 11 4-5 seconds: Samuel Jones, second, 12 seconds. Pole vault, won by Samuel Jones, '02, 9 feet 5 inches; second, F. Macdonald, '00, 9 feet 3 inches, 175-yard hurdle race, won by James Van Vleck, '00, 23 2-5 seconds; Samuel Jones, '02, second, 23 3-5 seconds; Stanley Malleson, 1900, third, 24 seconds.

The intercollegiate gymnastic meet will take place on March 24th, and so far 12 of the larger colleges have formally notified the management of their intention of being represented. Six events constitute the programme—horizontal bar, parallel bar, club swinging, tumbling, side horse, and flying rings. It is confidently expected that at least 20 colleges will take part in the contest, and the team winning the greatest number of points will be declared the intercollegiate gymnastic champions.

Following is a complete list of the college baseball captains for 1899:

Amherst, Righter; Brown, Sedgwick; Columbia, Pell; Cornell, Murtaugh; Dartmouth, Drew; Harvard, Haughton; Holy Cross, Brennan; Lafayette, Nevins; Lehigh, Grace; Pennsylvania, Gillinder; Princeton, Kafer; State, Burns; Syracuse, Davis; Tufts, Hazleton; Union, Wiley; Vermont, Aldinger; Wesleyan, Townsend; West Point, Cowan; Williams, Reardon; Yale, DeSaulles.

The Houston Club, at the University of Pennsylvania, is doing its best to turn out a winning water polo team. Swimming Instructor Kistler, has the men in charge and is rapidly creating great interest in the sport on account of the fact that he is taking such excellent care of the men. Among the more promising candidates for places on the team are: E. J. Schoffer, J. M. Ruegenburg, G. C. Smith, E. G. Shaffer, W. Reibenach, J. D. Park, D. W. Graham, P. B. Coll, T. S. Stewart, R. C. Stewart, E. A. Corbin, F. P. Richardson.

At the annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association the following officers were elected: President, C. L. Dewitt, of Amherst; H. S. Pratt, of Brown, Vice-President; and C. Billington, of Wesleyan, Secretary. Three applications for membership in the association were received. The University of Maine was admitted, Holy Cross was refused admission, and the application of Boston College was received too late for action.

Princeton has arranged her annual football game with Cornell, to be played at Ithaca. Cornell's other big game will be with the University of Pennsylvania. Harvard will not meet the Ithacans in either football or baseball this year, on account of a misunderstanding as to the place of holding the game. Cornell will also play a game with Columbia at Manhattan Field, New York.

It is expected that the Harvard Lacrosse Team will make a trip as far South as Baltimore during the Easter vacation to play Johns Hopkins, Swarthmore, Lehigh and possibly Stevens. A game has been arranged with the Crescent Athletic Club for May 13th. The Intercollegiate League games between Harvard, Columbia and Cornell are to be held on May 12th and 15th.

Mr. C. A. Nichols of the Boston league team began work with the Amherst baseball men on February 13th. He is paying special attention to the batteries. It is probable that Fred Tenney, also of the Boston team, will coach the field men in their positions and give general instructions in batting.

The schedule of the Princeton Track Team follows:

April 22, open handicap games at Princeton; May 6, schoolboys' games at Princeton; May 10, Caledonian games at Princeton; May 20, Columbia at Princeton; May 26 and 27, intercollegiate events at Mott Haven; May 30, Cornell at Elmira.

The separation of the cycling from the other events at the intercollegiate meeting is a good arrangement. The bicycle races have always been given second place to the other events, whereas the sport is probably the most interesting, from the spectators' point of view, of all the track events. This change should have been made long ago.

E. H. Benner, Yale 1902, has broken last year's strength test records for freshmen by 1,800 pounds. Though he weighs only 146 pounds, his total strength foots up 8,395 pounds. Mr. Benner is said to be the strongest man who ever entered Yale, and is only 17 years of age.

The Yale Golf Club has decided to build a $15,000 club house. Mr. F. L. Chase has been chosen secretary and the following named men, directors of the club:

Professor W. L. Phelps, Joseph T. Whittlesey, Justus Hotchkiss, Walter B. Smith and John Reid, Jr.

The schedule of the Intercollegiate Cricket Association is as follows:

Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, May 16th, at Cambridge; Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, May 19th and 20th, at Philadelphia; Harvard vs. Haverford, May 26th and 27th, at Cambridge.

The August number of RECREATION will contain all the collegiate athletic records of the year. In this way every college athlete and every lover of sport can have at hand an up-to-date record of the chief athletic events of the year.

Manager Eckart of the University of California baseball team has arranged for games with the team of the Leland Stanford University on the following dates: April 8th, 15th, and 19th. The games will be played in San Francisco.

S. Frothingham, Harvard '93, will coach the Crimson baseball team this season. Trainer McMasters will look after the physical condition of the men.

Mr. Irwin J. Munso, 1900, has been elected manager of the University of California football team for the season of 1899.

AMONG THE CLUBS.

The officers of the various New York athletic and yacht clubs elected for the ensuing year are:

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

President, Thomas L. Watson; Vice President, Louis H. Orr; Secretary, Charles L. Burnham; Treasurer, Charles E. Goodhue; Captain, Frederick M. Hausling; Governors for 2 years, Howard P. Frothingham, Albert E. Colfax, Edward W. Kearney, Charles J. Kintner, Frederick T. Adams, Frank Keck, Joseph J. O'Donohue, Jr., and R. H. Goffe, Jr.

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB.

Members of the Governing Committee for the class of 1902: G. C. Adams, J. Herbert Bagg, Campbell C. Brown, Howard Horton, Charles J. Maguire, C. B. Van Brunt.

Members of the Nominating Committee for 1899: George L. Duval, James B. Leary, C. E. McMahon, W. R. Robinson, E. L. Snediker.

NATIONAL CYCLING ASSOCIATION.

President, Fred House, Harlem Wheelmen; First Vice-President, H. J. Bloenecke, Newark, N. J.; Second Vice-President, J. M. Gentle, Riverside Wheelmen; Secretary, P. A. Brock, Jersey City.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

Commodore, J. Pierpont Morgan; Vice-Commodore, Lewis Cass Ledyard; Rear-Commodore, August Belmont; Secretary, J. V. S. Oddie; Treasurer, F. W. J. Hurst; Measurer, John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M.D. Regatta Committee—S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell. Committee on Admission—C. Oliver Iselin, Lewis Cass Ledyard, Henry C. Ward, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., and James A. Wright. House Committee—Tarrant Putnam, Edward F. Darrell and Frank M. Cronsie. Library Committee—Fordham Morris, Arthur H. Clark and Theodore C. Zerega. Committee on Club Stations—William H. Thomas, Frederick H. Benedict, F. August Schermerhorn, L. Vaughan Clark, Tarrant Putnam, Frederick P. Sands, Harrison B. Moore, John P. Duncan, Amzi L. Barber and Edward R. Ladew.

HUDSON RIVER YACHT CLUB.

Commodore, Dr. E. J. Ranhofer; Vice-Commodore, T. H. Hall; Rear-Commodore, John Dieden; Secretary, A. S. Bucholtz; Treasurer, E. Spencer Peets; Measurer, D. M. Smith; Fleet Surgeon, D. Benham Spence, M. D.; Steward, John T. Hufnagel; Trustees for 3 years, Dr. C. E. Tallman, B. V. Freeman, E. E. Voelmy; for 2 years, D. W. Chute, M. Ranhofer, and John Kelly; to serve one year, W. H. Donaldson, P. J. Brennan, J. E. Grover and G. A. Steigledger.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

Commodore — Frederick T. Adams, schooner Sachem.

Vice-Commodore—Benjamin M. Whitlock, auxiliary Hildegarde.

Rear-Commodore — Edward Weston, steam yacht Wachusett.

Secretary—David E. Austen.

Treasurer—Howard P. Frothingham.

Measurer—George Hill.

Trustees—George J. Gould, Harrison B. Moore, Calvin Tomkins, Thomas L. Watson, J. A. Mollenhauer and Bartow S. Weeks.

Regatta Committee—David E. Austen, John L. Bliss, and Louis F. Jackson.

Committee on Membership — Spencer Swain, J. M. Ceballos and Frank Sperry.

Library Committee—J. M. Foote, Arthur G. Allen, and J. Wallace Morrell.

Entertainment Committee—Frederick E. Camp, J. M. Tappen and Calvin Tomkins.

Nominating Committee—Jefferson Hogan, Robert P. Doremus, Thomas Barrett, John Cortledge, S. E. Vernon and David H. Valentine.

INWOOD YACHT CLUB.

Commodore, David R. Thorn, Jr.; Vice-Commodore, Walter G. Flitner; Fleet Captain, Washington B. Reed; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Daniel B. Spence; Recording Secretary, Edward G. Rowland; Financial Secretary, Robert Drennan; Treasurer, John G. Beck; Measurer, William Reed; Steward, William G. Wilson.

Board of Directors—William H. Flitner, David R. Thorn, Jr., Charles H. Hitkin, Andrew G. Van Alst, George N. Drennan, Dr. D. B. Spence, Edward G. Rowland, John G. Beck, Walter G. Flitner, Robert Drennan, Robert Veitch and Henry J. Miller.

The following committees for the year have just been appointed by President Norman S. Dike, of the Dyker Meadow Golf Club, Brooklyn: Greens Committee—W. B. Crittenden, William A. Putnam, Charles Adams, Duncan Edwards and Edward Kalbfleisch, Jr. House Committee—Carl H. De Silver, S. Coit Johnson, W. C. Wallace, Graham F. Blandy and William Beard. Handicap Committee—F. J. Phillips, Duncan Edwards and Wyllys Terry. Women's Committee—Mrs. William A. Putnam, Mrs. William Beard, Miss Terry, Miss Elizabeth H. Packard and Miss Grace Chauncey.

THE WOLF'S COMPLAINT.

W. YOUNG.

At the break of the morn, midst the sheltering pines,
A hungry old wolf laid him down.
You could tell by his looks he had seen hard lines,
And he frowned as wolves only can frown.

A mournful look came in his old yellow eyes,
A look that seemed far, far away.
His only remarks were his long drawn sighs,
And this, what they seemed to say:

In the days of the Indians we were strong,
In the brave but by-gone years,
When the Indian warrior sang his song,
We encored with howling cheers.

But the white man came with his breech-loading gun,
His steel-trap, and poisonous bait.
Now no longer we're safe where the range cattle run,
And I tremble to think of our fate.

O where are the packs of my brave comrades gone
That I oftentimes met on the trail?
No answer comes back. They are dead; there are none;
And their fate I thus sadly bewail.

Why is it the white man is ever our foe,
And complains of the game that we kill?
We're not half so bad as some game hogs I know,
For we stop when we've eaten our fill!

But why should I moan? Though our fate is unjust,
Man will change not his death-dealing plan.
Since might must be right, then submit we all must,
The wolf, just the same as the man.

PURE FOOD.

"What a man eats he is."

THE REASON FOR IT.

RECREATION has recently entered the field of college athletics. This department will, in time, be extended to include athletic clubs and outdoor games, such as golf, tennis, cricket, etc.

Good, strong athletes cannot be made unless fed on good pure food; neither can good, tough hunters or fishermen, for that matter. It is therefore eminently proper that RECREATION should instruct and inform its readers as fully as possible as to what foods are good and what are not good, and I have decided to add still another new department to this magazine, to be known as "The Pure Food Department," in which topics relating to this subject will be fully and frankly discussed. No puffing will be done in order to secure advertising; and articles known to be impure will be exposed, entirely regardless of the question of advertising.

EMBALMED FOOD.

E. D. M., M.D.

One of the best results of the Spanish-American war perhaps has been the uncovering of injurious methods of food preservation that seem to have become almost universal without attracting the attention of the people. State boards of health are now awakened to the knowledge of a danger of enormous proportions, and investigations will follow, which, in all probability, will astonish men who innocently "doctored" food products that went oftentimes to their own families. The difference between a chemist's statement and a physician's statement about the harmlessness of chemical food preservatives may be important. Take, for instance, the matter of boracic acid. The chemist will say that boracic acid is quite harmless if used in moderate quantities. He means by that that his text books do not indicate that it is a poison. The physician, on the other hand, who has occasion to make prolonged use of small quantities of boracic acid in diseases like cystitis knows that the patient's appetite will be expected to fail because of the effect of boracic acid, and he has to watch that effect carefully. In one patient the appetite will fail on the first day of treatment; in another the treatment can be carried on for a week; in another patient the treatment can be continued for a fortnight, but the physician knows that practically he may be prevented from obtaining the full beneficial effect of boracic acid in cystitis because the general health of the patient fails too rapidly when the appetite fails. There are occasional cases in which boracic acid produces much more serious disturbance than loss of appetite. This one common feature is a particularly serious one if the citizen does not know the cause of his loss of appetite and continues the use of "doctored" food in his daily diet. All of the "harmless" chemicals which are used for food preservatives have not only a deleterious influence if used continuously in small quantities in their simple form, but they are likely to make chemical combinations of greater potency through reaction with other chemicals that are incidentally taken into the stomach in the varied diet of the civilized man of to-day. The army beef scandals have given momentum to the idea of investigating the extent to which our every-day food is treated with antiseptics by dealers, who may be quite innocent of intentional wrongdoing. There is already evidence that manufacturers of chemical antiseptic food preservatives have been supplying thousands of tons of their products to dealers in food products annually, and that the business has of late grown rapidly. If the Spanish-American war had had no other result than in making this disclosure it is probable that we could well afford to pay the expenses of the war.

THE VALUE OF GOOD FLOUR.

In the last few years great attention has been paid by scientists, biologists and social economists to the question of foods as affecting the happiness, healthfulness, longevity and general welfare of the human family. The attentive study of these questions has brought to the notice of the general public a great variety of appetizing, nutritious cereals, as well as a mass of most valuable information. It is a fact long known, but too little recognized in actual practice, that in the manufacture of superfine white flour, fully 18 per cent. of the muscle making, nerve sustaining nutriments are eliminated and excluded, thus reducing the normal value and strength giving powers of the products to 82 per cent., while were the flour made from the whole wheat the standard would be 100, the unit of perfection.

This waste of 18 per cent., which is entailed in the process of manufacturing white flour, seems insignificant, but the results become startling when we realize that the loss in the food giving power of 600,000,000 bushels of wheat, estimated to have been grown last year, amounts to the positive destruction of 108,000,000 bushels of valuable food bearing nutriments. When we consider that this impoverishment of food product is just 18 per cent. loss of life giving power to humanity, the results are startling. If these statements are correct, the waste of a few years becomes an important factor, for the reason that it affects not only the brain and muscle of the active working force of the world, but the children who are weakened and illy matured by eating bread made from superfine white flour, from which the phosphates and other nutritive elements of the wheat have been removed in the process of manufacture, thereby reducing its tonic value as muscle maker, and brain and nerve force fully 18 per cent. from the standard of 100.

These facts are plainly seen by the following table, which shows by careful analysis the comparative values of a standard barrel (196 pounds) of each variety of flour:

Ingredients.	Franklin Flour of the Entire Wheat.	Average of Two Samples of White Flour.
Water	12.47 pounds.	21.36 pounds.
Fats	2.96 "	1.64 "
Protein	27.81 "	18.68 "
Carbohydrates	150.98 "	153.61 "
Ash	1.78* "	0.71† "
Totals	196.00 pounds.	196.00 pounds.

* Of this 0.98 pound is phosphoric acid.
† Of this 0.45 pound is phosphoric acid.

Dr. Cutter, of Harvard University, has said: "The gluten of cereal foods is their nitrogenized element, which is their life-sustaining value, and this in the white and foolishly fashionable flour is almost entirely removed, while the starch, the inferior element, is left behind and constitutes the entire bulk and inferior nutriment of such flours. To use flour from which the gluten has been removed is almost criminal."

The Franklin Mills, Lockport, N. Y., are making a fine flour from the entire wheat, which contains all the elements of nutrition needed to build up and sustain every part of the human system and thus preserving it to a ripe old age.—The Evangelist.

HYGIENIC BREAD.

The government report of the Alabama agricultural experiment station is devoted to a practical subject of interest to every man and woman, and of especial interest to the cook and housewife. It is a paper on "Flour Considered from the Standpoint of Nutrition," by Lucien M. Underwood, whose essay is as valuable as it is entertaining. We lately called attention to the distinction between white flour and flour from the whole wheat, and their respective food values. In our contention that the most valuable portion of the wheat kernel was lost in the preparation of the former, we are supported by Mr. Underwood. We would like to reprint entire his paper, but must confine ourselves to a very succinct, but comprehensive, statement, which places the matter in a nutshell, and which should receive the unprejudiced attention of every person interested in his own welfare, and that of the children of his household especially. Mr. Underwood writes:

The nutritive food elements of the wheat kernel increase from the interior outward. In the ordinary process of making flour, in which whiteness is regarded as a mark of the greatest purity, all the inner covering and much of the nutritive outer layer of the kernel is bolted out, and only the inner, whiter portion, containing more starch and less proteids, is left. In other words, the finer and whiter a grade of flour is, the less likely it is to contain the most nourishing elements of the wheat.

"The ideal flour, so prepared that all the objectionable elements of the kernel are removed, while all the nutritious parts are left in, is prepared by subjecting it to a process which removes the husky outer coating of the kernel before the grinding takes place, and then grinding the flour without separating any of the proteid portions of the grain from the starch, thus conserving all the nutrition in the grain; the product thus obtained is known as the 'flour of the entire wheat.' The bread made from this flour is of a light brown color, is more moist, richer in flavor, and lacks the dry and unsubstantial character so common in white bread, especially that made by bakers. Having personally used bread made from this flour for the past 14 years, and having compared it with many other kinds, I am prepared to say that I cannot find its equal in nutrition or flavor. . . . It is more easily made than any other kind of bread. Unlike most bread, it does not deteriorate with age, if properly kept, up to a reasonable limit of time. I have taken it on camping expeditions and had it kept for a week with no necessity for renewal and no loss of flavor.

"The peculiarities of bread made from flour of the entire wheat, as a food, are, of course, due to its flour containing all the nutritious elements of the wheat. It thus adapts itself to the needs of the system, and builds brawn, bone, and brain. It is, therefore, specially valuable for young people whose bodies are growing, or for those whose brains are in the process of growth and expansion. We treat our domestic animals better than we do our children by giving the children the flour from which the best and most nutritious elements have been separated, and then giving these same nutritious portions to pigs and cattle." The flour referred to and commended by Mr. Underwood is that produced by the Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y.—Home Journal.

EMBALMED FOOD THREATENS THE HEALTH OF MANY PEOPLE.

Recent articles in several papers about embalming milk, butter and other articles of food have attracted widespread attention, and a bill is now before the New York Legislature to create a State board to inspect and condemn adulterated food. A big fight is to be made against the bill and the Pacific Coast Borax Company had several representatives present at a recent hearing to demonstrate that borax compounds are not injurious, especially when used in embalming food. They were met by a vigorous protest from butter exporters, who showed that embalmed butter is excluded from all the markets of the world except 2, England and France, and that butter containing borax is confiscated as soon as found in 70 of the leading butter buying countries. Proof was also advanced that the chemicals only retarded putrefaction and could not prevent it entirely, while cold and cleanliness would do all that preservatives could to preserve both milk and butter, while they produced no noxious effects.

Dr. Piffard, of New York, said his experience as a physician had taught him that the substances used in embalming butter and milk are injurious and should not be tolerated.

J. A. North, of New York, produced a sample of butter that had been treated with preservatives and showed that they did not prevent its decay. He laid great stress on the immense loss to this country which comes from the use of embalming compounds by butter makers. He said no foreign country, except Great Britain and France, would permit preserved butter to come into its markets, and that this bar had caused great losses to the butter exporters of New York City. Letters produced by him proved that less than ¼ of one per cent. of borax used as a preservative had caused the loss of an entire shipment of butter to the Santiago expedition.

He added that he did not believe the people wanted embalmed butter any more than they wanted embalmed beef.

When the use of borax in embalming foods reaches such a point that a company mining it can afford to send agents here from California to fight for its retention in the trade, it is high time the law makers should call a halt on such work.

HOW COFFEE, FLOUR, CATSUP, AND BUTTER ARE DOCTORED.

Dr. Wheeler, chemist of the Agricultural Department at Albany, has 125 samples of foods obtained from manufacturers and retailers, which give a fair idea of the extent to which such products are doctored in order to cheapen the cost of production.

One interesting exhibit consists of half a dozen samples of counterfeit coffee beans. Most of these consist of dough pressed into the shape of the coffee bean and baked or stained until the color of roasted coffee is obtained. One of the samples has not been analyzed, and its ingredients are not known.

It has been generally believed that when coffee was bought unground the danger of adulteration was avoided; but the samples of "dough" coffee beans now in the possession of Dr. Wheeler could be mixed with regular coffee to the extent of 50 or 75 per cent. of the counterfeit and still escape detection.

In the ground coffee exhibit, ground and roasted pea hulls occupy the most conspicuous place, but there are plenty of others.

A small jar of plaster of paris extracted from a sample of flour is another of the specimens obtained by Dr. Wheeler, and talc and white clay are also in evidence as adulterants of flour.

There is a sample of tomato catsup, the actual ingredients of which are ground pumpkin, with an acid added to give the proper flavor.

Tea dust, worth about 10 cents a pound, is shown as a mixture for teas that sell for 40 to 50 cents a pound.

A strip of paraffine obtained from a sample of butter is another exhibit. Paraffine is a by-product of coal tar and is indigestible, beside being much cheaper than butter.

There are several exhibits of coloring matter used in various food products, such as "sugar yellow" and "sugar orange."

HEALTHFUL FOOD AND HAPPINESS.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table said that "true happiness is four feet on the fender before the fire." Delightful as such an experience is, healthful food and good digestion are absolutely necessary to secure the fullest measure of earthly happiness. Both animal and vegetable life are dependent for healthy growth and development upon proper nutritive elements suited to and adapted to their respective needs and requirements. The character and quantity of food, the time and manner in which it is eaten, will have a marked influence upon the man; his disposition, courage and mental ability. If the farmer by continuous crops has robbed the soil of the natural chemical nutrient elements needed in the growth of the expected harvest, the return for the husbandman's labor will be disappointing and unsatisfactory. The student, artisan, and mechanic, to do perfect work in their respective departments, must have the best nutritive food, a healthy digestion and the most approved tools.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

ALMOST THE LAST OF THE POTTOWATTOMIES.

My old friend Po-Ka-Gon is dead. He was a picturesque character in Michigan politics and history for three-quarters of a century. His story has been told many times and most readers are familiar with it, so I need not recount it here. RECREATION readers knew him best as the author of 2 excellent stories, "The Lord Eagle of the Storm," published in the February, '97, number, and "Ku-Go-Ge, the Wild Goose," published in February, '99. These stories indicate, in a marked degree, the simplicity of Po-Ka-Gon's mind, and, at the same time, his keenness as an observer and student of nature.

When Po-Ka-Gon received his copy of February RECREATION he wrote me as follows:

Hartford, Mich., January 23, 1899.

Dear Editor: Your January number, containing my article on the wild goose, at hand. I have now in press a book entitled "Queen of the Woods," which will be out the first of next month. It gives a history of my father, of myself, of my participation in the World's Fair at Chicago, a brief sketch of the Algaic language, and then the story entitled "Queen of the Woods," embracing my courtship, marriage, life and struggles.

Good judges who have read the manuscript seem to have full faith that it will prove a standard work of its kind. Will send you a copy as soon as out. I do not speak of what I have done to brag, but simply mention it to you, because I feel you are my friend and brother. In fact yours was the first magazine to publish my articles. One sportsmen's magazine rejected one of my articles, which I offered for a year's subscription, and I afterward sold the MS. to a first class magazine for $50. Please excuse me for opening "nin o-daw" (my heart) to you. I would not, did I not believe you know how natural it is for an Indian to place confidence in his friends. May Ki-ji Man-i-to Kaw-ka-naw (the God of all) guard, guide and bless thee, is Po-Ka-Gon's humble prayer.

Chief Simon Po-Ka-Gon.

The dear old Chief will be sadly missed from the wide circle of people who knew him at his home, and by a still wider circle of those who read RECREATION and who love such bits of nature study as he has given them.

This issue of RECREATION has 8 pages more than any previous number. This additional space was rendered necessary by the report of the Annual Meeting of the League of American Sportsmen. I hope, however, to continue the extra form. It will depend somewhat on the growth of advertising business within the next 3 months.

Readers of RECREATION can assist me greatly in developing this department by writing advertisers whose ads. they see in other magazines or sportsmen's journals and which are not found in RECREATION. In such cases it would be well to call the attention of advertisers to the remarkable success of RECREATION; to the fact that it is in much closer touch with its readers than most other magazines, on account of its radical position on game protection, etc.

All readers realize that a magazine of this kind must depend for its existence wholly on its advertising business. I lose money on every subscription I take, and must realize enough on the advertising pages to make up for this loss and, in time, to pay a profit. The more advertising I have the more reading matter I can give you for 10 cents. Let me have your help in this matter. In helping me you will help yourselves.

The aspersions cast upon Admiral Schley by the Navy Department and by Admiral Sampson are in the nature of a national disgrace. The Navy Department and Congress may be regarded as the Court in this case, and Sampson as the prosecuting attorney; but fortunately the American people constitute the jury. Their verdict on Schley's work was rendered on July 4, 1898, and they never have had, and never will have occasion to change it, no matter how much criticism may be heaped upon him as a result of official jealousy. That was the most glorious 4th the Nation has ever known, and Schley's name will always hereafter be closely linked with that of Washington, in celebration of the National Anniversary.

Honor to whom honor is due. We are advertising in 8 or 10 different sportsmen's papers and magazines, and are keeping a careful record of returns from each. RECREATION is so far ahead of all the others that we could better dispense with all of the others than RECREATION.

Gun Bore Treatment Co.,
7 and 9 Warren Street, New York City.

I than you sincerely for the Kenwood sleeping bag you sent me. It is A1 in every respect, and proved the easiest way of getting something for nothing that has yet come to my notice. All my friends are pleased with the magazine, and several have remarked that it seems to get better with each number.

E. Wager-Smith,
1024 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

"ADVERTISED BY OUR LOVING FRIENDS."
—*Shakespeare.*

Every night, in more than 100 theatres in the United States and in Europe, the American Biograph is reproducing its marvelous picture, the New York Central's "Empire State Express," running at 60 miles an hour, and other illustrations of the beautiful scenery along this great line.

At the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, W. H. Crane is delighting the audiences with the account of his first railroad trip, New York to Utica, via "America's Greatest Railroad." No line in the world secures so much free advertising as the New York Central, simply because it forms an important link in the journey round the world, being the only trunk line whose trains start from the city of New York, the second city of the world, and whose through cars reach all the important commercial centers of the continent, and furnish a service for the traveling public that is unapproached by any other line.

SAVING MONEY.

is making money. When you buy merchandise at the maker's price, saving the middlemen's profit between the maker and yourself, you are saving money in earnest. The Despres Distilling Company, of Chicago, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this issue, offers shrewd buyers the opportunity of dealing direct with the distiller and importer in any of the various lines of wet goods they may desire to have on their sideboards or in the medicine chest. The Despres Distilling Company offers whiskey at $2.95 a gallon and will, on request, send circulars and price list of many other bottled goods, wines, brandies, etc., giving uniformly low prices, showing the desirableness of dealing direct with the manufacturer. Mention RECREATION.

In the time of the ancients a superfluous growth of hair on the neck, face and arms was common, and depilatories were no uncommon thing. Nothing, however, was discovered that would permanently remove hair until recently, when Madame Janowitz produced a preparation that entirely exterminates this blight to women. Madame Benoit, who inherited the valuable secret, recently sailed from Paris with the receipt of the preparation, which was used so long and with such success throughout Europe. She is now prepared to send a copy of her booklet, giving the history of the famous Russian Depilatory, to those who may apply for it. This interesting little pamphlet can be had free on application to Madame Benoit, 45 East 42d Street, New York.

I have received an advance copy of Cornwall & Jespersen's new catalogue, which is exceedingly interesting and of which I shall have occasion to speak later. This firm announces a long delay in the preparation of this catalogue, from a desire to include in it a number of new articles and new prices, data for which could not be obtained earlier. They have had a great many calls for the catalogue, and request me to say to people who have not yet received it that the delay was unintentional and unavoidable. Stock will be out in a few days and all orders will be filled promptly. Cornwall & Jespersen's address is 310 Broadway, New York. In writing them, please say you saw their ad. in RECREATION.

Numerous arbitrations in the past 16 years have declared the New York Central the only first-class line between New York and Buffalo. No wonder it carries the bulk of the first-class travel. Its trains are fast and luxurious. Its tracks are 4 in number and smooth as a floor. Its equipment up to date. Its power is superior to any other in the world. You step from the car on the platform of the Grand Central Station in the center of the second city in the world, and on no other line from the West can this be done. Its motto—that of the Empire State—"Excelsior."

The Gun Bore Treatment Co., 7 and 9 Warren Street, New York, has recently applied its process to several guns and rifles for members of the United States Commission to the Philippines. The climate there is not favorable to the preservation of firearms, and the Commissioners are taking no chances with their Savage, Stevens and Parker guns. The Gun Bore people are early in the field and are evidently full-fledged expansionists.

Cornwall & Jesperson, 310 Broadway, are doing a large business in photographic supplies. When I called there the other day I saw several shipments of photographic goods going out; one to the Klondyke, and another to Florida, beside several to nearby points. One fine camera and outfit of supplies was addressed to Mr. Gould, for his yacht.

These people mark all their goods at close prices, which accounts in a large measure for their extensive trade.

Little Ethel—Mamma, what does it rain for?

Mrs. DeHomely—To make the trees and grass grow and everything grow pretty.

Little Ethel—Then why doesn't it rain on Bridget?

CAUTION
HAYNER'S
SEVEN YEAR OLD
RYE
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.
DISTILLERS AND IMPORTERS
DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

Four Full Quarts for $3.20

EXPRESS PREPAID

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your $3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District Ohio." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of PURE whiskey, absolutely free from adulteration, at first cost.

REFERENCES:—THIRD NATIONAL BANK, ANY BUSINESS HOUSE IN DAYTON, OR COM'L AGENCIES.

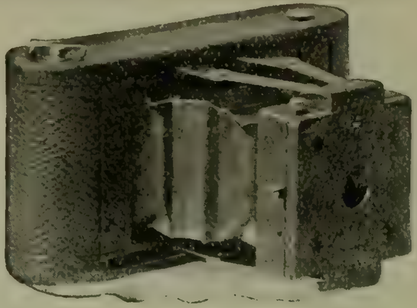
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 605-611 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O.

N. B.—Orders for Arizona, Colorado, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

We guarantee Hayner will do just as agreed.—Editor.

"There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak."

By the Kodak system

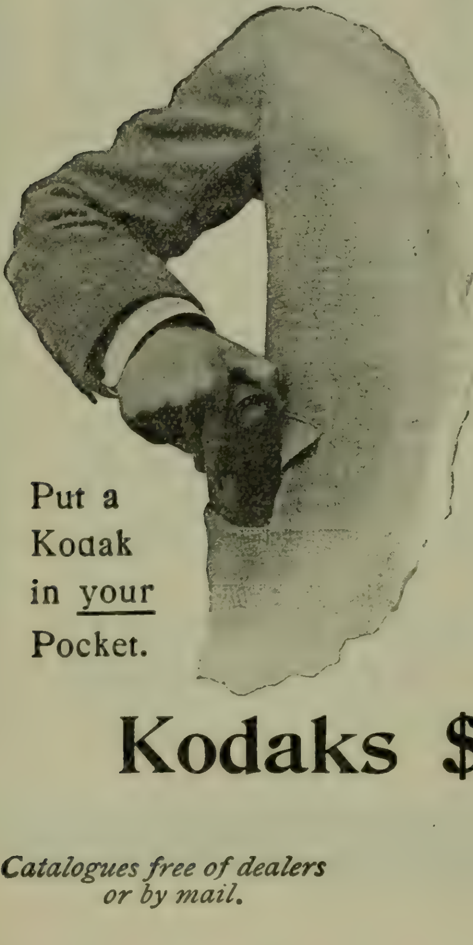


Pocket Photography

becomes simple and practical. The Kodak system does away with heavy, fragile, glass plates and cumbersome plate holders, using non-breakable film cartridges which weigh but ounces where plates weigh pounds. Kodaks can be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight.

The 1899 Folding Pocket Kodaks, really pocket editions of larger cameras, are marvelously compact and mechanically perfect. They slip easily into an ordinary coat pocket and a half dozen cartridges of a dozen exposures each may be carried in another pocket without annoyance.

The Folding Pocket Kodaks are fitted with achromatic lenses of great depth, definition and speed, have our improved automatic shutter, are made of aluminum, covered with fine black morocco, and possess the supreme charm of mechanical ingenuity—they work.



Put a
Kodak
in your
Pocket.

Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogues free of dealers or by mail.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

RECREATION'S FOURTH ANNUAL COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 3 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fourth will be held, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one opened on January 1, '99, and will close September 30, '99.

List of prizes to be announced later.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon, of each subject, which shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON PLATINOTYPE PRINTING.

Beginners with platinotype, says G. E. Brown, in Photo News, often complain of the monotonous coldness of the tone; but warm tones can easily be obtained. The sepia paper can be used or prints can be toned in the uranium bath used for bromides. Better than either of these—for the first method means stocking 2 kinds of paper, and the second cannot be considered permanent—are (1) the addition of mercuric chloride to the developer, and (2) Packham's catechu process. For method (1) make a 10 per cent. solution of mercuric chloride and add a little of this (say 1 dram to 5 ounces) to the ordinary developer. The more mercury added the warmer the tone. The bath containing mercury should be used fresh—certainly within 3 or 4 hours after the addition of the mercury—and after use is thrown away.

The prints should be a little over-printed. They lose density in the acid baths, and should therefore be passed through 2 weak baths as quickly as possible. Therefore keep moving while in the acid so as to remove all iron as completely and at the same time as rapidly as possible.

Packham's process is simple and yields delightful results. A weak solution of catechu powder (obtained from photographic dealers) is made, and the print, after being well washed, is steeped in it till the desired tone is reached. The bath may be used hot or cold. At a temperature of 130° to 150° F. toning takes place in a few minutes. At 60° F. the process takes much longer, but prints require no attention beyond an occasional turn over. Use the hot bath for a single print and the cold bath for a greater number.

Platinotypes, like other matt surface prints, are liable to collect dirt and dust on their surface. To clean them the following method is useful. Make a fairly stiff paste of flour and cold water, of about the consistency of cream. Add to this a little common alum, about half a teaspoonful to a teacupful of flour. Rub all together with a spoon into as smooth a paste as possible. Now with a soft brush apply this paste all over the print, and wash off again under the tap, when it will be found that the paste has gathered up all the dirt out of the grain of the paper, and has left it as clean as on the day it was made. Use plenty of paste on a soft brush, or the more delicate tones of the print may be abraded.

Some taste is required in mounting platinotypes. The mount is a more important factor in the effect produced by the print than in most other processes. Grey boards suit the black toned prints well. For warmer toned proofs brown is suitable. If the negative is masked all round its edges, and the print trimmed so as to leave a white margin about 1-16 inch in width all round, the effect when mounted is pleasing. Sometimes a black mount will be an advantage, especially if the print is rather flat. A print, on the other hand, possessing too much contrast, is helped by mounting on a white board.

Platinotype prints make good transparencies, and are useful for window decoration. The prints produced in the usual way are blotted with clean blotting paper, and without drying or trimming are treated in the following manner: A frame of thin wood or stout cardboard, cut slightly smaller than the print, is taken and the damp proof mounted on it. In using a wooden frame glue the print to the edges of the frame; but if using cardboard affix it to the face of the frame. A piece of ground glass is placed behind the print, and it is framed. Various effects can be produced by interposing tissue paper of different colors between the ground glass and the print. For example, in the case of a seascape, by backing the whole print with light blue tissue paper, and then placing a piece of pink paper to cover the upper portion down to the water line, the water is given a greenish effect, and the sky the appearance of late evening.

One other point may be mentioned. With platinum at the high figure at which it has stood latterly, the saving of the residues from the working of the process is not to be despised, and does not entail much trouble. Old baths (developing) are boiled in a porcelain or enamelled iron dish, and a saturated solution of ferrous sulphate added in proportion of ¼ the volume of the liquid. This throws down the platinum as a heavy black metallic powder. It can be converted into chloride by those who have the necessary chemical conveniences and skill, and may be sent to the refiners. The developing solutions are worth treating. The acid baths do not, as a rule, contain enough platinum to make its recovery worth undertaking.

A GOOD PYRO FORMULA.

Pyrogallic acid	1½ ounces.
Nitrous or sulphurous acid	20 minims.
Water	32 ounces.

SODA SOLUTION.

Sulphite of soda (crystals)	6 ounces.
Carbonate of soda (crystals)	4 ounces.
Water	32 ounces.

TO DEVELOP.

Pyro solution	1 ounce.
Soda solution	1 ounce.
Water	2 ounces.

TONING SOLUTION.

Hyposulphite soda	4 ounces.
Water	16 ounces.

Will some reader of RECREATION please give us a toning and fixing solution that can be used with the former (after prints are made)?

A GOOD EIKONOGEN AND HYDROQUINONE DEVELOPER.

NO. 1.

Eikonogen	1 ounce.
Hydroquinone	1 ounce.
Sulphite soda C. P.	3 ounces.
Water	90 ounces.

Dissolve the eikonogen in hot water; then add the hydroquinone and soda.

NO. 2.

Carbonate potash	5 ounces.
Water	60 ounces.

Have the No. 1 and No. 2 in separate bottles, as stock solution.

To use, take of No. 1 3 ounces, No. 2 1 ounce; for time exposures use part old developer or use a little bromide potassium in the developer.

This developer works well on snap shots or time exposures.

A. C. S., Franklin Falls, N. D.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

One of the handiest ways to remove the yellow stain from negatives is to use the ordinary clearing solution used for platinotype paper, which nearly every photographer has ready for use:

Hydrochloric acid	1 part.
Water	60 parts.

The negative should be placed in this after washing, when the yellow stain will disappear. The same solution may be used to remove pyro stains from the fingers, etc.

The above strength is the usual platinotype paper strength, but, if made up expressly for negatives, a 1 in 50 solution would be better. The juice of a lemon is another well-known remedy. I have used the hydrochloric acid bath for a long time, and have never known it fail.

The following formula is recommended by Professor Lainer for the removal of fog from negatives:

Potassium iodide	10 grains.
Sodium hyposulphite, 25 per cent. solution	2 ounces.

The plate may be left in this for a considerable time without injury and until the fog is completely removed.

Gelatino or collodio-chloride paper that has been over-printed may be reduced by immersion in the following:

Nitrate of uranium, 10 per cent. solution	5 minims.
Sodium hyposulphite	75 grains.
Water	1 ounce.

To tone albuminized paper, after fixing, immerse in—

Water	2 ounces.
Ammonium sulphocyanide	4 drams.
Chloride of gold	3 grains.
Potassium hydrate	3 grains.

The prints must be washed carefully before toning.

A plate manufacturer goes one better than the Irishman who added a postscript, "If you don't receive this letter, write and let me know." The plate maker recently sent out several gross of plates in the usual card-board boxes, and on the lid of each was printed, "Don't open this box until you have read the instructions." But the instructions were inside!

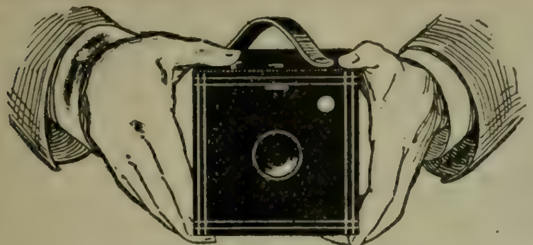
I have made a large twin lens camera, 8 x 10 lenses, 15½ inch focus and use a 5 x 7 plate. It is rather bulky but does great work. I made it to take yachts and animals, especially. Hope I may get a crack at a moose in New Brunswick, next fall, with both camera and rifle.

Dinwood Lewis, Everett, Mass.

I should like to exchange 4 x 5 views of scenery, etc., for views of prominent places in Washington, D. C., Greater New York, Niagara Falls, etc.

Clifford L. Higgins,
418 West 8th Avenue, Duluth, Minn.

"There __is__ no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak."



Half the charm of a photographic outing is lost if one carries along several pounds of glass plates and holders and has every moment filled with anxiety for their safety.

Kodaks

use non-breakable film cartridges, which weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds.

KODAKS $5.00 to $35.00.

Catalogues free at agencies or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

The breadth and softness of etchings can be obtained in enlargements by the use of Eastman's Royal Bromide Paper.

For sale by all dealers.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

"A book that will help."

Picture Taking
and
Picture Making

Is written in so simple a manner that the beginner can readily understand yet is full of meat for all amateurs. 120 pages, profusely illustrated.

The contributed articles are by

ALFRED STIEGLITZ,
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Cardboard covers, 50 cents. Cloth bound, $1.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Eastman's Flash Sheets

offer the cleanest and most convenient method of making flashlight pictures.

These sheets burn more slowly than ordinary flash powders, giving a softer light and consequently a more natural expression to the eyes.

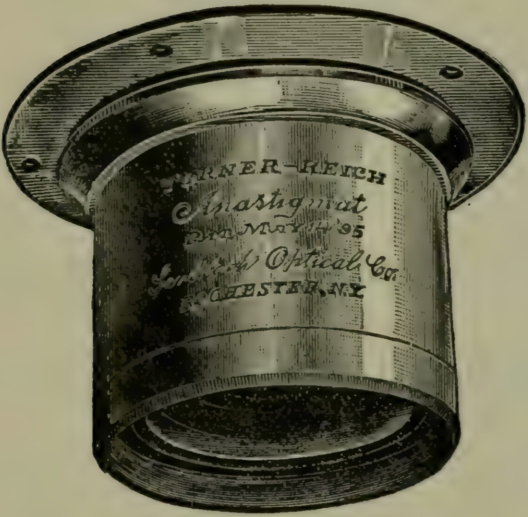
Price per pkg., ½ doz. sheets, - 40c.

For sale by all dealers.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

THE TURNER-REICH
ANASTIGMAT LENS

Is unsurpassed by any other in the market
It has an aperture of F:7 .5 . . . .


TURNER-REICH
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Gundlach Optical Co.
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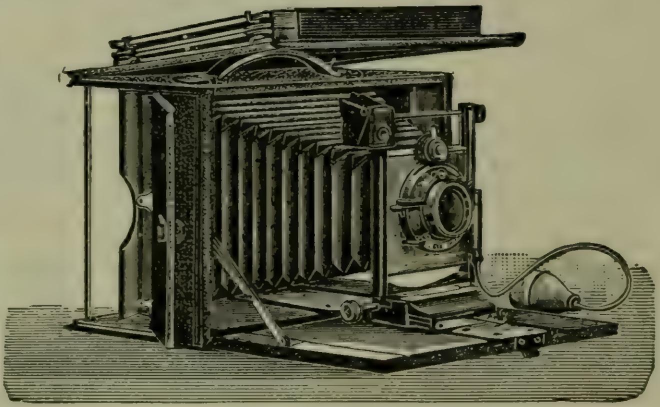
MARVELLOUS DEPTH OF FOCUS AND AN ABSOLUTELY FLAT FIELD

PRICES LOWER than those of any other Anastigmat lens

OUR LENSES ARE WORLD-RENOWNED
OUR SHUTTERS LEAD
Our CAMERAS are UNSURPASSED in WORKMANSHIP and FINISH

THE ONLY CONCERN IN THE UNITED STATES TURNING OUT A COMPLETE CAMERA, LENS, AND SHUTTER, ALL OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE



GUNDLACH OPTICAL CO.

751 to 765 South Clinton St. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

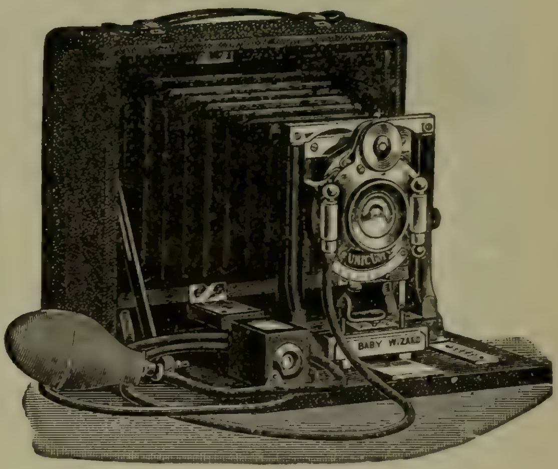
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

The Vital Points

To be Considered by the Sportsman
or Tourist in Selecting a Camera

ARE {
Compactness
Durability
Lightness

OUR BABY WIZARD



We believe embodies these requisites to a greater degree than any other.

* * *

THE "BOSS DANDY"

Is a King Among Cheap Cameras

Price, $5.00

Makes a perfect picture 4x5 inches. Handsomely covered with Black Grain Leather, fitted with our Rapid Achromatic Lens, Improved Safety Shutter, two Tripod Plates and two square Finders.

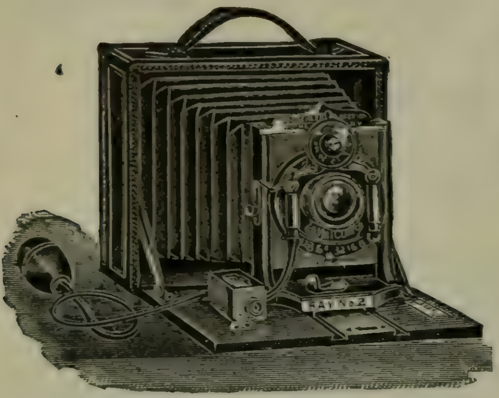
* * *

Manhattan Optical Co.

OF N. Y.

Our handsome new Catalogue fully describes these and many other Cameras. Send two-cent stamp for Catalogue.

Works and Executive Offices
CRESSKILL, N. J.



Free Trip to Paris Exposition, 1900

First Prize for 12 Best Negatives made with the

RAY CAMERA

Second Prize $100.00 in Gold

Circulars at Agencies, or sent by mail, giving ful. information and list of prizes. Catalogue FREE.

RAY CAMERA CO. (Successors to Mutschler, Robertson & Co.)
210 Centre St., Rochester, N. Y.

NEW FIELD AND OPERA GLASSES

These glasses, called Trieder Binoculars, have eight to ten times the power of the ordinary construction. They are compact, convenient, durable; invaluable for use at the theatre, by Army and Navy, at regattas and race-meets, while travelling, or on plains and ranches. For sale by all leading jewelers and opticians. ☙ Send for catalogue.

C. P. Goerz,
52 E. Union Sq., New York.
Head Offices: BERLIN-FRIEDENAU.

The Season

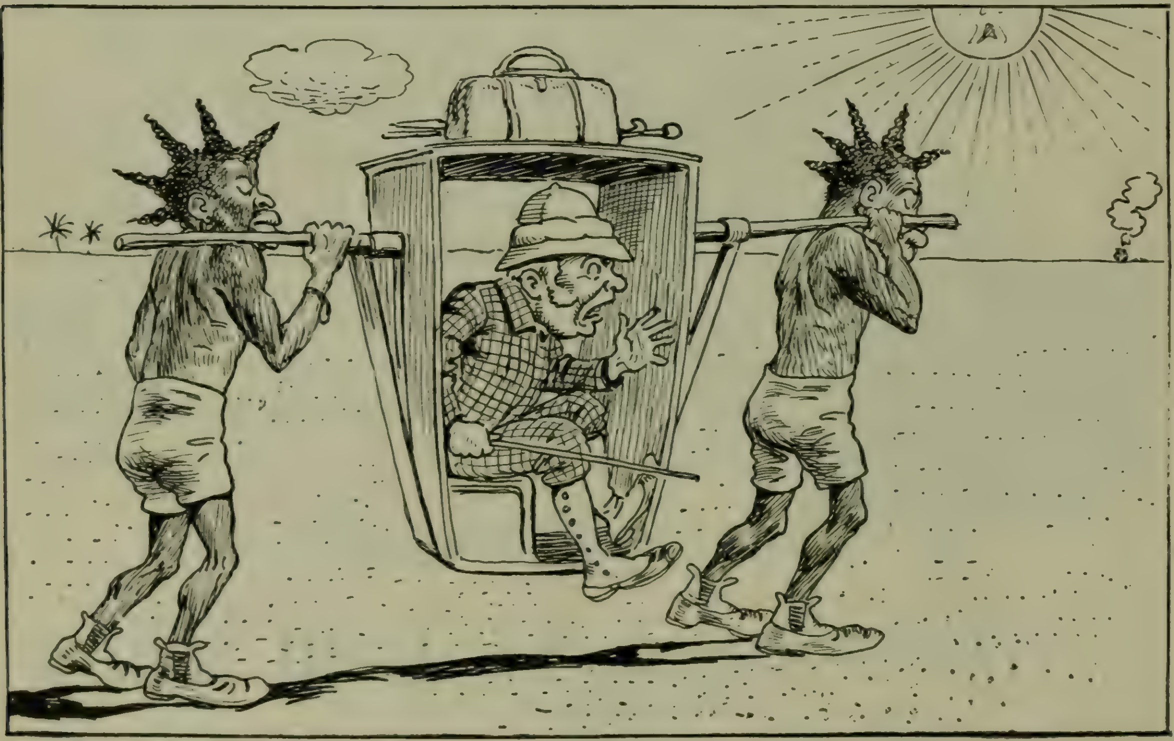
For photographic work is now at hand. If you lack anything in the way of supplies, write us. We keep a full line of

Cameras Glass Plates
Kodaks Films
Lenses Developers
Everything

Our catalogue for the asking. Photo Dept.

GALL & LEMBKE 21 UNION SQUARE New York City

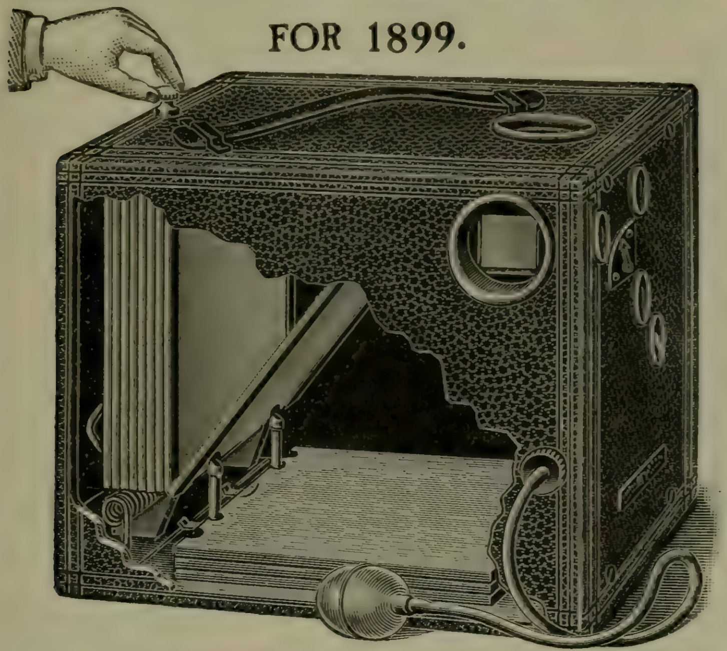
Mention RECREATION.



"HURRY UP THERE, OR I SHALL LOSE MY TRAIN."

Improved CYCLONE Magazine

FOR 1899.



TEN POINTS TO CONSIDER

1—12 Pictures in 12 seconds.
2—Shutter Bulb Release.
3—Shutter Automatic.
4—Shutter Locks.
5—12 Aluminum Plateholders.
6—Set stops.
7—Special Quick Lens.
8—Automatic Register.
9—All parts Interchangeable.
10—Exposed plates removed without disturbing unexposed.

The only Magazine
Camera with
bulb shutter

All Live Dealers Sell Them

No. 4—(size 3¼ x 4¼) $8.00
No. 5—(size 4 x 5)....10.00

1899 Catalogue with complete information—FREE.

WESTERN CAMERA MFG. CO.

79 Nassau Street. New York.
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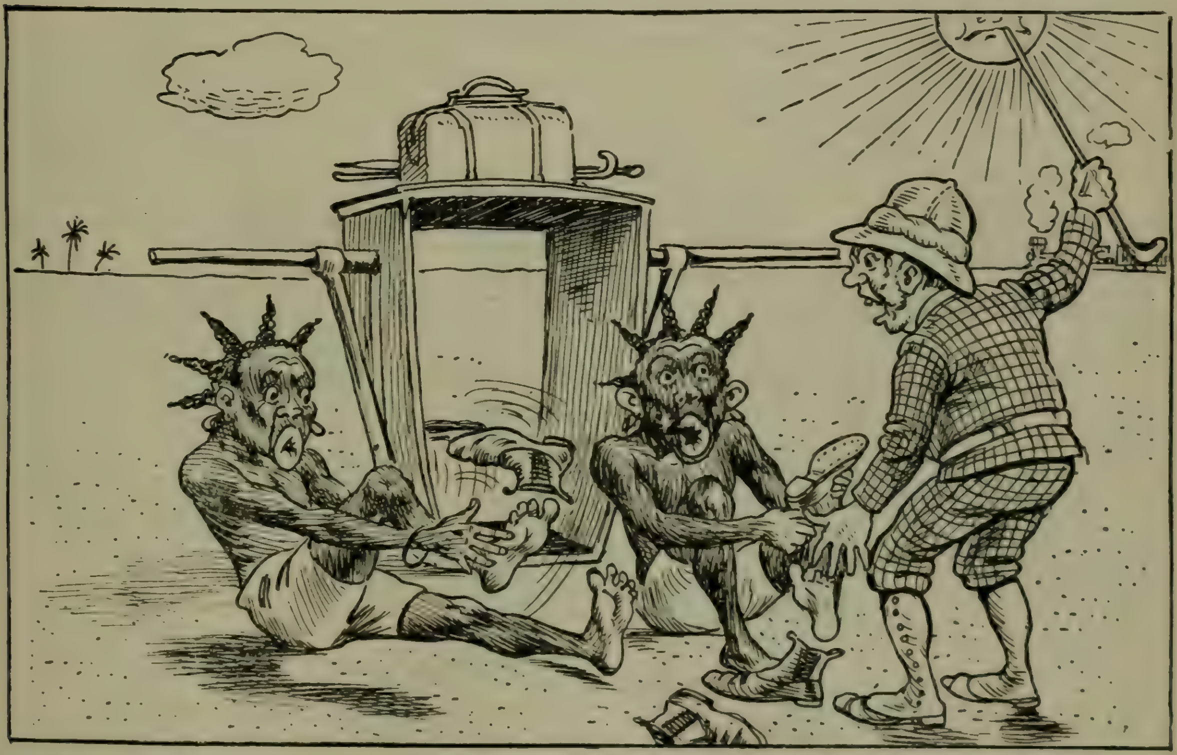


"HURRY UP AND TAKE OFF THOSE SHOES." THEN THE SAND WILL BURN THEIR FEET SO THEY'LL *HAVE* TO RUN.

CARBUTT'S
Dry Plates
Celluloid Films
(CUT SIZES)
and Photo Specialties

The Favorites with { SPORTSMEN TOURISTS HUNTERS

Send 10 cents For a sample package of

Carbutt's Metol-Hydro Developing Powder

Especially intended for Snap Shot exposures. Equally good for time exposures on plates or Films, Transparencies, and our Vivax Bromide Paper. Put up in vials, in two sizes. Six small size, 25 cents; six large size, 50 cents. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Send for Circulars and Price List

Keystone Dry Plate and Film Works
JOHN CARBUTT
Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.

HUFFNAGLE'S
Developing Cabinet!

DEVELOP YOUR PLATES AND FILMS IN PARLOR OR FIELD

LIGHT :: PORTABLE :: ADJUSTABLE

A Boon to the Tourist, Hunters and Anglers

Can be taken apart and put together in a few minutes
Can be held on the lap

Fitted complete for use with Trays, Water Tank, Tubing, etc. LIGHT TIGHT

For Camp, Steamboat, Hotels, Home

Handsomely Finished PRICE, $5.00

Sent C. O. D., subject to examination at express office, on receipt of $1.00. If satisfactory pay express agent $4.00 and express charges.

JOHN HUFFNAGLE
Belmar, Monmouth Co., N. J.

"NOW GO."

Enameline

when applied, is most BRILLIANT, and that is the effect you want when using a stove polish. When an old stove is polished it should look as bright as new—that is the result when you use Enameline. It is put up in paste, cake or liquid form. Remember that every package is guaranteed.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York

TRY IT ON YOUR CYCLE CHAIN

We have thousands of letters from bicycle riders stating that Enameline is the best thing they have ever used on their Cycle Chains.

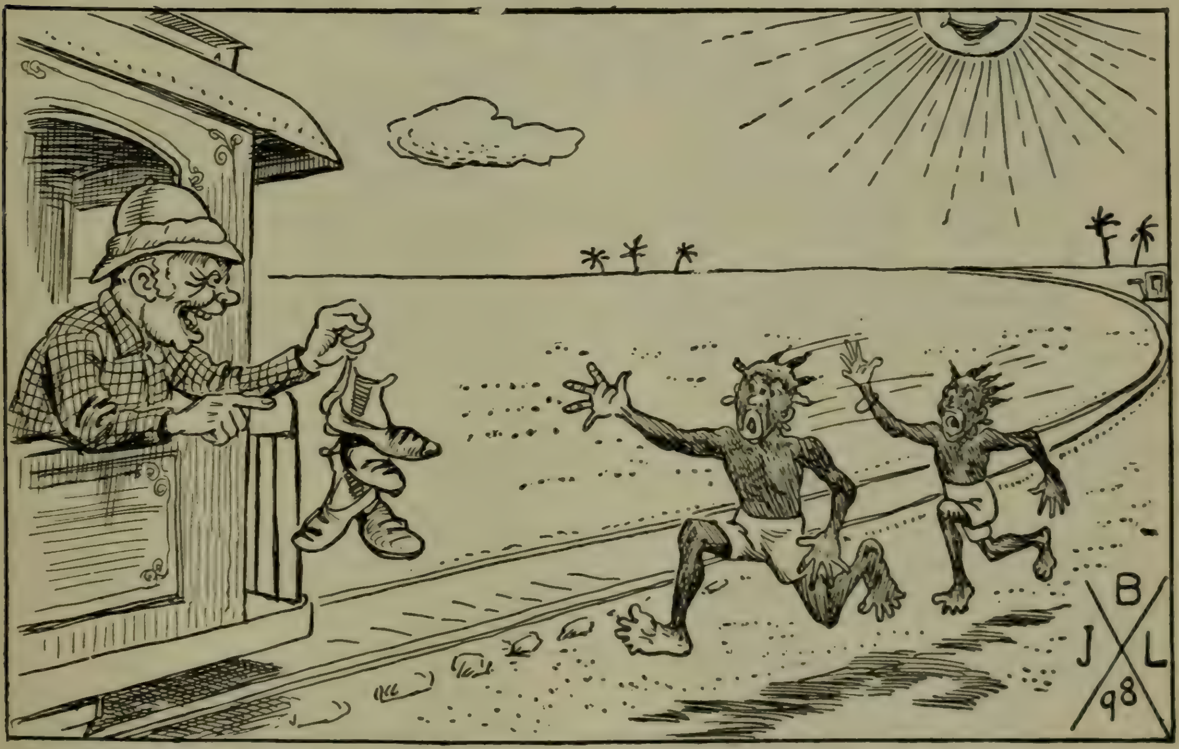
Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him

That salt-shaker is filled with **Pepsalt.**
It cures and prevents indigestion.

PEPSALT is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with ***Pepsalt*** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. ***Pepsalt*** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it. Price 25 cents, postpaid.

THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO. (Permanent Bldg.),
19 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION



"OH, YES; HERE ARE YOUR SHOES; I FORGOT TO GIVE THEM BACK TO YOU."

ESTABLISHED 1840

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.

Makers of Tents, Flags, and Sails

Copyright 1899
Geo.B.Carpenter & Co

Camp
Furniture
AND...
Outfits
Rainproof
Covers

CONTRACTORS TO THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

202, 204, 206, 208 S. WATER STREET
CHICAGO

Send 6 cents in stamps for our new 80-page catalogue of Tents, etc., illustrating every style and size from the largest U. S. army tent to the smallest camping tent.

THE MODERN STOVE POLISH

ENAMELINE

Makes an old Stove as bright as new in a minute.

PASTE
CAKE
OR
LIQUID

Enameline
ENAMELINE

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO. — NEW YORK

Try it on your Cycle Chain We have thousands of letters from bicycle riders stating that Enameline is the best thing they have ever used on their Cycle Chains.

Seven years ago to-day a friend of mine, living in Trinity county, hung his vest on the fence, in his barnyard. A calf came and chewed up a part of the garment, in which was his gold watch.

Last week the animal, a staid old milk cow, was butchered for beef, and the timepiece was found, in such a position between her lungs that the process of respiration had kept the stemwinder wound up, and it had lost but 4 minutes in the 7 years!

Hank Peterson, Eureka, Cal.

My premium, "American Game Fishes," at hand. It is a beautiful book and full of practical information.

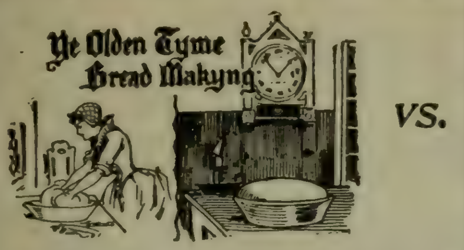
Chas. S. Van Horn, Williamstown, Mass.

Maude—Oh, Ethel, and what did you say to him when he proposed to you? Did you say what you said you were going to the other day? That was a noble speech, just suited to crush the boldest man. And did he slink away like a whipped dog?

Ethel—Well, not exactly. You see, I didn't say just that. I—I—well—er—well, you see, I said "Yes."

Mrs. Tracey—Do you realize, my dear, that you have never done anything to save your fellow men any suffering?

Tracey—Didn't I marry you?—Spare Moments.


Ye Olden Tyme Bread Makyng

VS.

The Modern Way,
which is to use
Franklin Mills Flour
A FINE FLOUR OF THE ENTIRE WHEAT
as follows:—

One pint water, one pint milk, one-half teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one-half fresh compressed yeast cake. Stir in enough flour to make a fairly stiff batter, then stir thoroughly; let rise three hours; knead lightly; mould into two loaves, let rise again, and bake about one and a quarter to one and a half hours in a moderate oven.

Easily done, little work, certain success, and the most delicious and beautiful bread ever produced. But be sure you use Franklin Mills Flour. If your grocer does not have it, send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied. THE GENUINE MADE ONLY BY
FRANKLIN MILLS CO., Lockport, N. Y.

Great Western
EXTRA DRY
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.

The Merit
of absolute PURITY, fine BOUQUET and moderate PRICE has brought
Great Western
to the first place in American Champagnes, and enabled it to displace the high-priced foreign wines in many homes, clubs and cafes.

The vintage offered this season is especially dry and pleasing.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,
SOLE MAKERS,
Rheims, - N. Y.

Sold by Wine Dealers Everywhere.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

B. V. EDWARDS.

An up-to-date girl started out for a whirl
On her bike one summer's day,
And she pedalled along, with whistle and song,
In her beautiful bloomered array.

She sang as she ran, I'll not have a man
To prate of the old-fashioned way;
What a horrible mess is a floppy old dress
That can never be pinned up to stay.

I saw her again, and she sang now and then,
While potatoes she was trying to peel;
The meat was a frying, the baby was crying,
And the husband rode off on her wheel.

"I told her my soul was wrapped up in her."

"What did she say?"

"She warned me to be more careful or I'd be making love to her before long."—Philadelphia North American.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

For Sale: My R. C. St. Bernard, perfectly marked, orange and white, good son of Hector, for $125; or would exchange for diamond stud, or ring or Shetland pony and outfit of same value.
C. C. Vincent,
E. Hayward Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

To Exchange, for bear trap, a .40-60 Marlin, or field-glass.
C. J. Huntington, Dayton, Wyo.

For Sale.—New Marlin rifle, .32-40, wind gauge, vernier peep sight, spirit level, and set of Ideal loading tools.
Clayton Stoddard, Otselic Center, N. Y.

For Sale or Exchange.—2 Gordon setter puppies 4 months old; pedigreed; $10 each. Will exchange for good 4 x 5 camera, guitar, shot gun or other articles of value.
J. M. Boomhower,
Chateaugay, Franklin Co., N. Y.

Wanted.—A partner with $2,000 or $3,000 capital to engage in cattle business in Big Horn Basin. A sportsman preferred.
Mark Warner, Ten Sleep, Wyo.

Wanted.—Live game, especially gray squirrels.
J. C. Rane, Durham, N. H.

The Club
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
NEW YORK HARTFORD LONDON

Why THE CLUB COCKTAILS Are Best

From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

AVOID IMITATIONS
Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
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ARE GOOD ENOUGH TO IMITATE

Every satisfactory result claimed for any rival talking machine has been secured by using or copying the Genuine Edison Instrument.

IN YOUR SUMMER HOME

It provides inexhaustible amusement without effort on hot days.

MAKES WET DAYS
RED-LETTER DAYS

Full description with prices in our latest catalogue 17

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.
NEW YORK
BROADWAY AND 26TH ST.

ALL GENUINE PHONOGRAPHS BEAR THIS TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison

Old Sellemcheap has just assigned
To nobody's great surprise,
The reason is not hard to find,
He did not advertise.

Like old Sellemcheap everyone
Has a chance to swim or sink,
And if his sorry fate you'd shun,
You must swim in Printer's Ink.
—Jerome P. Buford, Lawrenceville, Va., Gazette.

For Sale or Exchange.—A Western saddle; for .45-90 Winchester or double express rifle. R. C., Jr., care RECREATION.

To amateur photographers :

We take pleasure in announcing our removal from Pontiac, Mich., to Jamestown, N. Y., where we have improved facilities for shipping. This place is also nearer our source of supplies, and has much better water than our old location. We have absorbed all the interests of the Monroe Dry Plate Works, and shall continue to make the Chautauqua Plate. We have made some decided improvements in it, and know you will be more than pleased with it in the future. We shall continue to sell at the popular price at which it has heretofore been sold, and should be pleased to receive your orders, which will have our prompt attention.

The Jamestown Dry Plate Works, Jamestown, N. Y.

IF IN DOUBT CALL FOR

The Referee

PETERS
12
REFEREE
REFEREE
LOADED WITH
SEMI-SMOKELESS

...IT IS LOADED WITH...

KING'S SEMI-SMOKELESS

and will give you the high velocity, fine pattern and cleanliness of the best **Smokeless Loads.** It makes a light vapory smoke that quickly disappears. Costs but little more than black powder loads.

THE PETERS RIFLE AND PISTOL

Cartridges, loaded with **Semi-Smokeless,** hold the World's record for penetration, cleanliness and accuracy.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY

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FLY AND BAIT FISHING

Our well-stocked pond and stream is now open to the public, the only charge being for fish caught. Market Trout and Trout of all sizes for stocking Streams and Preserves.

For further particulars, address

The Blue Hills Trout Preserve Co.
Meriden, Conn.

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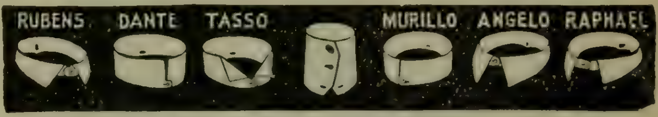
Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth and finished alike on both sides. The turn-down collars are reversible and give double service.

NO LAUNDRY WORK

When soiled, discard. **Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25c.** ***By mail, 30c.*** Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO. Dept. L, BOSTON



For Sale or Exchange, for light, hammerless, 12 gauge gun, a medium-sized overcoat made of buffalo calfskins. Light and warm, good condition. Valuable as a curiosity as well as for use. Address
Box M., Exeter, N. H.

For Sale: An Ithaca hammerless gun in perfect condition. Left full choke, right modified; length of barrel, 30 inches. Price $19.
Cyrus Wyckoff, Cuba, N. Y.

Always mention Recreation when answering ads.

THREE WOMEN.

Three women sat up on a Utah roof
  And watched the smoke as the train sped on:
Each thought of the man who was rushing aloof,
  And the cheeks of the watchers were faded and wan.
For man will love and women are blind.
And the man with three wives leaves a good deal behind,
  When he's off to Washington roaming.

Three women packed up all their biggest grips
  And took the train as the sun went down;
For Washington bound on the grimmest of trips—
  Twelve children stood watching them out of the town.
For men are clay and many get gay,
And wives when they're jealous will go a long way—
  Alas! for the much-married Mormon!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A superb Rye

Complimentary Samples by Express—no printing on package to indicate contents.

The contents of this package (as per cut) are sent any consumer FREE but only on receipt of address and 25 cents which exactly covers express and packing. We send samples by express **prepaid.**

Sample is Positively Free.

The whiskey itself is Yours with our Compliments.

Persons not able to order are requested not to send for this sample. This is a rare *aged, ripe, fine, pure whiskey.*

It is valuable.

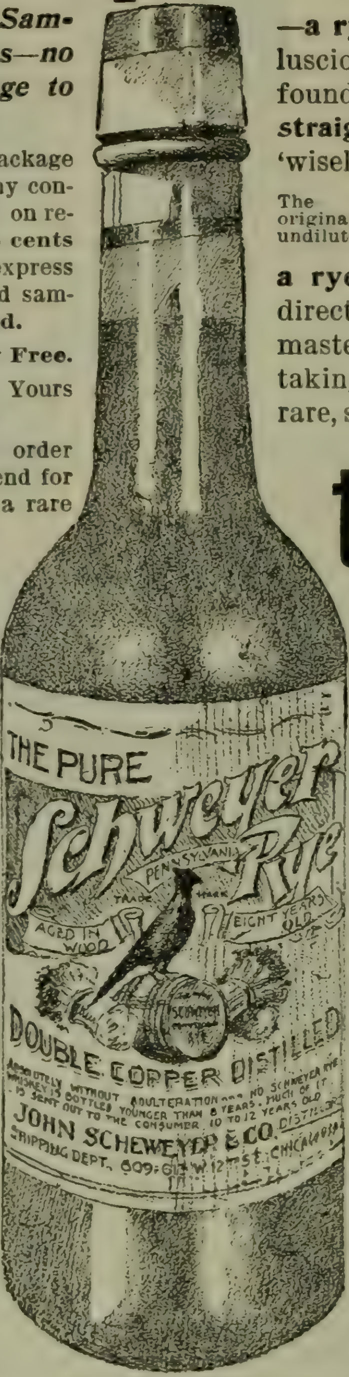
Not one liquor dealer in a hundred can sell you as fine goods at *any* price. Naturally we are not giving such goods away just for *fun.* We want to reach **buying consumers.**

Sampling goods of such value is expensive advertising even when free of delivery cost. But it is the one sure way to prove quality to the distrustful who hesitate to send an order, failing to realize that satisfaction is amply **guaranteed** in our announcement to the right.

We want no business that is unsatisfactory.

We say nothing we do not substantiate.

(No Samples for Minors.)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Schweyer
Rye
PENNSYLVANIA
TRADE
MARK
AGED IN WOOD
EIGHT YEARS OLD
DOUBLE COPPER DISTILLED
ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT ADULTERATION — NO SCHWEYER RYE WHISKEY IS BOTTLED YOUNGER THAN 8 YEARS. MUCH OF IT IS SENT OUT TO THE CONSUMER 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD
JOHN SCHEWEYER & CO. DISTILLERS
SHIPPING DEPT. 609-611 W. 12TH ST. CHICAGO

Sample Larger Than Cut.

—a rye whiskey of the old days,—a rye whiskey whose luscious, grainey richness of taste and boquet cannot be found today in the stock of one dealer in a thousand—**a straight, pure, time-ripened and mellowed old rye** which 'wisely used' is a genuine benefit and blessing to mankind—

The original undiluted **Schweyer** Pennsylvania **Rye** The pure untampered—with

a rye which for 27 years has been distilled under the direction of John Schweyer, a recognized exceptional master of his calling, a man of extreme pride in his undertakings, and a man famed among all who know him for his rare, staunch "old school" vigorous integrity of character;—

this whiskey—

the whole matured storage of the distillery's ageing warehouses,—the entire ripened supply dating between '86 and '90 will be sold **direct at**—

On orders for four quart bottles (full measure guaranteed) the express charges are prepaid.

90cts. the Quart.

It is delivered in plain unmarked packages. Remit money order, draft, or express order, and the goods will be sent on approval. If not found to be of a quality unequalled in your experience by any $1.50-per-quart whiskey, it is agreed **positively** that you may send back the goods (after sampling) **without expense to yourself and your remittance will be at once returned without controversy.**

This proposition conveys to the consumer double the value found in any contemporaneous offers regarding whiskey. The vast difference will be apparent at once to any previous purchaser of "special offer" whiskey.

Single quarts at $2.00 and gallons at $6.00 are being sold today in the fine liquor trade and fancy family grocery trade, **out of this identical same storage,** which prices are, after all, only natural and not so unreasonable after covering three distinct profits. At 90 cents (plus bare delivery-cost); you are buying it at the same price-ratio as the biggest jobber has been paying for it in hundred barrel lots. Send price of goods only. Address all orders

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., Distillers, GENERAL DISTRIBUTING DEPOT, TWELFTH & LAFLIN STS., CHICAGO.

Those who havn't heard of the house of John Schweyer & Co., will find full information in Mercantile Agency Books, Express Offices, or Banks, etc.

SPECIAL:—Consumers in Arizona, Colorado, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Washington and Wyoming, please write us before remitting.

"This army scandal appears to be going from bad to worse."

"That's so. I didn't think there could be anything more objectionable than General Eagan's beef till I heard his language."—Washington Star.

Mother (reading)—A Western inventor has just patented a machine that will toss a man 500 feet into the air by simply touching a spring.

Pretty Daughter—Goodness gracious! Let me destroy that paper before papa gets hold of it.—Chicago News.

Vainly the landlady tried to carve the chicken.

The impudent boarder arose half from his chair to get a better view of the affair.

"Rubber!" said the landlady, sarcastically.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

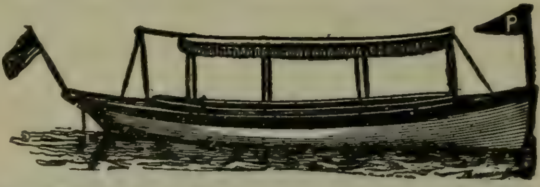
A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

WHITE LABEL QUEEN OLIVES
ARE THE VERY BEST AND FINEST FRUIT, CAREFULLY PACKED.
FORK GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.
NICELLE OLIVE OIL
IS MADE OF SELECTED "SOUND" OLIVES, IS ABSOLUTELY PURE, HAS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR.
SEVILLE PACKING CO., NEW YORK
EXCLUSIVISTS IN OLIVES AND OLIVE PRODUCTS.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

No Fire Smoke or Heat, Absolutely Safe. Send five stamps for Catalogue
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

Buffalo Horns

polished or unpolished; also skulls, with and without horns.
Largest Stock in the World
Address E. W. STILES
141 Washington St., HARTFORD, CONN.



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Send stamp for Catalog. Palmer Bros., Mianus, Conn.

GASOLINE Tuttle ENGINES AND LAUNCHES.
CATALOGUE FREE
CHEAPEST. SAFEST.

D.M.TUTTLE CO., CANASTOTA, N.Y.

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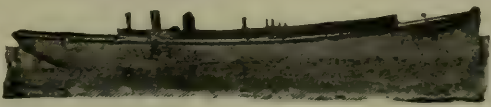
This Beautiful ....
14 ft. $160.00. Other sizes to
Stationary, 1 to 20 h. p Pumping
PIERCE ENGINE CO.,



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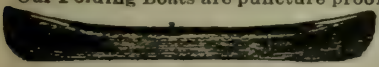
24 ft. ENGINES, 1 to 6 h. p.
Engines all sizes. Send for Catalog
Box 6, Racine Jct, Wis.



Our Folding Boats are puncture proof. Galvanized steel ribbing. For hunting, fishing, exploring and family pleasure. Walter Wellman took them on his polar trip. Lieut. Schwatka explored the Yukon river with them. Awarded first premium and medal at World's Fair. Send 6 cents for catalogue. 40 engravings. KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO., Kalamazoo, Michigan, U. S. A.

Canoe Catalogue Free. Will send 8 photos for 10 cents.
B. N. MORRIS, - Veazie, Me.

BRIGHTS DISEASE AND DIABETES CAN BE CURED

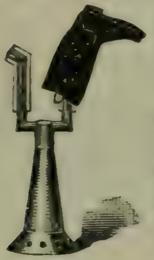
Is not this statement worth investigating, if you have a friend suffering from any Kidney disease? Not a patent medicine; neither is patient obliged to come to New York for treatment. Examination and test of urine free of charge; send 4 oz., express paid. Mention RECREATION.
Tompkins-Corbin Co., 1300 B'way, New York City

NAVAJO INDIAN RUGS AND BLANKETS

were made for the camp by a nation of campers. There is nothing their equal. A rare collection to select from. Also Indian Relics in endless variety for Indian Rooms, Dens, and Smoking Rooms.

Capt. C. W. RIGGS
Nos. 41 and 43 University Place
One block from Wanamaker's
NEW YORK CITY

Every sportsman should send to the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., Reading, Mass., for their circular "A." It describes fully their "Recreation" camp mattress, boat, canoe and launch cushions, and the famous "International" yacht mattress, and contains many testimonials from well-known people who have used pneumatic goods.



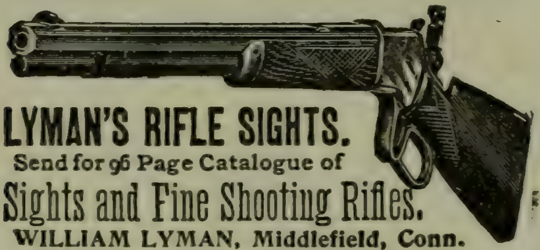
Boot and Shoe Drier and Warmer

Just the thing to dry the inside of damp boots and shoes

No more foul smell about gum boots, as the drier keeps them sweet and clean; preserves the lining and keeps the gum from rotting; gives comfort; preserves health; dries and warms by hot air; can be set over a lamp, stove, or register. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price $1.50, weight 4 lbs. Circular free. PATENT APPLIED FOR.

D. H. WITMER, Man'f'r, Christiana, Pa

To Exchange.—Young Gordon setter, thoroughbred, partly broken; for .25-20 Marlin, repeating shot gun, or film camera, 4 x 5. Address, X, care RECREATION.



LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.

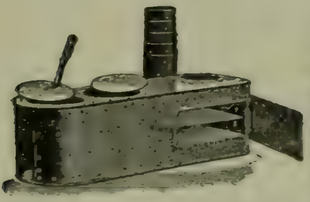
Send for 96 Page Catalogue of

Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.

WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.

A Practical, Common-Sense Camp Stove

In 6 Sizes. Patent applied for



The lightest, most compact, practical camp stove made; either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape, combination cast and sheet steel top, smooth body, heavy lining, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove.

Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.

"Wild Animals I Have Known" is one of the most remarkable books of the day. Publisher's price, $2. The book and RECREATION, one year, $2.

This relates to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

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Taxidermists' Supplies

Artificial Glass Eyes

WHEN you get a good specimen of bird, fish, mammal etc., that you would like to get mounted, send it to us. We will do it right and also make the price right.

Send five cents for new Taxidermists' Catalogue.

WE prepare and mount all specimens of natural history true to nature, in the best style of the Taxidermist's art, at reasonable prices.

We also keep a complete line of **Oologists' and Entomologists' Supplies**

FRED. KAEMPFER,
Taxidermist,
88 State St., Chicago

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FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices. Send 10 cents for photos.
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High grade, scientific work in all branches

Mounted Birds and Mammals

I can furnish, mounted to order, nearly anything in this line; also Heads, Wall Cases, Dead Game Pieces, etc. Bird Skins for scientific purposes.

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BROCKPORT, N. Y.

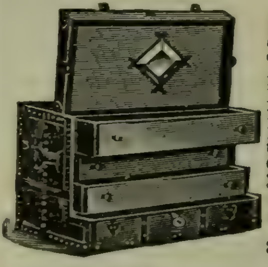
FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1

DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.



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The **STALLMAN DRESSER TRUNK** is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage-smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

F. A. STALLMAN,
87 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information. EDITOR.

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IDEAL
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OF
USEFUL INFORMATION
FOR
SHOOTERS
FREE.

All Shooters of *Rifles*, *Pistols* and *Shot Guns* will find it to their interest to possess a copy of the *Ideal Hand Book*, No. 10, a **KLONDIKE OF GOLDEN NUGGETS** of information relating to *arms* and *ammunition*, not **FOR WAR** but **FOR PEACE**ful manly sports that elevate and invigorate humanity. **120 pages.** Send stamps for postage.

IDEAL MANUF'G CO., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

Newhouse Game Traps of Every Size

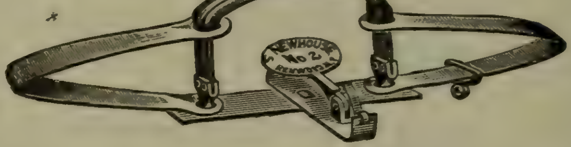
GOOD MATERIAL—CARE IN MAKING

Men who make a business of trapping in the season use the very best traps they can get.

IT PAYS

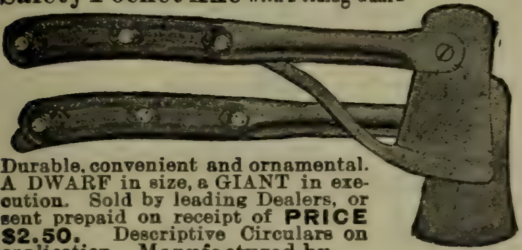
Don't load yourself with traps you are not sure of. Ask for **NEWHOUSE** or **HAWLEY & NORTON**, or write to the makers

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., Kenwood, N. Y.



The Handiest Tool a Sportsman ever Carried.

Safety Pocket Axe with Folding Guard



Durable, convenient and ornamental. A DWARF in size, a GIANT in execution. Sold by leading Dealers, or sent prepaid on receipt of **PRICE $2.50.** Descriptive Circulars on application. Manufactured by

W. L. MARBLE, Gladstone, Mich.

If you are interested IN **TREES** OR **WOODS** send your address to

R. B. HOUGH
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H. J. STOVER & CO.

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Exporters of

RAW FURS

Ginseng, Cow Hides, Sheep Pelts, Deer Skins, Horse Hides, and Bees Wax

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST

For Sale.—One '66 model carbine, one '95 model new Mail wheel, one Marlin rifle. All for $20.

C. A. Manchester, Cornwall, Vt.

FOR SALE: Living wild animals and game birds, for propagating purposes; Elk, Deer, Jack Rabbits, Fox Squirrels, Quails (Western birds only), etc. I do not handle dead game.

Address **CHAS. PAYNE**
Box 913 **WICHITA, KANSAS**

FRANK L. PETERSEN

JACKSON, WYO.

GUIDE

GRAND TETON DISTRICT

ELK DEER BEAR ANTELOPE

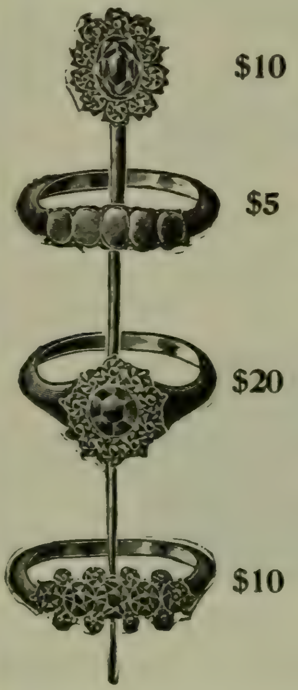
Terms reasonable. References furnished.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

MRS. T. LYNCH

1 and 3 Union Square ❦ NEW YORK

Diamond Importer and Cutter



These Goods are Fine White Diamonds and Real Opal Sapphire Pearl or Turquois center

The $20 Ring is worth $30

Seeing is believing

Send for inspection

DIAMONDS bought of us may be returned, at full price paid, within

One year

Jewelry or watches within

30 days

thus you are bound to be satisfied.

WRITE
FOR CATALOGUE
MAILED FREE

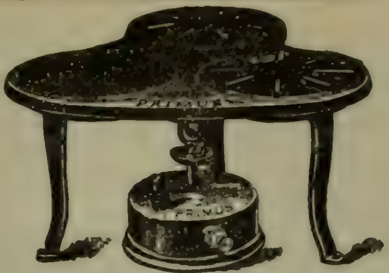
GOODS SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS MONEY BACK IF YOU MAIL IT AND ARE NOT SATISFIED

E. Howard, Waltham, and Elgin Watches

20 per cent. less than Wholesale List Price

DO you ever

Hunt? Paddle a Canoe?
Fish? Explore?
Prospect? Climb Hills?
or **Sail a Yacht?**



No. 51--FOR CAMP USE

If so you have had trouble in starting a fire, or in keeping a fire, especially in bad weather. In cold weather, or wet weather, you have wished you could have a fire in your tent to warm you, to dry your clothing and your bedding.

THE PRIMUS OIL STOVE

remedies all such difficulties. It cures all the ills that campers are heir to. It is the one thing needful to make camp life a dream of Elysium.

WICKLESS **BLUE FLAME**
KEROSENE-BURNING **NON-EXPLOSIVE**

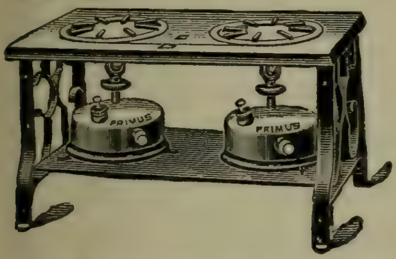
The features which make an oil-burning stove **Perfect**, are **Safety, Simplicity, Efficiency, Economy, Durability, Cleanliness,** all of which are **Perfectly** embodied in the **Primus.**

The **Primus** has no wick, hence its *perfect* combustion.

The **Primus** burns *any grade* kerosene. The flame can be regulated at will.

The **Primus** develops a heat of 2,100° Fahrenheit.

The **Primus** will burn, at its full heat, for **five** *consecutive hours* on a consumption of only *one quart* of kerosene. In other words, **one-fifth** *quart per hour, at a cost of less than one cent.*



DOUBLE STOVE FOR YACHTS

The Primus burns every-day kerosene, without a wick, with a clear, blue, smokeless and sootless flame.

The Primus is Positively Non-Explosive.

The Oil Tank Cannot be Filled While Burning.

The Primus While Burning May be Turned Completely Over Without the Slightest Exposure to Danger.

The Burner Lights Without Smoke. The Flame is Positively Odorless and Sootless.

It is by no means probable that any reader of RECREATION will ever give the **Primus** so severe a test as did the celebrated Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, on his famous voyage. His ship, the *Fram*, was equipped with **Primus** stoves, and when he left the ship to make his "dash to the Pole" on sledges, a **Primus** went with him. The following extract from "Farthest North" gives, in the explorer's own words, his estimate of its value:

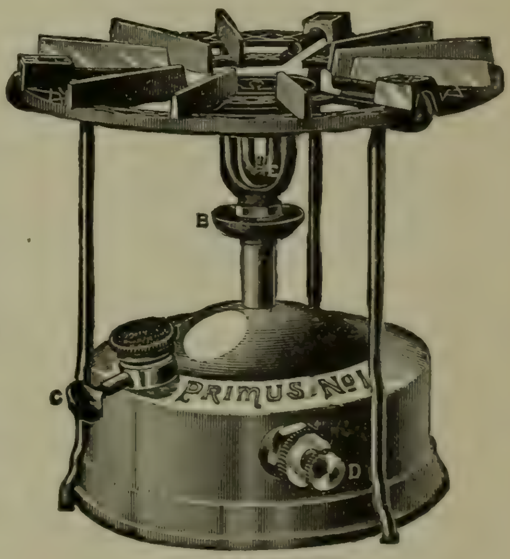
Vol. II., page 128: "For the heating was used a gas-petroleum lamp known as the **Primus**, in which the heat turns the petroleum into gas before it is consumed. By this means it renders the combustion unusually complete. Numerous experiments made by Professor Torup in his laboratory proved that the cooker in ordinary circumstances yielded 90 to 93 per cent. of the heat which the petroleum consumed should, by combustion, theoretically evolve. A more satisfactory result, I think, it would be impossible to obtain.

"As fuel, my choice fell on petroleum. Alcohol does not by any means generate so much heat in comparison with its weight as petroleum when the latter is entirely consumed as was the case in the lamp used by us. **We took with us rather more than 4 gallons, and this quantity lasted us more than 120 days, enabling us to cook two hot meals a day and melt an abundance of water.**"

An Alaskan prospector, who has used a **Primus** for several months, writes to a friend thus:

"Our '**Primus**' is a gem. A quart of kerosene lasts a week and cooks three meals a day for us. When it rains and is damp and cool we use it in the tent. Having perfect control over the amount of heat it gives out, it is no trouble to care for; no smoke or odor as in other kerosene stoves."

Write for circulars and full particulars. Mention RECREATION, Address



No. 103 STOVE
The type used by Nansen

THE PRIMUS COMPANY

197 FULTON STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

CALIFORNIA.

S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

COLORADO.

F. W. Allen, Dotsero, Eagle Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout and grouse.
W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, ditto
Charles Allen, Gypsum, "
J. M. Campbell, Buford. "
R. W. McGhee, De Beque, "
W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

GEORGIA.

Sam. T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Stailey, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "

MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto
P. E. Young, Sherman Mills, "
Henry Gantnier, Benedicta, "
George Gantnier, Benedicta, "
James A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, "
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, "

MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.
W. B. Croff, Young America, moose, bear, deer, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, etc.

MONTANA.

E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, ditto
Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, "
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, "
W. A. Hague, Fridley, "
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, "
William Jackson, Browning, "
James Blair, Lakeview, "
George Whitaker, Gardiner, "
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, "
W. Jackson, Browning. "
A. H. McManus, Superior, "
Chas. Marble, Chestnut, "

NEW YORK.

H. M. Tacey, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Eugene M. House, Glendale, ditto
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails, snipe and salt water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, "
F. P. Latham, Haslin, "

OREGON.

W. H. Bowen, Camas Valley, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
E. L. Howe, Creswell, "

OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese, grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

PENNSYLVANIA.

W. W. Wikoff, Sinnamahoning, Cameron Co., deer, grouse and trout.
Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel

WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep antelope, grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
H. M. Coulter, Lander, "
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, "
Ira Dodge, Cora, "
Wm. Wells, Cora, "
A. S. Marshall, Cora, "
F. Allston, Basin, "
N. E. Brown, Ishawood, "
George N. Madison, Jackson, "
John Tate, Wise P. O., "

CANADA.

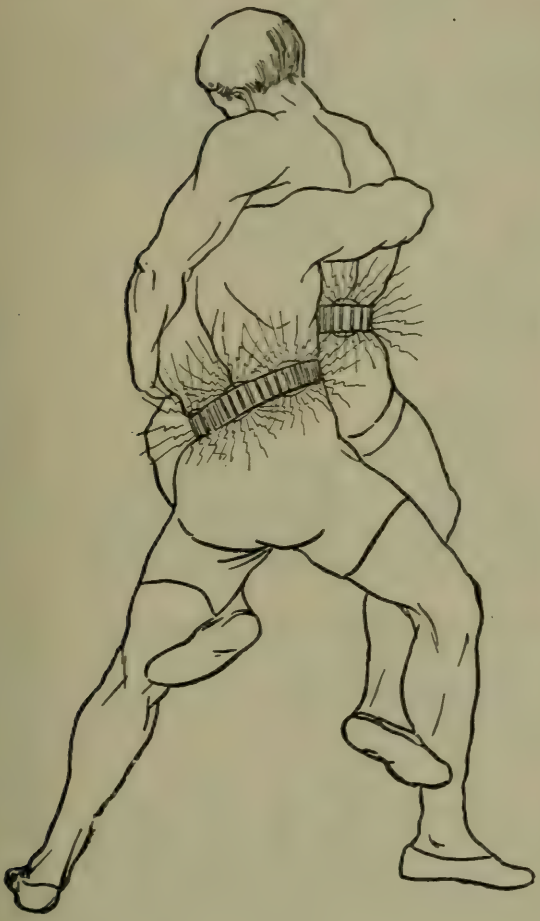
Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., elk, deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna P. O., B. C. ditto.
Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, trout and salmon.

CLUB Committees and individuals having in view the purchase of prizes for any out-door sports, or of prize or presentation plate, are invited to inspect the many suitable pieces of Solid Silverware offered by this house. The opportunity to submit special designs is solicited.

THEODORE B. STARR

206 FIFTH AVENUE
MADISON SQUARE
NEW YORK

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.



Electricity Is Life

If a man's whole system is in an exceedingly nervous condition it does not by any means follow that he has been for years in the habit of taking insidious poisons with his daily food, which necessitate the swallowing of other poisons to counteract them. Neither, if he is prematurely aged, is it at all likely that a liberal prescription of drugs or quack medicines will renew his youth, like the famous fountain which Ponce de Leon never found. On the contrary, his condition is almost always due to lost vitality, which is not a drug, nor is it susceptible of being treated as a drug.

Vitality, as every man knows, may be drained from the system by indiscretions, excesses and indulgences, which occur at various times, but usually during the period of youth, when a man is surcharged to his fullest capacity with the animal electricity of life. And, once lost, there is no possible way of restoring it except through the medium of a similar electric current.

When we acknowledge the living truth that Electricity is Life and Energy and Nerve Force and Vigor, it is easy to see why it strengthens and builds up a weak, debilitated system.

During the past thirty years I have convinced over 100,000 men that these are facts. They have listened to me and have RECOVERED THEIR MANHOOD solely by means of my treatment. To-day there is not a single man of the entire hundred thousand who is not thoroughly MASTER OF HIMSELF, or who has not every reasonable assurance of LIVING TO REACH EXTREME AGE.

My treatment is the simplest that human experience has been able to devise. I have studied electricity until I know to a fraction the amount of current necessary to produce a beneficial result upon the human system, in a soothing and agreeable manner; for sudden and severe galvanic shocks often do more harm in two minutes to a nervous organization than it can recover from in months. This proper amount of current I store in eighteen little double element cells, which are secured in a comfortable waist belt, the whole weighing but five ounces. You put the belt on at night, take it off in the morning. Soothing, pleasant current through the weakened parts all night long—next day you feel refreshed, restored, a new man.

Consult me at my office, free of charge, or write for free book, "Three Classes of Men," which explains everything you wish to know, answers many questions which cannot be answered through the columns of a paper, and is sent in a plain sealed envelope.

Dr. G. B. SANDEN
826 Broadway
New York City

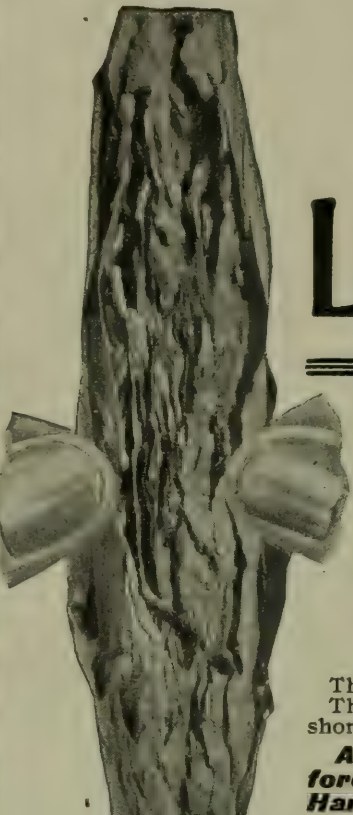
The Only

Just-for-a-few-Minutes

or "Short" Smoke

of Rich Quality

Lucke's Rolls



Note Clean, Long Stock.

Porto Rico's Richest Leaf
Hand Rolled, Native Style

100 in stout wood box prepaid anywhere for $1.00

They are not "cute" looking tiny abominations of rankness. They have won American recognition as the only praise-worthy short-smoke product ever introduced.

An exquisite clean Long Filler--a Filler never before equaled in a Short-smoke--and it is Rolled by Hand.

The short-smoke goods previously known to the American smoker have been neither tasteful or cleanly and would never be regarded as inviting in any sense. Although often attractive in external appearance, they are made of dusty scrap fillers, the offal of cigar factories, the floor and bench sweepings, tobacco "saw dust" as it were, bought up from cigar factories all over the country by parties who make a business of it, and sold to those who machine-make them into little cigar and all-tobacco cigarette form. Consequently, although put up in the most alluring packages, they have never found much favor with intelligent smokers.

Lucke's Rolls are not only made of a LONG-FILLER, but it is a long-filler stock admittedly the finest obtainable in the world—three leaves of it—stemmed—cleaned—dust blown—and hand-rolled in a wrapper. It's a virgin loam soil growth of Porto Rico, the choicest raised. In only five months time they have been immensely successful throughout the entire United States, far outselling the short-smoke goods on the market for years. Their taste has Pleased thousands dissatisfied with flat straw-flavor cigars and thousands unable to stand the virulent rankness of the inferior Havana cigars of this period.

Remit price only—we pay delivery cost. Money back to any one dissatisfied. Your dollar is not our dollar unless you are ***glad*** to get ***Lucke's Rolls.***

J. H. Lucke & Co. Lucke Block, 209 to 217 Court St. **Cincinnati, O.**

Extensive Manufacturers of Fine Special Goods.

The Advanced New Era Standard of Cigar Value

Ordinary 2 for 25c—15c Straight and
3 for 50c values fully equaled in flavor,
aroma and superior satisfying qualities.
This is the kind of value
that is guaranteed you, in

THE LUCKE ROLLED CIGAR

50 in stout wood box **$1.25**
Delivery prepaid by us.

100 in stout wood box **$2.25**
Delivery prepaid by us.

EACH ONE A GRAND FULL SMOKE

A FREE DRAFT QUICK ROLL of Choicest Leaf from Porto Rico
A Stock the Pride of the Island's Planters

Our Opportunity and We Grasp It Such a stock as this, in a slow-made sleek, paste-finished, cigar, would find some sale at high prices. But we have utilized our advantages for a broader purpose. Instead of shipping a few bales, we have bought up all of this special leaf obtainable in Porto Rico. Instead of putting a few dozen men at work we have at work nearly 3,000. **WHY? BECAUSE we are after every real consistent smoker in America**—the kind who know what it is to pay 25c straight for cigar-satisfaction; and we are after them with a roll of stock at a price that makes everyday smoke-enjoyment no criminal extravagance. It means great national trade. There's where **WE** come in.

SEND FOR A BOX—every day you put it off you are losing money, probably also smoking goods that far from satisfy your real desire in tobacco-flavor.

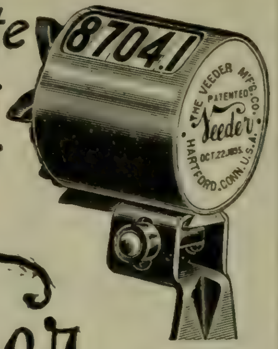
Send for a Box and Smoke a Few If to your taste they're not eloquent arguments for "colonial" development—if not equal in flavor, draft and true satisfying qualities, to any 2 for 25c or 3 for 50c cigar you can buy—your money is on call—we will return same at once.

Remit price of goods only; we prepay express.

J. H. Lucke & Co. Lucke Block, 209 to 217 Court St. **Cincinnati, O.**
Most Extensive Makers in the World of Special Smokers.

An Accurate Knowledge of Distance

is essential to the efficient use of a wheel. If you doubt this, try a

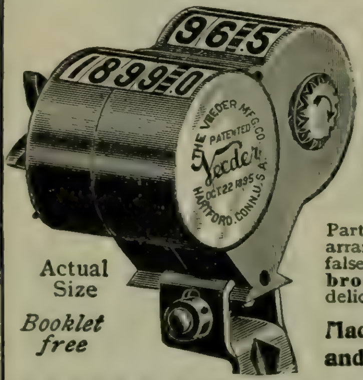

87041
THE VEEDER MFG. CO.
PATENTED
Veeder
OCT. 22, 1895.
HARTFORD, CONN. U.S.A.

Veeder

Actual Size

CYCLOMETER FOR A WEEK. It is the only accurate distance recorder for bicycles.

Its merit has eliminated competition—90 per cent. of modern cyclometers are Veeder Cyclometers.



Price, **$1.00.** 10,000 miles and repeat. **Dust-proof, water proof, positive action.** On the "Trip" Cyclometer, price **$2.00,** the small indicator can be set back to zero separately **like a stem-setting watch** after each trip.

Parts cannot become disarranged. Cannot register falsely unless actually **broken.** No springs. No delicate parts.

Actual Size

Booklet free

Made for 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch Wheels

VEEDER MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

ACME

BICYCLES

Direct from the factory to the rider at WHOLESALE PRICES.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS.

If you want to save agent's profits and secure a High Grade Bicycle at

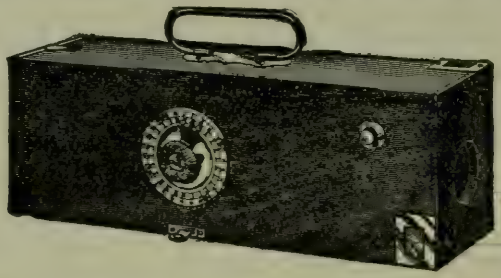
MANUFACTURER'S PRICE,

write for catalogue showing eight beautiful models with complete specifications. GUARANTEE: REPAIRS FREE AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

Acme Cycle Co., Elkhart, Ind.

BE IN IT

and use



THE LATEST THING OUT

The Nodark Camera

Carries 26 tin type plates 2½x3½ You can develop, fix and finish on the spot

NO DARK ROOM NO MUSS
CLEAN AND CONVENIENT

Price $6.00. Loaded for 26 exposures The Greatest Novelty in Photography

Direct from the makers to any address in the United States on receipt of price—delivery free. Ask your dealer for it

POPULAR PHOTOGRAPH CO.

Descriptive booklet free by mail

114 & 116 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK

1899-35th-1899

Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000

ASSETS

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums,	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	**$25,315,442.46**

LIABILITIES

Reserve, 4 per cent. Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Installment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	**$21,209,625.36**
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	**$4,105,817.10**
Surplus to Stockholders,	**$3,105,817.10**

STATISTICS TO DATE

LIFE DEPARTMENT

Life Insurance in force,	**$97,352,821.00**
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	**16,087,551.00**

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	**1,382,008.95**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**14,532,359.52**

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	**16,260**
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	**324,250**
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	**$ 1,254,500.81**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**22,464,596.75**

Totals

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	**$ 2,636,509.76**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**36,996,956.27**

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

The following correspondence explains itself :

Mr. Paul F. Markoff, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sir : I am advised that you and 2 friends caught nearly 800 trout, on the little Manistee river, on a recent fishing trip. Is this correct? Your kind reply will greatly oblige, Yours truly,

G. O. Shields,
Edr. and Mgr. RECREATION.

Yes, your information is authentic. We caught 783 trout in 3 days, and are going after the ones we missed, to-night.

Yours, etc.,
Paul F. Markoff.

That's right, Paul. If you're bound to be a hog admit it frankly, so decent people may know and shun you.

The N. Y. State Commission of Fisheries has arranged to plant, from the Caledonia hatcheries, 40,000 lake trout fry in Owasco lake, N. Y., on the Lehigh Valley Railway.

The Passenger Department of that company is deeply interested in the protection of fish and game and is keeping the trout streams well stocked. Mr. Lee has sent in several applications to the hatcheries at Caledonia, during the past month, for fish to be supplied this season, all of which requests will be filled.

Do you keep a DOG?

Send for free pamphlet on feeding, treatment, etc., and catalogue of foods, etc.

To SPRATT'S PATENT Ltd
239 E. 56th St., New York.

THE
LAKE
SHORE
& MICHIGAN
SOUTHERN
RAILWAY.

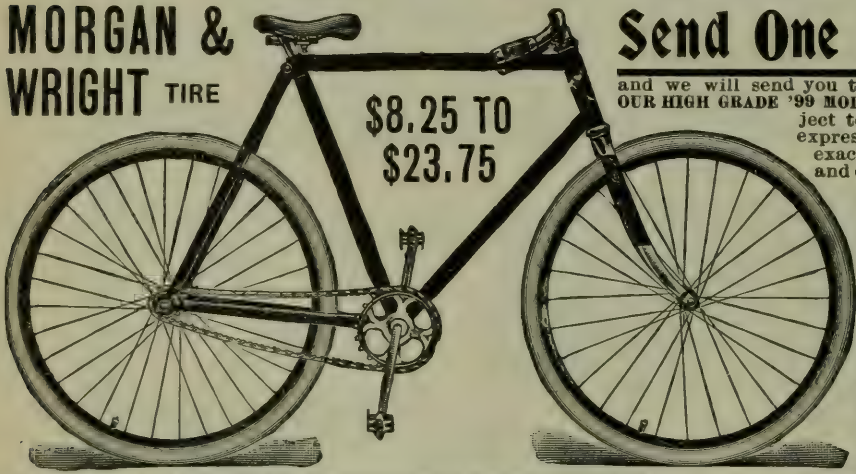
Perfect Traveling.

The kind that enables you to arrive at your journey's end with a feeling of undisturbed enjoyment; a trip on which you can sleep well, dine well, be comfortable and receive courteous treatment; a journey of pleasant recollections.

Perfect Traveling.

The kind provided by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry., between Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, Boston. A copy of "Book of Trains" sent free to any address by

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.



MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRE

$8.25 TO $23.75

Send One Dollar CUT THIS AD. OUT AND SEND TO US, state whether GENTS' or LADIES' bicycle is wanted, gear and color wanted and we will send you this OUR HIGH GRADE '99 MODEL **ACME PRINCE BICYCLE** by express C.O.D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, the greatest bargain you ever saw and equal to bicycles others sell as high as $50.00, pay your express agent our SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, **$18.75** and express charges, less the $1.00 sent with order. Express charges average $1.00 for 500 miles; greater or lesser distances in proportion.

Morgan & Wright's

Highest Grade, 1 year guaranteed, Pneumatic Tire, 22, 24 or 25-inch Diamond, 1⅛-inch seamless steel tubing frame, finest 2-piece Sealy hanger, finest crystal steel adjustable bearings throughout. Wheels, Rowel's best 28-inch. Full ball bearing throughout. Acker ball retainers throughout. Finest equipment. Index chain. Canton padded saddle. Best handle bar made, up or down turn. Clark's anti-friction, ball bearing, ball retaining pedals, heavy leather tool bag, fine wrench, oiler, pump and repair kit. Wheel is given finest possible finish, enameled black, green or maroon. All bright parts heavily nickel plated on copper. No wheel is more handsome. A BINDING ONE-YEAR GUARANTEE with every bicycle. **IF YOU DON'T FIND IT EQUAL TO OTHER $40.00 WHEELS, DON'T TAKE IT.** **$8.25 Stripped, $11.75 and $16.95 Fully Equipped** is our price for cheaper (1899) bicycles No old models, no worthless second hand wheels. OUR FREE BICYCLE catalogue shows our entire line up to $23.75. WRITE FOR IT. **ORDER OUR $18.75 BICYCLE AT ONCE, MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRE,** highest equipment; you will save $20.00. You can make $100.00 every month selling these $18.75 WHEELS at $25.00 to $35.00.

(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable—Editor.)

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.) CHICAGO, ILL.

For Sale: A Charles Daly 3 barrel gun, 12 gauge, 30 in. barrels, .38-55 rifle, 8½ lbs. List price, $90. Almost as good as new, and an excellent shooter. Best offer above $40 takes the gun.

J. M. Graves, 40 Bay St., Potsdam, N. Y.

For Sale: Fine large red Irish Setter, 4 years old, well broken, fine disposition.

W. H. Pape, Franklin, Pa.

Camp Kittie, Beaver river, N. Y., will be rented to desirable parties during coming season, periods of one week or longer. Best trout and deer region in Adirondacks.

H. F. Down, Johnstown, N. Y.

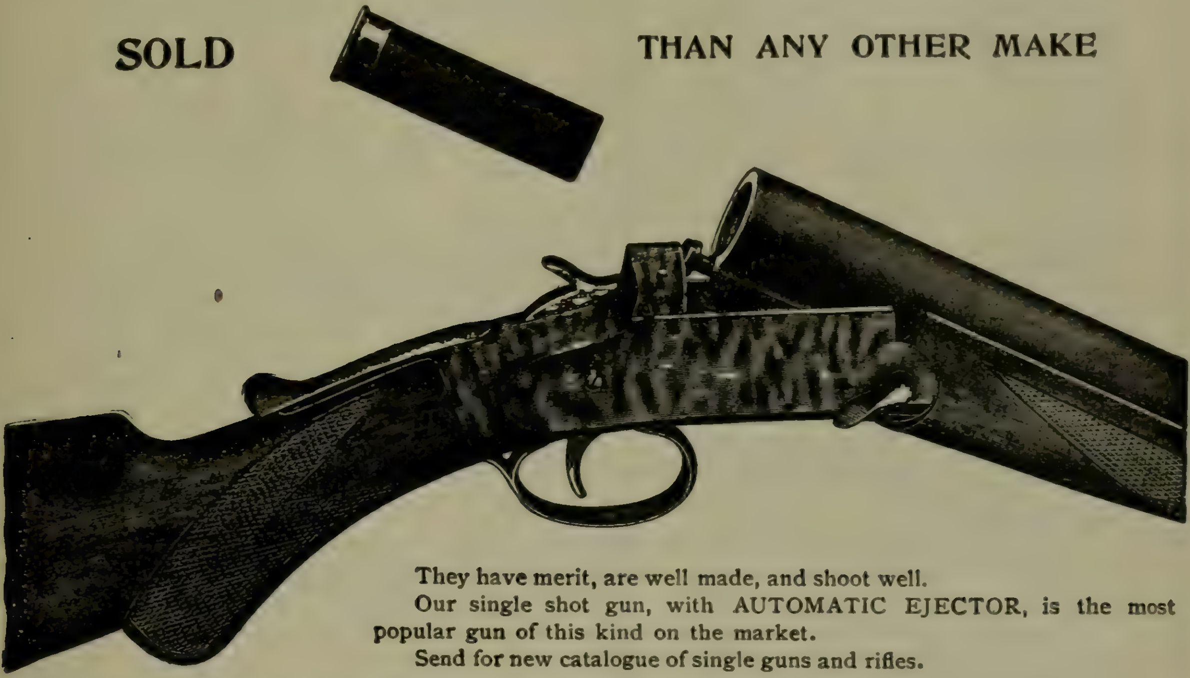
Buffalo Skin for Sale.—In perfect condition; no bare spots. Bought from Indians in Northwest Territory, a year ago. Price, $150.

A. C. Wilmerding,
165 Broadway, New York.

THERE ARE MORE

DAVENPORT SINGLE GUNS

SOLD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE



They have merit, are well made, and shoot well.

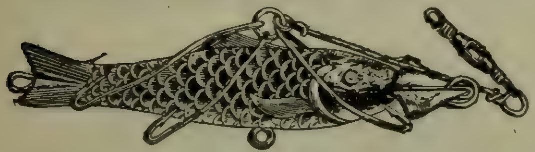
Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

Send for new catalogue of single guns and rifles.

THE W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.

Combination Either dragged for a spinning troll, or suspended from the center

ALL ANGLERS WANT IT



PRICE { A three-inch decorated rubber bait, prepaid to any address, for 60c. or two for $1.

Reference, Cooke & Hagerman,
Sporting Goods Dealers

M. W. VOTAW P. O. Box 97
Bowling Green, Ky.

Mrs. C.—I wonder where in the world the alarm clock has gone! I saw it on the mantel yesterday.

Mr. C.—It was there yesterday, but I heard it going off this morning.

Mrs. C.—Well, I hope it hasn't gone where you told it to go.—Yonkers Statesman.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to Recreation. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

TO FLORIDA AND WEST INDIES.

The celebrated "New York and Florida Special" leaves New York *via* Pennsylvania Railroad and Atlantic Coast Line at 12.20 p.m., daily, except Sunday, passing through Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah, and connecting as usual at Waycross for Brunswick and Thomasville, Ga., arriving at Jacksonville the following day at 1.10 p.m., and at St. Augustine at 2.20 p.m., the Pullman sleeper from New York arriving at Tampa Bay at 8.25 p.m. "The Florida and West Indian Limited," with close connections by steamship from Florida for Havana and Nassau, leaves daily at 9.20 a.m. "Atlantic Coast Line Express" leaves at 8.50 p.m. daily, composed of Pullman drawing-room sleepers for Jacksonville. Apply at 229 Broadway.

For Sale: A Savage rifle in first-class order, nearly new. Used only once. Also 4 boxes soft-nose cartridges. All for $16.
E. R. Blethen, Foxcroft, Me.

Fine large Graphophone, Cresant, case and records. Will sell, or trade for fine rifle. C. A. Kerns, Colby, Kan.

For Exchange.—Fine fly rods and all kinds of fishing tackle; one piccolo; one trombone; cameras, etc. For double barrel shot gun, automatic reel, or anything of equal value. W. J. Gandit, Bristol, Vt.

Wild Flowers in California

Reach their climax of splendor in April.
The hills and valleys are ablaze with color.
The weather is delicious.
The visitor to California at this time is richly repaid for a long journey.
But it is only 2¾ days from Chicago, and 4 from New York,
by The California Limited, Santa Fe Route.

Address General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
CHICAGO.

500-Mile Tickets,

2 Cents Per Mile,

Good on every mile of the New York Central and its branches (over 2,000 miles of railway), make traveling on "America's Greatest Railroad" cheaper than staying at home.

A through train every hour.

Service practically perfect.

For a copy of "The Railroad and the Dictionary," send your address to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

C&O ROUTE

F.F.V. LIMITED

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

95% On Time

Between

New York . Philadelphia
Baltimore . Washington
Cincinnati . Louisville
St. Louis and Chicago

Dining Cars . . .
Pullman Sleepers
Observation Cars

Strictly . . .
up to Date

Grandest Scenery in America

H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

...To "the" Pleasure Resorts of...

Texas and Gulf of Mexico

TAKE

THE M K AND T

MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

Via CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, or ST. LOUIS

WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPERS
FREE "KATY" CHAIR CARS

For further information, address
W. S. ST. GEORGE, Gen. East. Agt.
309 Broadway, New York

Uncle Sam, M.D.

AND HIS

GREAT SANITARIUM AND PLEASURE RESORT

IN THE HEART OF THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

Hot Springs Ark.

COMMONLY KNOWN AS

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

ELEGANT HOTELS, SUBLIME SCENERY,
DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE, HEALING HOT SPRINGS,
WITH FOUR OTHER NOTED SPRINGS WITHIN SIX MILES.

Descriptive and illustrated pamphlets *mailed free of charge* on application to any representative of the IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE, OR TO

H. C. TOWNSEND,
GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNEQUALED ATTRACTIONS

ON THE LINE OF THE

Union Pacific

FOR TOURISTS

It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

◆

Sportsmen will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

For Gun Club Rules, Game Laws, and any information relative to localities for Hunting, or for information in regard to the UNION PACIFIC R. R., call on or address any General or Traveling Agent of this Company.

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go to Europe until you have made a trip on the New York Central's "Empire State Express" and seen Niagara Falls. Both can be accomplished in a day, and at the lowest regular rate charged on any railway in the World.

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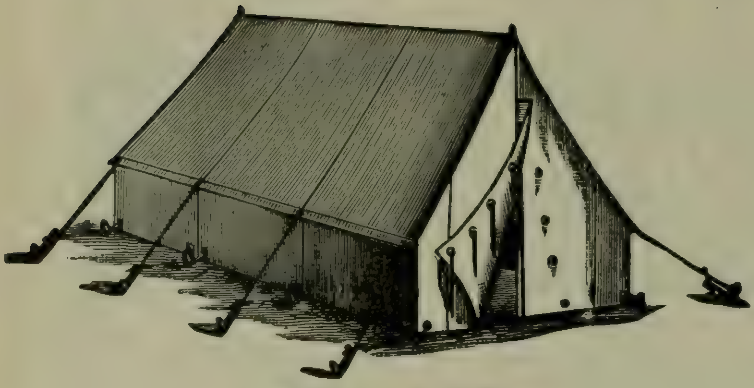
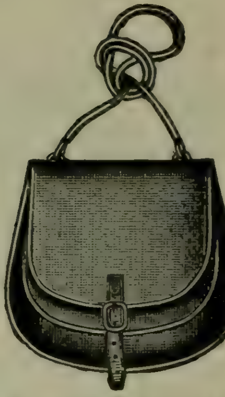
For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" send one 2-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Articles for Sportsmen and Travelers



WATERPROOF TENT



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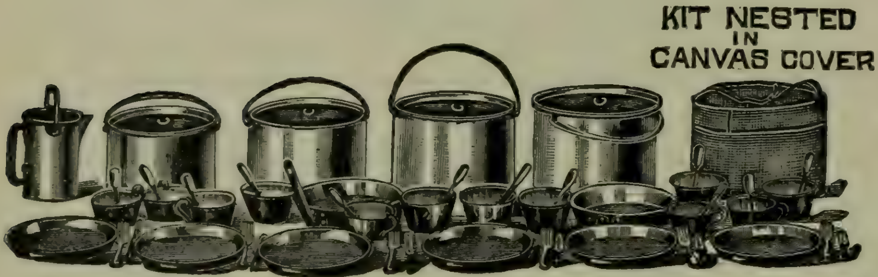
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Aluminum Cooking Outfits

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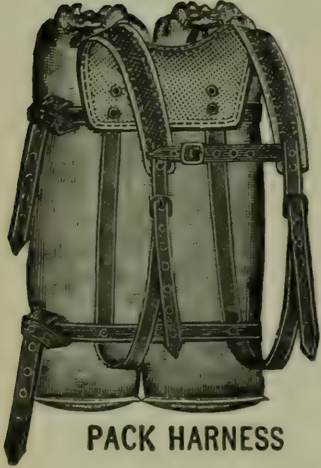

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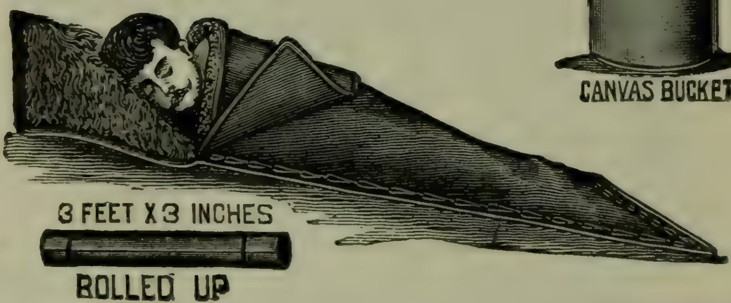
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The Johnson Sleeping Bag

All kinds of Tents, Sleeping Bags, Clothes Bags, Ground Cloths, Covers, Primus Burners and Utensils, Air Mattresses and Cushions, Hair Camp Mattress, Camp Furniture, Camp Stoves. Any Canvas work done to order.

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36 South Street, NEW YORK

Wherever I go among sportsmen I hear them say of RECREATION, "I take it, and like it very much!"

Since I wrote you, one of our ex-County Commissioners called on me. He lives on the well known Sinnamahoning river. He invited me to visit him next spring. Of course, a day's fishing was at once suggested; when I had again to hear, that this beautiful mountain river had not a fish in it. Forty years ago, when a boy, I could slip out before breakfast, and catch enough fish to feed a dozen men all day. My friend said to me, angrily, "Why, Colonel, it's an outrage; a shame; yes, a disgrace to allow this destruction of fish. Last fall we had the finest bass fishing in the country. Two years before you had the stream well stocked, and to-day, not a single fish can be seen nor caught." This comes from the flows of tanneries in adjoining counties.

Fred. Schoening, Ridgway, Pa.

Wanted.—To hear from men who want to hunt large game in Idaho or Wyoming. Will give good references and will guarantee to find the game I go after.

W. L. Winegar, Guide,
Egin, Fremont County, Idaho.

To Exchange.—Set of .38-55 reloading tools, $20 mandolin, and $15 saddle, for books on ornithology or mammalogy.

J. Alden Loring, Owego, N. Y.

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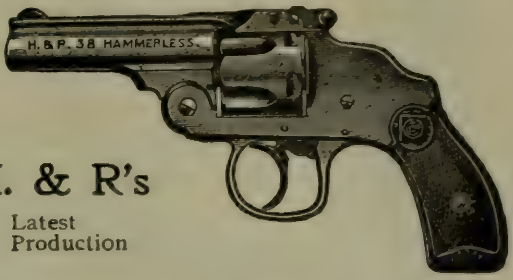
And the price is just as attractive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A NEW *Hammerless Revolver*

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Descriptive Catalogue "R" free on request.

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If we sell you these in all their great variety of patterns, of FIRST QUALITY, at MUCH LOWER PRICES than you have been paying, you will buy of us and say "thank you."

Will you not?

You can get Split Bamboo Rods of us at 75 cents; Flies at 24 cents a dozen; 3-ply Shelled Hooks at 16 cents a dozen; Rifles at $1.75, and Cameras at 50 cents. But we don't make any hurrah about it for that is all they are worth. We don't want you to buy such stuff.

What we do *emphasize* is the fact that we furnish high-grade Sporting Goods at LOW PRICES.

Our illustrated catalog gives full information. Send for it. A proper use of it will save you lots of money. Do us the favor to send for it NOW. Mention RECREATION.

Our Photo Department is in charge of an expert, and our stock is very large and up to date. Chemicals a specialty.

Cornwall & Jespersen

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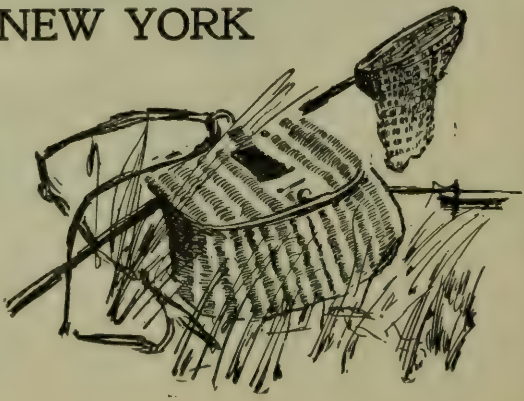
Send now for a sample dozen of our best Trout Flies (with gut helper, turned wings). They will cost you 72 cents.



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All the Prominent
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**OTHER GUNS
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SCOTT'S MONTE CARLO

Latest Automatic Ejector
Hammerless

Also Westley Richards, Greener, Purdy, Lang, Colt, Parker, L. C. Smith, J. P. Clabrough & Johnstone, etc.

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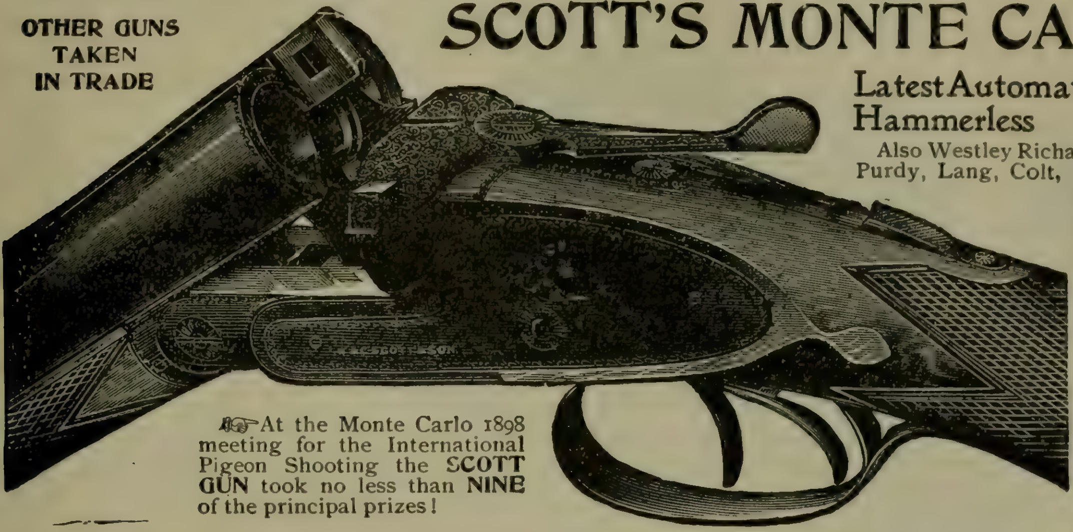

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Also fine **Swedish Leather Jackets**

tan color, impervious to cold and wet, finest garment made for any one exposed to weather.

Established 1826 **WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., Boston**

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Chatfield Flies**

"I have examined samples of the trout flies made by E. G. Chatfield, Owego, N. Y., and cannot understand how any trout could fail to be attracted by them. They are as neat, as dainty and as handsome as any moth that ever flew. In fact, they are much prettier than most insects which they purport to imitate; yet the counterfeits are close enough and good enough to deceive the wariest trout that ever hid under a log. In filling your fly-book for next season, it would be well to include a dozen of these Chatfield flies."—RECREATION

**E. G. Chatfield
Manufacturer
49 Front Street
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Trout Flies, $1.00 per Doz.
Bass Flies, $2.00 per Doz.
Sample fly and descriptive catalogue for 10 cents, stamps or silver

SMALL PROFITS ∴ QUICK SALES

Trout Flies

FOR TRIAL SEND US

15c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, **24** cents	Quality A Flies
30c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, **60** cents	Quality B Flies
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Split Bamboo RODS

**Fly Rods, 10 feet, 6 ounces,
Bait Rods, 9 feet, 8 ounces,
With Cork Grip** **60c.**

TRY OUR NEW
Braided Silk, Enameled, Waterproof
METAL CENTRE LINE

**Size No. 5, 4½c. per yd.
Size No. 4, 5½c. per yd.
Put up in 10-yard lengths, connected**

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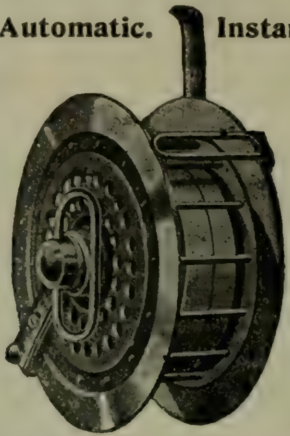
TACKLE catalog free on application.

The Automatic-Combination Reel

Free-Running and Automatic. Instantly Interchangeable



The Reel of '99...

Free-Running—Any kind of cast can be made with it.
Automatic—Winds the line automatically by the action of a spring controlled by the little finger of the hand holding the rod. ("The little finger" still "does it.") Impossible for a fish to get slack line with this Reel, no matter what his maneuvers may be.
Key-Winding—Spring re-wound or tension increased by turning the key on outside of Spool.
The Wonder and Delight of all Anglers.

Send for Catalogue. **Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.** Mention RECREATION.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

Look over your Fishing Tackle:

See that everything is in order for the next onslaught on the brooks and ponds.

Don't bother to patch up strained and broken rods—the wrecks of last season's trip, for they'll surely "go back on you" at the most inconvenient time. You know they will—from past experience. Now is the time to "take on" a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod—a rod that will NOT be a wreck at the end of the season—a rod that you can buy so cheaply you can have something left with which to replenish your fly-book.

If you don't know about the "Bristol," send to us for a free copy of our Sportsman's Catalogue, just issued.

Specify Cat. "R" **The Horton Manufacturing Co.** Bristol, Conn. U. S. A.

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SMOKELESS POWDER

has been given an exhaustive test and has proved satisfactory in every particular. This applies to powder for shotguns and to the .30 Caliber Smokeless, .45 Caliber Springfield, Sporting Rifle Smokeless, and .22 Caliber Smokeless Powder for Rifles.

UNIFORMITY ☞ is a quality that must belong to a good smokeless powder. To explain briefly why our smokeless powder must embrace this feature: It is manufactured in the form of a long string, then cut into exact sizes and allowed to shrink naturally. Every grain is of the same explosive power, and a bulk measurement will repeat continuously the same weight. This is true whether you use it in a .22 Caliber rifle or a 10-gauge shotgun.

This smokeless powder will not ☞ **DETERIORATE** and years from the time it is loaded it will give as high a velocity and as low a breech pressure as when fresh from the mills. Further, we assure you, that it will not be affected by heat or cold, dryness or dampness. It is indeed a perfect powder, and we are anxious that sportsmen should investigate its merits.

WE SHALL BE GLAD
TO ANSWER QUESTIONS

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.
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New Ithaca Guns

Self compensation, taking up wear at every point

GUARANTEED FOR NITRO POWDER

Close and Hard Shooting Guns at long range a specialty

ITHACA GUN CO

Price but a little more than one-half that of any other good gun, and warranted in the most positive terms, shooting included

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Send for circular and ask for special prices
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Manufacturers of fine Hammer and Hammerless Guns

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Is Your Time Worth Anything?

The Gun Bore Treatment

WILL SAVE BOTH

It is an absolutely effective and permanent protection against the **Rusting, Pitting** and **Leading** of the bore of Firearms.

Stop Cleaning Your Gun!

If this interests you, write to the

GUN BORE TREATMENT CO.

7 and 9 Warren St., NEW YORK

Just returned from Moosehead. The fishing was fair. Caught a land-locked salmon weighing 3 pounds. Took 23 minutes to land it. Gave it to one Harrison, who took it to Boston, claimed it weighed 4 pounds and said he caught it. This fish showed more fight in still water than any ouananiche I saw last spring.

J. C. French, M.D., Portland, Me.

For Exchange.—Pointer puppies, for a portable boat, a .22 Marlin, or a .30-30, or a 12 or 16 gauge hammerless Baker, or a good tent.

H. M. Dawson, Jackson, Tenn.

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The Blue Hills Trout Preserve Co., which is situated in Kensington, a short distance from Meriden, Ct., has recently built in connection with its hatchery a dam, which forms the Blue Hills lake, located at the head waters of the Blue Hills stream. This has been well stocked with trout, affording fly and bait fishing unequalled in New England. This privilege is now open to the public, the only charge being 50 cents a pound for fish caught. There can also be seen at the hatchery trout of all sizes for stocking streams and preserves, including half a million fry recently hatched.

Superintendent H. J. Holdredge or his assistant, whose house with wide veranda overlooks the lake, can always be found there and will be glad to welcome you at any time. The Preserve is on the farm of L. J. Peck, on the Blue Hills road between New Britain and Meriden. Anyone desiring can reach the place from Berlin Depot, 5 miles, New Britain about 6 miles, or from Meriden, the most convenient and nearest point, 3½ miles.

Yours very truly,
Address Blue Hills Trout Preserve Co.

"Wild Animals I have Known" is the title of Ernest Seton Thompson's latest and greatest book. Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION one year, $2. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscribers.

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are we selling more

VICTORY FLY RODS

than ever before?

BECAUSE

they stand the strain of hard casting, and have an action and finish that is as near perfect as it is possible to make.

Only the finest Tonquin Cane is used in their construction and every rod is

GUARANTEED PERFECT

Fly Rods, 4 to 8 oz. -	$15.00
4-Piece Fly (New) -	18.00
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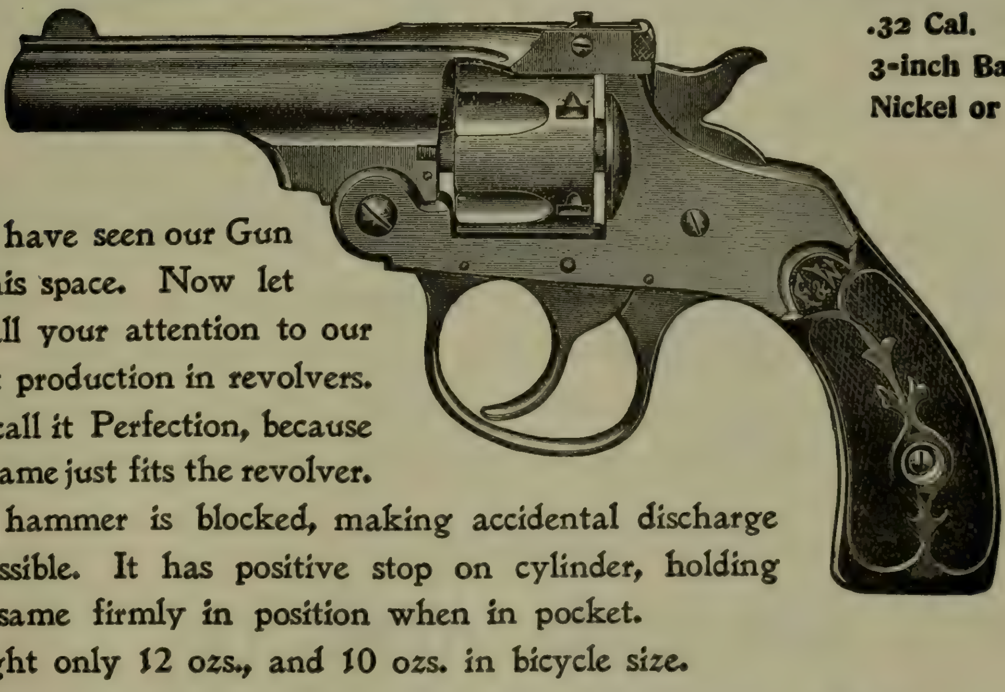
FINE FLIES AND LEADERS A SPECIALTY

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES
325 Broadway, New York

"PERFECTION AUTOMATIC"

.32 Cal.
3-inch Barrel
Nickel or Blue



You have seen our Gun in this space. Now let us call your attention to our latest production in revolvers. We call it Perfection, because the name just fits the revolver. The hammer is blocked, making accidental discharge impossible. It has positive stop on cylinder, holding the same firmly in position when in pocket. Weight only 12 ozs., and 10 ozs. in bicycle size.

No better pistol at any price. This retails at $4.00.

Forehand Arms Co. WORCESTER MASS.

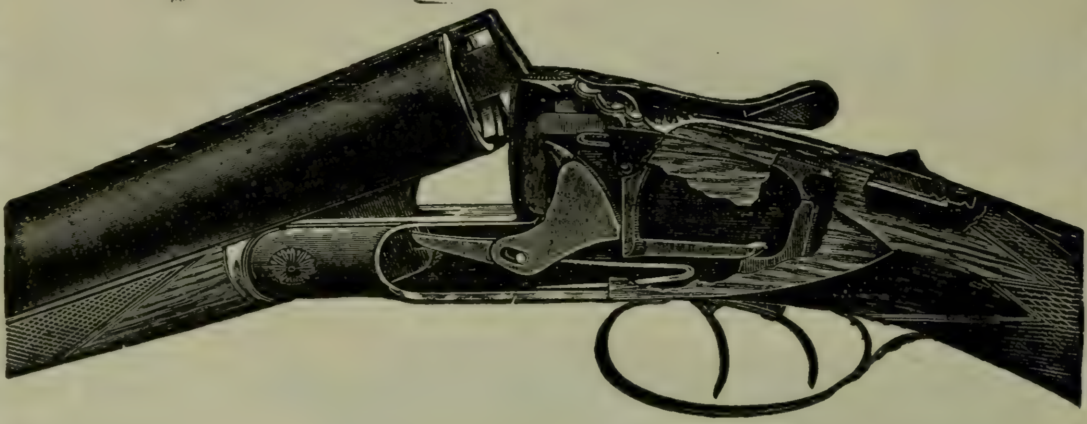
Keep Banging Away!

If you are shooting at the traps and using the

SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS

EJECTOR GUN

you are dropping your birds with great regularity. Buy a Syracuse Gun (made in all grades) and keep banging away. You need never fear anything is going to give out. Just shoot, and, if your gun is pointed right, you will kill your game.



SYRACUSE GUN

Is made from the best material and by the most experienced workmen. It is not an experiment. It has gone through all that long ago. There are three good points about the Syracuse Gun: a simple lock, a strong breech, and an ejector that surpasses anything in its line. Take a chance and see for yourself. Write for catalogue.

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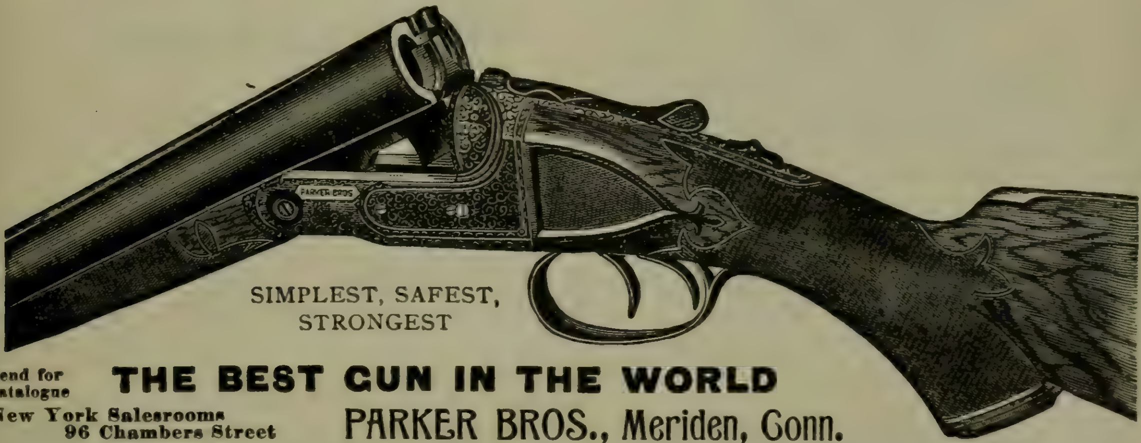
"The Old Reliable Parker is Superb"

So says Master GUY GRIGSBY, of Louisville, Ky., the 13 year old boy who on November 24, 1898, won the Kentucky Futurity, killing 49 out of 50 live birds, his 5th falling dead out of bounds.

In three other recent matches, including the Nelson County Fair Handicap and the Club Gold Button, which he won, he scored 42 out of 43 live birds shot at.



SIMPLEST, SAFEST, STRONGEST

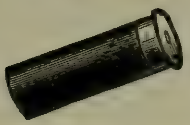
Send for Catalogue **THE BEST GUN IN THE WORLD**

New York Salesrooms 96 Chambers Street PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.

You are not up to date **unless you have seen the**

Ejector and Non-Ejector

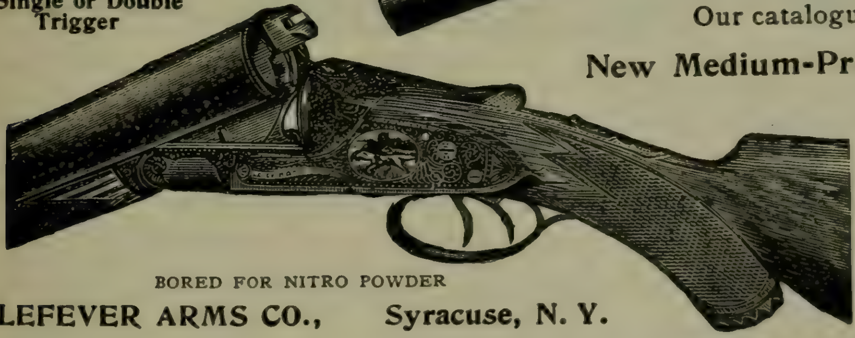
Single or Double Trigger



IMPROVED LEFEVER

Our catalogue describes our

New Medium-Price Hammerless



This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER

LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

For Sale or Exchange.—2 rifles, one Stephen's Favorite, 22 inch barrels, 25 caliber, rim fire, graduated Lyman rear peep sight and front globe sight. Splendid shooter and about as good as new. Also 26 inch barrel rifle, .32 caliber, center fire, new. Both for a good American double breech loading gun, in good condition. Give full description as to weight, length of barrels, size of bore, drop of stock, shooting qualities, age, etc.

D. T. Tuthill, Orient Point, N. Y.

For Sale or Exchange.—Remington target mid-range rifle, .40-65. Wind gauge and vernier sight; perfect in every respect. Also fine game preserve for sale, 28 miles from railroad; abounds with deer and trout. Should like to hear from persons looking for sport next season. C. F. Heaton,
Box 248, Potsdam, N. Y.

For Sale.—Pheasant eggs; English and Mongolian. May and June deliveries.
Hill-Top Game Preserve,
Lake Hill, Ulster Co., N. Y.

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DU PONT SMOKELESS

A Grand American Powder for Americans

FOR RIFLES, REVOLVERS PISTOLS AND SHOT GUNS

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Du Pont Smokeless
SMOKELESS POWDER

Gun Barrels Never Pit

or lose that fine polish the maker gave them if kept clean with a **"Tomlinson Cleaner."** It has saved many a barrel from ruin, therefore saved dollars for the owner. It is a neat and inexpensive tool, with brass wire gauge sides (which can be replaced when worn, for 10 cents a pair) that will remove all lead, rust-spots, and foreign matter with such neatness that you will have no more trouble keeping your gun **right.** Our ever-increasing business a proof of its value. All dealers or by mail on receipt of price, $1.00. Fits any rod and lasts a lifetime. An extra pair of sides and tool for rag with each. Gauges .8 to .20.

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Beautifully finished, durably constructed, accurate in shooting, latest improvements. The Baker Gun not only has all the advantages possessed by its leading competitors, but has absolute safety appliances which render it the most desirable gun for general use.

FREE! We will send for a year, free to any one interested in shooting or hunting, our *Quarterly*, which is nicely illustrated and contains stories, anecdotes and facts. A postal-card will bring it.

BAKER GUN & FORGING CO.
School Street, Batavia, N. Y.

Your letter received in regard to the fishing party. The report quoted was true. We caught 416 trout and could have caught more, as it was, we secured about 10 bushels of fish. Will gladly give further information if requested.

J. Edward Roberts, Milford, Del.

No, thank you. A little of this kind of information goes a long way. I hope you and your friends will reform after reading the many expressions in this issue of RECREATION, as to what real sportsmen think of such slaughter.—EDITOR.

Some Rare Opportunities

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod } FREE OF COST
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They can be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

"Recreation" 19 West 24th Street
New York

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, paper; or a Czar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a Photake Camera and outfit, listed at $2.50; or a No. 41 Stevens Pistol, listed at $2.50.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Powder, listed at $2; or a Nodark Camera, listing at $5; or a Stevens Tip-Up Pistol, listing at $2.50.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruising in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Willsie Camera, made for cut films, and listed at $5; or a Boss Dandy Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $5; or a Forehand New Model Revolver, listing at $4.

SIX subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *American Game Fishes*, cloth.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Pocket Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $5; or a Waterproof Wall Tent, 7½ x 7½, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $7.50.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $6.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a single-shot Davenport Rifle; or a Fishing rod, or a Yawman and Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle, No. 44, listed at $10; or a Willsie Camera, listed at $10.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Kozy Camera, listed at $10.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport single-barrel, breech-loading Ejector Shot-gun, listed at $10; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a No. 2 Bullet Camera, listed at $10; or a Stevens Diamond Pistol, listed at $7.50 to $8.50; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a No. 4 Bullseye Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $12; or a Bo-Peep B Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $15; or an Elita Single Shot-gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listing at $18; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship, *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 4 Bullet Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $15; or an Improved Gramophone (Zenophone), listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 14½x17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a 4 x 5 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $22.50.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a 5 x 7 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $27; or a Kamaret, made by Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $16 or less; or a Shattuck Double Hammerless Shot-gun, listing at $25.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions, at $1 each, an Arlington Sewing-Machine, listed at $19.50; or a 5 x 7 Korona Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $32; or a Dinner Set, 100 pieces, English semi-porcelain, floral and gold decorations, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listing at $18.25; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $30 or less; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Syracuse double Hammerless Shot-gun, Grade O, listed at $35; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less.

FORTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Forehand, Grade O, or an Ithaca, Quality No. 1, plain, double-barrel Hammerless Breech-loading Shot-gun; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $30 or less; or a Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $25.

FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Elk or Acme Bicycle, listed at $50.

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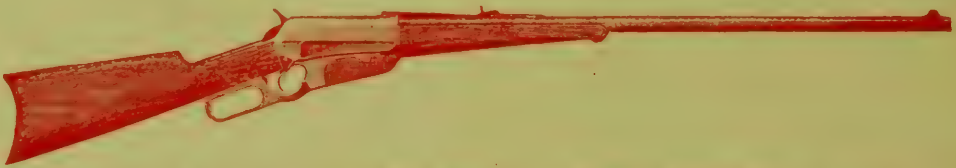

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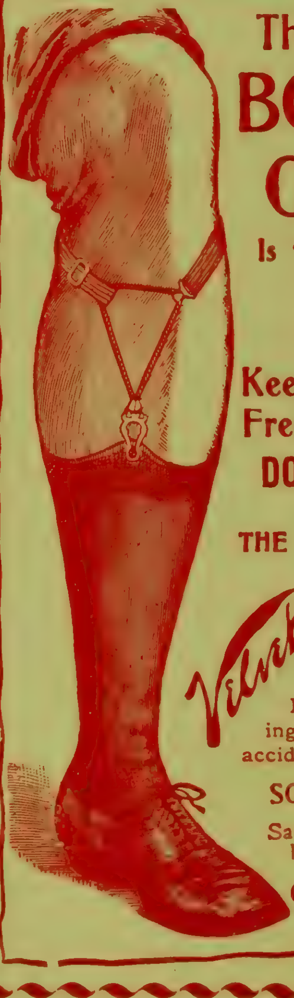

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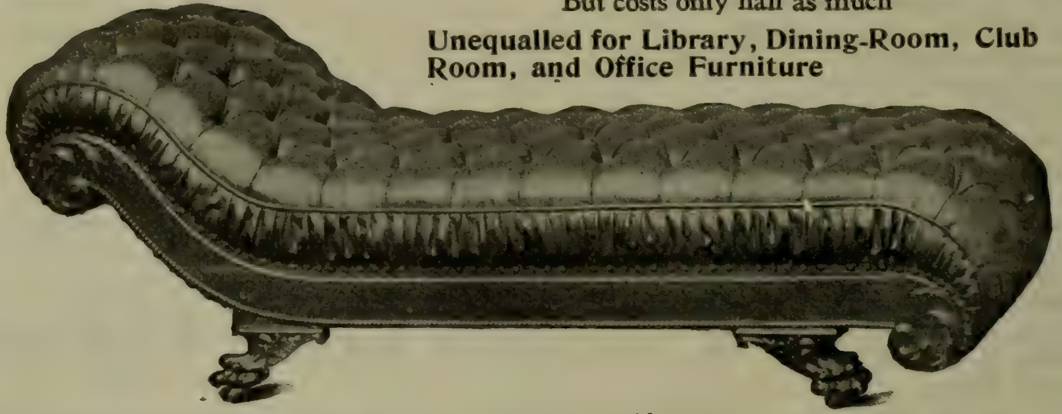

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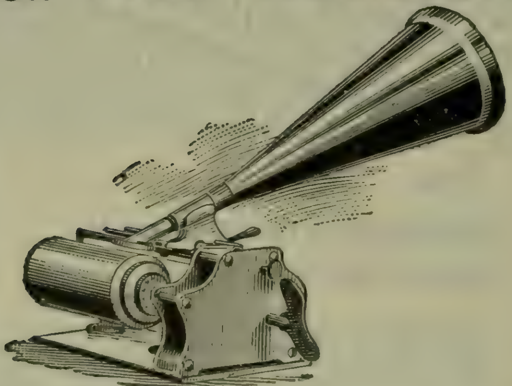

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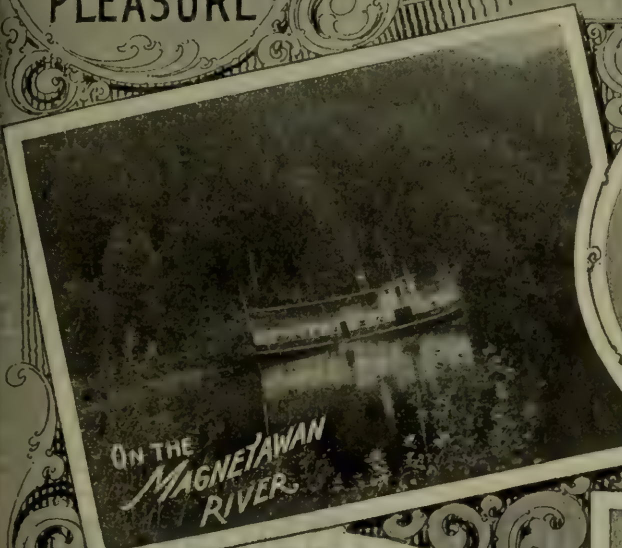

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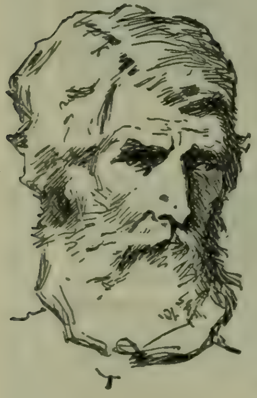

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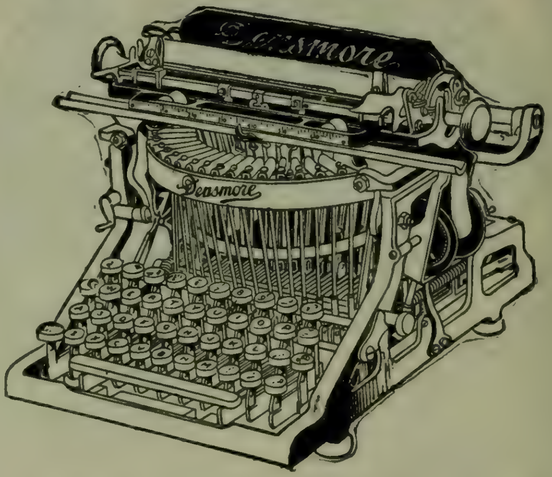

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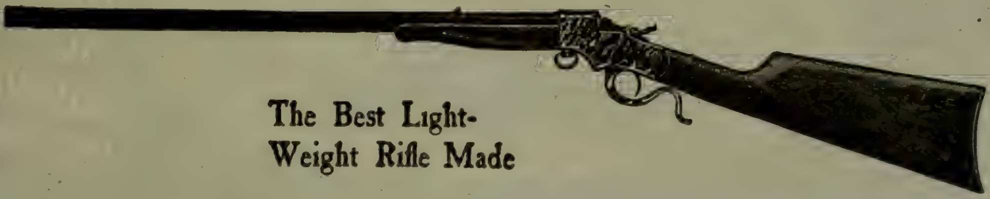

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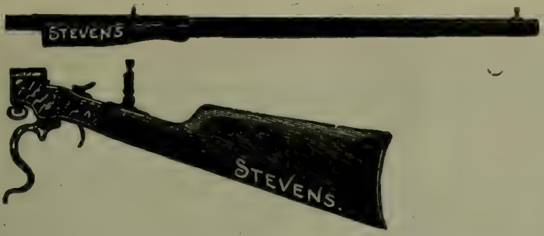

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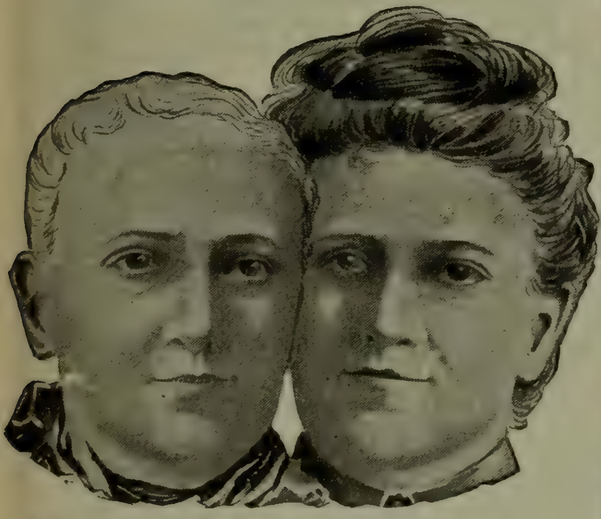

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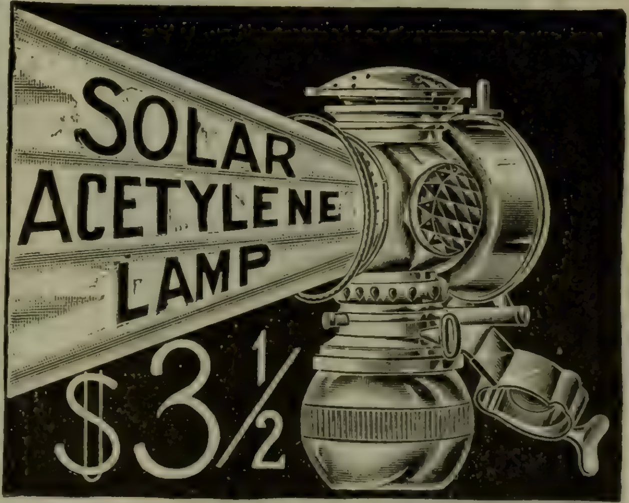

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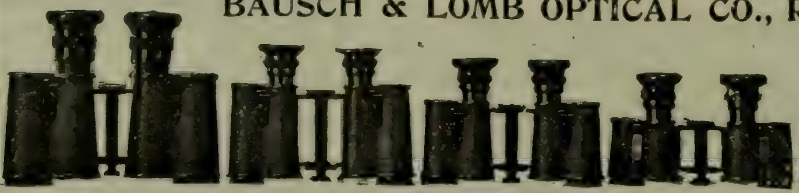

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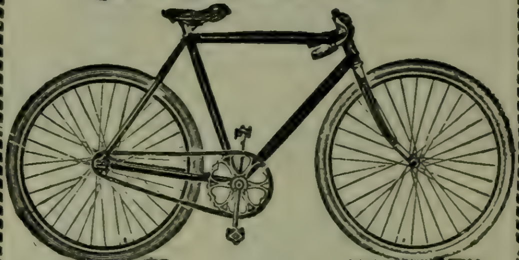

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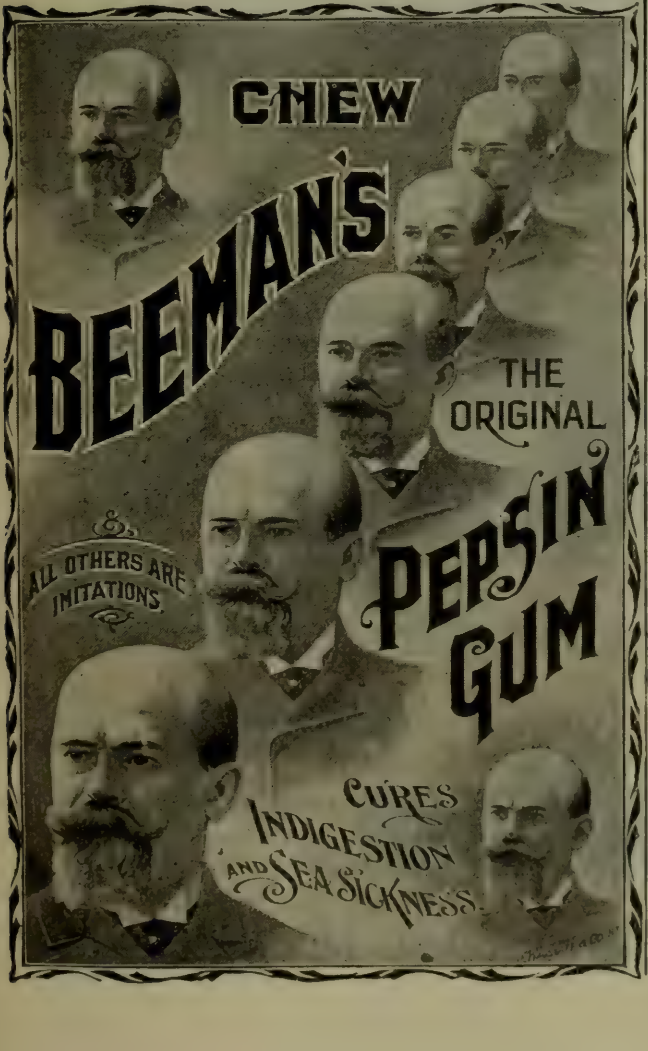
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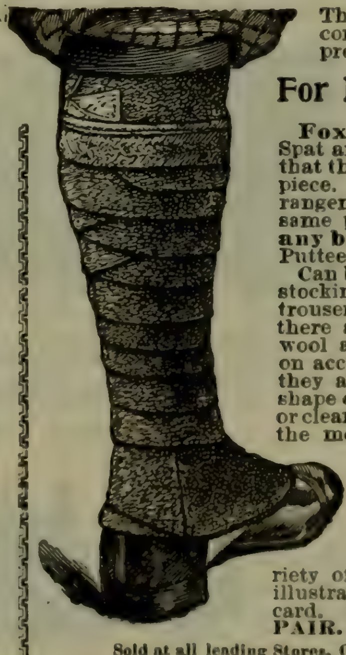

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G. O. SHIELDS, Esq., Editor "Recreation,"
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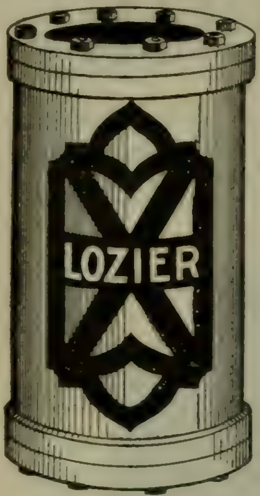
Dear Sir: You will probably be pleased to know that I have found your magazine one of the best advertising mediums in America. The short notice with reference to our 1899 Calendar which you inserted in the February issue has brought in nearly 700 requests, and every morning we still receive letters mentioning RECREATION and asking for a Calendar. I regard the results as almost phenomenal.

Yours truly,

W. E. DAVIS, G. P. & T. A.



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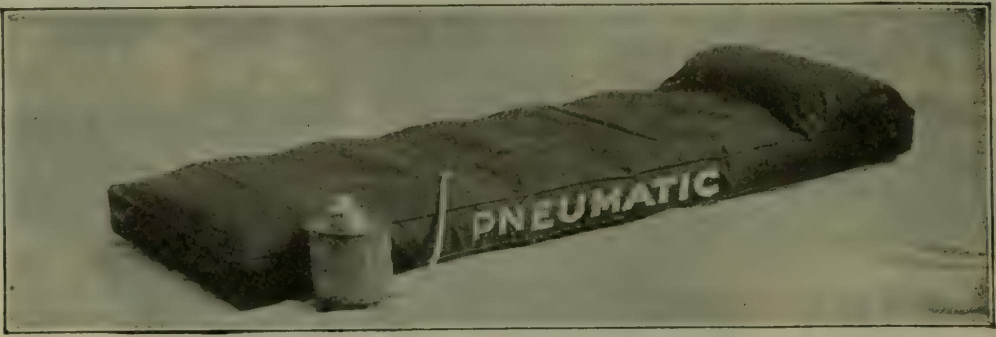

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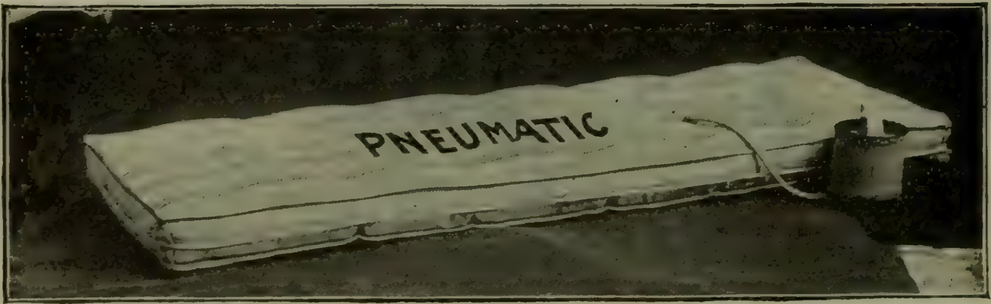

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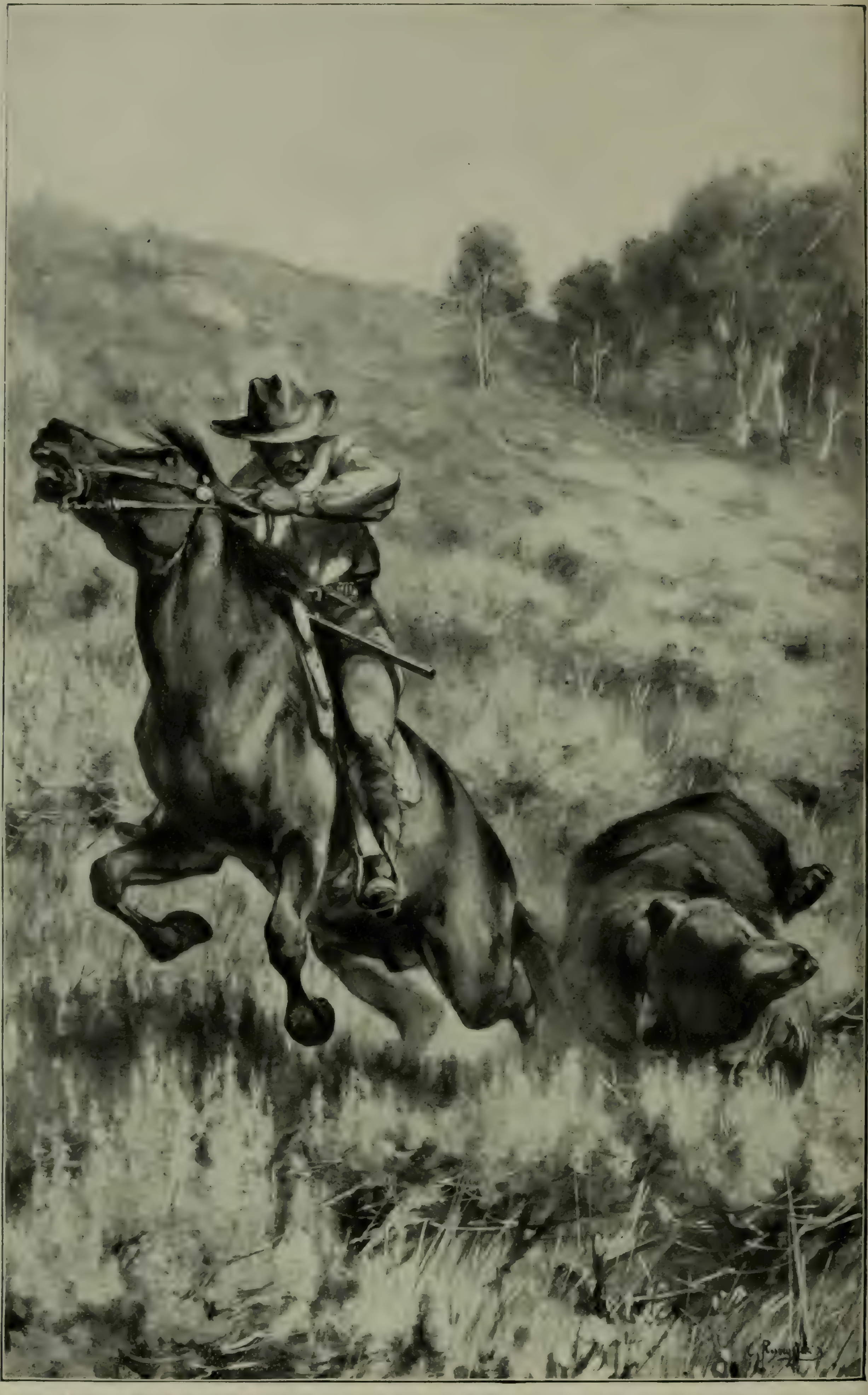


"HE MADE A DESPERATE LUNGE AT MY HORSE BUT MISSED HIM, LOST HIS BALANCE AND TURNED A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT."

RECREATION.

Volume X. MAY, 1899. Number 5.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

HUNTING GRIZZLIES ON HORSEBACK.

L. E. BURNETT.

One fine morning while riding over a ridge usually called "The Rim of the Hole," en route to Bates' creek to gather ornithological specimens, I saw a large animal making for a dense patch of timber — spruce, willow, choke-cherry, etc.—and recognized at once the gait of Old Ephraim.

I was leading a pack-horse, not specially anxious to follow, and some time passed before I reached the thicket in which bruin was resting and cooling himself after his vigorous exertions. He had been forced to flee from the hissing lariats of 2 meddlesome cowboys who had chanced upon him.

They had been obliged to give up the chase and return to the herd which they were driving, and so old Silver Tip had escaped. I learned all this afterward, and that there were 2 bears, whereas I had seen but one. I had been a bit too late to see the first, but happened on the second.

I carried a good Winchester, .40-82, 9 shots, and felt fully equal to the emergency. From the direction and vigor of the wind I found it necessary to shelter the pack-horse before beginning the campaign, and so selected a good place in the timber, tied him to a bush, and proceeded on my pony, a short-legged, stumpy fellow.

In order to secure an easy way to retreat I was obliged to go round to the opposite side of his thicket, taking the chance of his winding me. Besides, I wanted to force him out on flat ground where I could run him—on horseback, and dispatch him "on the wing," as it were.

Finding suitable ground, I dismounted. "All was quiet," except the distinct panting of my weary victim, like the puffs from the exhaust pipe of a soap factory.

I hailed him in English. No response. In Choctaw. This time Bruin jumped out to see who "called so loud and called so late." Before I could hand in my card, however, he disappeared.

Watching narrowly, I finally located a small bunch of him and fired, but could see no effect. Again I sent him my compliments, but as he was on the lower hillside, I suppose I overshot. He still chose to stay in the thicket, and knowing the animal's retiring disposition I did not wish to disturb his privacy, so waited humbly outside.

Every time I caught sight of him, I sent in a fresh request for an interview, and at last he concluded to retire into the back yard. Keeping a close watch I caught him in his unsocial move. As he was now just where I wanted him, I mounted and gave the pony the spurs.

But my departing entertainer had chosen the brushy route of exit, so pony could only walk. Presently, leaving the track, I turned to the left, heading for more open ground, so as to see.

I was riding along leisurely and

somewhat carelessly with my rifle lying across my pommel, when with the suddenness of a rifle-shot the bear broke cover and charged. With glaring eyeballs and wide-distended jaws he came lumbering after me.

The sport had suddenly changed ends, " reversed battery," as it were. I had been the hunter; I was now the hunted, and I assure you the " p'int of view " was widely different. Rifles were turned down, spurs were trumps, and I was playing it alone, with a decided euchre in plain sight.

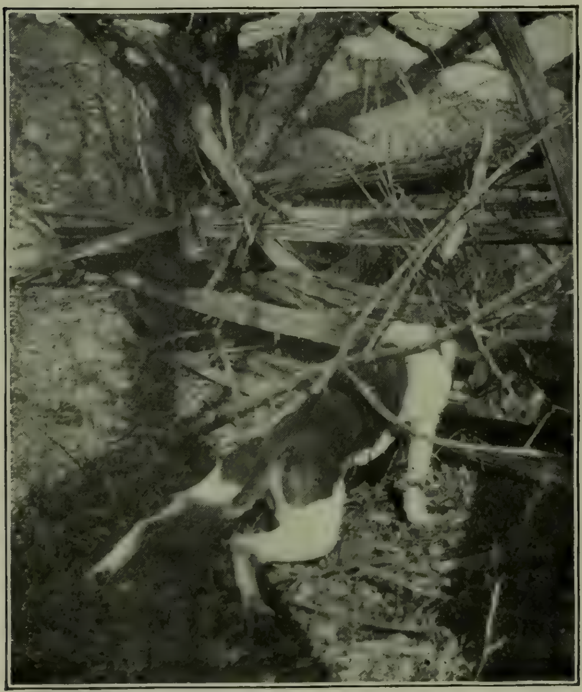
The pony's legs were short, the brush was tall, and Bruin was awful close! Yes and getting closer, with a strong desire for meat, and no great choice between the pony's and mine. I had often, as a boy, wished for wings, but never with such fervor as just then. My eyes bulged out till I could see past my ears looking backward; and that beast was gaining, gaining, gaining. But what more could I do than I was already doing? And the pony actually seemed to be running backward, so rapidly did Eph. overhaul us.

Poor pony! He knew Death was on our trail and " cluss up " like the blacksmith's wife's leg, but he was doing his best, his dying best.

After 200 yards of this sprinting, Bruin gathered all his energies into one mighty leap, and swung that fearful right for pony's rump. The instant lost in the swing saved us. Like the witch at Kirk Alloway, in her clutch for Tam o'Shanter's mare, he missed.

The force of the hook turned the bear down the hillside. I checked the pony and sent my remonstrances from the Winchester after him—ineffectually. The pony was panting heavily and I was excited.

The old fellow then made off, and I again pursued. Twice I shot, but at long range, and unsuccessfully. At last I abandoned the quest and concluded to go for birds again.



"THAT STICK HURTS, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT. I'VE GOT TO SAVE THESE BIRDS."

OUR ALASKAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

CARIBOU HUNTING IN THE CASSIAR.

A. J. STONE.

Before beginning this journey I had become reasonably familiar with the mammalia of the Rocky mountains in the United States and British America, and of our Eastern and Western coasts. But what the mountains of the far North might still hold hidden within their dark recesses; what secrets unrevealed might still lie in the country West of them was another matter.

The route I had selected passed through these mountains from West to East about 61° N., and from East to West about 67° N., and allowed me to penetrate them between 64° and 65° N., and finally to traverse their most Northerly stretches, off the mouth of the Mackenzie. Therefore I should be able to procure desirable specimens, and to locate geographically the many interesting families in this region.

The habitat of the caribou in the Cassiar region is entirely different from that of his woodland cousin, and his weight about twice as great. His range is in high land almost free from timber. He never penetrates the timber in summer or fall and rarely in winter, only in cases of continued storms. He inhabits much the same kind of country as the sheep, sometimes going lower than he into the high valleys, but declining to follow him to his highest feeding grounds. I have trailed the caribou on the crests of high, rocky ridges where one would scarce expect them to find safe footing, and have found them feeding near a band of sheep, the latter nibbling the slender grass which grew among the moss, the former feeding on the moss itself.

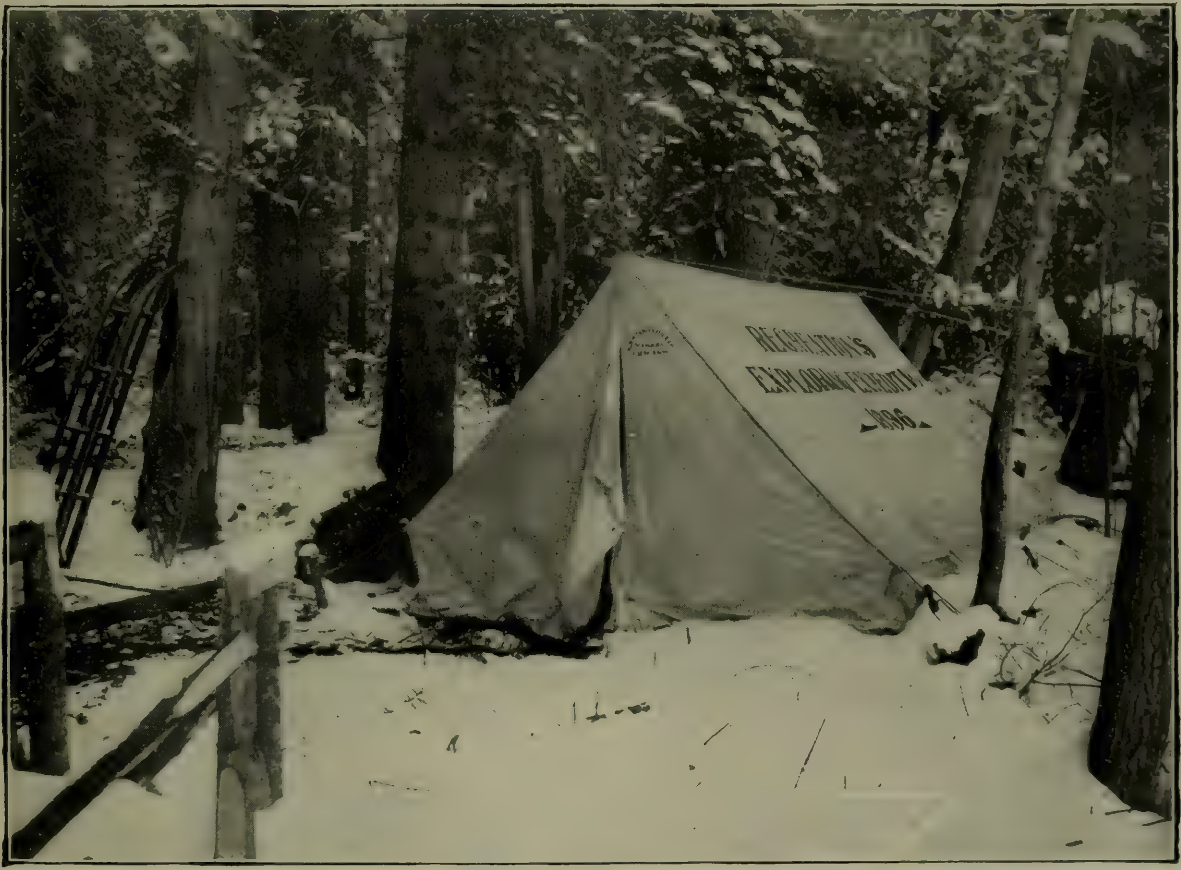


PHOTO BY A. J. STONE.

MY CAMP AT THE MOUTH OF THE LIARD

The females climb well into the mountains early in the spring to bring forth their young in seclusion; the males follow the snow line back and remain there until the approach of winter drives them down once more to the high bald knobs.

The calf grows rapidly. It is dropped late in May or early in June. A specimen taken late in September measured as follows: Length, 59 inches; height at shoulders, 39 inches, appearing larger than a full-grown Virginia deer.

Full grown males, which I killed, were so fat as to be a burden to themselves. I had no means of weighing them, and estimating the weight of such animals from their dead carcasses is difficult and doubtful. A conservative guess would place the weight at 700 pounds.

Like the sheep, the caribou strives when frightened to pass above the cause of alarm. This is evidence that they consider the heights their home.

Let a hunt close this chapter: Scanning the country carefully with our glasses we discover a bunch of animals feeding, almost on our level, but far away. Several high ridges and canyons intervene, some to be crossed, others to be skirted. The wind up here frequently makes surprising changes and is very unreliable. It is a 2 hours' job to reach them over all sorts of obstacles, but at last we suddenly come in view of them lying down about 600 or 700 yards away. The wind seems in our favor. We hide among the rocks and scan them closely. There are several bulls, 2 or 3 of them carrying immense antlers, several cows with their calves and some yearlings.

A good many fine rifle shots of whom we have read would lie here and pick them all off, " beginning with the largest," before they could get beyond range, but we are not in that class, and since we can approach no nearer without being discovered, we must wait until they move. Are they nailed to the earth that they lie so long? The wind is cold and it is tedious waiting. At last the cows and calves rise and slowly file away, but the bulls are fat and do not hurry. Suddenly a slight flurry in the wind probably conveys a hint of danger in the air. One of the bulls rises, sniffs the air and manifests uneasiness; the others follow suit, and all start off—first in a walk, which quickly becomes a trot, and this increases to quite a speed, each one in turn glancing with alarm in our direction. That flaw of wind did it. Now for the summit of the ridge, full speed ahead!

Just reaching the tops our hearts fairly leap out of our mouths, for there go the bulls, in easy range. John's rifle speaks and one goes down, a clean kill. Mine answers and another falls. We do not follow the herd. We are satisfied. We have stalked and killed our game like hunters, we have sent no wounded to suffer and die in the mountains; we wonder at the size of our victims, admire their antlers, note their sleek coats, and are happy! We measure them and find them over 80 inches in total length, and over 50 high.

Carrying the heads, skins, and such bones as we require, with a few tenderloin steaks we wend once more to camp, where we arrive late in the night, tired and hungry, but supremely happy. Late though it is we enjoy a good supper and a good " talk " before going to rest.

I cannot say that these animals are graceful; indeed their movements seemed clumsy. Their trot reminds one of the motion of a horse which carries a pack; but they are noble, beautiful. Their limbs are as trim and shapely as those of a roadster, but strong and supported by broad, round hoofs. The head is borne straight in front as though it were immovable, slightly drooping, the nose extended, the antlers almost perfectly erect. The long white hair of the throat and lower neck gleams like silver. The hind feet are brought well forward in trotting, with a motion I see in no other animal.

The meat is lighter colored than that of the moose, finer grained, tenderer, juicier, and more delicate in flavor, though, I think, not so nutritious.

I hope to be able to describe this animal more in detail from another field of observation, and to extend my own experience of them in future.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. HUBBARD.

RETURNING FROM A HUNTING TRIP IN LOST PARK, COLORADO.

GAME PROTECTION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

PEMIGEWASSETT.

In February, 1898, there was organized in Worcester, Mass., the Worcester County Game Protective Association, with about 100 active members. It is composed of the very best element of sportsmen in the community, united in their intention to benefit, as far as they are able, the shooting conditions in their neighborhood. It was the expressed sentiment of the members that the efforts of the association should be devoted entirely to the propagation and protection of game birds in Worcester county, and that the fish question should not be entered upon. Some small associations have heretofore made the mistake of trying to work on too many lines, and the concentration of the Worcester association's efforts on the above mentioned points proved a wise decision.

Half a dozen members subscribed $100 each, and by the energetic work of the Secretary, Mr. E. F. Swan, something like $1,200 was raised to further the work as outlined.

In the spring, about 500 pairs of quail were bought of Mr. Charles Payne, of Wichita, Kan. The fact that these birds made the long journey to Worcester in prime condition, with no deaths worth mentioning, speaks volumes for Mr. Payne's capacity for his business. A New York dealer sent 300 pairs, which arrived in poor condition and a large number were dead. The 1,500 quail liberated thrived from the start; mated, raised good broods and increased the local stock to numbers unknown before. The crucial test of the wisdom of this experiment will be found in the way these birds survive the rigors of a New England winter such as we are now having. Only careful observation the coming spring can tell in what measure we have succeeded.

The opponents of the project will say that, with the feeding grounds covered with snow, a Southward migration to the more hospitable climate of Connecticut and Rhode Island will ensue; but this is theory, and future experience will have to finally decide the question. At any rate, it was a sincere and well carried-out endeavor to improve the existing conditions and deserves commendation.

The association sent placards broadcast throughout the county, early in the season, offering $10 reward for information which would lead to the conviction of violators of the game laws. Much assistance was obtained in this way, the association always shielding the giver of such aid. Before the opening of the season there were employed 2, and at times 3 and 4 wardens, whose special work was against the out-of-season shooters who for years have been openly violating the law at the very outskirts of the city. No convictions were secured but it is safe to say no season for years has witnessed so little of this particular form of law-breaking.

Later the wardens' labors were devoted to snarers and the discoveries made were indeed revelations. The numbers engaged in this pursuit in the rural districts, the number of birds shipped to market, the ingenuity and craft displayed by all concerned prove snaring a menace to the future welfare of the birds, not lightly to be considered. One conviction was secured and information obtained which will make future operations even more fruitful.

It has been the aim of the association to demonstrate to the lawless element that a new order of things was to make persistent law-breaking a dangerous pursuit. Thus the association has done a great work and has thereby merited and secured the sanction and encouragement of a large portion of the community. The farmers have been shown that the better class of sportsmen can be of use to them in opposing the hoodlum element distasteful to both. Indeed the co-operation and encouragement of the farmers has been a material aid in the work thus far done. It is through the good graces and the kindness of the farmers that hunting is permitted. What ingratitude, what folly then, on the part of some men, to antagonize them when by fair treatment they may become allies against a common enemy.

The first year's work of the association is closed and it is fair to claim that considerable has been done for game preservation. Another year the same work, with the support and co-operation of the members, will be even more vigorously carried on; and it is the intention of those interested to introduce the Mongolian pheasants, a work requiring much labor and care.

The croakers, who always oppose such a movement as has been briefly outlined here, have of course been more or less in evidence and they have said the results did not warrant the outlay.

There is but one reply to make; this work does cost money—a good deal of it, for we have worked alone, unaided by state or other organizations; but we count our days afield so dear to us that every cent spent in the preservation of our game is well spent. The L. A. S. will soon be able to give us valuable aid.

YALE'S BIG FOUR.

Captains Fisher, Allen, McBride and De Saulles.

COURSING THE PRONGHORN.

CAPT. E. L. MUNSON, U. S. A.

My friend the ranchman shook his head doubtfully as he warmed his numbed fingers before the red hot stove at the little prairie railroad station of Assinniboine.

"There's sure enough of 'em there," he said, "for I passed a bunch of 'bout 40 not a mile from the railroad no more'n 10 minutes ago; but it takes a sure swift greyhound to round up an antelope. He's got to be a regular wind splitter, I tell you!" I modestly stated my belief that the particular kind of dog required was very much in evidence in my pack, and that I had been looking for just such a chance during a 4 years' residence in the country.

"Well, you won't have to wait more'n 20 minutes longer, for they wuz workin' off slow toward Sandy, and left a trail you can't miss. Likely you'll strike 'em in a couple of miles," and, with another sceptical remark as to the abilities of the greyhound when it came to catching antelope, my informant went out to look up the freight which had brought him out this bitter weather.

I had ridden down from the post with the greatest reluctance, and only a desperately sick patient at the section house had induced me to go. The clouds far to the Northeast foretold a storm, while, though the sky above was as yet clear, the mercury standing at 30° below zero gave the lie to the brilliant Montana sunlight.

November had been an awful month from the very outset. Blizzard had followed blizzard in rapid succession; snow had fallen to an unprecedented depth, and for some time the starving cattle had forsaken the range to browse on the willows along the water courses or nibble the sparse sage brush here and there.

Antelope, too, had suffered from cold and hunger, and were moving southward in search of better protection and food. Only the day before news had been brought of a large band seen slowly drifting across the frozen prairie, and down into the Milk river valley—but that such a wary animal should venture so close to the post was not to be expected.

Three hounds lay around the stove. All were reliable dogs, and the great white hound "Spot" had never failed me; but I could not help registering a wish for the swift Russian wolfhounds and slower staghounds which I had left in the kennel at the post. However, there was now no time to get them down to reinforce the pack.

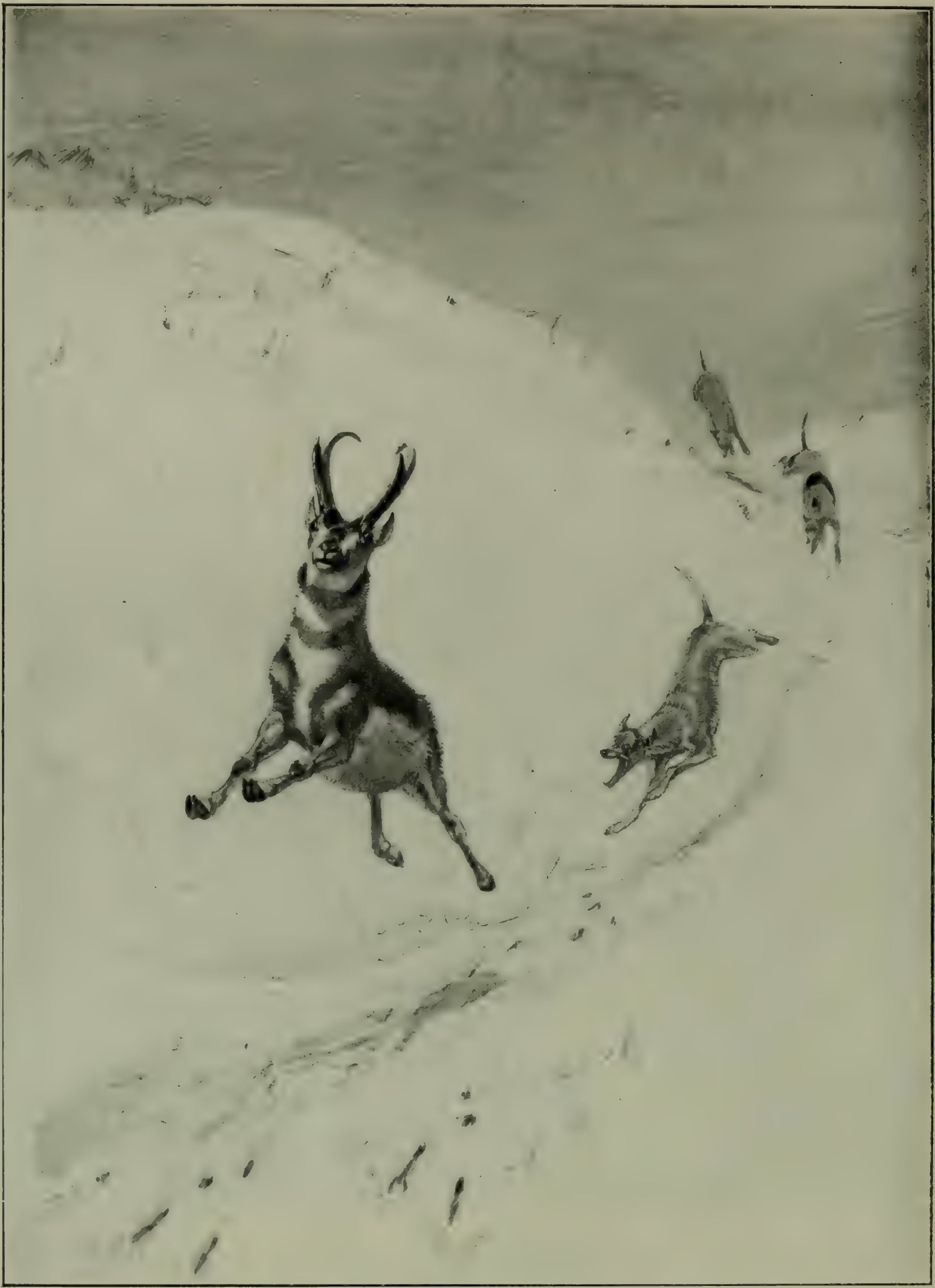
The short winter afternoon of the Northwest was already waning, and to be overtaken away from shelter by darkness and a probable blizzard was not pleasant to contemplate. Even well protected by furs, the trip was by no means devoid of danger from severe frostbite—but then those antelope were only a short distance away, and it was the opportunity of a lifetime!

That thought settled the question. Prudence was thrown aside, and, hastily buttoning up my overcoat, I routed out the hounds, swung into the saddle and started.

In spite of the cold, which cruelly nipped the short coated dogs as well as myself, it would not do to hurry. The pack must be kept fresh for the coming contest of speed and endurance; so, following the back track of the ranchman's sleigh, we slowly plodded through the snow, the dogs trailing along in single file and carefully stepping in the horse's footprints. For about a mile no sign of life was visible except the thin streaks of pale blue smoke, standing perpendicularly in the motionless air, which marked the distant post. Suddenly a turn of the trail cut a wavy line, made up of little sharp-pointed dotted depressions in the snow with here and there a larger spot, where an animal had lain down or pawed the snow away as the bunch worked toward the creek—a line extending up out of a long coulee, and apparently losing itself at the crest of the gentle slope to the Westward.

There was no mistaking the trail of the antelope and, turning at right angles, we followed it up briskly; the eager hounds, almost frantic over the hot scent, running ahead to investigate particular odors in spite of all effort to control them. The trail led for some distance toward Big Sandy creek, rounded a slight elevation, and then did *not* climb the farther slope. The game was undoubtedly only a short distance ahead, and I well knew the lay of the land in their probable locality. The flat prairie dropped away rather suddenly into a shallow basin or dry lake bed, some 10 feet deep and only 200 yards in width.

We had come up on the leeward of the herd, and the winds had undoubtedly drifted the opposite slope. Should the antelope run directly away they would be greatly hindered by the deep snow—should they go in any other direction they would be obliged to make the arc of a circle while the hounds were running on the chord. The prospect was certainly favorable. Locating their exact situation the hounds were carefully worked about 200 yards nearer, and then,



THE PACK RAN DOWN AND KILLED A BIG BUCK, AFTER A LONG CHASE AND A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

further concealment being impossible, I dug the spurs into the horse and dashed forward, preceded by the pack.

As we came into view the antelope bunched, whirled and made for the opposite slope; but finding the snow too deep for speed they hesitated, became confused and then, at my shout, broke into several smaller bunches which went off in different directions. Selecting the smallest band, so that the number of the game would not deter the hounds from taking hold, I instantly put the horse after them. The dogs sprang forward at my lead, and the chase was on.

For a few hundred yards the horse stood the pace well and even gained on the antelope. Then, striking deeper snow, he gradually fell behind. In the meantime the dogs were rapidly overhauling the chase, and even in this short dash had cut down the interval between them to not more than 30 or 40 yards. A doe had run into several drifts, and was consequently several yards behind the flying herd. She could not regain her former position nor prevent the hounds from gradually closing in on her.

At this instant antelope and dogs went headlong down into a coulee which I knew circled around for several hundred yards, and finally opened out on the prairie a short distance from my present position. Possibly the antelope might run up this coulee instead of crossing it—a possibility favored by the overhanging drifts on the opposite bank. At any rate it was the only chance of getting near the chase, so I made for the head of the coulee. Just as I reached it 5 antelope dashed out, almost under the nose of the horse, running shoulder to shoulder in a compact bunch. Twenty yards behind came the doe, the old white hound already at her quarter, while the other 2 dogs were only a few feet behind. It was a beautiful sight. The doe was running with every muscle strained to the utmost, with ears thrown back, head stretched out, and her great dark eyes rolling to the rear toward her relentless pursuers. Her sleek and delicately marked coat of russet and white stood out in clear contrast to the dazzling purity of the landscape as her stiff legged jumps took her across my horse's course, throwing the crisp snow almost into his face. Then came the hounds, their bellies sweeping the snow with every leap, the embodiment of swift, implacable fate.

From seeing them work on coyotes I knew exactly their programme. At the critical moment the brown dog would run in and take hold just above the hock joint, throwing the antelope. As the latter fell old " Spot " would jump for the throat, cutting the blood vessels and gripping the windpipe, while the third dog would seize the loin. Their method of tackling never varied, and between them the antelope would be stretched out and killed in short order.

At my encouraging shout to the hounds the doe swerved away, cut up the opposite bank with a final burst of speed and momentarily disappeared as I ran the horse down and across the shallow coulee. The next instant I had gained the top of the slope, to find the antelope pulled down only a few yards away—struggling but feebly, for " Spot's " sharp teeth had already done their work, and blood was spouting freely from her torn throat. Dismounting hastily, the blade of a pocket hunting knife was passed deeply into her neck—and the chase was over.

How, a few minutes later, the pack ran down and killed a big buck antelope after a long chase and a desperate struggle; how the sudden storm made me push for shelter without reaching the dogs, and how the latter, subsisting on the dead antelope, lived out several days of blizzard weather without injury is, as Kipling would say, " quite another story."

A SPRING MORNING.

MARION F. GIBBS.

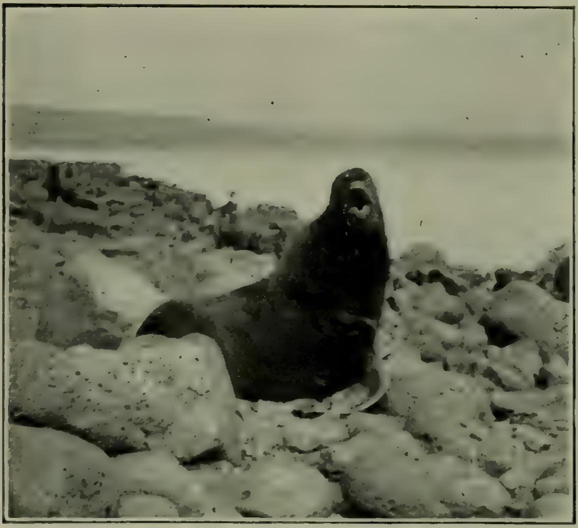
A widening brook whose waters lave
The tangled alders, bare and brown;
A tiny nest, like silvery cave,
With lining soft as eiderdown.

The killdeer calls far down the stream;
A hawk is poised in yonder beech,
Watching, with lazy eyes that gleam,
A basking fish within his reach.

THE BULL FUR SEAL.

GEORGE ARCHIBALD CLARK.

The accompanying photograph shows an average specimen of the adult male fur seal, *Callorhinus Alascanus.* I took the picture in the summer of 1897, while with the Fur Seal Commission. The place is Lukanin rookery on St. Paul, the largest of the two islands of the Pribilof group which are occupied by the American fur seal herd. The breeding grounds of the seals occupy about 8 miles of shore line, broken into numerous groups called "rookeries" by intervening sand beaches or precipitous cliffs. The breeding seals lie in a narrow band along the bowlder beaches and the sloping rocky hillsides just above high tide.



AN ADULT MALE FUR SEAL.

This picture was taken in August just after the breeding season was over. All the other animals, old and young, had decamped. The old veteran did not intend to be driven even if his family had deserted leaving him nothing to fight for. The picture shows him at about the limit of his patience, and it is just as well that the camera does not record my inglorious retreat of an instant later. There can scarcely be a more thrilling sensation than that experienced in photographing one of these great beasts at close range. It requires a nice sense of judgment to determine when the danger point is reached and one must be quick and above all sure footed to recover himself and get out of the way of the angry charge which invariably follows the pause necessary to adjust and snap the instrument. The weather conditions of the Pribilofs as a rule necessitate the wearing of sou'westers, rain coats and hip rubber boots, and to make a rapid exit thus accoutered, over loose and slippery bowlders, is no easy thing.

The bull fur seal is essentially a bear adapted to life in the water, where he gets his food and spends his long winters. His courage and viciousness in the breeding season are boundless. He is, however, clumsy in his movements on land because of his great oar-like feet, though in a short race over the slippery rocks, which are his favorite haunts, he is no mean antagonist. His sharp canines and powerful jaws are capable of fearful execution in the tough hide of his fellows, and it is altogether likely a man would fare badly in their clutches. That none of the numerous investigators who have studied the seal rookeries in the past have fallen victim is a high testimonial to the respect which the bull seal's evident capacity for mischief has inspired.

It is, however, not ordinarily a dangerous thing to go about among them, if one keeps a respectful distance. The animals act wholly on the defensive. When you approach too closely the bull will charge fiercely, but after going a dozen paces he will turn about to see what his real or imaginary harem is doing.

The polygamous habit of the seals shuts out from the breeding grounds a large number of full grown and capable males that have been unfortunate in their location or time of landing, or that have been defeated. These hang about the skirts of the rookeries seeking an opportunity to break in. The over-valiant harem-master that gets too far away is apt, therefore, to have his claim jumped and, on his return, must fight for it with the odds against him. It has, therefore, become an instinct with the bull seal to stop and look back. He will not then renew the attack unless again pressed. The real danger as to getting away lies in the possibility of stumbling in the first brief run, or in running into the mouth of one animal in escaping from another. In the foggy atmosphere of the islands it is not always easy to distinguish the animals from the rocks among which they lie.

Five thousand of these bulls held "harems," as the fur seal families are called, on the rookeries of St. Paul and St. George, in the season of 1897; the harems numbering from one female upward, the average being about 30. There was an equal number of "idle" bulls, or bulls which could not secure harems, and between these and their more fortunate neighbors, in the month of July, there was constant battle.

The bull fur seal weighs about 400 pounds, and duels between pairs of these animals, some of them to the death, were of hourly occurrence on the rookery grounds. The "cows," as they are called, weigh only about 75 pounds and as a result they are handled about in the mouths of their masters as kittens are by cats, but with a cruel harshness which at times is fatal.

The bulls arrive at the islands early in May. The cows begin to arrive about a month later and continue to come in gradually during June and July. The breeding season proper is over by the first of August. During the first period of waiting the bulls rest and defend their positions. With the close of the season the harem masters withdraw gaunt, lean and hungry to the sea to seek the feeding banks. From the time of his arrival in May, until the season is over at the close of July, the bull fur seal takes neither food nor drink and cannot leave his post. He subsists on the immense store of blubber with which he is blanketed on his arrival. During the rest of the summer he comes and goes from and to the sea, sleeping on the sand beaches, while on shore, in good fellowship with the companions he has fought so valiantly earlier in the season. With the approach of the winter storms in November, he leaves the islands to spend the winter in the North Pacific Ocean, South of the Aleutian Islands.

PAY DIRT.

Dawson, Y. T., January 18, 1899.

Editor RECREATION: April, May, June and August RECREATION have just reached me. Several weekly papers have been mailed since February 15, '98, but few copies come through. It took nearly 3 months to find my RECREATIONS among the pile in the post-office here. No letter mail in 3 months. RECREATION with all of its interesting stories, pictures and ads has been devoured, and the miners everywhere hereabouts are reading them and passing the gems along. Even though only one in half a dozen reaches me let them come. No other sportsman's journal can compare with RECREATION.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY GEO. G. CANTWELL.

TWO OF CAPT. CRAWFORD'S PROSPECTORS EN ROUTE TO CAMP COQUINA, ON THE HOOTALINQUA RIVER.

I wish I could write you that I had punctured a moose; but not I. Indeed I have not had a day's hunt, and with the thermometer at 40 to 58 below, am not in it. Many moose have been killed and the town is full of meat and elegant heads and horns.

My discovery of platinum in paying quantities, on our property, is considered valuable, not alone to our company, but to the Dominion Government and all our people. I am expecting orders to go to Washington if we get a mail in '99.

There are too many people in this country—especially of the tenderfoot order. Many of them are sick and helpless. The hospital is full. Many are sawing wood for their grub. The necessaries of life sell at 300 to 500 per cent. more than cost, in many instances, and the poor fellows have expended all their money. Men should stay away from this country unless well supplied with provisions and $500 to $1,000 in money. The country is all right but it takes time and hard work to develop. Over 20 men are sick at the hospital for each of whose board the relief committee pays $5 a day.

Captain Jack Crawford.

AN INVITATION.

W. C. KEPLER.

Ye busy toilers of the towns
Who breathe all day the dusty air,
And with pale cheeks at weary task
Work on with such laborious care;

Do ye not long for clover fields—
The song of birds, the hum of bees?
The murmur of the river's tide—
The cooling shade of forest trees?

Then lay aside thy weary task,
And learn to know how it doth feel,
To whip a stream with supple rod,
And hear the singing of a reel!

BY PERMISSION OF GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

TROUT FISHING NEAR OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO—GEORGIAN BAY DISTRICT.

THE CHATAUQUA FISH HOGS AT WORK.

Jamestown, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: I send you herewith a photo of a string of muskalonge, speared through the ice in Chautauqua lake. No less than 15 tons have been speared within the past 8 days and every one of these large ones are females, loaded with spawn that they would have deposited in April and May. I think the men in the picture bought the string you see them with. They are all good fellows. I know all of them, but they are on the wrong track. Mr. Odell, who runs the market here, don't believe in spearing, but says as long as the law allows it he will sell the fish. He bought in 2 days 1,765 pounds. He has furnished me with many facts and figures and is helping me to stop this slaughter. It is difficult to get photos, for the fish hogs didn't want the thing shown up. Our club will keep at them till we knock out this spearing. At present they are roasting me in the local papers, but I hold my own. When they have all had their say I shall sum up their remarks and give them facts and figures that ought to convince them. They are figuring now, and you know figures don't lie, but liars will figure.

F. W. Cheney.

ANOTHER LETTER.

Jamestown, N. Y., February 24, 1899.

I enclose you a clipping from the Jamestown Evening Journal. Please note the enormous amount of fish taken in the first 5 days of the legal spearing season and then remember that the law gives the hogs 5 days more.

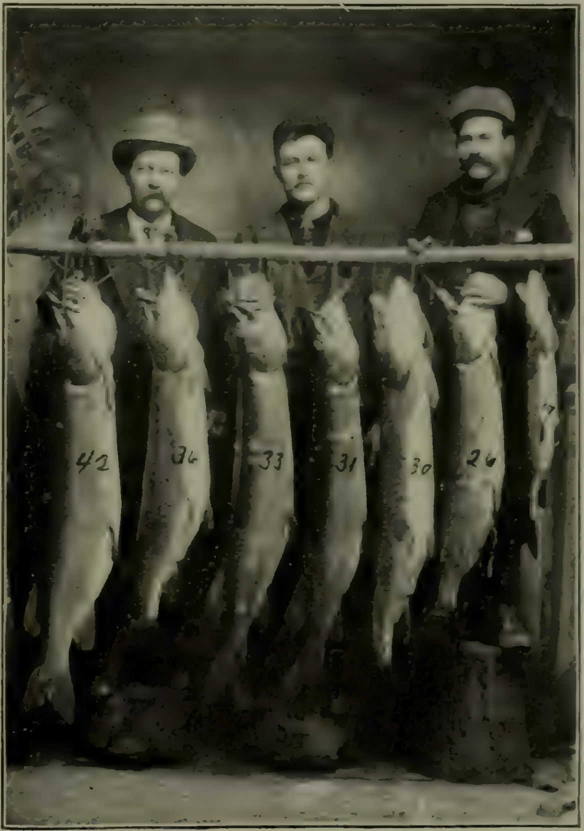
The Chautauqua Fish and Game association has called a meeting for next Tuesday evening, February 28th, for the purpose of taking some action for the protection of the fish. A desperate effort will be made to have the present law repealed. A few L. A. S. circulars, at this meeting, might do some good. If you will get them to me in time, I shall be glad to make good use of them.

W. H. Knapp.

In one of the clippings referred to a sarcastic writer sums up the work of the butchers thus:

Five of the 10 days in which we are allowed to slaughter muskalonge have passed and what fun we have had and what havoc we have wrought. We have killed everything from one pound to 45; we have sat for 5 days staring down into the depths of old Chautauqua till the rubber in our necks ached; but that has naught to do with the fun we have had or the good we think we have done.

Let us sum up the past 5 days' sport (if we may call it by that name). On an average we have caught, all told, 50 a day of those large ones, say from 20 to 42 pounds, making a total of 250 fish, all females full of eggs, each one of which would have produced in 2½ months an average of 500,000 eggs each, or all told 125,000,000. To this we can add 3 times as many from fish under 20 pounds and the amount would be 490,000,000. This is a small estimate of the eggs we have destroyed. But then think of the dollars we have made, and of the one and 2 pound fish our clubs have killed!



BUTCHERED TO MAKE A CHAUTAUQUAN HOLIDAY.

Are we ashamed? Not yet. We view our work with the pride of a Holmes, a Jesse James or a Jack the Ripper, only we do our bloody work legally. It is as much fun to spear a 'longe as it is to take a ball club, sneak up on a cat that is asleep and with one blow smash its brains out.

But see what we have discovered—how we are enlightening the people of the age! We have discovered that fish eat fish, that a 31 pound 'longe caught near Celoron had a 3 pound bass in its stomach and that the same fish were taken to Corry, Pa., where the same bass weighed 4 pounds. All the difference between the rolling stone and a fish story is that the latter gathers more moss the farther it rolls.

Where we get the better of the summer sports is this; we can see the fish and get every one of them. We don't wait for them to bite; we do the biting. The summer angler has to do as the fish say. The fish may say, " I see your bait. I won't bite to-day, some other day." But when they come in out of curiosity to see some of the singed, streaked and speckled freaks we dangle on our lines that we call decoy fish, we simply move our 6 or 7 tined spear out over them and they don't stand a ghost of a show. If they only weigh a pound or 2 we put them in a bag and sneak off the ice for home, or for the market. If we get a 40 pound fish we have our picture taken along with his majesty the 'longe, and get our name in the paper, which some day will be handed down to posterity and be placed along side of those of Nero and Richard the III. We have caught 15 tons in 5 days and if we can have 5 days more will take out 30 tons. Are we not doing a noble work? We are not sure.

M. Harpoon.

Jamestown, February 23d.

That Chautauqua spearing law is one of the most infamous, short sighted and destructive measures that ever disgraced any statute book and the legislature will never purge itself of contempt in the eyes of the people until it repeals it.—Editor.

A DAY ON THE BEACH.

G. W. BEATTY, M.D.

Returning one dreary evening recently from a hard day's professional work, I stretched myself in my great easy chair—one which had belonged to the father of Aaron Burr—placed my feet on the fender, before a glowing fire, leaned my head back upon its cushion, and resigned myself to that luxury of content which only comes to a tired man in his home.

Glancing lazily round the room I slowly scanned the various trophies with which the walls of my bachelor den are garnished. (Yes, I am a bachelor.)

Pistols from 17—; bowie knives of '49; haversacks used in the Mexican War; sabers of '61; a flag from Cuba; hunting scenes; pictures of trout brooks; a long-stemmed German pipe, with my foils—relics of college days—Indian trophies, and last, my fishing outfit and guns.

Taking down my bait box, intending to tie a few flies, I chanced upon a tiny feather from the breast of a snipe. It had been saved to make a midge-wing. The sight of the little feather recalled the occasion which brought it into my possession, and I turned to the gun which knocked it down. Removing this from its case I examined it carefully, to see if it were still in good condition, tested the locks, looked through the barrels, took off the forestock, the barrels, replaced them, sighted at the various objects in the room to try my nerve and judgment, and at last sat down with my gun across my knees, as I should do in the blind, and fell to ruminating on the past. Out of it all came specially one delicious day, with charming vividness. The room expanded, the fire faded, the scene changed—and this is what I saw.

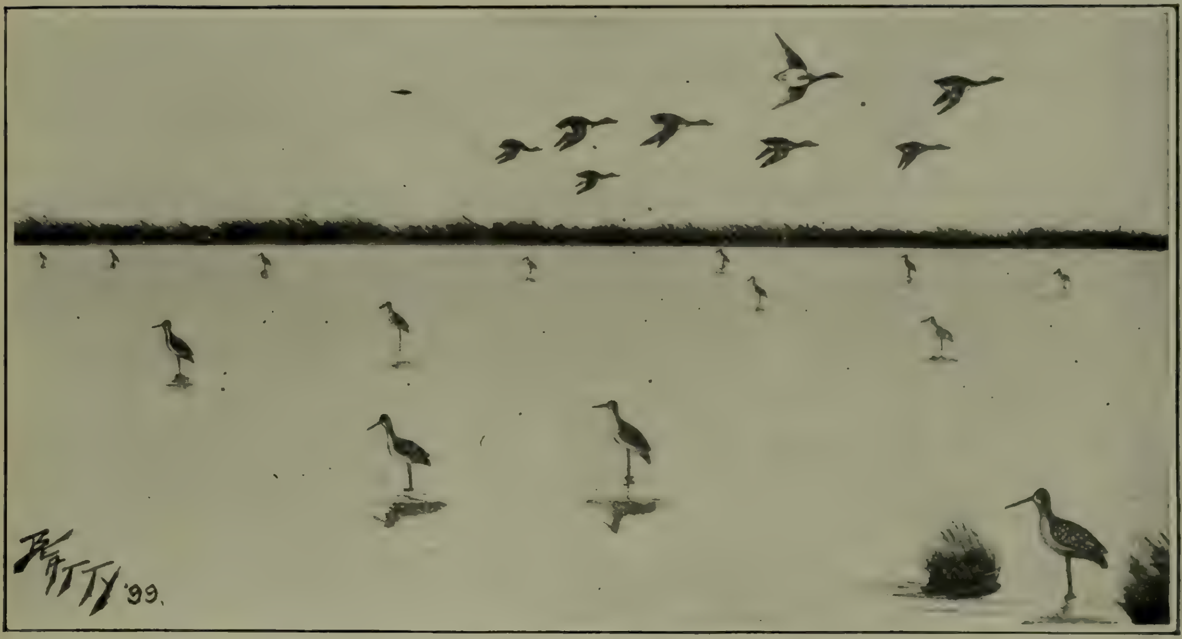
It was a September morning, crisp and clear. My brother, an admirable camping chum, and an excellent shot, called me from my slumbers to a steaming cup of coffee, and soon we were on the way to our hunting ground, in a sneak-box, on a 4 mile rowing job. I managed the oars, and 'ere it was light enough to shoot we had reached the end of the journey.

Securing our boat we hurried to the blind, and set our decoys. I paused to gather a few locks of hay from a convenient cock, and my brother went on to the blind. While I was busy 2 sharp reports told me that the day's work had begun, and hurrying to the firing line I found my brother gathering up 2 willets which he had brought down.

It fell to me to set the decoys, some 40 in all—golden plovers. Just as I was completing this task a shout, " Mark East," warned me to drop the job and snatch the gun. I fire 2 shots, my brother 2; I call and they wheel, returning to where the wounded are fluttering. We each get in a cross fire and I pick up 30 gray backs, and hasten to the blind.

I had barely reached it when a bunch of yellow-shanks came in and dropped among the decoys. Waiting until they bunched, we rose and fired just as they flew, my companion getting 4 with his first and one with his second barrel, I 3 with my first and one with my second.

Presently the sun rose bright and warm, and by 9 o'clock the flight ceased. During the quiet interval I heard 4 rapidly repeated



A BUNCH OF BLACK DUCKS SAILED GRACEFULLY OVER THE DECOYS.

notes, and knew that somewhere high up a tell-tale godwit had his eye upon us. Crouching low we waited nearly an hour, when he became bolder and at last fell a victim to my brother's prowess.

From 10 to 11 o'clock we got occasional shots at bunches of 3 or 4, then we had no more employment for a time and improved the chance to take luncheon and enjoy a smoke.

About 3 p.m. the flight began again, and lasted till 6, when we got shots at willets in pairs, fours, sixes, etc.

Just as the sun was dropping out of sight a bunch of 8 black ducks sailed gracefully over the decoys. They knew they were protected by law. I believe they were a family that had been reared there, and were at home.

Sooner or later, if so, they were doomed to fall prey to the ruthless pot hunter.

Reluctantly we gathered up our game and our decoys and prepared to depart. Just as I stepped out of the swale a brown object rushed along the ground, and I fired from the hip, without time for aim, bagging a fine rail.

I sculled homeward while my brother bunched the birds.

Just as we were gloating over our trophies—the door opened and the girl announced that I was "wanted immediately."

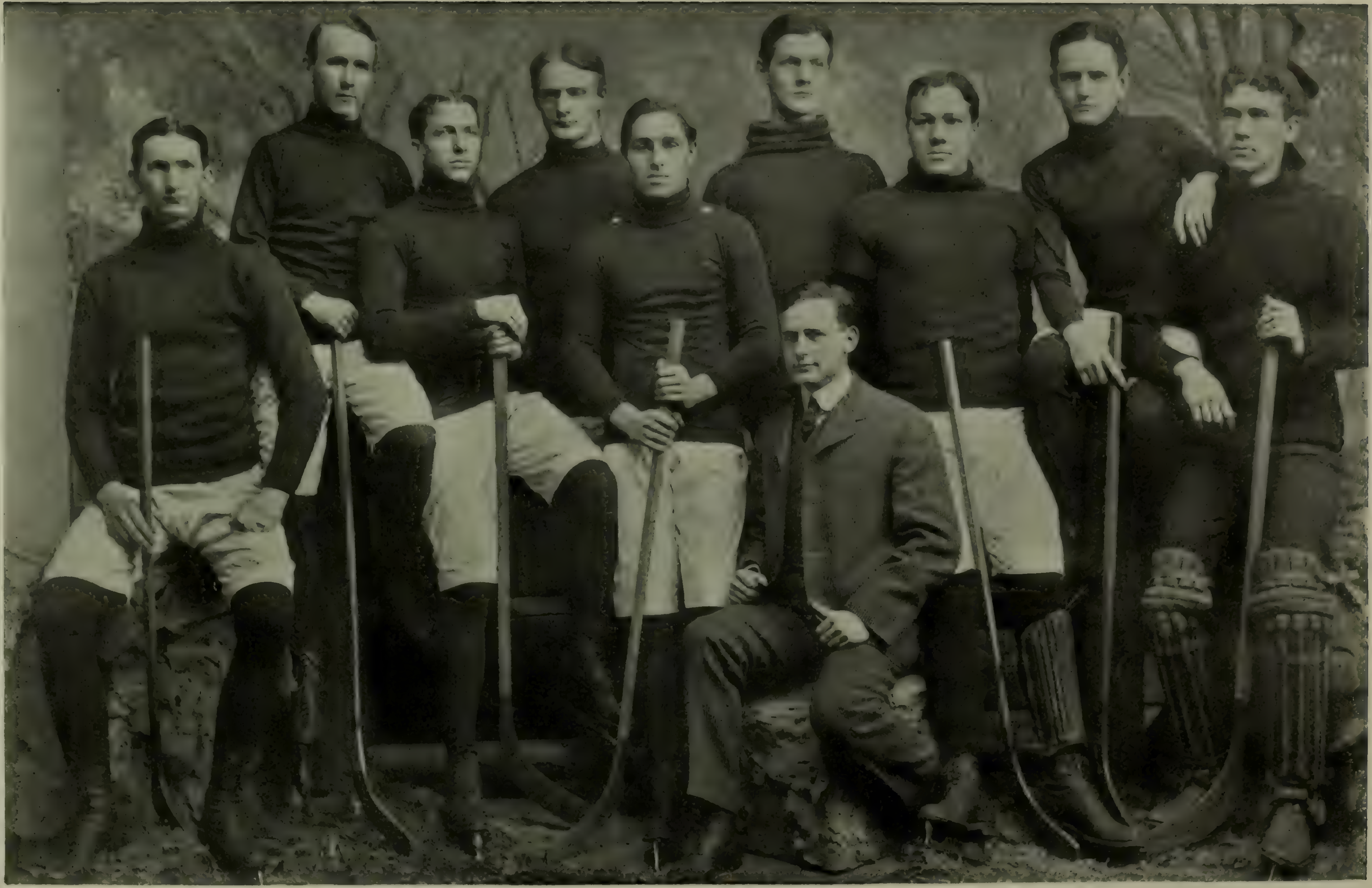
I hustled my gun away as the frightened girl withdrew—wondering, doubtless, if I had lost my reason, and intended shooting her or myself—slipped once more into my heavy coat, and trudged out into the stormy street and into the unromantic duties of the busy doctor.

And all this witchery, this delicious happiness was wrought by a moment's glance at a feather from the breast of a snipe!

May we, as our eyes grow dim and our arms tremulous, go back—as the wild fowl to the scenes of its birth—to the times and the joys that were ours when the hours flew by on angel wings. Recollection is the resurrection of Happiness.

MAY.

The sun is now brighter, the zephyrs are lighter,
The birds' happy singing commences at morn;
The farmer is growling and drinking hard cider,
Aud cussing the crows that are pulling his corn.



INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS.

Yale Hockey Team for 1899.

BLACK-BELLIED PLOVER, *CHARADRUIS SQUATAROLA.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

This species is also known in America by the name of Bull-head, and in England as the Gray plover. This is more apt, as the bird is seldom found in perfect summer dress when the under parts are black; young birds, and those in fall and winter plumage lacking this character.

It can always be told from the golden plovers by the presence of a rudimentary hind toe, all the 3 species of golden plovers having but 3 toes.

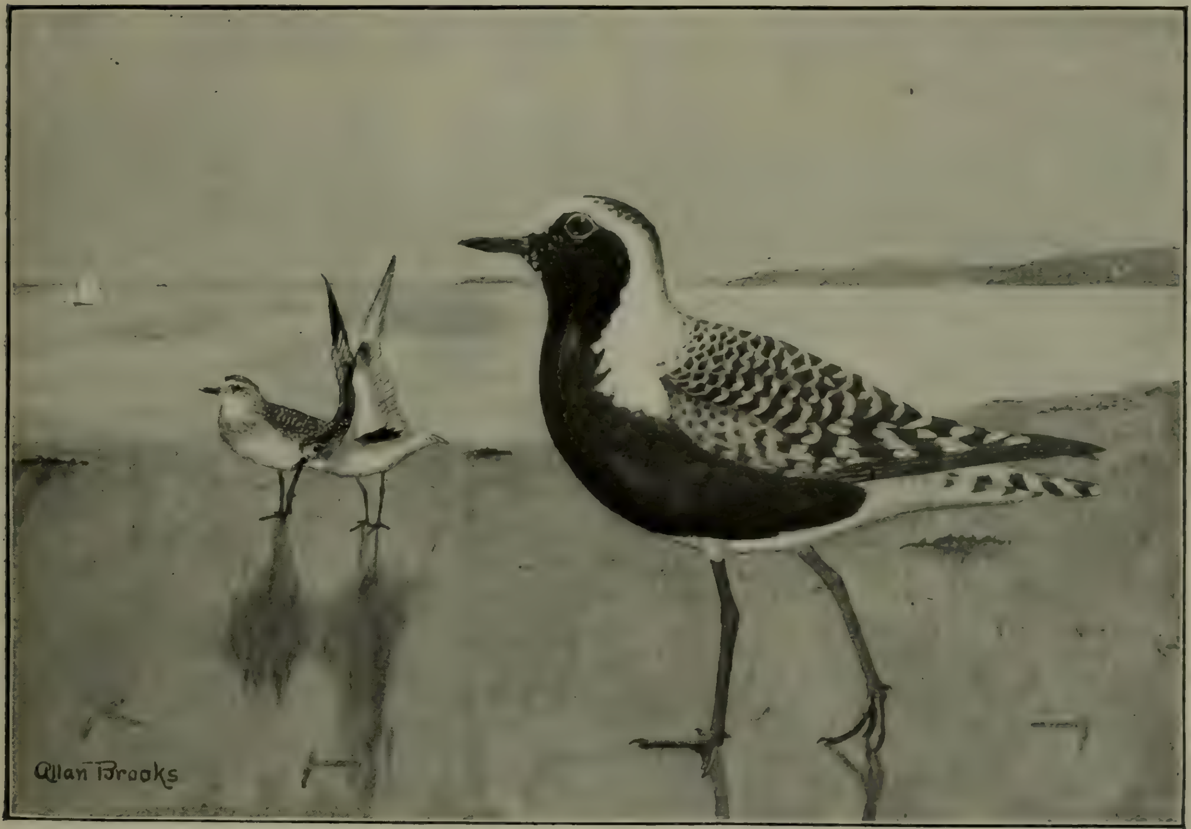
At a distance the color of the axillaries, or feathers at base of, and underneath the wing is a sure character. In the European golden plover these are white. In both the American and Asiatic golden plovers they are a smoky gray, but in the present species they are black, and very conspicuous when the bird is flying, or when it stretches its wings above its back, as all plovers do.

The gray plover is more essentially a shore bird than the golden, and is often found associating with the smaller sandpipers and plovers. It is a curious sight to see one towering head and body over a flock of least or semipalmated sandpipers, the whole flock taking wing together when alarmed.

These plovers breed very far North, but many individuals remain with us throughout the year—chiefly young birds, and crippled, or feeble adults. These, when seen by many ornithologists are taken as evidence of the species breeding in the locality. Too great care cannot be exercised in the identification of the eggs of nearly all the Limicolæ, or shore birds.

Like most birds of this class the gray plover arrives early in the fall, in my experience adults arriving first, in full breeding plumage, though worn. These are probably birds whose nests have been destroyed when it was too late for them to breed again. They generally arrive late in July or early in August, but the bulk of the species do not arrive in Southern Canada and Northern United States till late in September. The Northward migration passes the same region toward the end of May.

They are easily tolled or decoyed by an imitation of their shrill whistle. I have brought a bird down in this manner into a rough stubble field—the last place, almost, where a plover would ordinarily settle. Many boy hunters learn to imitate the whistle of this bird and thus kill many of them.



BLACK-BELLIED PLOVER.

OUR MONTH AT LONG LAKE.

ARTHUR MUNSON

"Injun heard the honk of wild goose flying Southward in the sky.
Then he knew the cold was coming, with the snows of by-um-by."

Misquoted my younger brother Joe, one day in late September, years ago.

Joe and I had long wanted to spend a month or 2 hunting, trapping and really and truly camping out. The place chosen was at Long lake, some 20 miles farther in the woods of Northern Michigan than was our log-house home. After the fall work was finished, father said, "Well, boys, go along, but look out for yourselves. There are lots of varments in those woods."

Mother made some mild objections to our going, but we could see she wanted us to have a good time, and knew we were able to take care of ourselves.

In our constant warfare on the squirrels that destroyed our corn, we had become expert shots with 2 big navy revolvers that we kept bright by use. We considered them almost armament enough, but we took with them a double shotgun and a combined shotgun and rifle.

One afternoon we packed up ready for an early start next morning, and our boat was the first thing put in the big wagon.

Mother seemed to know exactly what we wanted in the culinary line, and gave us lots of blankets, and old sails to make our tent with.

Arriving at the upper end of the lake, we soon had the tent up, close to a big rock that had a sort of cavity and a broken outside that would answer well for a fireplace and chimney. It was on a hillside above the lake shore, and close to oak and maple windfalls which furnished us fuel. Near by we also found a spring of pure water.

"You have heard of planked shad," said Joe, just before night, as he pushed the old boat into the lake. "Well, we are about to have planked pickerel, if I can catch one." He got one, and we found planked pickerel very toothsome.

We banked up inside the tent with dry moss, and in various ways prepared for the colder weather we might soon expect. Then there were mink traps to set, and we found some old deadfall traps which, with a little work, were made to do duty again.

Soon after we had the camp fairly settled, one morning before it was quite light, Joe aroused me and taking the rifle stepped out of the tent. Just as I looked out, he fired at something climbing clumsily up the hill, above the tent. It proved to be a brown bear; and when shot he gave a combined roar and whine and tumbled heavily down toward us. After breakfast we rolled Mr. B'ar under a big tree, and dressed him. We saved only the hide and hind quarters to bait traps with, as game was so plentiful. Every night we heard wolves howling, and were not surprised at seeing many of their tracks in the light snow.

We put in some time gathering hickory and beech nuts, and a lot of pitch pine knots for campfire and lights.

One morning I shot a deer on the other shore of the lake, opposite our camp, where I had gone, with the boat, to look after mink traps. The buck was almost too heavy for me to drag, but after cutting off portions for which we had no use, it was lighter, and I managed to get it to the lake. Then I tied the horns to the stern of the boat and towed it to camp.

When Joe found a wolf in one of the deadfall traps, one morning, he said it served the fellow right, as it had no business snooping about our hunting grounds. We were not after big game. Minks were what we wanted ; and we caught a good many, too, as Joe seemed a born trapper. He found one of their slides, in a place I had often passed, and he caught many a black slider there.

While looking for game, one afternoon, I found, a little back from the lake, a large hole in a sandy bank, and set a mink trap in it. Next morning the trap held the largest woodchuck I ever saw. He was such a fighter I had to administer a soothing powder (and ball) before I could get him to the boat.

Northern Michigan is noted for long and cold winters, and by November 1st the lake was frozen over. We had brought our skates, knowing they would be needed, and had skated over to the traps several times, when one day Joe said "Why not sail over?"

The old flat bottomed boat was just the thing, and getting her on the lake I sat astride the prow, with my steel-shod feet on the ice, while Joe managed the sail. Standing just back of the row locks, he could steer her anywhere. It put a great strain on me, however, and he had to ease off with care or I could not hold her. Making the circle of the traps took us to the farther end of the lake. Thinking it would do no harm to look over the high ground a bit, I took the rifle and went quietly up

I was surprised to see 4 deer, browsing on tender twigs, only a few rods away.

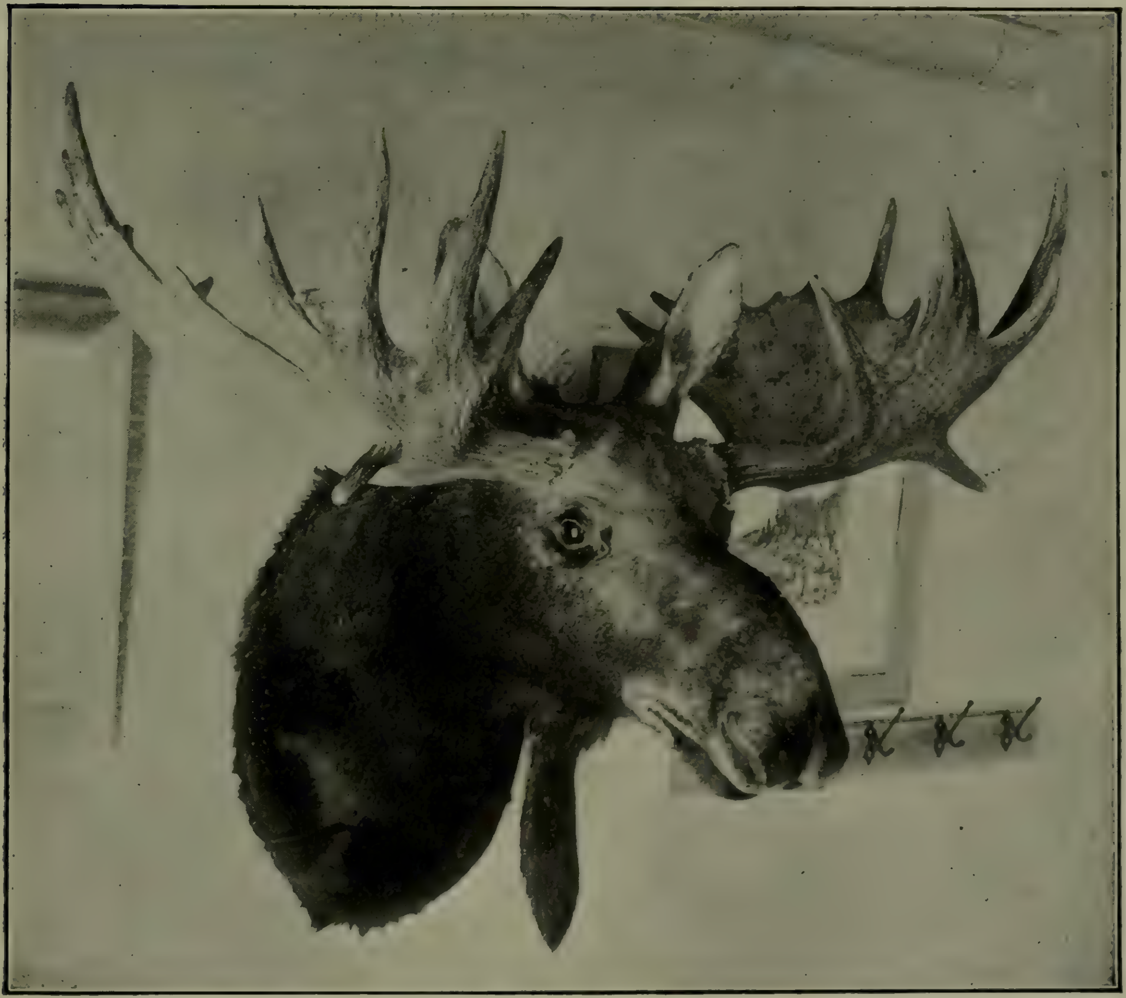
Our coming on the smooth ice had been silent, it is true, but had the wind not been in our favor the deer would have heard us. It seemed wicked to kill a deer in such a mean way; but we wanted more venison and another hide, so I fired at a buck's heart, and through it, too. He was heavier than any other we had shot, but we got him to the boat and sailed across the smooth ice to camp.

The next day while "at large in the woods," as he called it, Joe also shot a deer.

I was in the woods back of the lake, at dusk one afternoon, when I heard wild turkeys. They seemed to be telling me to "quit." It was so near dark that I did. When I told Joe, he said he'd fix 'em, for being "sassy" to me. Next day, we built a square pen of small logs, covered over, with an opening on one side near the ground. Placing some scraps of food inside the pen for bait, we went our way. The following morning we found 3 turkeys in the pen.

The snow was getting too deep for hunting, and having sent word home when we would be ready, we began taking up traps and making ready to leave.

As the cold strengthened and the snow deepened, we were not sorry to see father drive up with the old long sled. We were soon ready for the ride home, taking with us a goodly bundle of furs.



AN EXCEPTIONAL MOOSE HEAD.

Spread of antler	64 inches.
Width of fan	22 "
Number of points	29

Killed by Mr. H. C. Perceval, Mine Center, Ont.

It is believed that this is the record head of Canada and the entire country this side of Alaska. Can anyone produce a better one?

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY HOCKEY TEAM, 1899.

A RESCUE.

S. P. A.

A goodly number of deer have fallen to my rifle in the past 15 years and I have read of many being killed by fellow sportsmen, but do not recall any account of a party working to save the life of a deer.

The snow is whirling outside and as I sit before my grate the smoke curling upward from my pipe seems to wind itself into the outlines of the letters M-a-i-n-e, and is so persistent (probably aided by the odor of a pine pillow which seems to grow stronger as the snow deepens), that my memory flashes backward over the past camps and cruises. An amusing little episode stands out clearly and may be of interest.

It was the latter part of August, some 3 years ago, when my guide and I stopped for a few days' fishing on the "Dead water" above Canada Falls on the Upper Penobscot.

On the last afternoon of our stay we decided to follow up a small brook near the mouth of which we had seen some beaver "cuttings." About 200 yards of it was passed, where the bottom was "very close to the top," as Pete expressed it, and then we pushed through the alders to a small pond without seeing any more beaver signs. Each morning we had found where he had been feeding and we concluded it was one lone fellow, probably the last of his kind in that section of the state. The sheet of water that lay before us was anything but beautiful with its low shores and shallow muddy depths. Its surface was covered with lily pads, and, owing to the dry weather, the water had receded until there was a border of soft, spongy mud from 20 to 50 feet wide all around, between the grass and the edge of the pond.

Out in the middle we saw some deer wallowing around, up to their necks in mud and water, feeding on the pads.

"Now for some fun," said Pete as he singled out a big buck and headed for him. The wind was in our faces and we slipped up to within 30 yards of him before he saw us, and started for the shore. It hardly seemed possible that an animal could make such headway under such circumstances, for we had a hard tussle before we reached him, and had the shore been 2 rods nearer I never would have touched him. As it was, I succeeded in spanking him twice before he staggered out onto the shore. He looked anything but the "Lordly monarch of the woods" as he wobbled off out of sight, and seemed to have no inclination to stop and "whistle" at us. We dropped back into the pads and lighting our pipes lay off for a rest. Looking across the lake with my glasses I saw something moving in the mud which looked like the head and neck of a big snake, and on closer examination we found it to be the antler of a large buck. It was 20 feet from the water and all we could see was a nose and one eye above the slush.

We backed the canoe off into the lake and rushed her for the shore so hard that she slid 10 feet over the slippery mud and stopped within 10 feet of the victim. "Now make a noose of the rope and throw it over the antler," said Pete, and after 2 or 3 attempts we were hard and fast to it. Using the mired buck for an anchor we worked the canoe along until we could reach him, and after a while we succeeded in clearing his head and shoulders, but could budge him no farther. A few feet away were several large tufts of grass which offered us a footing and on which we were soon perched, though considerably the worse for mud. We had hitched the rope around the deer's shoulders, leaving an end for each of us to haul on, and at the word we braced back with a whoop, but our mighty effort was too much for my flimsy foundation; it gave way and into the mud I went, shoulders first, like a "dead bird" as he drops into the pond. As I disappeared, faint rumblings seemed to rise from Pete's roost, and as I floundered out I saw him crawl up onto his bog like a big turtle, all the time puncturing the atmosphere with unprintable things. We found a place to sit down and then I looked over at Pete. Like myself he was covered with mud and as ugly as a bull moose. I can't say now why we spared that buck in our anger, but we did. There was no further use being dainty, so we waded in and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him high and dry.

I cleaned out his mouth, nose and eyes, dosed him with whiskey and water, and then joined Pete to have a pipe and talk it over. As I sat there the absurdity of the affair struck me, and I rolled on the ground shaking with laughter. Pete looked at his clothes and then at me, and his feelings got the better of him. He cussed the buck, the mud, all the deer in the State and I too came in for my share. After he had finished I suggested that it would be a fitting ending to the affair if a warden should happen along and fine us $40 for having a deer in our possession in close season, and as the sun was getting back of the pines we should be moving toward camp.

We left a supply of grass for our friend to feed on until he regained the use of his limbs and then left him. On our way we stopped at a favorite pool and laid in a supply of trout. There was not much said about deer that evening, and the next morning when we were paddling down stream on our way to new grounds I gently touched upon the subject, but Pete would not "rise," and changed the topic by referring to the buck we had chased out of the pond.

Many a time I have seen deer wallowing about in deep mud and watched their almost futile efforts to get out. Twice have I seen young fawns strangled in these shallow ponds, and although I have always believed a large number perish that way it had never been my fortune to see one really swamped until that day. The deer seem crazy for the lily-pads and risk their lives to get at them. I wonder if any other sportsman has noticed the same thing?

AMATEUR PHOTO BY MRS. GEO. GLASS.

"WE ARE NOT LOOKING AT THE CAMERA."

THAT TEN POUNDER.

DEE V. BEAN, JR.

Now, you've heard of " three men in a boat,"
And how they went a fishing,
All same as my two chums and me.
We one day fell to wishing
That we might go and camp out, well,
Just have a sort of resting spell,
A little outdoor life, and see
Who was best fisher of the three.

We planned a trip, it was a fright
The way we tore about,
And 'fore the sun had set again
Were fairly camping out.
We fished, such half pound trout we caught.
There was an awful batch.
But I'll ne'er forget that ten pound trout
We hooked—but didn't catch.

AT SUGAR LAKE, B. C.

H. D. H.

Early last fall a party of us started for Sugar lake to enjoy a week or 2 of fishing and hunting. Starting from Vernon, with pack horses, we went up White valley, through a fertile farming country. At the head of the valley we began our descent to the Shuswap river; then on to Eight mile creek, where we camped. At daybreak next morning the ponies were brought in and packed. For about a mile we followed the road, then abandoning the highway we passed through a clump of pines and down a steep hill to Cherry creek, an old time placer mining ground. Crossing that we clambered up the bank and after a short search found the old Sugar lake trail, a route seldom traveled nowadays. Then for 12 miles we pushed on slowly, occasionally stopping to remove fallen trees from the road so our ponies could pass. About 4 P.M. we reached the head of the lake and camped, picketing the ponies on the shore among some exceedingly coarse beaver grass. Next morning we discovered an old hermit who for years has lived alone in these mountains. From him we hired a dugout, and rigging up our trolling line went fishing. We were not successful until, paddling along the shore we came to the mouth of a stream, called by the hermit Sitcum creek. There I got my first bite, and after an exciting 10 minutes' fight landed a 4 pound trout. For an hour and a half I enjoyed as good sport as man could wish for. Then with 4 fish in the canoe we went on to the beach where we left G. to choose a site for camp, and cut tent pegs. J. and H. returned to our previous night's camp for our things, getting back in time to pitch tent and have supper before dark. The following morning we were awakened by the crack of G.'s rifle, and saw him standing at the tent door, gun in hand, while about 100 yards away a dark object was struggling on the ground. It was a large gray timber wolf, and from tracks and signs we later discovered that a pack of them made Sugar lake and vicinity their stamping ground. We killed a goose that day, so had a chance to vary our meals. We spent the day exploring the rocky banks of the lake. In our ramble we met the old hermit again, and he told us that on top of the mountain, on the East side of the lake, was a level range 10 miles long and 1 to 2 miles wide, on which were innumerable deer and goats, while in the timber back of it caribou were plentiful.

Next day we started for the range, reaching the top about 2 P.M. and camping at the nearest water, 3 miles from the summit. While the others prepared camp I went out with my favorite double Syracuse gun to see what I could find. In half an hour I got 6 fat blue grouse and could have killed 4 times as many. Rabbits were continually popping from one patch of brush to another all round me. I saw many porcupines, and signs of bear, deer, and goats were everywhere.

Around the camp fire that night we congratulated one another on the grand prospect for sport. About midnight K. awakened us and in an alarmed whisper said, "Boys, grab your guns; there's something in the tent! When you are ready I'll strike a light."

We seized our guns and gave the word. By the dim light of the match we saw something at the door of the tent.

Bang! bang!

"Strike another light, quick!" we yelled.

"Don't get excited," answered J., an old hand in this part of the country; "what do you fellows think it is?

"A half grown bear," said one.

"A wolf," said another.

"Bet you it's a porcupine," said J. And so it proved.

In the morning our breakfast was eaten long before light, and with the first streak of dawn we separated to hunt goats and deer. They were plentiful; none of us went more than a mile from camp before making a kill. I shot a fat 5-prong buck which I jumped a quarter of a mile from camp. H. got an old he goat on the wall rock that forms the Northern boundary of the range, and J. killed a young buck. After dressing our game we returned to the lake, reaching camp by 5 that evening. The following day was the last of our vacation in the Sugar lake country.

"How are you getting on with your rifle practice, Judd?"

"Well, I have no fear of ever developing into a game hog."

TWO PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE.

HON. J. F. JOHNSTON, GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA.

HON. J. H. WALLACE, MEMBER OF THE ALABAMA LEGISLATURE.

A FOREST MEETING.

E. W. PERRY.

Two foolish ones met in a tropic forest, none other being there to see. One was native to those cool, dim aisles; the other was from a far country. One was a hunter of deer and other game; and the stranger hunted bugs and other things that are not good for man to eat.

She had been out late at night, and was now content with a stomach full of young pork, borrowed from a Sumo village. No ear had heard a sound to cause alarm. One blow prevented outcry from that pig, and it was borne away as a cat carries a mouse. Now 'twas time for ease, and she slept in a spot flecked by shadows, as her own tawny skin was flecked with shining black.

A butterfly drifted that way on wings of brilliant blue, and the hunter followed eagerly. He stepped almost on the sleeping beauty, and in a sudden fright he kicked her in the ribs. She arose and wiped the sweat from the brow of the intruder. Bright streams started from forehead and from lip, yet there was no twinge of pain.

She laid one broad paw on the shoulder of the man, but he pressed a muzzle of cold steel against her breast. A tiny crimson stain spread on her snowy bosom, and a quiver shook her frame. Her claws fell from their hold, and she tore at the leafy carpet. She clutched at roots that clung to the earth, and clawed at palms that stung her with cruel thorns.

The hunter watched, with eyes no clearer for the blood which flowed into them. Deathly faintness held the jaguar for a moment, and a bullet struck her brain. It shocked her into one mighty leap, and she lay still. Her spots glistened in the sunshine filtered through the leaves high above.

Some are fated to disappointment: so 'twas that hunter lost a butterfly, and had only an incident where a luckier man might have found adventure.

SMOKE FROM OUR CAMP FIRE.

G. O. S.

The 22d monthly dinner of the Camp Fire Club was another memorable one. It was given at the rooms of the Uptown Merchants' Association, 5th Avenue and 19th Street, and among the invited guests was George Harbo, who, with a companion, crossed the Atlantic ocean in a row boat. Harbo is a brawny, sturdy, Norwegian sailor, and has a frank, manly way about him that is exceedingly pleasant. He has a fair command of English and told us in a straightforward, simple manner the chief incidents of his trip, some of which were really thrilling. I have no room here to enumerate them, but if any reader of RECREATION ever has a chance to hear Harbo tell his story, he will agree with me that it is one of the most novel bits of narrative he has ever listened to.

Ernest Seton Thompson made some telling arguments in behalf of the proposition to extend the Yellowstone National Park. He spent several weeks in Jackson's Hole and in the Teton Range, last summer, and studied carefully the conditions existing there. He discussed with nearly all the inhabitants of Jackson's Hole the question of park extension, and said that while they favored taking in the Teton timber reserve, they were unanimously opposed to extending the line so as to include their homes. Mr. Thompson detailed several instances of large bands of elk having wintered in the Hole, and having hung around the ranchers' hay stacks, longing for a chance to get at them, until many of the animals starved to death. These ranchmen claim that while the elk come into their neighborhood, it is not absolutely necessary they should do so, and that most of them can winter within the present lines of the timber reserve. These people insist that if allowed to retain their homes, they will carefully protect the elk that come among them in future, as they have in the past.

Mr. Thompson gave some pertinent details of the arrest of a band of Bannock Indians who invaded the Snake river country in the summer of '96 and killed some 300 elk. The game warden of that district called out a posse of citizens, numbering about 25. These men went to the Indian camp, arrested 75 of the bandits and took them to the county seat. On the way and while passing through a bit of timber, some 2 days' march from the scene of action, several of the Indians made a break to escape and a few of them were killed. The ranchmen claim that they were shooting to kill the horses, in order that they might recapture the Indians. Mr. Thompson asked them if they were certain they had killed the Indians. The settlers said no; that they didn't look through the woods after the shooting was over to see what had happened; that their only object was to take their prisoners into court and prosecute them, and that they took into court all that was left after the shooting was over.

The Jackson's Hole people insist that hundreds of elk and deer are killed every year by mountain lions, and that a large bounty should be offered for the scalps of these brutes. Mr. Thompson asked the ranchmen how many lions they thought that there were in that region. Opinions differed widely, but all agreed there were several hundred. He then asked these men how many had been killed within the last year and the consensus of opinion was that at least 50 had been taken care of. Mr. Thompson said he didn't believe this and asked each man how many he had killed, individually. One said 6.

"Where are they?" Mr. Thompson asked.

"Out here in the shed."

"Let's go and see them."

The 2 men went out and sure enough there were 6 lion skins hanging from the rafters.

Another man was asked how many he had killed, and he said 7.

"Where are they?" Mr. Thompson asked.

"Out here in the stable," said the ranchman.

"Let's see them."

They went out and there hung the skins, all right. Then Mr. Thompson said that by allowing each of the settlers in the Hole to have made similar scores, he could easily believe that 50 or more lions had been killed within the year. Two of the ranchmen told of having trailed one lion in the snow several miles, to where it entered a deer yard in the deep snow, and high up in the mountains. Here they found the carcasses of 12 deer, yet there was but one lion track in the country. They said this was only an instance of the havoc created by these varmints; that they had seen many places where the brutes had killed deer and elk, apparently out of pure cussedness.

Mr. Thompson says all of the settlers in Jackson's Hole are extremely anxious that

Congress and the Wyoming State Legislature should act on these matters as soon as possible. These Snake river people realize that their future prosperity depends almost wholly on the game. They cannot raise grain or vegetables to any great extent, in the Snake river valley. They can raise some hay and can raise stock, but conditions are not favorable even to these, and the people must live largely on the money that Eastern sportsmen will leave in their hands, who go there to hunt.

Mr. W. H. Boardman, President of the Adirondack League Club, was the next speaker and told briefly of the plan of that organization and what it is doing in the way of fish culture and game and fish protection.

Secretary Rice made a most telling and emphatic appeal to the members of the Camp Fire Club to exert themselves in behalf of the League of American Sportsmen and urged them to aid in every way possible in pushing its work. He told them how they could greatly enhance the interests of the League, and promote the work of game protection, by becoming life members of the League, at $25 a head.

Several other speakers entertained the members and their friends, but I have not room here to quote them.

A genuine surprise was sprung on the members, during the progress of the dinner. The fourth course on the menu card was a broiled steak. When it came on the members were requested to sample it carefully and then to guess what it was. Slips of paper were passed around and each man was requested to write down his guess. Then these ballots were collected and the Chairman read them. The vote stood as follows:

Embalmed beef, 1; old horse, 1; buffalo, 4; moose, 3; army canned corn beef, 1; elk, 1; bear, 5; horse, 6; giraffe, 1; beefsteak or bear, 1; mule meat, from Alger, Armour & Co., 1; beefsteak, 4; polar bear, 1; army beef, 1; embalmed beef, a la Egan, 1; refrigerated beef, 1; army mule, from Cuba, 1; zebra—not embalmed, 1; grandpa of a barnyard moose, 1; good, honest Western steer, 1; army mule, 1.

After the Returning Board had made its report, the following letter was read:

Wichita, Kan., January 15, 1899.
G. O. Shields, New York.

Dear Sir: I ship you by express to-day 20 pounds of buffalo meat, for yourself, and you can treat your friends if you choose. You will notice that it has no bones in it. This is because it was skeletonized.

I will tell you why I killed this animal. A little over a year ago I bought 3 buffaloes; 2 bulls and a cow. The cow I shipped to Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and tried to sell the bulls alive, but failed. The largest one, which weighed 2,200 pounds, had lately become quite vicious and dangerous, and having an offer from Mr. Ward for its skin and bones, I killed and shipped it.

This last one was a fine specimen and weighed just one ton. It was killed January 12th. I expected to dispose of it for park purposes, but the officers of the Field Columbian Museum, of Chicago, hearing of it sent a representative here to see it. They had been searching for a specimen to mount with their group to exhibit at the World's Fair in Paris, in 1900. Their representative, Mr. C. E. Akerly, said this was the finest specimen he had ever seen, and that they must have it. I did not like to have it killed, but knowing it would be a representative animal of the United States at the World's Fair, I consented to let him have it for that purpose, and I trust sportsmen will not think I am a game hog, or a destroyer of an almost extinct species. I never would have consented had this been a cow. When I was in New York I had a talk with Mr. Hornaday about these animals for the Bronx Park, and he advised the killing of the one that was vicious, for a museum specimen. Hoping you will accept the roast I send you, and not give me a roast in RECREATION, I am

Yours truly,
Charles Payne.

It was the first buffalo meat some of the members had ever eaten and is probably the last any of us will ever have a chance to eat. The members of the Camp Fire Club will always hold Mr. Payne in grateful remembrance for the rare treat he afforded them.

He (sympathetically)—You have a bad cold.

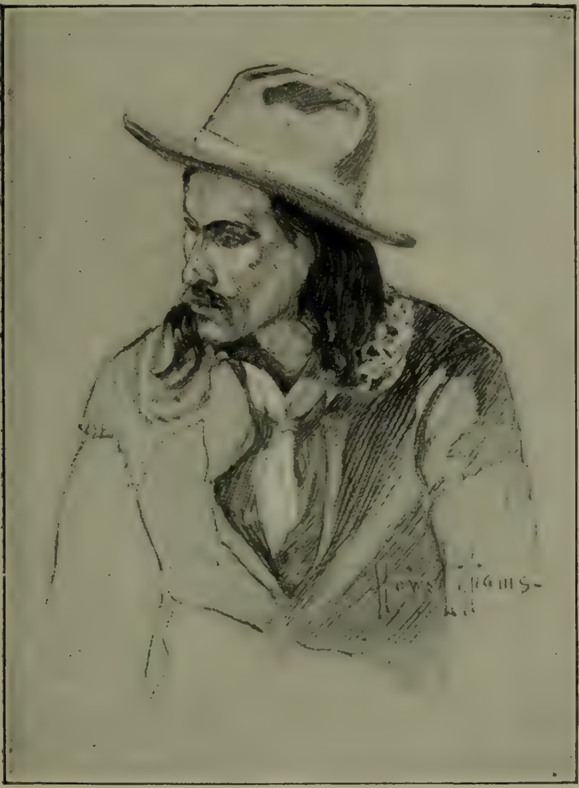
She (huskily)—I have. I am so hoarse that if you attempted to kiss me I couldn't even scream.—Boston Journal.

ROPING BUFFALO CALVES.

VIC. SMITH.

In the spring of '79 I had a contract with an Eastern firm to furnish them 50 buffalo calves. I was to bring them to the banks of the Yellowstone river and put them aboard a steamer to be forwarded to their destination.

I secured the services of Frank Muzzy, and with 5 teams, 4 good Buffalo horses, and a cook we were soon on our way to the Redwater, a stream 40 miles North of the Yellowstone. At the breaks of the Redwater we saw herds of buffalo up and down the river as far as our eyes could reach.



FRANK MUZZY.

We pitched camp at the edge of an ash grove near a fine spring, 300 yards from the stream. After supper I saddled a horse and approached a small bunch of buffalo about a mile from camp. Selecting a fat yearling heifer I downed her, and cutting off the hump and choice pieces, loaded my horse and returned to camp. That evening 5 Sioux Indians dropped in and materially assisted us in eating the heifer. The next morning we left the cook in camp to watch the horses. Muzzy and I, with lariat and straps, were soon among a bunch of about 20 cows and calves. We were mounted on fleet buffalo runners, and it was short work to rope a calf apiece. Snubbing the ropes we jumped from our horses, and after tying the feet of the calves, left them lying on the ground, and again sought the bunch. We soon came up with them and caught 2 more, but the mother of Muzzy's calf turned on him and forced him several times to drop his rope. When I had my baby buffalo tied I turned my attention to the old cow and soon had her scampering after the herd. We caught 7 calves that forenoon; then took a team, brought them to camp and staked them out. They were old enough to eat grass and live on that until we got back to the Yellowstone, where we could give them a mixture of milk, water, and bran.

By noon of the fifth day I had within 2 of the number of calves wanted. After dinner we started for a herd about 4 miles away. They were lying on the side of a hill, near the summit. Muzzy remained in the valley while I rode around the herd, which we estimated at about 600 head. I found they lay in a V shape on the face of the slope. It had not rained for 3 weeks, and the ground was dry as powder, yet the whole country was cut up by small, deep washouts. I rode at a fair pace in between the wings of the herd. The old bulls were so surprised at my impudence that they stood amazed until I had passed them and was almost into the main bunch. Suddenly all the animals started down the slope. The wings of the herd closed about me, as the dust was so thick the buffaloes did not notice me. At full speed I went with them, their shaggy bodies rubbing against my legs. I could reach out and touch a buffalo on either side. Though they were stumbling and falling in badger holes and washouts all around me, yet my horse never stumbled; had he fallen I would have been trampled to death. It was the most exciting race I ever took part in. I do not say I was afraid, but I don't wish to repeat the run. On reaching the valley, where the grass was quite high and there was no dust, the herd gradually drew away from me. Before we parted company I roped a calf, and Muzzy caught another. Next day we pulled for the Yellowstone river.

My wagons carried racks similar to those in which sheep are hauled, and gave ample room for the calves to move about. Morning and evening we cut juicy blue grass and boiled it in large camp kettles. When sufficiently cooled we poured the juice into the troughs in the racks; the calves would eagerly drink it, and it apparently satisfied their wants. Only one out of the 50 calves died before we reached the ranch.

I put the animals in a well fenced pasture of about 15 acres. Eight good cows were milked night and morning for the benefit of the calves. The milk was mixed with boiled grass juice and poured into log troughs. Besides, there was a fine growth of grass in the pasture.

Three miles below my ranch was a camp of Gros-ventre Indians. They looked with disapproval on my scheme of fencing in "their buffalo," as they called them. The Indian still claims everything that might still have been his had Columbus never sailed the sea.

All the steamboats had gone up stream a week before, and I was impatiently awaiting their return that I might ship my calves. The sixth morning after I put my captives in the pasture I arose to find my fence torn away by the ignoble redman and my herd of calves had vanished along with my visions of wealth. Muzzy and I saddled our plugs and scoured the country all day. The Indians had driven the calves out of our reach; or rather they had killed about a dozen of them and driven the rest toward the Redwater. On our return we picked up 2 of the youngest calves, strapped them on our saddles and brought them in. One died, the other I sold to the trader at Ft. Buford. That wound up my first speculation in catching buffalo.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE PHILIPPINE WAR.

Manila, P. I., February 17, 1899.

Editor Recreation: Photography is an important factor in the operations of the 8th Army Corps, which took Manila from the Spaniards and which is now busily engaged in subduing the ungrateful natives.

This corps has a regularly established photographic department, fully equipped with the finest instruments and cameras, ranging in size from 5 x 7 to 17 x 20 inches. The cameras are all long focus and are fitted with telephoto lenses in addition to the regular lenses. The department has 2 operators in the field all the time, accompanied by one dark room man and 2 printers, all under the charge of a lieutenant.

When the army is operating near a city or town the photographic corps has its headquarters there; but when not near a town, they camp with the army. They have portable dark rooms and heavy boxes made especially for the transportation of cameras and material. The work in the field comprises reconnoissances close to the enemy's

PHOTO BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE.

UTAH BATTERY FIRING ON THE NATIVE TOWN OF MALABON.

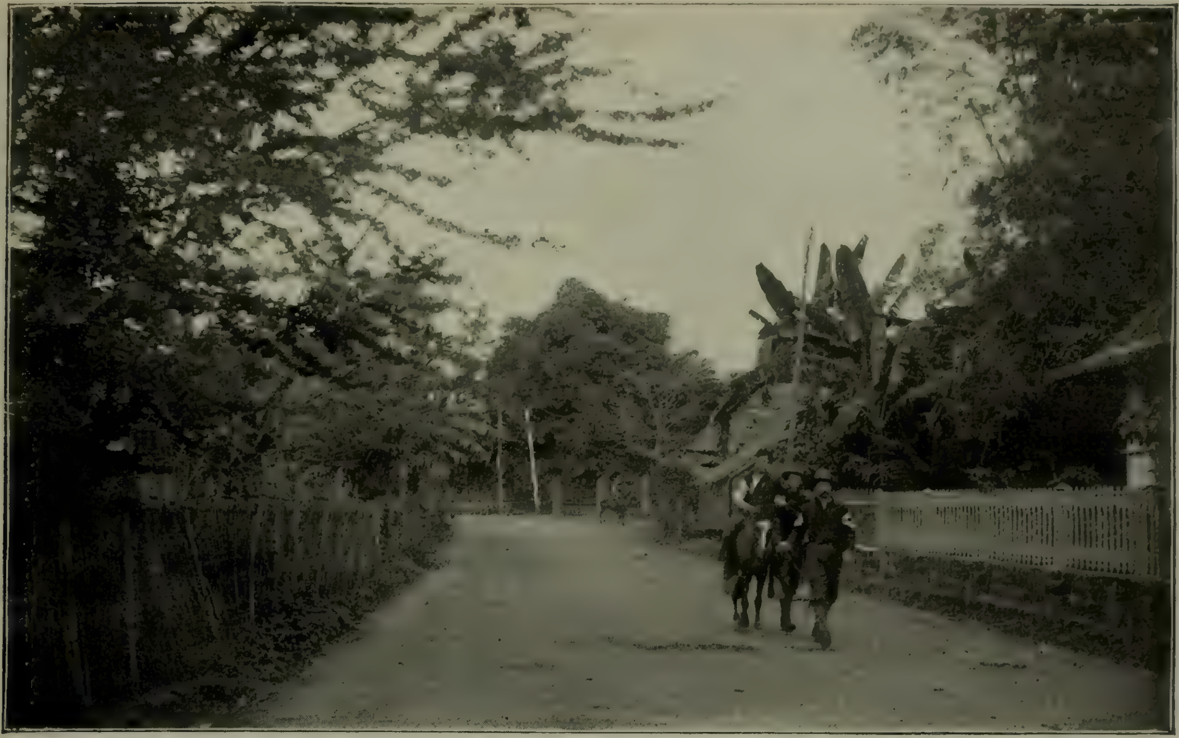
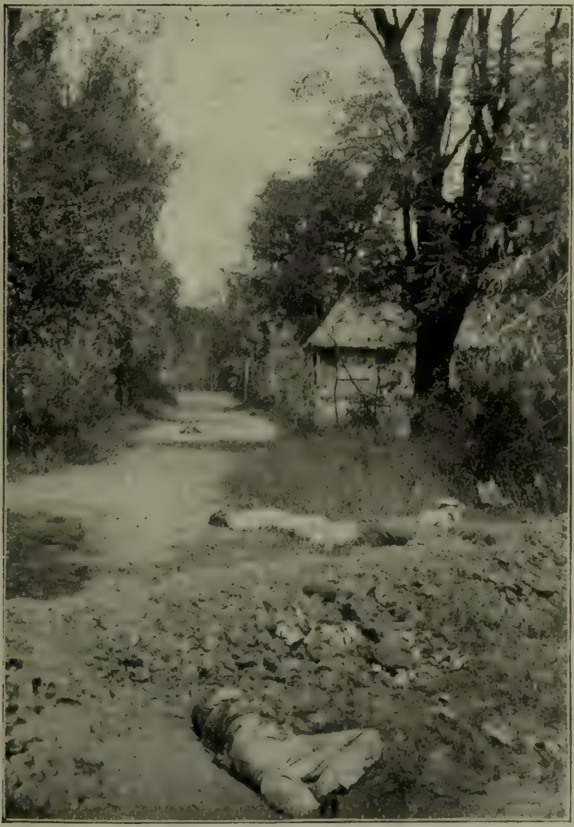


PHOTO BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE.

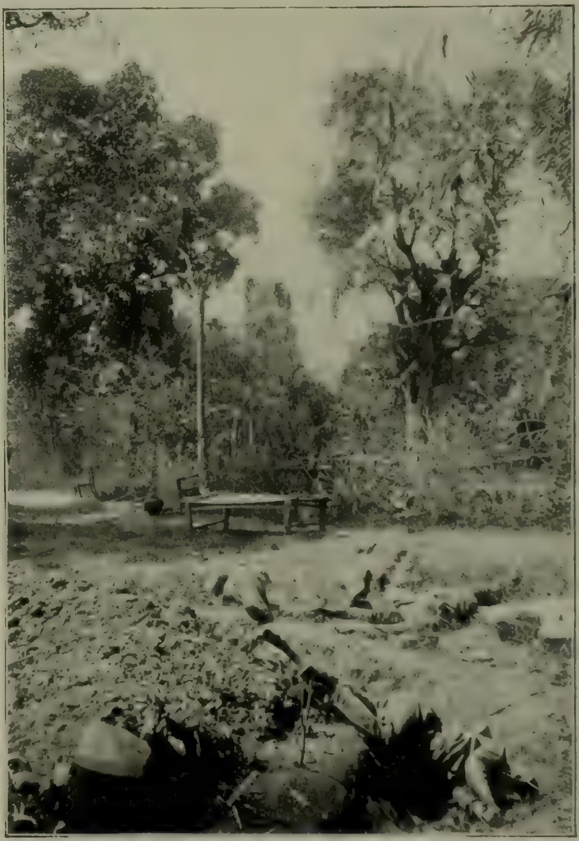
BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED, SANTA MASSA DISTRICT.

lines, the photographing of roads, trails, forts, rivers, bridges and general topography. During an engagement the operators follow closely behind the advancing army, photographing the firing lines, the wounded, the burning towns and everything of importance that happens.

The operators in this department are as much exposed to the fire of the enemy as anyone. When the army makes a stand



ROAD LEADING TO THE VILLAGE OF CALOOCAN.



GROUND OVER WHICH THE FIRST COLORADO INFANTRY HAD JUST PASSED.

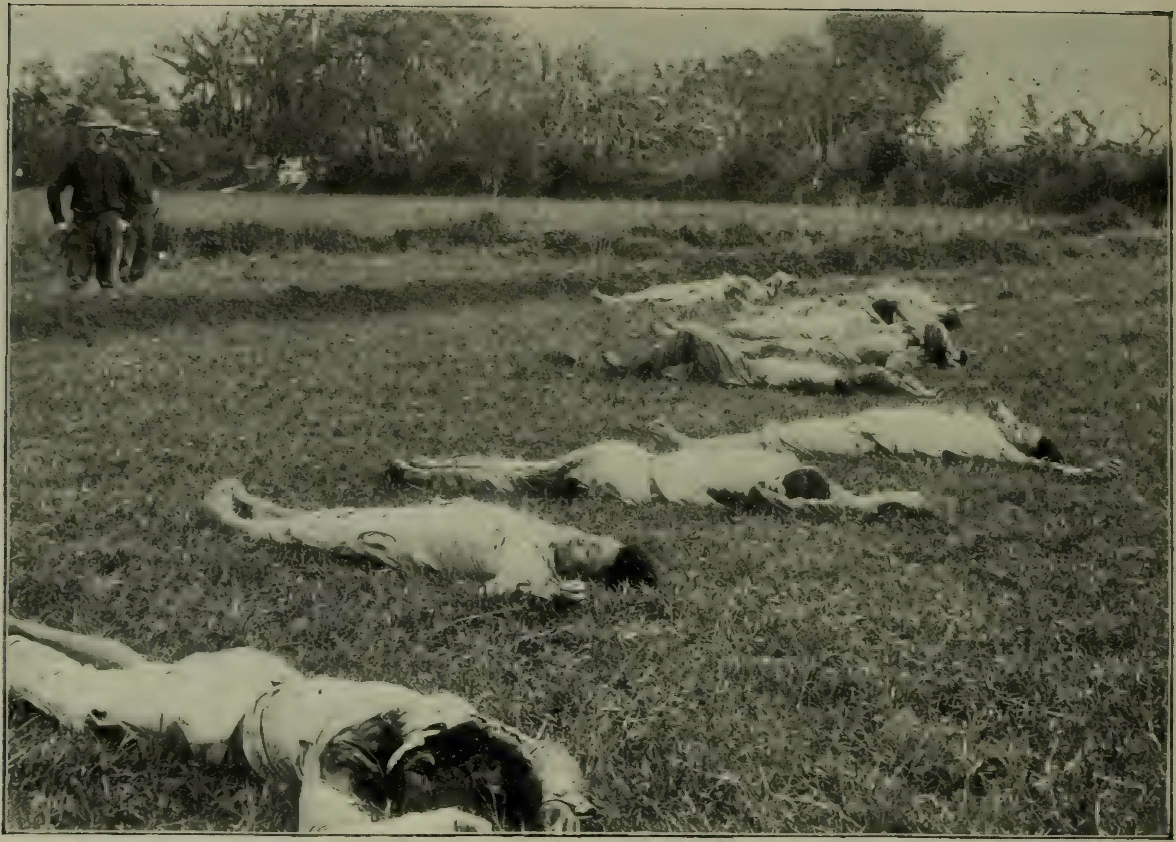
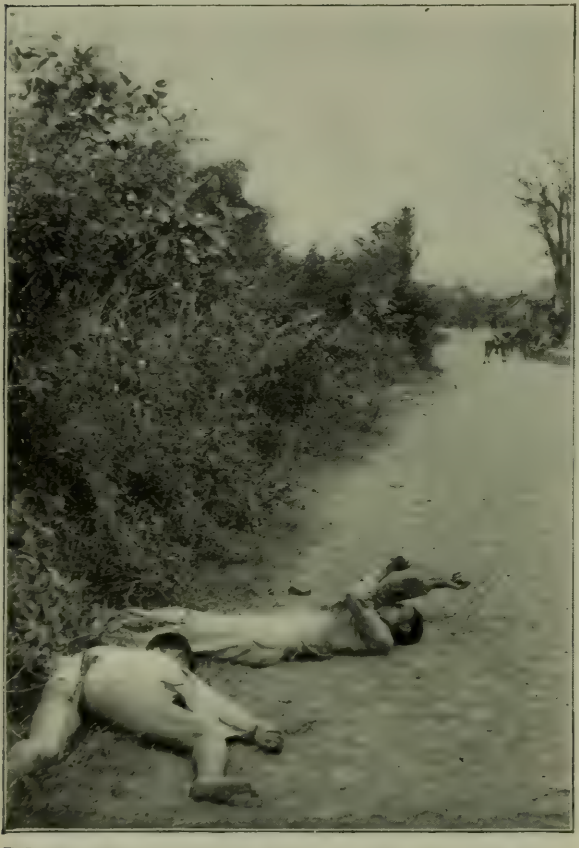
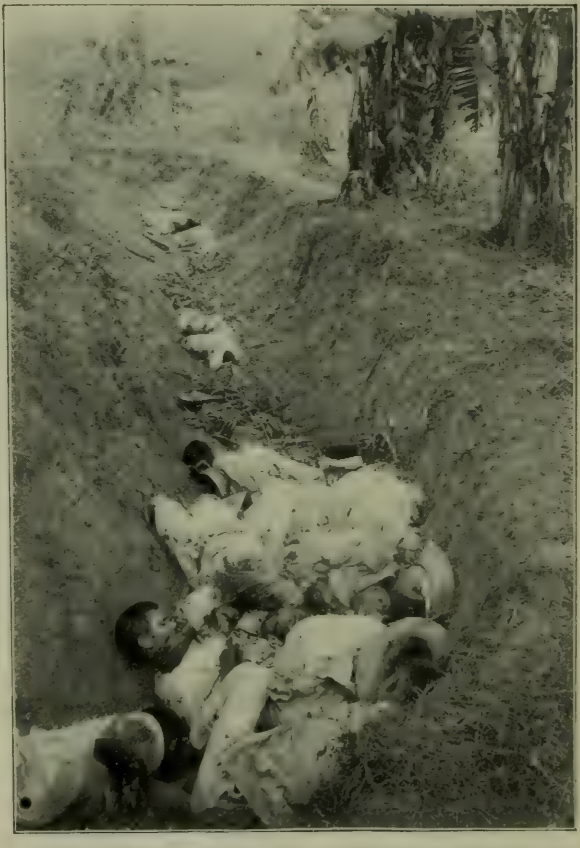


PHOTO BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE.

SOME GOOD NATIVES—THANKS TO THE FIRST COLORADO INFANTRY.



ROAD OVER WHICH THE KANSAS REGIMENT HAD JUST PASSED.



NATIVE TRENCHES IN THE SANTA ANNA DISTRICT, WHERE A STUBBORN FIGHT TOOK PLACE.

the country in its immediate front is photographed and the prints are generally in the hands of the Commanding General the same day. If an advance takes place too late in the day for printing in the ordinary way, the prints are made at night, by artificial light, and placed in the General's hands at the earliest possible moment.

Beside the field work, this department does an enormous amount of work for the various departments in the Army and Navy. During the rainy season all cameras are covered with heavy rubber hoods. Owing to the dampness in this country all photographic materials shipped into Manila are put up in tin boxes—especially such as plates, paper, etc.

When the army arrived here all the photographic apparatus and material procurable were from England; but now the American photographic dealers are sending their goods here. When in barracks my department uses albumen paper for printing. In the field any of the prepared papers are used. Owing to the extreme dampness it is at times extremely difficult to secure good results from printing out papers, unless they have been packed in tin.

Prices of photographic materials are high here, and often the market on some special chemical or albumen paper is cornered by some smart individual. This is the case at present with albumen paper which is selling now at $200 a ream, Mexican money. The supply of nitrate of silver, chloride of gold and hypo is absolutely exhausted at present, and the last hypo sold for 45 cents (Mexican) a pound.

This is a particularly interesting country to the photographer. Aside from the 3 or 4 months of the hot, rainy season the climate here surpasses anything I have ever seen.

It is not often that an operator has the opportunity of photographing grand and beautiful scenery, his foreground strewn with the mangled dead and wounded of the enemy, and those of his own blood as well; with burning towns and villages for a background; all this accompanied by the frightful din of Infantry and Artillery fire and the hissing of Mauser bullets. But such has been my daily duty for several weeks past. Such scenes as these not only leave their impression on the photographic dry plate, but they leave a lasting scar on the human heart.

Lieutenant C. F. O'Keefe,
Photo Department, Office of Military Information, 8th Army Corps.

TO BESSIE C.

W. H. NELSON.

My bonnie, winsome, sweet-faced lass,
  Thine eyes of liquid brown
Were made for sunshine and for love,
  And not for tears to drown.
God send thee, then, the sunny-time
  And clover-breath of June,
And lead thee where the laughing rills
  Sing never out of tune.

Heaven send thy lover may be true
  As thine own loyal breast,
And mayst thou never, never know
  The broken heart's unrest.
May morn and eve, and harvest time,
  And autumn's wealth of gold,
Pour on thy heart all blessedness
  That earthly life can hold.

May every breeze that fans thy brow
  Bring tribute still of bliss,
And every lip that touches thine
  Pour blessing with its kiss.
May Joy, and Peace, and sweet Content
  Go with thee to the end,
And every crisis in thy life
  Bring to thy side a friend.

And oh, if Grief shall come to thee,
  As come it must to all,
And in the ashes of its love
  Thy bleeding heart shall fall,
Then shall the Lord, whose child thou art,
  Speak to thee from the gloom,
And light shall shine upon thy path
  E'en from the very tomb.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

FOUR-FOOTED POT-HUNTERS.

Warren's, Minn.

When the eager duck-hunter misjudges distance, he fails to hit, not seldom; which is one reason, perhaps, why the secret of the passing of our game birds is but half-guessed by many who hold the facts known too close to their eyes.

How many of us who love the pass-shooting and the whirr of the grouse realize that we have never learned to fight the most widely diffused, and the most destructive enemies of both classes of our American game birds?

Two years ago, while summering at my old Wisconsin home, I was delighted to have a bird-loving younger brother say he had found a ruffed grouse nest. This was in July. With loving care, the camera wherewith one shoots in summer days, was set among the dead branches that skirted the brush heap, wherein the nest had been made, among the leaves.

The next day, wishing to secure a better study, the spot was neared again. There was nothing left save a few smeared egg-shells and scattered feathers to show what a gallant fight the mother bird had made.

The culprit? We found her, an hour later, when, visiting a neighboring wood, with photographic intent, we paused a moment, in the faint wood road; and, hearing a slight thud, turned and saw the mouth of a well-hidden burrow, among the scanty grass—from which was thrust the nose of a mother skunk. A family of little black devils were hidden below.

Now the poor grouse had probably been robbed by the skunks of her first brood; and at that late season it was most unlikely she would make a second attempt at family-raising. I believe the diminution in the number of our ruffed grouse—which amounts nearly to extermination—is due to the depredations of the striped skunk, more than to all other causes combined.

Cannot the members of the L. A. S. induce the leaders of ladies' fashions to wear skunk-tails on their hats, and thus aid in the destruction of the ruffed grouse's arch-enemy?

So much for the 4-footed pot hunter of the wood. There is also one of the prairie.

A brother sportsman, at Pembina, N. D., reports that his half-breed assistant met in a coyote den a startling revelation. There were young whelps, just growing into the blood-thirsty age, and everywhere about were shells of duck eggs, and coot eggs, of grebe eggs, and, particularly, of grouse eggs. The destruction must have been frightful, judging by the report of this keen observer. How long, oh Coquina, will the several states wherein the coyote is found, allow him to go on killing calves of deer, elk and moose, and working havoc among our winged game in the one way that is most damaging and most deadly?

And what of the muskrat, the wholesale destroyer of eggs, and ducklings, and sitting mother-birds? Does his value, as a fur-bearing animal, counterbalance his cussedness as a game destroyer?

Last June I visited the Geroux marsh, in Pembina county, N. D. This is, in times of low water, the only considerable breeding place for ducks for miles. And the marsh attracts, in any season, large numbers of local birds.

On a large muskrat house, of the previous winter, I noted mink droppings in large quantities. On careful scrutiny, they "analyzed" as follows: The older droppings, made in April and May, contained, mostly, the breast feathers of grebes and the smaller ducks, teal, scaup and buffleheads; but those of the current month consisted almost wholly of the waxy remains of egg-yolk, mingled with bits of shell. There seemed to be many bits of the shells of grebe eggs; and, possibly, of teal eggs. But one thing was certain: in almost every fragment of dung were bits of grouse-egg shell. With this tell-tale mass of loathsomeness, the whole side of the rat-house was covered. In hope of destroying a litter of young minks I demolished the structure; but it proved only the summer camp of an old male.

I waded indignantly ashore and walked landward until I reached a high level of wild-meadow land, some 300 yards from the lair of the mink. There I found a looted nest of pinnated grouse that emphasized the tale I am telling. Brethren, where's the remedy? P. B. Peabody.

SOME SONG BIRD DESTROYERS.

Nashville, Tenn.

Editor RECREATION: Enclosed you will find clippings from one of our daily papers:

Mr. E. Morgan killed 105 robins Tuesday afternoon, in a cedar thicket near his home. The birds were there in great numbers feeding on the cedar berries. Mr. Morgan killed as many as 7 birds at each of several single shots.

DANVILLE, Ala., January 11.—The holiday season of this neighborhood was enlivened by the visit of General W H. Jackson, Dr. J. W. Maddin and Mr. A. J. Carlton, 3 expert bird hunters of Nashville. The party were royally entertained during their visit by Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Harwick. The party spent 2 mornings in bird shooting and killed 1,544.

I should be pleased to hear an expression from you on the subject of killing robins, field larks, bobolinks, cedar birds and yellow-hammers, as game. These birds are killed by the thousand during their stay in the South, in winter, or on their annual spring and autumn migrations. The birds killed by the "Nashville Nimrods" were undoubtedly robins, with probably a few meadow larks or doves sprinkled among them. Wouldn't old Nimrod's bones rattle if he knew robin shooters were called "Nimrods" in these days.

All these men are prominent and influential citizens of Nashville, and if they could be gotten on the right side of the question of bird protection would do the cause much good.

What we need first in this section of the country is not a limit to the amount of game one man may kill, but a law that will limit him to game, and prevent his shooting at everything that can fly and that furnishes a mouthful of meat.

Under separate cover I mail you a copy of "Some Birds and Their Ways," a book written for the young, for the good it might do in the way of the protection of birds in general. I have not attempted to preach a sermon in every chapter, but have hit the subject of the useless destruction of birds a hard lick wherever I thought it would tell. A. C. Webb.

ANSWER.

Such slaughter of innocent song birds as is recorded in the above extracts is little short of infamy. It is astonishing that men can be found in this age of the world, men who call themselves gentlemen, and sportsmen, who will stoop to such reckless destruction of beautiful creatures. It is high time the Southern gentlemen should stop and think of the ultimate result of their work. It has been fully demonstrated that there are but one half as many robins in the United States to-day as there were 15 years ago. If the Southern sportsmen pursue their present course these beautiful birds will be entirely extinct in another 5 years. Gentlemen, for God's sake stop shooting song birds!

Mr. Webb's book is excellent and will receive proper attention in a later issue. I would advise all Southern "sportsmen" to read it.—EDITOR.

AMONG MARYLAND QUAIL.

Not a long time ago I got it into my head that I was a good shot, so I decided to go forth and exterminate some quail. I made arrangements with my friend Wilson, equally inexperienced, to try a place on the Eastern shore of Maryland, where we had heard good sport could be found. Wilson owned a fine hammerless gun and I was the proud possessor of a Greener ejector, with which I felt sure I should startle the sporting world.

We reached our destination about 4 o'clock on a cold October morning and sat shivering for 2 hours, awaiting the arrival of an old farmer, who had been recommended to us and who was known to Wilson in a business way. He came at last, bringing with him several of his friends and 2 dogs. Neither Wilson nor I had ever seen a quail except on toast, surrounded by watercress, but we had no doubt that with the aid of our magnificent arsenal we could easily account for anything that came in sight.

After we had walked a mile or so the dogs came to a stand and in a moment a covey of a dozen birds rose up with the usual whirring noise. Our companions immediately discharged their assortment of muzzle loaders, bringing down several birds. I was so surprised I simply gaped, while Wilson in the excitement of the moment shot both barrels at once, and it was only through the intervention of Providence that no one was hit!

The next time we knew what was to be expected and each of us got a bird. I firmly believe mine died of humiliation at being even grazed by such a bungler, for I had only a hazy notion that something brown was going through the air with the speed of a cannon ball, felt it my duty to give it a scare if nothing else, and so shot almost at random.

At the end of the day Wilson and I had accounted for 8 birds between us. We did not want to be branded as game hogs by RECREATION. Our companions bagged between 30 and 40. We had a glorious day, notwithstanding our supper at the farmer's house consisted of cold pigs' feet and raw turnips. In our hollow condition they seemed to us better than the finest dinner at the Waldorf, especially as the farmer's daughter who waited on us was "a gem of purest ray serene." Wilson could not make much of an impression on the Maryland birds in general, but he scored well, for a novice, with that one.

The most curious incident of our trip was the firm refusal of the farmers to be paid for their trouble. They were insulted when we inquired their terms for the day, and said we were their guests. As they scorned our money, we insisted on their accepting some cartridges as a present. This they did after much hesitation.

After a 14 mile drive over the worst roads I ever saw we reached the railway station and boarded the midnight express for home, with less faith in fine guns, unless expert shots are behind them, and with a firm conviction that the Maryland quail is a cunning and deceitful bird. W. Y. Stevenson,

314 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A BEAR HUNT AT MOUNT SHASTA.

Sisson, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: I bought my first

breech loader in 1868, a .50 caliber, and since then I have had Ballard, Remington, Marlin, Winchester, and other guns, of all calibers. For several years I preferred a large caliber, and a big charge of powder. My best gun is a .25-35 Winchester. Have fired it 1,000 times, killed 30 bucks and 2 bears. and it shoots as well now as when new. I killed a large buck at 400 yards, the bullet passing through him. Killed 2 at one shot, 200 yards away, with it.

I killed a cross bear with my Marlin .38-55. Shot him 5 times, at from 5 to 15 yards range, without knocking him down. Three of the balls lodged against the bones of his neck. Then the gun balked, and my old hound took up the fight. He kept me from being chewed up.

In November, 1896, my hounds treed a black bear. I shot him in the head with the .25-35 Winchester, smashing the bones of the head all to pieces.

J. J. Duffy and I started for a bear hunt, at early dawn, in November, 1897, at the foot of Mount Shasta, some 4 miles away. Arriving at the first high foothills, and striking a little snow, we saw a huge bear track going toward a large brush field. The dogs followed it until it went below snow line. Soon we heard the old dog baying up the trail, and Punch and Prince joined him. Looking across 2 canyons, I saw, on a rocky ridge half a mile away, the bear, running along the brow of the hill. I crossed one canyon, gaining the top of the next ridge in time to meet the hounds on the bear's trail, and nearly a mile behind him. They passed on out of sight and hearing. I crossed another deep canyon, and stopped to wait for Mr. Duffy. While waiting, I heard the hounds a mile away, at the very foot of Mt. Shasta.

They were coming down the canyon, toward me. I took position on a knoll overlooking as much country as possible. I soon saw the big fellow coming, with Punch 75 yards behind him, Rowdy 50 yards farther back, and Prince bringing up the rear. Bruin was jumping logs amid a windbreak of fallen trees. Seventy-five yards away was a large log, directly in his path. As he came near it, I said to myself, "I long to meet you thus alone." As he rose over the log I fired my first shot. It took effect under the point of the left shoulder, cutting the carotid vessels and making its exit on top of the shoulders. The copper jacket lodged against the skin at point of exit. He ran on as if not touched. Shot No. 2 took effect in the left side, passing through both lungs and out on the opposite side, knocking him down. My third shot went through his hips. The fourth went through the massive muscles on the side of the head, striking the bone of the skull where it was an inch thick. He finally quit and we took off his jacket.

H. M. Smith, M.D

IN CAMP ON THE ST. ROSE.

We fellows here in Montreal have generally spent our holidays at the seaside, or taking a trip to England, for most of us hail from that " right little, tight little island." Recreation having for some time paid us regular visits, we became filled with the idea of spending the holidays in forest and by stream, especially the latter. So, early in August we procured 2 tents and provisions galore; and a certain Saturday afternoon saw 7 men and a boy at Dalhousie Station in as happy a frame of mind as possible.

We had decided to camp on an island on the St. Rose river, about 20 miles North of Montreal. We alighted at St. Rose station and proceeded to get our bags and baggage to our camping ground. Arriving opposite the island we procured 2 batteaux from the habitants who resided thereabouts, and eventually got across with our commissariat. Of course every man wanted to go fishing right away, but the camp had to be set up, and by the time we had finished this it was too late to catch fish. We devoted the evening to the task of dodging mosquitoes. Alas! next day many of us had mosquito lumps as big as potatoes to attend to. We rubbed in salt, we rubbed in baking powder, but no use, the whole thing had to be endured.

Next day was Sunday, so we did nothing but explore the immediate vicinity, and lounge about waiting for Monday.

The morning found us up with the lark, a bath first, then out with the boats, out with the trolls. I was one of the lucky boys who held the line. We had not gone 200 yards before there came a tug, and 40 yards away up into the air jumped a large bass. He was gamy, but I soon had him in. On we went. Another tug, but no jumping into the air this time. We hauled in a 4 pound pike. Not a move did he make until I had him in the locker, then he more than floundered about. After this more bass, more pike. Then back to breakfast, where our noble friend, who acted as cook, had a lovely meal for us. It did us good to eat it and it did him good to see his efforts so well appreciated.

With the gun of course we could do nothing; everything was out of season, and we are not the least afraid of ever being pointed out to your readers as game hogs. The way Recreation roasts game hogs is a treat, and no doubt it does much good. I hate a hog.

We stayed in camp 2 weeks, during which time we visited the wilds for miles around. I can assure our American cousins they will find no happier nor prettier hunting grounds than the Northern part of Quebec province. We see many Americans here, and we have yet to meet a disappointed one.

A. D. Thornton, Montreal, Can.

IN THE UINTAH RANGE.

Vernal, Utah.

Editor RECREATION: Early in the season of '97, my brother, a friend and I went bear hunting. We started for the Uintah range, a spur of the Rockies about 50 miles from our home. We took a pack outfit, and after 2 days' traveling, through box canyons, over rock slides, through dense forests of fir and pine and over rough mountain passes, we reached the headwaters of Ashley creek. There is plenty of water in its bed at this height, but all of it sinks before reaching the valley below and only a small portion ever rises again. It was late in the evening when we finished pitching our tent and arranging camp. We were up with the sun next morning, and after breakfast, left camp with our hounds and rifles. We traveled all day, through pine timber and marshy parks, without seeing any bear sign. On our way back to camp we saw some old tracks that we supposed were those of mountain sheep. Next morning we started for a rougher part of the country, hoping to find the sheep. After tramping for hours over the rockiest part of Uintah county, all we found was more tracks. However, they were fresh and we were sure they were sheep tracks; so getting their course, we returned to camp. The next day we determined to follow the sheep from where we had left their trail the evening before. We had gone but a few miles when we came to where they had bedded, and from there we trailed them until we heard a jump and a bound and caught a glimpse of a big horn. We could not get a shot, so resolved to try our dogs and at once put them on the trail. Then walking to the top of a ridge near by, we sat down for a few minutes to get the course they were going and watch for the sheep. In 5 minutes we saw a buck, about a mile away. He appeared bewildered, and was running in a circle. We saw the dogs were gaining on him and we started to follow. When we caught up, they had the ram bayed on the point of a cliff which ran out from the side of the mountain about 50 feet, and was about 75 feet high. When we came within 200 yards of them the ram broke from the dogs and made another run for his life. Then he ran to another cliff and went out on a narrow shelf where the dogs dared not venture. They came back to us and the ram, thinking himself safe, started on again. We were within about 300 yards of him, and knowing it was our last chance, each took a running shot. Only one hit him, but that brought him down. His horns measured 14 inches around at the base, 25½ inches around the outside curve, and the points were 22 inches apart.

That ended our sport and the following day we returned to our homes.

William Green.

A MORNING WITH THE DUCKS.

All night long my untiring sentinel kept his lonely watch; all night long he stared at me with his cold, unchanged face: never moving but ever mumbling to himself, and as day began to dawn he broke out into fiendish laughter, awakening me from Dreamland into a more pleasant reality. It was only the alarm clock, a mechanism that is both a blessing and a curse to mankind, but whether blessing or curse it has secured me many a pleasant day of sport.

Looking out of the window of my room, I saw what I had dreamed of. Away off in the South a gigantic V of ducks were plowing their way to the Northern lakes.

The day was an ideal one for ducks. A leaden sky, a drizzling rain, and a good strong East wind. So into my "waders" and hunting-coat I went and pulling the "Old .12" out of its case, I started to the string of ponds that were to form my "hunting ground." When within a quarter of a mile of the nearest pond, I saw some "specks" swirl around it and then vanish. This put new life into me; I knew my game was there.

Following a ravine for a hundred yards, I reached the pond bank unseen. There I stopped to rest, for "sneaking" is hard work. Then cautiously I rose. The instant my head appeared above the bank away they went. Bang! Bang! Well that was fair—3 with 2 barrels. Bagging my game I went on to the next, with visions of another fine flock of mallards on it, but the "visions" failed to materialize. Not far from this was a little body of water, a fine place for ducks at this season, situated in the center of a cornfield that furnished ample feeding ground. It was a place in which they might stop a day and rest before completing their Northward flight.

Again I "sneaked," and the next moment was on the pond bank pounding away at a flock of blue wing. Again the "Old .12" did some rapid talking and out of the flock of 7, 3 went off wiser, 4 remaining greatly worsted. Would you think 3 mallards and 4 bluewing heavy? Try it?

One more pond on my way home, so up the bank I went—nothing? Whirr! from beneath my feet! Bang! Bang! Two lovely holes in the bosom of a typical March day. That was strange! Why, I should have cleaned him for the pot at that distance! But I know now, I was just "scared to death."

Back to the house now for a good warm breakfast. Oh! how good that coffee will taste! And the sport—nothing like it. Nowhere can a man come nearer his Maker than on the stream or in the field.

C. H. Dillon, Sedalia, Missouri.

IN DEFENSE OF MR. SHAFER.

McConnelsville, O.

Editor RECREATION: In January RECREATION you print a communication from George L. Lyne, of Stockport, this county, in which he quotes a local paper as stating that W. D. Shafer had killed 38 squirrels in one day. This article does Mr. Shafer a great injustice, he being a true sportsman, and a gentleman in everything the term implies. It is true that one of the local papers did publish the article referred to, but it was an error on the part of the reporter. The facts in the case are these: W. D. Shafer, his brother, E. D. Shafer, and Alfred and Howard Durbin, all 4 together killed 38 quail, and the reporter got it 38 squirrels, and said W. D. Shafer killed them all. Mr. Lyne also says it is not an uncommon thing for those fellows to come in from a day's hunt with 40 to 50 quails.

I don't know who Mr. Lyne means by "those fellows" unless he means the sportsmen from this place. The members of our Gun Club had an understanding between themselves, at the opening of the quail season, that we would limit the number of quail for one day's hunt to 10 to each man. The temptation may occasionally have been too strong and this number may have been exceeded by a few; but not often.

Mr. Lyne also says some of the land owners are coming to their senses and will not allow such raids. There have been no such raids made in this locality. Furthermore we have no trouble in getting all the hunting we want; so if the conditions he mentions exist in this county, it must be in the neighborhood of Stockport. I don't think the game law is more respected and less frequently violated anywhere than here, and nowhere is sportsmanship brought to a higher plane. No one has done more to bring about these conditions than W. D. Shafer, the subject of Mr. Lyne's article. As RECREATION is read by many of Mr. Shafer's friends and acquaintances, I earnestly request that you set him right before your readers.

We all commend your course in endeavoring to stop the slaughter of game, and bid you God speed in your work.

L. T. Gray.

ANSWER.

I am glad to have your statement regarding Mr. Shafer, and have no desire to do him or any one else an injustice. I assumed, however, that Mr. Lyne had written in good faith and that his statements were trustworthy. I am also glad to learn that you and your friends have decided to limit your kills to reasonable numbers. I wish all shooters were as progressive as you are.—EDITOR.

SOME DUCK SLAUGHTERERS.

I send you herewith a picture clipped from one of your contemporaries to the editor of which I wrote saying that if I ever saw a picture of game hogs this was one. I told him I thought those men should be branded as champion game hogs of Toledo. I enclose you his reply and wish you to be the judge if I am right or not.

I returned to-day from a 2 days' hunt over in Tioga County. I found birds scarce—got only 3. Gray squirrels quite plentiful. Killed 6 one day and 4 the next.

F. W. M., Elmira, N. Y.

ANSWER.

I fully agree with you as to the character of the men whose mugs are shown in the picture you enclose. It appears they killed, on an average, 25 ducks each. The killing of 25 ducks a day, by a man, is not nearly so bad as the desire these men show to parade their portraits with the picture of their game. I, however, do not agree with the editor of the other journal when he says 25 ducks a day is generally considered fair shooting. Many states have passed laws limiting the bag to 10 or 12 ducks a day. Colorado allows 20 and North Dakota 25. That is conceded by all reasonable men to be too high. I therefore claim that each of these men killed twice as many ducks as he should have killed. If they were camping for a week either could not possibly eat more than 3 ducks apiece, each day. At this rate they would about use up the 75 ducks in a week. But the chances are they would keep on killing all the ducks they could each day. Then what becomes of the surplus? Were they sold, or given away, or were they left to rot?

If the men were out for only one day and each took 25 ducks home what could he do with them? Unless he has a dozen people in his family or unless he lives in the city where he can have ice, or unless the weather is cool, the ducks cannot be eaten at his house. Then what becomes of them? Were they given away or sold? Most decent sportsman agree that a man should not kill all the game he can find, simply on the plea that he can give it to his friends. The time is past when this latitude can be allowed shooters. Each man must either quit when he gets enough for camp use or for his own table, or the game will all be exterminated within a few years.—EDITOR.

ANOTHER BATCH OF THE SAME KIND.

A subscriber sends me a clipping from a contemporary, containing an illustrated article on a duck shooting trip made by a party of Philadelphians, to Pamlico Sound. The illustrations consist mainly of a lot of revolting game hog pictures and my friend comments on them thus:

"I enclose you an article and some pictures from a sportsmen's paper. These men are entitled to a place in the pen with the other game hogs. They seem proud of stating, that their trip was 'a grand success;' that 'enough ducks were secured to trim the rigging, and that the yacht presented a novel sight.'

To any true sportsman it would present a disguesting sight. If you agree with me give them a roast."

One of the pictures shows a party of 6 men on the deck of a yacht, with ducks, geese and brant strung on the rigging of the vessel and lying in piles about the deck, while the men stand up and gaze at the camera in the typical "We-killed-'em" style.

Another picture shows 2 of these men standing in front of a long string of birds and gazing away into space. Still another shows other portions of the rigging loaded with game, but the men seem to have finally become ashamed of their butchery and to have gone below. Not so far below, I fear, as they deserve to be sent.

In the concluding paragraph of the story the writer says:

> "Our duck shoot was a grand success; enough birds were secured to trim the rigging, and the yacht presented a novel sight on our return, decorated from deck to crow's nest with wild ducks, geese and brant, while a Hatteras deer formed an attractive centre piece."

There is no question as to the right of these men to a place in the pig pen.—EDITOR.

WITH THE HUNTERS.

The beginning of the hunting season Saturday was marked by bad weather. As a result most of the sportsmen who were out that day report poor success. The temperature was 95° in the shade, and as there was no breeze it was hard for dogs to do their work properly. The high score was made by Dr. E. H. Belyea, Dr. Jones, Mike Doheny and Fred Crafts, who spent Saturday and Sunday at Spaulding's Ferry. They got 64 chickens and 34 ducks in the 2 days. T. C. Saunders and his party got 18 chickens Saturday; 23 Sunday and 11 Monday evening. R. W. Bennett hunted the country industriously from the city to Dry lake and then South into the Poplar Grove district and got only 2 chickens. A. W. Schmidt and S. A. Nye put in one day getting 12 chickens. Jim Watt and Joe Thompson, without a dog, got 12 chickens. Col. Uline and J. O. Baughman got a lot of ducks, but no chickens. C. H. Smith and 3 others got 94 ducks in 2 days. George Juergens and D. W. Ensign brought back 2 chickens as the result of a morning and evening hunt. Many others were out and most of them report poor scores.

It seems that in the vicinity of Devil's lake the coveys were shot all to pieces before the season opened, notwithstanding the "gentlemen's agreement" which was so freely signed a few weeks ago. Few full coveys were found, most of the birds being in bunches of from 2 to 5. If the wardens made any effort to enforce the law it is evident they were unsuccessful.—Devil's Lake (N. D.) Inter Ocean.

Why don't you all join the L. A. S., gentlemen? If you will do this we will place a warden among you who will be offered a reward for every conviction secured. Thus the coveys may be saved intact next year, until the opening of the legal shooting season. Send in your applications and your dollars.—EDITOR.

FLORIDA GAME LAWS.

I am strongly in favor of the L. A. S. and have worked hard for it here. We now have a plume bird law, game law and fish law in Florida, and special fish laws for Dade county. It is difficult to enforce the laws, as half the people and all the officers seem willing to have them broken. The plume bird law, so far, has done no good. I know men who went to the resorts of the white heron and egret, stayed there awhile and then came to town with plenty of money. Of course no one saw them kill birds, nor ship plumes, but no one doubts that they did both. Plume birds are scarce. Single ones only are seen where a few years ago there were hundreds. Man is to blame for most of the decrease, but the Florida crow is also responsible for some of it. They eat the eggs and even the young, not only of herons and egrets but also of other birds, if they find the nests. I have caught the crows in the act, time and time again. Our fish laws have been observed and fish are more plentiful as the result. Game laws have not been strictly enforced, but enough so to keep the game from being entirely exterminated. There are game hogs here occasionally, but they are mostly imported from the North—so-called sportsmen who in New York would have me arrested if I killed one trout under 6 inches, but who come here and catch fish by the hundreds of pounds and brag of it. They may be saints at home, but they are sinners here and their example leads many of our citizens to break the law; for they say they have as much right to the game as the tourists.

Geo. S. Rowley, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Give me the names and addresses of these New York hogs and I will expose them.—EDITOR.

DENIES THE CHARGE.

Seattle, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: Yours of 21st at hand. Yes, a party of 3 of us made a fair kill, and one that was in the bounds of decency. I judge from your letter that you are on the trail of reputed game hogs. Our local paper gave us credit for killing about 125 more birds than we did kill.

Our party of 3 was out one week, and we could have killed 500 birds. We however confined our shooting to morning and early evening flight, and in no way did we violate the sportsman's code. I am in sympathy with your efforts to prevent the wholesale slaughter of game, and am not seeking a game hog reputation. I am not a ground skinner, and love the sport in the right way. I can say the same for the other members of our party. Am glad of opportunity to go on record as being a sportsman of the decent type. The report you received probably was sent you by some person desiring to hand our party a roast; or may be he thought us wrong in killing the number of ducks reported in our morning paper.

Our club, the Seattle Rod and Gun Club, is always ready to co-operate with any one for the proper protection of game and fish.

J. Schlumpf.

I am glad to know Mr. Schlumpf is not guilty of the charge laid at his door by the newspaper reporter. It is also gratifying to note that so many hundreds of shooters have learned, within the past 2 years, that the old custom of killing everything in sight is becoming unpopular. The leaven is working and the campaign of education which this magazine is conducting, is saving thousands of birds every year.—Editor.

A CRITICISM OF KRITICK.

Lander, Wyo.

Editor Recreation: I desire to say a few words in reply to an article in October Recreation, headed " A Center Shot," and signed " Kritick," Leadville, Col.

The article he refers to was written on the merits of the .25-35 Winchester, and not as a treatise on dressing elk and curing meat in warm weather. I am sorry I did not enter more fully into the details of the trip and thereby save " Kritick " such an effort to become known as a protectionist. We were not afoot on this trip, but had with us 10 good horses and a complete pack outfit. The elk referred to were killed on the 18th and 19th of September. Each animal was carefully dressed and the meat, hide and head packed to camp, where the meat was partly cured and cared for. The hides were stretched and the heads prepared for shipment, and I had chipped elk on my table all winter, not continuously, but occasionally.

" Kritick " you are barking up the wrong tree. I have been in the mountains of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming 18 years and never left any game to rot on the ground but once, and then I had but one horse and could not pack all of it. Like some other people I could not find the same mountain the next day. I would suggest that before you attempt another " Center Shot " you lower your rear sight about 2 notches.

W. F. Chalmers.

HE REPUDIATES THE ALLEGED " INTERVIEW."

Milwaukee, Wis.

Editor Recreation: My attention has been called to an article on pages 200-1 of March Recreation in which my name appears as the hero (?) of a slaughtering expedition among elk.

I presume the article in question was incited by a column in the Milwaukee Sentinel that was published without my knowledge or consent and which could under no consideration be obtained.

I desire to make the following specific denials: 1. I have not been elk hunting for a number of years. 2. I have never killed or said I killed a cow elk. 3. I have never " shined " or said I have " shined " for elk, and from the habits of this animal, I know this method of hunting is almost impossible. 4. I am not responsible for the statements made in the newspaper article and it has but a small basis of truth.

As regards the number of animals mentioned as being killed in the newspaper article and in your columns, it has grown like the story of the 3 black crows. By a party of 5 persons, 3 deer and 2 moose were killed in 7 weeks.

H. V. Wurdemann.

MAY SPORTSMEN USE DOGS?

Armington, Mont.

Editor Recreation: In November Recreation you say you " pity the man who has to go in partnership with a dog to get venison." So do I. But how about the men who hunt quails, prairie chickens and grouse with dogs? Is it not just as fair to use a dog in hunting one kind of game as another? Do you not think a deer has more chance of escaping from man, rifle and dogs than birds would have from man, dogs and shot gun? I have noticed in Recreation many photos of sportsmen with bird-dogs and shotguns, yet no pity was expressed for the human members of the firms. If you took the same view of the case as I do, you would condemn the shotgun and setter man, as well as the rifle and hound man.

A man who uses a shotgun to kill game of any kind gives the game but little chance at escape; but when, in addition, he uses a dog he certainly has little confidence in his ability as a hunter or else he has the ear marks of a game-hog. If I could have my way I would prohibit the use of shotguns in hunting. Let the man who cannot secure all the game he needs with a rifle go without

A. A. Haines.

I do not agree with Mr. Haines by any means. While dogs are not needed in hunting deer, they are needed in hunting small birds. The deer is a big animal and can be easily found and killed by any good hunter without a dog; while hunting for a quail in grass, or stubble, or for a jack snipe in a meadow is much like hunting for a needle in a haystack. I have frequently hunted these birds without dogs and have usually been fairly successful, but it is difficult to make anything like a reasonable bag, specially where birds are scarce, without the aid of a dog. You may even walk within 10 feet of a quail or a snipe or a woodcock without flushing him. Your dog would scent him and show you where he is.

One of the greatest pleasures of shooting over a good dog is in watching him do his work. This pays for the tramping, even if you do not kill a bird.—Editor.

A LAWLESS COUNTY.

Recreation's definition of game hog would hardly suit the people of this county. They are wont to kill and catch all the game and fish they can find. I have been warden for this district for years. Have made all possible complaints, and begged for remedies. Our fish commissioners are unable to procure proper legislation to protect our fish. I have seen the destruction of fish to an extent almost incredible. During the low water season, last summer, I saw, in the heart of our town, barrels of dead fish lodged against a pipe, which crosses Clarion river. I understand that not a fish can now be found in this stream. This particular destruction, was caused by a heavy flow from a paper mill, 10 miles above us. Grouse would be abundant here were it not for unfavorable conditions. Our lands have been stripped of timber, and forest fires are frequent. If the grouse escapes, its nest and eggs are destroyed, as these fires generally occur about breeding time. The fox, is, of course, with us, and picks up many birds in the deep snows. Rabbits are plentiful. Deer are becoming scarce. Lynx are still found. One was killed 2 weeks ago, which weighed 45

Fred Schoening, Ridgeway, Pa.

A FAMILY OF GOOD SAMARITANS.

Lawrenceville, Va.

Editor Recreation: You have doubtless seen accounts of our great blizzard, which excels anything we have ever had before; but my brother was out feeding the quails in a few hours after it quit snowing. He has fed at least 200 birds within a radius of 3 miles and lots of wild turkeys. Nobody ever saw more birds than we had last fall and, though my brothers killed a good many, there were plenty of coveys within ½ mile of the house that were not even touched. This is the country for birds and I believe it could be made the finest game preserve in the world. People seemed determined to kill all the deer, but the season is over now, and they have let up. Rest assured we are not only feeding a large number of birds ourselves, but we are having our friends and servants, far and near, feed them so that they will not succumb. I see by the papers that the birds are totally exterminated in various parts of Virginia, and my brother found many so poor they could not fly, but as soon as he "shooed" them to the bait they came regularly and now, since all the snow is gone, seem to think they can do, to a large extent, without the peas, corn, oats and wheat he so abundantly supplies.

Jennie P. Bupra.

THERE ARE 2 SIDES TO THIS QUESTION.

Bloomingdale, N. Y.

Editor Recreation: You state in Recreation that hundreds of deer have been killed this winter, simply for the purpose of making the present law obnoxious. The people who told you this do not know what they are talking about, or are liars. This town is in the center of the Adirondack game fields. I have talked with many guides and lumbermen who are scattered over a large area, and they all tell me there have been no violations of the game laws this winter, and these people know.

You are doing a good service in protecting game, but you should investigate a little before making such statements as these. Don't think the residents of the Adirondacks are fools enough to kill deer in close season because some tenderfoot or tote road guide tells you so.

D. E. Moxley.

ANSWER.

I am not relying on the statements of any tenderfooted guide or guides. The man who has made the most emphatic and far reaching statement on this point is a well known merchant in one of the Adirondack towns. He tells me a number of sleigh loads of deer that have brought into his town alone, during the winter, killed in open violation of the law, and that to his personal knowledge deer were run with dogs all through the summer and fall, in various parts of the Adirondack region. Other business men have told me of still other cases of illegal killing.

I have now in hand 3 cases of hounding on which I am looking up testimony, in order to prosecute. In one of these cases the party killed 4 deer; in another 5, and in another 11. So you will learn in time that this is not a matter of guess work.—Editor.

AN IOWA PORKER.

Maxwell, Ia.

Editor Recreation: I see you roast a lot of game hogs in your excellent magazine. We have one here and would like to have you put him on the gridiron and give him about 2 turns. His name is Charles O. John. Some weeks ago he went out with a 10 gauge shot gun and brought in 52 cotton tails, no less than 47 of them having been shot in their forms. Soon after this he sneaked out again, still grinning about his former assassinations, in pursuit of quails. He soon found a covey and when they ran under a brush pile he crawled up close and killed 11 with his right barrel, but missed the poor lone bird that flew. He knew he would have missed them all had he flushed them before firing.

Then he set traps, caught and sold about 40 dozen prairie chickens. Truth.

I hope to live to see the time when all states will have laws making the penalty for ground raking and trapping 30 days in the work house, for each bird so taken. I am sorry Iowa has not such a law now, for I should like mighty well to hear that John had a steady job breaking stone for the state.—EDITOR.

NO GAME LAW IN MEXICO.

W. H. asks for information on game laws of Chihuahua and Sonora. There are no game laws in any part of Mexico; a fact much to be regretted. Deer, bear, antelope and mountain lions are found in the above mentioned states. Blue quail and jack rabbits are extremely abundant everywhere. In the valley of Mexico ducks swarm on all the lakes. The best waters are controlled by market hunters, yet one can have good shooting on duck, snipe and rail within an hour's bicycle ride of this city. The gulf coast is a sportsman's paradise. In the country about Tampico duck, snipe and waders are abundant. Deer can always be found in a day's hunt, and tarpon and red snappers reward the fisherman. Game will become as scarce in Mexico as elsewhere unless adequate game laws are provided soon.

L. R. Reynolds, City of Mexico.

GAME NOTES.

I enclose an item from the Mishawaka "Democrat" on the violation of our game laws. If other papers had as high a sense of duty as this one it would discourage game hogs and market hunters.

I. D. E., North Bend, Ind.

Following is the item referred to. If all editors throughout the country had the courage and good judgment of the editor of the Mishawaka "Democrat" they could do a vast amount of good work toward game protection, instead of aiding in the destruction of game, as many of them do by complimenting game and fish hogs.

QUAIL LAW VIOLATED.

Indiana has a law that forbids the sale of quails. This law was passed with the end in view of protecting about the only game bird left in the state from the market hunter and the game hog. Despite this law, quails are to-day being sold in the markets, it is said. The dealers, in order to evade the law and its consequences, call the birds "short-billed snipe." They smother their consciences and deliberately do that which they know is unlawful and wrong. No one attempts to stop them—no one complains against them and there is practically no provision made for the enforcement of the just and proper law.

Find enclosed $1 for which please renew my subscription to RECREATION, beginning with the March number. I do not wish to miss a single issue, for RECREATION is far above any other paper of this class. I am in sympathy with the war on game hogs, but it seems to me the "so much per day" plan is hardly a fair standard. For example one who can hunt every day will do more toward killing off game, even if he keeps within the limit, than one who only hunts once or twice in a season. Perhaps, however the per diem standard is the only one practical.

A bird club has been formed here under the direction of Professor Bruner and Professor Wolcott, which has for its object the study of birds without killing them or collecting their eggs. Professor Bruner's first direction to the budding ornithologist is "Don't kill anything." I am especially pleased with the notes from the game fields and the gun and ammunition departments of RECREATION.

H. M. Benedict, Lincoln, Neb.

It is simply a question of limiting bags, shortening the open season and stopping the sale of game, or of seeing it wiped out within a few years.—EDITOR.

There has been formed, at Jackson, Wyo., the Teton Guides and Game Protection Association, the objects of which are,

1st. To promote a fraternal spirit among its members;

2d. To furnish visiting sportsmen a medium through which they shall receive fair and generous treatment;

3d. To aid in the protection of game and fish, and to obey the law in person;

4th. To establish a standard of wages for guides and helpers, of prices for horses and necessary compensation for the management of tourists parties;

5th. To furnish reliable information as to the rights and privileges of tourists and hunters in the state of Wyoming, and to make contracts with such persons to furnish competent guides and necessary outfits for their convenience at fair and equitable prices.

The officers are, S. N. Leek, president; Webster La Plant, vice-president; Will L. Simpson, secretary; Andrew Matteson, treasurer. Persons contemplating a trip to the Jackson Hole country and desiring any information in regard to same should write to the secretary, at Jackson P. O., Wyo.

Editor RECREATION: Game used to be abundant here, but now it is all gone.

I suppose the game hogs from the Massachusetts cities have killed all the squirrels. About 6 of them used to come armed to the teeth with shotguns, rifles, climbers, sulphur, axes, dogs and fire crackers. They had every thing but a double barrelled pickaxe.

A gray squirrel had no show for his life. They used to carry back to the city about 200 grays and as many ferreted rabbits with them.

I once went into the woods, after these Indians had gone through, but saw only one chipmunk and he threw up both hands and begged.

In a few years, if a man has the luck to capture a red squirrel, he will have it put on exhibition, and the people will climb over one another to see it.

I asked a neighboring farmer if he had seen any grays lately. He said there was but one left in the woods, and he is bald headed. He escaped being shot last year.

Frederick Willis, Putnam, Conn.

Renewed interest has been taken in game protection in the last 3 months. The Board of Supervisors has voted $10 reward to the county game warden, Mr. Williams, for every arrest and conviction. The warden has published an article in which he says game violators can expect no leniency from him. I have killed since the opening of the season, 1 deer (a buck), 24 ducks and 34 grouse. I have not killed more than 5 birds any day. I have talked with some of the worst game violators and most have promised to reform and become sportsmen. I am greatly in favor of a uniform open season for all game. Most of the violations have been from seeing and killing protected game when hunting for other game. The license law has been effective, everyone getting a license before starting for the hunting grounds. Two men from Indiana came up to hunt, probably expecting to evade the license, but we received a telegram, and when they arrived, they paid $25, the nonresident's fee. The telegram was sent from the game warden of their county.

W. H. Dunham, Kalkaska, Mich.

Last November I took a deer hunt in Black Log valley where deer are plentiful. There is a party of men who go into that valley after the season is over and hunt deer with hounds. My friend and I, not being lucky enough to get a deer, remained a few days in December to shoot rabbits which are exceedingly plentiful. One morning as we were starting out we heard a pack of hounds on Black Log mountain. When they came closer we could see a deer about 150 yards ahead of the dogs. There was 6 inches of snow on the ground with a thin crust through which the deer broke at every jump. Every day for a week we heard the dogs chasing deer. Mr. Michael Stelcer, with whom we boarded, told me this same party hunts deer every fall with hounds and kills a great many. He said the deer are so tame in the summer that they frequently came into his fields and almost to his house.

B. P. Hood, Jr., Loysville, Pa.

George H. Webber is about the meanest game hog I have yet read of. He reminds me of a shoat my father had. The shoat was an awful case of hog. He was never satisfied. He would eat 2-3 of the swill and toward killing time became so fat it took him a good 5 minutes to get to the trough, after the feed was dumped in. Then he had to sit on his haunches to eat, and when he could not eat another mouthful he would sit there and squeal because the other pig then had a chance to get his share. And that was not much, for he was not a hoggy hog, and knew enough to quit when he got enough.

When they were killed the one was fit for a king; but the hog! Well, we had to make lard and soap grease of him.

We have but little game here, thanks to the game hogs and market hunters. As long as I have a $ to spare I will be a subscriber to RECREATION.

S. H. L., Sprout Brook, N. Y.

In this part of Massachusetts game is nearly extinct. This deplorable condition results from the work of hound owners and ferret sneaks. There are many such game thieves within 15 miles of this place. They are alone to blame for the extermination of our rabbits. Decent hunters, who are content to occasionally get enough rabbits for a pie, stand aside and let these sneaking game hogs carry on their thieving work. Every one knows where our feathered game is going—into the market-hunters' pocket. There is no law in this state to stop this business. Even our daily paper declines to publish a word against these sneaks. I wrote a short letter to a Brockton daily; and have yet to see it published. Perhaps I sent it to an editing game hog. I feel thoroughly aroused over the ferret business and am determined to make an example of the first man I can prove is using one.

S. C. R., Elmwood, Mass.

I greatly enjoy RECREATION, especially the roasts it gives game hogs. Geese and ducks were plentiful here last winter. As to jack rabbits, the sage brush was full of them. A man could kill a wagon load and not violate the law, as there is a bounty on their scalps. Bands of deer and antelope wintered on the Snake river flats, some 30 miles from here, and are now starting for the higher altitudes, in fine condition. Coyotes are thriving, having wintered well on sheep, and can be heard any evening singing, "There'll be a hot time in the sheep camp to-night."

Mountain sheep and goats are fairly plentiful on the upper Boise river. Many fine specimens of bull elk and grizzly bear were killed on the upper Boise last fall. The largest kill made, to my knowledge, was 5 elk in a month's hunting by our party.

C. H. Beck, Boise, Ida.

Some large game hogs grow in our part of the state. Bert Fink and others of his class hunt every day of the season and bring in 20 to 30 birds a day. Add up these scores for a season and tell me how long game will last if such slaughter is not stopped. Please state the number of birds that can be shot in a season, for the benefit of such "sportsmen" as these. Give us your opinion on these people and brand them deep.

I once liked pork, but am afraid to eat any now, for fear of getting hold of a piece of a game hog.

N. C. D., Little Falls, N. Y.

As I have repeatedly stated sportsmen generally agree that no man should kill more than 10 grouse or ducks, or 20 quails in a day. I hope we may soon have laws that will compel the other fellows to stop when they get enough, or send them to jail.

Our article in reference to the iniquitous game law aroused considerable interest among the farmers, and was pronounced a truthful statement of the facts. The law benefits no one but the professional sportsmen. It is a menace to the game birds and deprives farmers and farmers' boys of their constitutional rights and privileges. Before the law was enacted game birds were comparatively plentiful. Then the boy on the farm could go out and occasionally capture a grouse or quail for a sick neighbor or friend, or for the family table, and he had no fear of a heavy fine with possible imprisonment. Under the present unjust law, no one may kill a game bird before October 15th, and not after December 1st, but within this short period of 6 weeks on come the professional hunters with their guns and trained dogs and invade every nook and corner of the farmers' land; and hardly a bird escapes to tell of the tragedy. The game law should be repealed, and in its stead a law enacted making it a misdemeanor for any one to hunt game birds with a dog. The farmers have been the victims of the sporting fraternity long enough. Let them arise and assert their rights.

The above was clipped from a local paper. Curious point of view, is it not? Sportsmen must not shoot birds because the farmers want to pot them out of season.

Bird Dog, Hartford, Conn.

A subscriber, at Plymouth, Conn., sends me a clipping from a local paper giving a story of the killing of 3 otters. It appears that one Frank Colby was passing along the country road when he saw the otters crossing a farm. He rushed into the village and called to his aid 8 other men and 4 dogs. These turned out to hunt down the poor animals and kill them. The fur was entirely worthless and the men have the mere gratification—if it can be called such —of having murdered 3 defenceless animals in summer, when their fur was worthless, and which would at some other time have been valuable. Otters are so rare in New England that they should not be killed at any time and should be protected by law all the year round. Among the men who are said to have been in at this disgraceful slaughter are Frank Colby, John M. Lucas, Horatio N. Adams, Alex. Brequet and O. A. Dorman.

In reply to yours of November 28th would say you were correctly informed. We killed 93 gray squirrels, November 17th. There were 4 in the party, J. T. Collin, C. F. Massey, T. L. Fishback and myself. We left Rochester at 7.30 a.m., drove 12 miles in the country and were back in town at 6 p.m.

Geo. H. Cook, Rochester, Minn.

You killed more than twice as many squirrels as you should have killed and should be ashamed of your record, instead of boasting of it. No man should think of killing more than 10 squirrels in a day, and if all shooters were as greedy as you and your friends, there would soon be no squirrels left anywhere to kill. In fact, that is the condition now over the greater portion of the United States.

I am with you heart and soul in game protection, and hope Ontario will ere long prohibit the sale of all wild fowl. Not 20 miles from here is Long Point bay, in Lake Erie, and from the beginning to the end of the season market hunters follow the ducks all over the bay in yachts and sneak boats so long as birds can be found. A sportsman who has but a few days at his disposal has little encouragement to go to the expense of punter and outfit, as he probably would not get a dozen shots in his trip. If the sale of game was prohibited, there would always be enough birds to afford sport, besides giving employment to numerous punters. "Stop the sale of game" is the one way to protect the fast disappearing wild fowl.

A. W. Lawrie, Port Dover, Ont.

I will send you herewith a deer charm, that is one of the great medicine man's herbs he carries with him on a camp hunt. He calls the herb a king deer and always carries it on his person. The Indians have a great many things that they believe assist them in the chase.

You will see the herb has a set of tiny horns, something like the horns of a deer. The Indians have strong faith in this root. By hard begging, only, I got an old Indian to part with his charm, by telling him I should send it to a great white hunter who lived on the banks of the Great lake (the ocean).

Chas. Gibson, Eufala, I. T.

I do not take your paper regular but buy it at the news stand. What I wish to write about is an article in October RECREATION headed On the Yellowstone and signed A. A. C., Toronto, Canada. Mr. A. A. C. did not mention using a hound to kill the deer with, which is against the laws of this state. Neither did he mention shipping the meat out of the state, which is also a violation of our laws. I want to assure the readers of RECREATION that he will not get off as easily next winter if he revisits the Yellowstone valley. I do not mind having him come to Montana to hunt, but I am going to see that he does not again break our game law.

Wm. Hurst, Glendive, Mont.

I congratulate you on the way you roast pork. We have hogs to burn here, but our game warden is thinning them out a little. Squirrels and rabbits may be found within 10 miles of the city limits and once in a while a few grouse. Should like to hear from persons using the .38-40-180 and .44-40-200 rifles. Are they good squirrel and woodchuck guns?

F. E. Tarbox, Buffalo, N. Y.

I wish there was a law compelling hunters to register, and forbidding minors to hunt unless accompanied by their guardians. It would have saved the song birds and stopped the shooting of game out of season. What is the extreme range of a 16 gauge gun, using 2½ drams powder and one ounce No. 7 shot?

G. E. Morris, Somerville, N. J.

I hope the sale of game birds and fish will be stopped. Nothing short of that will preserve the game of this state. Birds are increasing in number, but there are not enough for market. Two tame does were recently seen in this vicinity. They crossed the line from New York, where they escaped from an enclosure.

H. S. Brown, Litchfield, Conn.

I live in Craighead county, Ark., near the St. Francis river. This is my second winter here. There are many deer and the woods are full of turkeys. Trapping pays well, and duck shooting is fairly good in season. I have a 12 gauge Parker and a .45-70 Winchester and I think them hard to beat.

L. D., Jonesboro, Ark.

The muskrat is a variety of edible game I have not seen mentioned in RECREATION. If you are not aware of their fine table quality, I will send you a brace, with instructions as to how to cook them. Then I want you to invite your epicurean friends to taste them.

J. D. L., Franklin, Pa.

The worst game hogs we have are your city sports. They kill everything that moves, from a black bird to a tame goose.

If one wishes to keep posted in regard to everything in the sporting line he should read RECREATION.

A. J. Stover, Majors, Neb.

I spent the first week of October in the town of Greene, and enjoyed fine bird, duck and rabbit shooting. Found game scarcer than it was last year, due to the great number of snares set in that locality. I kicked up a dozen or so while I was there.

Harvey J. Flint, Edgewood, R. I.

There are thousands of deer here. I did not believe there were so many in the U. S. Some of the deer are the largest I have seen in 25 years. I am doing taxidermy and have set up some grand heads. One of them is palmated like a caribou.

Jas. Fullerton, Meeker, Col.

Have been in Iowa, hunting prairie chickens and ducks. My success was not great but I had a fine time. Iowa game needs protection. When the season opens most of the chickens have been killed.

Arthur L. Seelbach, Cleveland, O.

This is a great game country. We have deer, antelope, all kinds of water-fowl, chickens, geese and sage hens; also the best of trout fishing, 7 to 10 pounders being common.

F. S. Rieder, Burns, Ore.

While hunting for larger game last winter with a .32 Winchester rifle, I saw 2 quails sitting under a bush. I fired and cut both their necks without touching their bodies. Who can beat that?

D. Griffin Gunn, San Antonio, Tex.

A few days ago I saw, within a short distance, 13 antelope. Elk, bear, deer, antelope, catamounts, wolves, coyotes and foxes are plentiful. Sage hens, rabbits and grouse abound.

R. Cummings, Lost Cabin, Wyo.

There is no game here except quail, prairie chickens, rabbits, fox squirrels and a few wolves. Chickens are protected until 1900. Quail are plentiful.

Fred T. Evans, Blockton, Ia.

Game is not abundant here. We have some quails, red squirrels and a few geese and ducks. But the game hog is here in all his glory.

J. A. Griffith, Ellisville, Ill.

We have good laws to protect our quails and chickens. Quails are increasing in number.

Clyde L. Fife, Olathe, Kan.

I wish we could induce some of the swine of our town to drown their ferrets. May success attend you, and may you live long enough to see the last game and fish hog safely landed in your cask for scalding.

S. Lowry, Johnsonburg, Pa.

Game was plentiful here last fall. Deer are increasing. Grouse were numerous; a few quails and a flock of wild turkeys were reported. Several bear were killed, 2 weighing 400 and 350 pounds respectively.

A. R. Williams, Austin, Pa.

We have mountain goats and a few bear—mostly cinnamon. In November I saw the tracks of a bear that measured 11 inches. I was carrying a .32-40 and concluded it was time to go home.

F. C. B., Tunnel, Wash.

Small game is more plentiful here than usual. Coons, possums, mink, skunks, muskrats, and rabbits are scarce, and quails about the same as usual. Squirrels are numerous near the cornfields.

Jesse Mason, Paola, Kan.

Am highly pleased with your war on the game hogs. I am fond of hunting and fishing, and hope to see the time when the size of a day's bag will be regulated by law, and the law rigidly enforced.

A. H. Pinney, Washington, D. C.

Ducks will be plentiful in Leach lake region next fall. It is the best hunting ground in the Northwest within easy access. Steam and row boats may be hired at reasonable rates.

K. H. Cressman, Leech, Minn.

I read Recreation and enjoy especially the way you whip the hides off the hogs. My boy is as fond of the magazine as I; he is but 14 and an enthusiastic sportsman. sportsman.

A. B., Jacksonville, Fla.

Game is not plentiful here. Most of the farmers have notices up, but many will let you hunt on their land if you do not abuse the privilege.

John Haney, Jewett City, Conn.
Meadville, Pa.

Deer have been plentiful in this section, but none were killed here last season. Grouse are scarce, the cold, wet weather of last year having killed nearly all the young.

C. S. Phillips, Clover, Vt.

The outlook for game is fair. We have plenty of quails, chickens and rabbits here. Game hogs did not molest them much last season, so they had a good chance to breed.

Chas. Martens, Colona, Ill.

Our fall shooting was good in this region. Quails were more plentiful than they have been for years. The Mongolian pheasants that were put out here are doing nicely.

Claude E. Myers, Tiffin, O.

Game was abundant last fall. Prairie chickens were plentiful; also ruffed grouse. There were many rabbits and some gray foxes and black squirrels.

Fred Veeder, Mauston, Wis.

Duck shooting was good last fall. With H. Leibbraud I camped at Lake Poinsett from Saturday p.m. to Monday morning. We each killed 20 ducks.

Henry Kelsey, Aurora, S. D.

Game is scarce here. Rabbits were plentiful a few years ago, but have been killed off by foxes. There were no gray squirrels here last fall.

Roy E. Marston, Deerfield, N. H.

Quails are said to be plentiful, but fishing is not good. A friend went duck hunting one morning and with one shot killed 15 ducks.

Robt. S. Prunty, Grayville, Ill.

We have quails, rabbits, ruffed grouse and prairie chickens. Ducks use the river during their Southward flight. Fish are scarce.

Z. A. Buckman, Knoxville, Ia.

Quails are becoming common here. They come around the houses and several flocks have been staying on my place.

L. T. Brodstone, Superior, Neb.

This talk of passenger pigeons in Mexico is all foolishness. There are none there.

Geo. B. Winton, San Antonio, Tex.

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to Recreation.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 2 subscriptions to Recreation. You can get these 2 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to Recreation and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

FISH AND FISHING.

CARP AND CARP FISHING.

Cincinnati, O.

Editor RECREATION: The answer of B. W. E., to E. A. Adams, in August RECREATION, in regard to fishing for carp caused me to wonder how he found out. S. T. D., who writes in October RECREATION knows what he is talking about and has caught carp.

It has but lately become known in this section that carp could afford sport for the angler, and even yet but few know how to catch them. Four years ago I and my partner were astounded to see a 6 pound carp caught by a "throw line" fisherman, in the canal near Cincinnati. Until that time we had believed that carp never bit at bait. The efforts of this particular fish to break away induced us to experiment. We found certain persons were nearly always successful in catching carp. We began to question, but the fishermen were reticent. We managed, however, to learn that carp are vegetarians. My first fish, weighing about ½ pound, I caught on rye bread. My partner stuck his rod in the bank and came to view my prize. While we were congratulating ourselves, the tip of his rod was pulled into the canal. The fish that took his bait made the line fairly whistle through the water for about 10 minutes. He was finally reeled in to the bank. We had a net made of mosquito bar for catching crawfish, and this was brought into play as a landing net. The carp evidently didn't know much about piscatorial etiquette for he went through it like a flash, and leader, hooks, fish and mosquito netting were decidedly mixed. We finally succeeded in landing the fish, and he proved an ordinary German carp.

Owing to the quantity of weeds, etc., the canal was an unsatisfactory fishing ground. We decided to try our luck in a large ice basin connected with it, and there we gained our real experience. At the end of the basin a large tree lies submerged and we found that a favorite lurking place for the fish. In regard to biting, carp are as uncertain as bass. If your bait falls into a retreat, they will eat between meals; if not you will get no bites until they begin to move about. Carp, like pickerel, are fond of basking, but while the former lie on the surface of the water, the latter are found about a foot below, or even more. My partner and I used 3 to 4 lines each, casting about 100 feet.

We had many noteworthy experiences. After having our poles sail out into the middle of the basin several times, and our lines snapped like packthreads, we began to have considerable respect for the fish. We now use lines with a breaking strength of 20 pounds, and 3% to 5% Sproat hooks, on double or treble gut.

Carp never swallow a bait, hence are always hooked in the mouth. When the hook enters the upper jaw you will probably land your fish, but when he is hooked in the lower, careful management is required. This is not always possible as the first rush of a carp of 3 pounds or over is somewhat startling to a novice. Sproats, properly made, have a low point, and often double hook the fish. When this happens, even the lower jaw hooking is good. We have rod-rests made of steel spring wire and use various devices for keeping possession of our tackle. We use no floats and often have no intimation that game is about until the line suddenly straightens and the rod begins dancing a jig in the air. It is evident that unless the rod is in your hand, the saving of the fish is mainly a question of strength of tackle. It sometimes happens, however, that the fish plays with the bait at first, sucking it in and spitting it out a number of times. This causes the line to alternately run out a little and then fall back. When this happens it will pay to get ready for business. Short, sharp jerks of the line indicate small fish, but it is best to take no chances.

In the matter of bait we have found slack baked rye bread, and boiled green corn the most serviceable. The bread crumb should be worked into a doughy mass and put on the hook in the shape of a pear. I disagree with S. T. D. as to the size of the bait. The carp has a small mouth, and the bait if small, will be pulled out of its mouth when the line tightens. When the bait is made pear shaped, about ¾ inch thick at the lower part, and the point of the hook at this place left slightly protruding, a fish of a pound weight or more is obliged to open his mouth rather widely to take it, and will be hooked every time. When using corn, 5 or 6 grains should be strung on the hook. Never go for carp without a landing net or a gaff. We carry both, although our average take is not over 4 pounds. We are not, however, wholly unfamiliar with carp of 8 and 10 pounds. On one occasion we fished from 6 a.m. to 3 p.m. without a bite, but stopped at 5.30 with 45 pounds in the bag.

As carp are uncertain biters so they are variable in gameness, and a great deal depends on their environment, and other circumstances. Pond carp like pond bass seem to have no ambition, and will not fight. Those living in water which is often changed are generally full of fight, and we have landed a number whose lips were torn out in previous encounters with inexperienced anglers. There is again a difference in river carp. The leather, or mirror carp is gamier than the ordinary German variety. The latter in this locality, is a round bodied fish like a sucker. A bass shaped variety is the hardest fighter by all odds and I am inclined to believe it a hybrid, part carp and part buffalo. There is a marked difference in the dorsal fin, which seems to be constant. While the division at the main spine and that between the fourth and fifth rays has occurred in nearly every specimen, I have not yet been able to make sure it is specific. The most strikin difference, aside from the general contour, is in the color. The German carp is dark green on the back, shading to golden yellow on the belly, and the fin and tail markings are deep orange. The other is bluish on the back, shading to pure silver white on the sides and belly, while the fin and tail markings are bright red. Whether this is really a hybrid or not, the fact remains it is the hardest fighter and the best food fish of all the carp known here.

The muddy taste of carp can be removed by keeping them alive in running water for a week or 2, or by dressing them and keeping on ice 4 or 5 days. As carp are tenacious of life, and will live a long time in a net fish bag I use the former plan, having a pond in my yard. Carp begin to bite about June 5th, stop somewhat during dog days, and then bite again until cold weather. Our largest fish have been caught in the middle of the day or early in the afternoon.

J. W. Forbes.

FURTHER PARTICULARS ABOUT SMEARLINE

W. R. Junction, Vermont.

Mr. Thomas P. Bresnan.

I saw in RECREATION an account of your catch of fish with your new device. Will you sell me a box of it? If so at what price?

W. H. Cleveland.

ANSWER.

Oil City, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I have been completely deluged with letters from anglers asking me to send them a can or 2 of my compound, at any price I might name. To all I have replied that my great discovery is not for sale, for several reasons:

1. The compound must be kept in a cool atmosphere, and at an even temperature. Otherwise it will lose its attractive power on fish, and repel them with even more force and power than it exerts in attracting them to the smeared line. This temperature must not exceed 72 7-8° Fahr., nor less than 70.

2. The compound (which I have called Smearline) if shipped by express, might play havoc with codfish, smoked herring, sardines and other species of preserved fish that might happen to be in course of transit in the same car; because if the temperature should go above 72 7-8° or below 70, Smearline would get in its work and repel anything that looked like a fish, either smoked, dried or oiled: and canned fish would suffer the most, inasmuch as my compound contains a small percentage of alloy of tin, and the repelling force would, therefore, be doubled.

3. Smearline could not be shipped by boats without great destruction to life and property; because such large fish as tarpon, tuna, channel bass, etc., would cling in countless numbers to the sides of the boat and lift her clear out of the water, until her propellers would revolve with such enormous rapidity that they would cut into mince meat all the fish that lay astern. These fragments of fish would descend on her deck like rain, so that when the temperature of the Smearline was reduced, or increased, all the fish hanging on to the sides of the boat, as well as the flying fragments at her stern, would be repulsed with such tremendous force that the wake occasioned thereby would sink the craft.

4. Smearline in the hands of a careless angler would do more harm than good, because after catching all the fish he wanted, the fish hog might amuse himself by flinging small particles of Smearline into the water, just for the fun of seeing how it acts when it is not smeared on a line; and for the purpose of worrying the life out of the fish which he could not lug home. I have no respect for that class of fishermen, and even if I were disposed to start a factory for the manufacture of Smearline in large quantities, I should want a written guarantee from each person who bought a box, that he would limit the amount of his catch to 1,000 fish a day, and not make a hog of himself.

In conclusion I will add that I have been offered a fabulous fortune for a pencil memorandum of the formula for making Smearline, but have declined to divulge the secret to any one, no matter how tempting the consideration may be.

Hoping you may some day make a discovery that will enable you to catch all the fish you want, and more too,

I remain yours truly,

Thos. P. Bresnan.

NO HYBRID CARP.

Editor RECREATION: I have always stood up for the much-abused carp, but, at the same time, have tried not to appear extravagant or unreasonable in my defense of that fish.

I am, therefore, really pleased to see that Mr. Forbes finds something to criticize in my statement in August RECREATION, as to the game qualities of the German carp.

I have heard that anglers in certain parts of New Jersey and Northern Ohio have complained that black bass are destroying the carp, which, they say, is a gamier fish than the black bass! In view of this I am ready to grant all Mr. Forbes claims for the carp's game qualities.

I have caught carp in various waters, all the way from Maryland to Oregon, and have had some sport with them—more in some places than in others. My success, however, has not been great—which, I am willing to admit may have been my fault rather than the carp's. I am quite skeptical as regards the hybrid between a carp and a buffalo. Mr. Forbes does not venture to say what particular one of the 3 or 4 species of buffalo occurring in the Ohio basin may have crossed with the carp; but as these fishes belong to different families hybridization with them is very improbable. The difference in the dorsal fin is evidently due to mutilation. B. W. Evermann.

A NOTE OF PROTEST.

Fargo, N. D.

Editor RECREATION: In September RECREATION you quote me as saying that I caught 250 pounds of fish (I think I said we) and you then insinuate that I am a game hog. I don't think I am; and to clear myself I will tell about the trip.

We went to Detroit City, Minn., and then 4 miles North, to Lake Floyd, where we camped on the North shore of Little Floyd. The party was composed of Charley Bowers, Dan Billmyer, Frank Ball and me. We had a fine time, entertained visitors, and when our callers went away they always took a mess of fish home with them. If they stayed to dinner they had all the fish they could eat, and every day we sent home a little box of fish. We fished about 2 hours in the morning and again at evening. During the day went to town and rode around the country.

We have planned to go to the same spot again this year and be fish hogs some more. Please remember we do not send fish to market, but to our friends who cannot get away. When we go hunting we have a licence, and before we go on a man's land we first ask if we may do so. If we have any luck we see that the farmers have a mess of birds, and we are always welcome. Keep up your fight against the game hog, Mr. Editor, but don't roast every one who happens to have good luck.

Clint Smith, Fargo, N. D.

NOT A HOG—WHEN FISHING IS POOR.

In January RECREATION Dr. Patterson protests against your calling Mr. Fox a fish hog. The Doctor writes like a sportsman, but appears a trifle squeamish about condemning a man for catching more fish than he could possibly use. It is not a question of how often one has tried to catch fish in a given lake. Ten days of poor luck do not justify a man in being a hog on the 11th. The Doctor's defense of Mr. Fox amounts to this—that Mr. Fox is a hog only when he gets the chance to be one.

One of my friends, an ardent duck shooter, made 5 trips to grounds where in previous years he had been successful. Each time he met unfavorable weather and no birds. At the very end of the season he went again for the last time and struck it rich; the birds swinging in nice bunches to his decoys. Did he shoot till he had used all his shells? No! He had enough when he had 12 ducks. Here is a good example for Dr. Patterson and Mr. Fox.

You're all right, Coquina; give it to the swine with hammer and tongs. What need you care for their opinion? It's the good will of sportsmen you are looking for, and you don't have to look far either.

B. F. Cogswell, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A LAND OF LAKES.

There are 6 lakes—Clinch, Reedy, Silver, Moody, Crooked and Arbuckle—within 3 or 4 miles of my place. They are from one to 6 miles long, and are all beautiful sheets of water with white sand bottoms. There are also 2 small lakes within the same distance—Ida and Hickory. Have caught black bass in Clinch, Reedy, Ida and Silver; but do most of my fishing in Reedy. One can always take a good mess in any of these lakes, either by trolling or with minnows. Have no difficulty, in getting plenty of good bait, with a 20 foot seine. The largest fish are taken between February 1st and June or July. The natives say they sometimes catch black bass weighing 10 to 15 pounds. The largest I have so far caught was a 3 pounder. One can enjoy fishing here to his heart's content. Besides black bass, there are bream, rock bass and catfish here. The last often weigh 20 pounds. Soft shell turtles are plentiful and we have caught them weighing 12 pounds. They are fine eating. I have traveled North, South, East and West, and have had more pleasure down here, than on any other trip.

S. H. S., Lakemont, Fla.

NIBBLES.

On June 15, '98, I went to M. J. Marrs' camp, at Indian pond, to guide Hon. A. P. Williams and wife, of San Francisco, Cal. Between June 17th and July 14th, fishing 23 days, they caught 443 trout. All were taken on the fly, at the inlet of East Branch, and at the narrows. On July 15th Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt, of New York, caught

20 trout, weighing 24 pounds, at the narrows. July 17th R. R. Gilman, of Boston, took 17 trout. July 18th Dr. Holman took 8 trout. Between July 19th and 26th Mr. Gilman caught 67 trout. This was the best fishing we had.

Mr. Marr has built 2 fine new cabins, and can now accommodate about 40 guests. Quite a number of moose were seen on Indian stream last summer. Deer were as numerous as ever.

Geo. C. Jones, Moosehead, Me.

You did right in roasting Mr. Fox, in November Recreation. He made the mistake common with many, in not stopping about 75 per cent. sooner than he did. You certainly let him down easy.

I hope it may be a lesson to him, and that after this he will stop when he has a reasonable catch, or as you say, at least not tell anyone about his big "record."

The swine are spoiling the trout fishing here. Sportsmen who have been stocking the streams say they will not take the trouble this spring, as there is no use trying. There are some swine here who go about 3 or 4 times a week, through the open season, and never get less than 40 or 50 trout. I will wager the fish don't average 6 inches long.

I shall endeavor to give you a pen picture of some of these next spring, and want you to roast them to a turn.

Edward Blossom, Otsego, Mich.

I wonder if I am a fish hog. My guilty conscience drives me to confession, and I leave my fate in the hands of your readers.

Last season I wanted to go down the harbor smelt fishing. One Saturday I bought a bob, line and sinker for $1.90 and a box of shrimps for 50 cents. Went down to Hull and stayed over night to be on hand next morning at the proper tide, but morning came, with a wet, disagreeable, drizzly Northeaster, which was not favorable for fishing. Trip delayed one more week; then another box of shrimps and other accessories, and finally a good day. Fished all the morning, and got one nasty little cuss not big enough for pickerel bait. Two days' time and expenses and $1 worth of bait; all for one smelt. Question: Is it not better to buy your fish and fit your story to the quantity bought?

D. E. Williams, Boston, Mass.

On the 3d of September, '98, and for several days after, I fished Steel river, on the North shore of Lake Superior, catching trout weighing from one to 6 pounds; 2 reached the latter weight, one 6 pounds one ounce, the other 6 pounds 3 ounces when taken from the water. I sent home 10 trout, that weighed 30 pounds dressed.

We caught a dozen in our few days' stay that would weigh 4 pounds each. The river is 40 miles long, very rapid, with plenty of room for casting, making it an ideal place for trout fishing.

These fish have the same shape and coloring of our brook trout, and it is claimed by those familiar with the river that they are such. Are they?

C. J. Reed, Falconer, N. Y.

I saw the article in January Recreation, by W. B. S., on "How to Catch Turtles." This reminds me of how I used to catch them when a boy. Near the town in Bureau County, Ill., in which I then lived, were a number of small ponds in which were numerous snapping turtles. I had often fished for them with a rod and line, but seldom caught one that way. I at last hit on a plan which worked successfully. I took a piece of fence board 8 or 10 feet long and attached to it 2 or 3 short lines, with heavy hooks, baiting these with dead minnows, or fresh meat. I fastened a stout cord to the board and floated it out in the pond, and then went away for an hour or 2. I seldom failed to catch at least 2 or 3 good sized turtles in half a day.

Mendocino county, California, has 3,000 miles of running trout water, all famous for good fishing. The San Francisco and North Pacific railway runs through this section, giving the sportsman easy access to an exceptionally fine field of sport, both for game and fish. But as all sportsmen know, constant fishing will in time deplete the best waters. With this fact in view the Railway Company established a trout hatchery at Ukiah, in the center of the county and stocked bountifully all the waters along their line. The last 2 seasons have proven the wisdom of their action. Although the number of fishermen has vastly increased, the fishing is getting better and better each year.

A. V. LaMotte, Ukiah, Cal.

Here is a clipping from a Connecticut paper:

"The Winsted correspondent of The Courant writes: 'E. B. Bronson of Winsted, H. L. Bunce of the United States Bank and E. M. Bunce of the Connecticut Mutual Life, of Hartford, went trouting yesterday with the result that the Hartford gentleman carried home with them on the 4.54 train over 150 fine trout.'"

Do you not think 150 trout too many for 3 men? Is there a place in the pen for the "Hartford gentlemen"?

Sportsman, Boston, Mass.

Yes, plenty of room. Walk right in "gentlemen," and please close the gate behind you.—Editor.

A number of small boys were fishing from shore. One of them had a good bite and proceeded to haul in what he supposed was an eel. It was a black water snake of medium size. On discovering the nature of his catch, the lad dropped his rod and ran, followed by his companions. A little later, however, they screwed up courage enough to return and despatch the snake. The boy had been fishing with a small toad for bait, which the snake had taken in his mouth, but had not succeeded in swallowing. I should like to know, through RECREATION, whether or not any of its readers have had a like experience.

H. H. Hazen, Sparrowbush, N. Y.

The fish and game laws have been openly violated here for the past 3 years. The commission and the protectors have been notified, but they have done nothing. In 2 or 3 years Cayuga lake will be depleted of fish, and game in its vicinity will be scarce. This state of affairs should not exist under the present expensive commission, and its corps of protectors should do their duty.

Frank M. Davis, Ithaca, N. Y.

I camp for a few weeks every summer, and my friends tell me I am lazy, because I don't bring home more fish. I never use anything but flies and have not speared a fish since I was 14 years old. Trout and bass are my favorite fish, and though our bass are slow in taking the fly, I catch all I want with the feathers. Am glad I met RECREATION. It is just my style.

L. Y. Howell, Oakley, Mich.

Have just ordered a big lot of Fishing Tackle that will be in soon. Also Dynamite and Fish Berries. Come and inspect our stock as it will soon be fishing time. Dykes Drug Co., Kingsland, Ark.—Rison, Ark., Bazoo.

It would be great luck for the fish, and for all decent fishermen in Rison, if some one would explode that stock of dynamite under Dykes's drug store and blow him and his fish berries out into the Gulf of Mexico. EDITOR.

F. W. Cleveland, C. B. Cleveland, J. B. Carlin, C. S. Pierce and Messrs. Drury and Grey, of Chicago, took 138 bass in 3 hours and 45 minutes, some weighing 4½ pounds each. They also caught pike of 7 and 8 pounds, and while muskalonge were not striking well they caught quite a number, 5 to 10 pounds.

J. B. T., Presque Isle Lake Resort.

Will some reader of RECREATION who has young bass for sale—black preferred—state his price for them? What is the best time to introduce them into ponds?

C. Caruthers, Irwin, Pa.

Will readers of RECREATION be kind enough to tell me the proper way to hook a live frog for black bass fishing?

J. S. Hooney, Denver, Col.

Mr. Howard Irish, of Sebago, Me., caught in one morning and with a handline, too, 85 brook trout. Talk about hoggishness; this is fiendish, is it not? I am only 13 years old, but I know a hog when I see one.

Roger F. Gardiner, Newton Centre, Mass.

Ed. Pickering, of Warren, O., who is only 13 years old, caught a small mouth black bass that weighed 6½ pounds. Who knows of a larger fish of this species having been caught?

Have received the .44 Ideal Stevens rifle, have tried it and find that all that is required of it is to put it on the target, pull and a bulls-eye is sure. Am well pleased with it, much more than I expected, and thank you for your kindness and promptness.

Edw. Stebbins, Holyoke, Mass.

I received the Davenport Elite single shot gun and it is a beauty. It is finely finished, a fine model and a good shooter.

You are to be complimented on the valuable premiums you give your club subscribers.

H. Guy Slade, Buffalo, N. Y.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 2 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 2 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

I have been a reader of RECREATION for some time and must thank you for one of the brightest and most go ahead journals in that line.

Theodore E. Jennings, Danbury, Conn.

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

I received the camera in good shape. It is a beauty and does fine work.

Ed. Frates, Wilcox, Neb.

The Willsie Camera arrived O. K. and am much pleased with it.

Wm. H. Barrows, Plymouth, Mass.

RIFLES, WOODCHUCKS AND BOYS.

When 11 years old I began my rifle shooting by assisting a small friend to annihilate the neighbors' cats. By hard pleading I persuaded my father to buy me a rifle—one of the little abominations known as Floberts. I do not remember killing anything with this, though I came near shooting my father on one occasion, when the gun went off unexpectedly. I next came into possession of a second-hand Remington, .22 caliber, which, as I remember, had apparently not been cleaned since first used. The chamber was so large that half the powder gas escaped at the breech, and once when a conical B.C. bullet stuck in the barrel, I tried to blow it out with a few .22 shorts. Result: 3 or 4 bullets in the barrel, which had to be bored out.

Then I bought a .32 rim fire Remington, and thought I had found perfection. By this time I had learned to keep a rifle clean, and had begun to understand the real inwardness of the article. This gun did good service on woodchucks, and was accurate up to 100 yards or farther, on a still day. But the bullet would not kill a woodchuck where he stood unless it hit him in the neck or brain.

It is not much short of cruelty to hunt woodchucks or larger game with a .22 caliber rim fire. Still, if put in the right place a .22 short will kill anything. A friend uses one on hogs and cattle when butchering. A .22 in the center of the brain is as good as a 13 inch shell. But no man can put one every time just where it should go.

Next in size, and about the cheapest and pleasantest gun to shoot, is the .25 rim fire. If it could be loaded with a hollow pointed bullet it would make a fine woodchuck gun, were it not for one thing. In practising on this game bird, it is often essential to know where the bullets strike, and anything smaller than a .32-20 throws up little " smother."

To excuse so many references to woodchucks, I might explain that it is about the only game the rifleman finds in Massachusetts, and to my mind, it takes a rifleman to get it. Using any ball short of a .44 or .45 one must shoot straight to lay this tough little chap out. Even hit in the head his hind feet will work automatically, his head will somehow point toward his hole and in he goes. The only sure shot I know is in the neck. This will always stop him without a wiggle, and as his neck is good and thick, it is a fair mark at 100 yards.

I have used a .32-40 Remington Hepburn for the last 7 years on these diggers, and it is probably the best black powder rifle for the business. Have killed them from 5 feet to 250 yards, and once shot one at what we called 80 rods. It took an elevation of 7½ divisions of a Lyman combination sight on a .32-40, 27 inch barrel. This Remington is the No. 3, bored for the .32-40 Marlin cartridge and weighs 9 pounds 10 ounces. Last year I got a short range bullet mold, and, shooting 13 grains of powder and 98 grain bullet, found I had to elevate my rear sight 2½ notches at 100 yards to throw the regular 165 ball with 42 grains powder as high as the short range cartridge carried. I cannot explain that. I used a telescope on this rifle, but do not like it. They are ticklish things, and not pleasant on a gun with any recoil.

The .32-20 Winchester is a fine cartridge for chucks, but not accurate beyond 75 yards. The charge is a smasher, and with an express bullet should be good for deer.

Now, as to an all around rifle. One heavy enough for fine target work is too heavy to carry for pleasure. The next rifle I own will be a .25-36, half magazine.

I have always loaded my own cartridges; casting bullets in a Winchester mould—the best made. They are finished up to the Winchester standard, and are blued, which practically breaks them in. The Ideal moulds are roughly finished and the tail of the cut off is in an awkward place to strike. Also, the constant use of a reloading tool swinging on the same pivot as the mould, must sooner or later affect the fit of the mould. Their single moulds and tools are all right, barring the finish. The ball sizer on the regular tool is a delusion and a snare. I have seen one take off more on one side of the ball than the other.

This matter of finish is something to which some makers might pay more attention. The Stevens rifle is as accurate as a rifle can be, yet the finish on their model .44 is shocking. The edges of the receiver are sharp, the stock does not always fit well, and the bluing on the barrel looks as though it were put on with a brush. I have seen that on a Favorite model come off like blacking, on one's hands.

It is sad to relate, but the rising generation in these parts seems addicted to the shot gun. I do not know more than one boy in town who shoots a rifle, and not one but owns a shot gun. I regard the shot gun as having a demoralizing effect on the youthful mind. The average boy with a shot gun knows nothing of wing shooting. He takes his game sitting, and he likes a shot gun because he is sure to hit it. He has not learned to hunt for the pleasure of being in the woods or fields; but hunts for the sake of killing something. Our game laws are, however, strictly obeyed, and I never hear of song birds being killed. Ferreting and Sunday shooting are common about the neighboring factory towns and it seems to be nobody's business to stop them.

I know of no better fun than long range shooting at woodchucks. At distances greater than 200 yards it takes a close shot to startle one; and by getting on a bluff overlooking a mile of meadow land, after the hay has been taken off, one may put in a pleasant afternoon. Sometimes 5 or 6 chucks will be in sight at a time, at distances from 200 to 600 yards, and as you never know just how far off they are, it keeps you guessing. A dry time is best, as the dust will fly when the bullet strikes. You can use as large a ball as you please. I know one man who uses a Sharp's .45-100-500, fitted with a glass. It will put 5 out of 8 shots in a 6 inch circle at 80 rods.

A NEW SMOKELESS POWDEP

J. G. M.

To bestow praise through the columns of a magazine, or otherwise, on gun or powder, is to lay one's self open to a charge of advertising the goods. If one condemns an article, in unmeasured terms, his statements stand unquestioned. If he speaks of its good points there is an immediate search for a motive which could have prompted the utterance.

It is this weakness on the part of the public that has deprived it of much valuable information. Men in a position to write intelligently on various subjects have thought of the criticism they would call down on themselves by so doing, and have laid down their pens. For this reason I have hesitated to write on a subject which has been and still is of great interest to me —that of smokeless rifle powder. Incidentally it is to call the attention of riflemen to a smokeless powder which I have tried under various conditions and found satisfactory.

Previous to the introduction of the high power rifles, the .30-40, the .30-30 and others of similar pattern, few sportsmen had any idea of the effect these new guns with their smokeless powder cartridges would have on rifle shooting; but their education has been rapid. The loud report of the black powder and the cloud of smoke which hung over the muzzle of the piece, hiding the game or target from sight, were never so obnoxious as after an outing with one of the new style rifles. Then there was the fouling and corroding of the rifle barrel that rendered the frequent use of the cleaning rod a necessity, and which further was so often to blame for irregular and unsatisfactory shooting.

Before the smokeless rifle came, these faults of gun and ammunition were accepted as irremediable and all efforts of manufacturer and consumer were directed only toward securing a modification of the evil. Afterward these defects stood forth in glaring prominence, and dissatisfaction with the old guns and powders became general. Those who were financially able promptly armed themselves with new rifles and smokeless cartridges. Those who were not able to indulge in such luxury, looked on their more fortunate brothers with envy, and made the best of it.

However, the seeds that had been sown began to sprout and a demand arose for a smokeless powder that could be used in black powder rifles. Some went a step farther and tried to use the high power .30 caliber smokeless in their old rifles, but the result was not satisfactory. Black powder rifles were not built to impart a velocity of 2,000 feet a second to metal cased bullets, and many were ruined in the careless experiments that followed.

Experience in the field and on the range afterward demonstrated to the men interested in rifle shooting, that extremely high velocity and low trajectory were not absolutely essential for ordinary work and they decided that even if they should be compelled to forego the pleasure of firing tiny, armor-piercing projectiles from their old guns they could at least hope to secure a powder of which noise and smoke were not component parts. A demand was therefore made on the powder manufacturers throughout the country for a smokeless powder that could be satisfactorily used in the rifles built and bored for black powder.

Some makers rushed through batches of powder which they asserted would be just what was wanted. They were mistaken, however, for the results proved that the new powders were likely to either ignite so imperfectly that the bullet dropped a few feet from the muzzle, or on the other hand to explode with a combustion that was entirely too sudden for the future usefulness of the gun. There were other powders which seemed excellent at the time of loading but which in the course of a few weeks would deteriorate to such an extent as to place the rifle on a par with a popgun, so far as killing power and accuracy were concerned. Then the riflemen sighed and returned to the use of black powder.

I went through all this and had just about come to the conclusion that all smokeless rifle powder was a delusion and a snare when I secured a sample of a new kind which had just been placed on the market. It was made by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company and was designated by the maker as "Sporting Rifle Smokeless." A glance at the powder showed a point or 2 of merit belonging to no other powder. It was not granulated and screened, but was cut in small sections and all of one size. Furthermore it was harder than black powder. Those who have used powder of big grain and little grain mixed, and so soft as to be easily pulverized in the fingers, can appreciate the merit of these qualities.

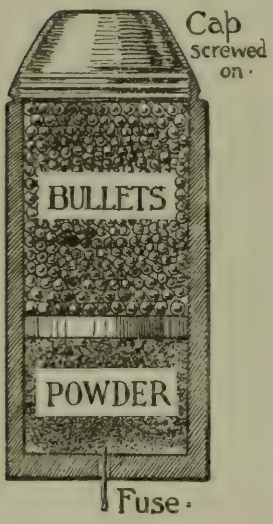
This powder is only intended for use in black powder rifles and revolvers, and in these it was tested with the utmost satisfaction. Its velocity is that of the best grades of black powder with the charges prescribed, while its breech pressure is considerably less. The best results were obtained with metal cased bullets or such as had been hardened with tin or antimony.

Unfortunately I had only the means at command of testing the powder in a .32-40 Winchester, and in a .38 revolver. In these it gave wonderfully good results but I am anxious to hear what it will do in other calibers and write this to ask sportsmen who have tried it what their experience has been. Everything indicates that the powder is just what the riflemen have been waiting for and it would be a disappointment to them, indeed, if it should fail in any point.

HOW SHRAPNEL SHELLS ARE MADE.

Toronto, Ont.

Editor Recreation: In the interesting account by Mason Mitchell of "How it feels to be shot by a shrapnel bullet," he describes a shrapnel in which I think he is hardly correct. At least the description does not tally with what I have seen of the shrapnels made in the arsenal at Woolwich, England. The shell is there made with charge of powder at the base. The time fuse is there and an ingenious device which will act in case the fuse fails. The bullets are all right as described except that in the larger shells larger bullets are used. The effect aimed at is for the powder to explode at the burning down of the properly timed fuse, drive the cap off and then to have the bullets discharged in a bunch as shot from a shot gun.



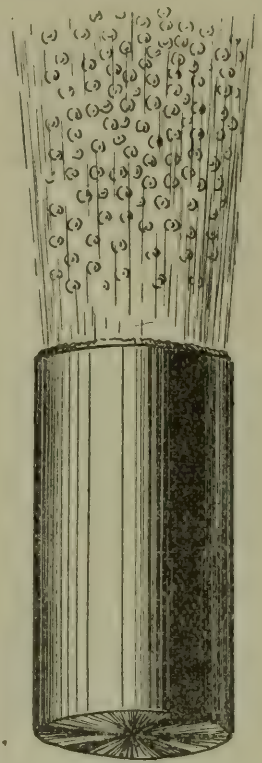
The powder is not mixed with the bullets and the fuse is not at the point.

Theo. Coleman, M.D.

HOW THE SAVAGE WORKS.

Lancaster, Pa.

Editor Recreation: By this mail I send you 4 Savage bullets on a card. One of these penetrated the left side of a 300 pound bear, broke 2 ribs, passed through the heart, through the right shoulder blade, and was found lodged under the skin, at the point of the same shoulder. The jacket could not be found, but as the intestines were perforated at many points, and their contents discharged into the general cavity of the abdomen, this was no doubt the cause of its not being found. It had separated from the ball, as it passed through the ribs. This animal stepped into an open space 30 feet wide, and 175 yards away, when I fired. By the time it disappeared I had fired 5 shots, 3 of them taking effect, one as above described and the other 2 passing through the body, between the short ribs and the hips. Another ball entered the left side of a large bull elk, striking the center of a rib and ranging forward, and lodged under the right shoulder blade. The jacket clung to it until within 4 inches of where it lodged. Distance from firing point, 75 yards.



Still another ball entered the right hip of the largest bull elk I ever saw, 2 inches to the right of the tail, passing through about 15 inches of flesh, and lodging in flank of same side. It did not touch a bone in its course. The hole in the skin, where the ball entered, was but little larger than the ball; but where it entered the body the hole was nearly twice as large as the hole through the skin. In the flesh is where the astonishing destruction was wrought. I could place both hands, palms together, and shove them into the track of the ball, the only impediment being the tendinous fiber completely stripped of muscular tissue, some of which, as you will observe, is still clinging to the bullet. Distance from firing point, 150 yards.

Another ball entered the left side of a large bull elk, just back of the shoulder, passing between 2 ribs, through the heart, and lodging under right shoulder blade, not touching bony tissue. Distance from firing point, 75 yards.

Observations and conclusions arrived at, from an elk hunt with a Savage .303 rifle. My gun is a 26 inch barrel, full octagon, rigged with Lyman tang rear, and ivory bead front sight, targeted to center at 65 yards. I used the soft nosed, expanding smokeless Savage powder cartridge. I never changed my sights during the hunt, although I killed small game occasionally at distances varying from 20 to 50 yards, and large game at 75 to 200 yards, without making any allowance for distance in any instance. I have never tested my gun for the point blank range, but am confident it is beyond 200 yards.

I find that the hide of an elk, deer, bear, or antelope is sufficient to mushroom a soft nosed bullet, if fired from a Savage rifle. In no instance did the jacket leave the ball except when it struck a bone or other hard substance. When it does this it often leaves the course taken by the ball and destroys tissue in an entirely different direction.

The arm is light, strong, safe, and the least complicated of any gun in the market. Its manipulation is more readily acquired than any other repeater in use, and I have handled about all of them. As to its killing possibilities there is no doubt, as high velocity means great penetration and destruction of tissue.

S. T. Davis, M.D.

HE LIKES THE IDEAL TOOLS.

Mansfield, O.

To The Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: I have your No. 10 Hand Book and have been looking with a longing and wistful eye at your description of the No. 4 and 2 Universal measures, especially the No. 4. I don't need it, and yet I am crank enough to want it. It seems to me it ought to fit and be interchangeable with the attachments on the Shot Shell Loader. If not, it will most likely find such a place in the near future, when I would be dissatisfied with the investment. I have just been inventorying your products adorning my arsenal, with the following results:

Reloading tool, No. 4 and 3 with single and doub. ad. chambers.

Dipper, pot and holder. Shell resizing tool.

Wad cutters, for 32 c. and 38 c. Kake cutter. Two discs.

Shot shell loading mch. and 4 shell receivers of 10 and 12 ga.

High grade closer, 12 ga.

Star crimper, No. 2, with heads round and square for 10 and 12 ga. and geared to about 800 rev. a minute. Foot power.

Universal powder measure No. 1 with funnels 1 and 2 and discs.

And now I want a No. 4 U. P. and S. You have this on the special list with a probability that it will soon be improved to interchange with the shot shell loader. What do you say as to this probability. Don't forget me when the No. 11 Hand Book comes from press.

Every Ideal tool I have is a gem and a source of satisfaction in every respect. I do not load shells for the market, but for my own use only, except some that I give to my friends. I can make as handsome work for the gun as can be bought from any source, and perfect in quantity as any scales can weigh. I ran off the other day 5 pounds chilled No. 4 with loader set for 1⅛ ounces and made 72 loads and a fraction. It should have made exactly 71 and a fraction; thus gaining only a single load in nearly a hundred.

N. M. Wolfe.

I am informed that the No. 4 measure will now interchange with the Ideal loading machine.—EDITOR.

TOO MUCH SHOT.

I never tire of reading RECREATION'S gun and ammunition department. The discussion as to the best all around gun has been specially interesting. When Johnny gets his gun the next question is how to load it. I believe factory loaded shells are overloaded with shot.

For example, one of the most common loads for a 12 gauge is 3¼ drams powder to 1⅛ ounce shot. This is too much shot for the amount of powder. No. 12 gauge gun will not burn enough black powder to properly handle more than one ounce of shot. I obtain the best results when using only one ounce. By thus proportioning the load you increase the range, get better penetration and higher velocity. One of my hunting companions, who makes more clean kills for the number of shots fired than anyone I ever hunted with, uses for a 10 gauge, 10¼ pound gun, 4¾ drams of black powder and one ounce of shot. If you have a gun of standard make that does not give a satisfactory pattern, do not condemn it, but keep experimenting until you hit upon the right load for it.

Sam Crofoot, Fond du Lac, Wis.

SQUIBS.

1. Please explain the different parts and the working of modern rifles.

2. What is meant by the rifling?

3. How is a shot gun different from a rifle?

4. What is meant by printing caliber of cartridges this way: .30-30 or .22-7-45?

Novice, Hartford, Ct.

ANSWER.

1. You will find this information in the catalogues issued by the standard rifle makers, such as the Winchester, Savage and Remington people. See their ads in RECREATION.

2. By "rifling" is meant the twisted grooves cut in the inside of the rifle barrel.

3. The difference between a shot gun and a rifle is that the former is smooth bored while the latter is grooved, as above stated. This is best understood by looking through the barrels of the 2 types of weapons.

4. .30-30 means a .30 caliber cartridge, containing 30 grains of powder. If the figures read .30-30-260 this means a .30 caliber cartridge containing 30 grains of powder

and a 260 grain bullet. .22-7-45 means a .22 caliber cartridge carrying 7 grains of powder and 45 grains of lead.—EDITOR.

I have seen many inquiries in RECREATION as to the best 6 shooter. I have lived 14 years where revolvers are frequently used, and my opinion may be worth something. The day of the .45 pistol as well as of the big bore rifle is over in the West. You will find more .32-20 '73 model, Winchester cartridges used in pistols than any other. The 5 inch barrel, sliding ejector, .32-20 is the belt gun of to-day and the .30-30 is the rifle for me. I should like to show some of your .50-110 cannon cranks a deer hide I have with a .30-30 soft point bullet hole in it. The ball entered just forward of hip and came out at top of opposite shoulder, making a hole at point of exit 5 inches in diameter. Distance of shot, 230 yards; the deer dropped in his tracks. Five of us took a 6 weeks' trip last fall through Chaffee, Gunnison and Saquach counties. Had plenty of sport. We got only 6 deer; but we left some for next year as we want to hunt again before we realize on our life insurance.

6 Shooter, Victor, Col.

If A. W. Palmer, of Canmore, N.W.T., who is in trouble with his .30-30 Marlin will write to me I will help him out. I use the same gun, and have it sighted at 100 yards. I tried it on deer some time ago. Was out for 2 days only, and got 2 does. The first was shot at 225 yards, standing broadside. I shot too low and the ball went through the belly and the fleshy part of opposite hind leg. The soft nose bullet made a hole as large as a half dollar. The animal bled freely, the intestines being badly torn. I trailed it by the blood about 50 yards, and found it nearly dead. Had I used a black powder gun, my ball would have passed under the belly. The other doe was shot from above, at about 75 yards, the ball struck the point of the shoulder, destroying the arteries of the heart, and passed out through the rump. The doe ran about 25 yards and was dead when I reached her. The effect of the soft nose bullet is fearful. I have an old .45-70 Sharps, but it is not in it with the .30-30 for stopping power.

W. W. Allen, San Luis Potosi, Mex.

"Guns and Ammunition" is the most interesting department in RECREATION, and the American gun manufacturer who fails to ad in your magazine is standing in his own light. While I believe all American makers turn out good arms, yet for long range shooting some guns are better than others. Other things being equal, the gun that will kill at the longest distance and make the fewest crippling shots will give the best satisfaction. The man who buys a full choke Baker gun can shoot in any company, knowing he can kill as far as the next fellow. Their '97 model, hammer gun, which retails at about $25, is great value. The Stevens favorite is a wonderful little rifle; extremely accurate, neat, handy and well balanced. A central fire cartridge corresponding to the .25 Stevens rim fire in shape would be an ideal small game cartridge and could be reloaded cheaply.

J. T. Maris, Portersville, O.

Mr. McQueen, in January RECREATION, asks how to clean a small bore, smokeless powder rifle. There are lots more of us who would like light on the same subject. I find it matters not how well you clean the rifle after using it, you must clean it again in 2 or 3 days. Mr. J. W. Brown asks how to load a full choke bore gun so that it will make an open pattern. The best method I have seen is as follows: Load the shell with powder as usual. In loading the shot divide the charge into 3 or 4 equal parts. Load each lot separately, putting a light card wad on top of each portion; but take care the wad does not set level. Load the next portion of the charge of shot in the same way, taking care the wad tips in the opposite direction. Set the last wad level. This may not prove entirely satisfactory, as it is liable to give an uneven pattern. Experiments along this line, however, will usually improve the result.

Box Magazine, Dover, Me.

New Hampton, Ia., January 17, 1899.

Editor RECREATION: I have followed with interest the articles in RECREATION, on the new smokeless rifles. From the position of the outsider it seems to me the supporters of the new arm have the best of the argument The evidence of such men as Wright, Carlin, and others, proves the new weapons have terrific smashing and stopping force. Paradoxical as it may seem, the new gun is actually a game preserver. Why? Because no black powder gun could kill an animal as cleanly and humanely as the .30-30s and .30-40s.

In a timbered game country it is seldom that more than one or 2 shots can be had at one animal. Even if shot through the lungs, stomach or shoulder by the old style gun the game escapes wounded, and dies. Any of these shots from a smokeless would be fatal and the game would be found by the sportsman.

J. G. L., New Hampton, Ia.

In a circular issued by the J. Stevens Arms Co. I find the following:

"A rifle should be cleaned soon after using. Under no consideration should it go over night without attention. If the rifle is wiped in the evening it should be cleaned again next morning, and carefully oiled . . . after which it may be laid away for weeks without danger of spotting. An hour after wiping, if cleaned and oiled a second time, it may be laid away with equal safety. But if thoroughly cleaned and oiled only once a .22 caliber is almost certain to spot. I wish some of your readers would explain this. I have found by experience that this is often the case, but have never been able to discover the reason.

Subscriber, Hamilton, Ont.

I noticed in February RECREATION the frontispiece entitled. "Tinkering his old Ballard," said to have been a photograph. I have always supposed a photo to be a correct delineation of the object photographed; but in this case there must be some mistake in it or else the old gentleman was in error as to the kind of weapon. I have never seen a Ballard with a tipdown action such as that picture represents.

C. H. Russell, Jacksonville, Ill.

The caption was badly written and the compositor misread it. Then the word slipped through the proof reader's fingers. The rifle shown is a Maynard. The picture is not the frontispiece though, by about 7 pages. Guess again.—EDITOR.

Please tell what is meant by .30-40 and .30-50? I know .30 denotes the caliber, but supposed 36 grains of smokeless powder was about the largest charge loaded in a high power cartridge.

Reader, Louisville, Ky.

ANSWER.

The first numerals in the combination you state refer to the caliber to the rifle, and the second to the powder charge. Thus, .30-40 means a .30 caliber rifle, carrying 40 grains of powder. I do not at this moment recall a .30-50 rifle or cartridge on the market. So far as I remember, there is no smokeless powder cartridge carrying more than 40 grains; but black powder cartridges are made to carry as high as 120 grains.

Y. M. C. A., Findlay, O., asks if the .30-30 Marlin or the Winchester is the better gun for deer. In the first place, the full patched bullet is not meant for big game at all. The soft point bullet is by far the most deadly. The Winchester is the best gun of the 2 because it has a barrel of nickel steel; the Marlin has not. The Winchester has a flatter trajectory than the Marlin as the latter uses a bullet with a flat nose and shoots 4 or 5 inches higher than the Winchester round nose bullet. M. P. Dunham is right in defending the .25-35. That cartridge is in the same class as the .30-30 and has the same terrific tearing power. .30-30.

Just returned from the Adirondacks and must say a word for the .30-30 Winchester. I have used almost every caliber gun the Winchester people make and prefer the .30-30 to all others. I shot one deer about 60 yards off; hit him in the heart and broke a rib where the bullet came out. Shot another through the shoulder, bullet made a hole the size of a silver dollar where it came out. The first deer ran 20 yards and the second about 10. I also killed 2 foxes; one of them the bullet cut almost in half. If the Winchester Co. would make a gun the same model as the .30-30 and chamber it for the .30-40 U. S. Army cartridge I am sure it would be one of the most popular guns for big game.

J. S. Barron, 2d, New York City.

Y. D. McQueen asks how to clean a .30-30. I use acetone and have no trouble in keeping my rifle bright. Use a rod with revolving handle; swab gun a few times with bits of cloth wet with acetone; then draw a string cleaner through the barrel several times. Where acetone cannot be obtained, wood alcohol may be used instead. Mr. E. J. Cunningham wants to know what is the best cartridge for the '90 model, .22 Winchester. The special cartridge is best. Its inside lubrication makes it clean to handle and it is twice as powerful as any other .22 rim fire. It is a great killer for grouse, rabbits and squirrels. These cartridges cost about 45 cents a 100.

P. J. Bowker, Wakefield, Mass.

The controversy as to large versus small calibres amuses me, besides teaching me much. I am still carrying a .45-70 '86 Winchester, loaded with Dupont smokeless powder and hollow-point 330 grain bullet, which one correspondent kindly terms "entirely obsolete," but I find it does its work at least fairly well—though it is not from choice I carry it. I brought the first '94 Winchester .30-30 to this country; tried it to my satisfaction, and sold it because I couldn't own 2 guns and couldn't sell the .45-70; so you can put me among the small (?) bores, until you come to revolvers; then I'll swear by the .45 until something bigger comes out.

M. L. Weaver, Visalia, Cal.

After diligent inquiry I am forced to the conclusion that nowhere is there manufactured a good shotgun of suitable weight and properly stocked for young shooters. There are .32-44 and .45 caliber guns in which shot cartridges are used; but what I mean is a single barrel, 16 or 20 gauge gun, weighing 4½ or 5 pounds and with stock short enough for boys 10 to 15 years old. Thousands of enthusiastic youngsters have been discouraged by lack of a proper weapon, and many more are shooting guns that are misfits all around.

Suitable rifles are obtainable. Why not shotguns.

H. C. Wilcox, Friendship, N. Y.

In reply to R. S. Hamilton, in February RECREATION, about a .20 gauge I can say I have used a .20 gauge Remington gun for 14 years. The best load I have found for it is 2½ drams nitro powder and ¾ ounce of shot from No. 12 to No. 4. Shot larger than No. 4 will not give a good pattern nor penetration.

I once killed an incoming pin tail duck with 2½ drams powder and No. 5 shot at 68 yards. If Mr. Hamilton's .20 gauge is a Remington and he uses this load he will have a good combination.

Jerry Z. Platt, Grand Island, Neb.

I should like to hear, through RECREATION, from anyone who has used shot cartridges in a rifle, particularly in a .32-40. Where can I buy the unloaded shot cases and what do they cost? What is their effective range on such game as red squirrels? How should they be loaded in a regular .32-40 cartridge? Will they injure the barrel. The only gun club here—the "Auburn"—holds a shoot every Saturday in summer. New members are being added and we hope next summer to build a club house.

L. H. Tarr, Auburn, Me.

I notice there are some doubting Thomases reading RECREATION who are free in their remarks about people who claim to make long range shots. Although I am not able to bring down a prairie chicken every time at 100 yards with my 12 gauge and 1⅛ ounces of No. 4 shot, yet it is a fact that I killed most of my chickens last season at that distance. The trouble with most hunters is, they are unacquainted with their guns and do not know how far to trust them or how to hold for long shots.

H. C. M., Storm Lake, Ia.

Is not a .25-20 rifle the best for a beginner? It will kill rabbits, grouse and other small game, and is it not powerful enough for deer? A .25-36 or .30-30 in the hands of a novice is a dangerous weapon. Do .25-20 shells require resizing? In factory loaded .25-20 smokeless shells, does powder touch bullets? Is the '97 model, Winchester takedown shotgun as strong as ordinary '97 gun?

F. L. Bringhurst, Victor, Col.

I should like to communicate with Pine Tassel of Lisbon Falls, Me., who asks in RECREATION about the fellows who carry repeating shotguns. I use a new model Stevens .22 and find it does all the work up to 100 yards that could be expected of so small a bore. I should like to hear from sportsmen who use 16 gauge guns for all round shooting, as to what load they find most satisfactory.

G. E. Morris, Somerville, N. J.

In answer to R. S. Hamilton's inquiry as to the best load for a 20 gauge shotgun I think 1½ drams Schultz smokeless powder and 1⅛ ounces of No. 4 shot about right. I have handled a gun since I was 8 years old and am nearly 12 now. I have a .22 Winchester and hardly ever miss a squirrel's head when I have a fair shot. RECREATION is the best magazine ever published.

F. C. Brockett, Berlin, Wis.

Will D. T. Tuthill and others give, through RECREATION, their ideas of an all around gun, for trap and field? What is the proper drop for such a gun? Why do expert trap shots use such straight stocks? How far should one lead a cross-flying quail, if the gun is swung as rapidly as the bird is flying, and the shooter is reasonably quick on trigger?

"Kentuckian," Catlettsburg, Ky.

I notice in the last issue 2 of your correspondents refer to me. One will not even allow that I know when a thing balances; the other says I claim the Savage rifle does not balance. My article does not refer to the Savage, as I have never owned one, and I never express an opinion or make a statement unless I am absolutely sure of my ground.

Dr. E. F. Conyngham, Phillipsburg, Mont.

Will some readers who have tried the .38-55 caliber Marlin on big game give their experience through RECREATION, the best sportsmen's magazine published. Also advise the best place to get big game. Should like to hear from some who have tried King's semi-smokeless powder for rifles. Have tried it, but do not get good results.

M. E. Daniels, Kendallville, Ia.

Tell J. W. Brown, of Carthage, Mo., that 37 grains of Laflin & Rand smokeless powder, wadded well, will give him a pattern which will surprise him. For velocity and penetration there is nothing like it, and it is entirely smokeless. That is a quail load. For general shooting and at the traps use 40 grains.

T. E. Doremus, Schaghticoke, N. Y.

Will some sportsman of experience tell me what loads give best results for duck shooting and for long range field and trap shooting? Are full choke, modified choke or cylinder bore barrels preferable?

B. E. Hocker, Dayton, O.

Old Silver Tip has the situation sized up about right. The .30-30 is a murderous weapon. I use a .25-20 in target practice, but for large game the old .45-90 is good enough for me. I should like to correspond with Silver Tip. I like his articles in RECREATION.

Thomas H. Buchanan, Huntington, Ind.

I have hunted large game for the last 10 years, and have used every caliber from .38 to .50-70 Govt.; but whenever I go after bear, you will find me with a .45-70-500. In my first hunting I used a .44-40 Winchester, and lost several pairs of horns which I think I could have secured with a heavier bullet and more powder.

F. C. B., Tunnel, Wash.

Would the barrel of a .30-30 smokeless Winchester really be injured by shooting a soft lead bullet with black powder? There is so much controversy in regard to this matter it is difficult to arrive at a conclusion. Can you not refer the question to the experts employed by the Winchester people?

E. L. Howe, Creswell, Ore.

Is there any danger in loading 12 gauge brass shells with smokeless powder? I have been told they would burst my gun.

M. A. B., Kennet Square, Pa.

ANSWER.

Brass shells do not give good results when loaded with nitro powder.

Can any of your readers tell me where I can obtain a wire trap for catching alive small game such as squirrels, mink, etc.? Also how .303 Savage rifles compare with other rifles of like caliber? There is no game in this vicinity except a few squirrels and rabbits.

W. O'Conner, Ontario, N. Y.

I shoot a Parker, one I have had for 20 years, and I consider the Parker the best gun made. They will stand hard work better than any other gun and are never out of order. The Parker gun, like Dupont's smokeless powder, is always ready and can be relied on.

A. J. Fricke, Plainview, Minn.

Will readers of RECREATION please give me some information about the .22 Stevens Favorite rifle? What cartridge is best adapted to it? I have one of these rifles, with Lyman combination rear and grooved front sight, with which I frequently put 5 shots in succession in a 3 inch circle at 70 yards.

E. J., Covington, Ky.

How does the .25-20 Winchester rifle shoot? Is it a killer? I have one but have had no chance to try it, and would be glad if some one would inform me of the cartridge.

H. H. Larkin, Buffalo, N. Y.

Will someone inform me how many times high base, paper shot shells may be reloaded and still do accurate work? What gauge, weight, length and drop of gun are used for trap shooting? Is a shotgun good for bear? With what kind of load and at what distance?

Emsley Cox, Adobetown, Mont.

I cannot express my appreciation of the splendid .32-40 Winchester which you gave me for 35 new subscribers to RECREATION. For large or small game I believe this rifle will prove most satisfactory. It will always remind me of the generosity and good will of the giver.

A. W. P., Haverill, Mass.

I saw the ad of the Ithaca gun in RECREATION and, after sending for their catalogue, ordered one of their No. 3 hammerless guns. For close, hard shooting. I never had a gun to excel the Ithaca.

W. L. Henderson, Bervie, Ont.

I have a '94 model .38-55 Winchester rifle, with 28 inch barrel. I think it the best gun for game, up to deer.

William Collier, Rockford, Ill.

Would like to hear, through RECREATION, of the experience of others with Stevens rifles.

Wm. H. Galloway, Quincy, Ill.

I have used a .22 Stevens rifle, with long rifle cartridge. For target shooting and small game it is a fine gun.

F. G. R., Rochester, Minn.

Let us hear from some of your readers who have used telescope rifle sights.

Don Duncan, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 2 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 2 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A GRACEFUL RECOGNITION.

Dr. J. A. Allen, curator of mammals, American Museum of Natural History, New York, has lately issued a bulletin, describing certain species of mammals collected and sent to the Museum by Mr. A. J. Stone, who is in charge of RECREATION'S Northland exploring expedition. Dr. Allen says, in his introduction to this report:

The collection of mammals forming the basis of the present paper is one of unusual interest; although the number of specimens and species represented is small, several of the species are new to science, and all are new to the Museum collection. They were collected in the Dease lake region and on the extreme headwaters of the Liard river, by Mr. A. J. Stone, of the RECREATION Northland Expedition.

Mr. Stone set out on this expedition in June, 1897, with the intention of spending 3 years or more in exploring the lesser known parts of the Northwest Territory and Alaska. The present collection, made in 1897, is the first installment that has reached the Museum, but other important collections are either on the way or await opportunity for shipment.

The expedition was primarily organized under the auspices of RECREATION, but later Mr. James M. Constable, one of the Trustees and the First Vice-President of this Museum, has contributed, in the interest of this Institution, very liberally in aid of Mr. Stone's work, in return for which Mr. Stone is to collect specimens of the larger mammals of the regions visited, and incidentally as many of the smaller species as circumstances will permit. The results of Mr. Stone's expedition will thus doubtless prove of great importance to this Museum.

The measurements (in millimetres) given are those made by the collector from fresh specimens, unless otherwise stated.

Ovis stonei, Allen. Stone's Mountain Sheep; Black Sheep.—Mr. Stone has sent 3 additional examples of this fine sheep, an adult female, a yearling male, and a kid, 2 of which have been mounted, making a series of 5 now on exhibition, showing both sexes and young of different ages.

In his report of progress, dated June 30, 1898, he gives the following important information respecting the range of this animal. He writes: "I traced the range of Ovis stonei or Black Sheep throughout all the mountainous country of the headwaters of the Stickeen and South to the headwaters of the Nass, but could obtain no reliable information of their occurrence farther South in this longitude. They are found throughout the Cassiar mountains, which extend North to 61 degrees North latitude and West to 134 degrees West longitude. How much farther West they may be found I have been unable to determine; nor could I ascertain whether their range extends from the Cassiar mountains into the Rocky mountains to the North of Francis and Liard rivers. But the best information obtained led me to believe that it does not. They are found in the Rocky mountains to the South as far as the headwaters of the Nelson and Peace rivers, in latitude 56 degrees. But I proved conclusively that in the main range of the Rocky mountains very few of them are found North of the Liard river. Where this river sweeps South through the Rocky mountains to Hell's Gate, a few of these animals are found as far North as Beaver river, a tributary of the Liard. None, however, are found North of this, and I am thoroughly convinced that this is the only place where these animals may be found North of the Liard river.

"I find that in the Cassiar mountains and in the Rocky mountains they everywhere range well above timber line, as they do in the mountains of the Stickeen, the Cheonnees, and Etsezas.

"Directly to the North of the Beaver river, and North of the Liard river below the confluence of the Beaver, we first meet with Ovis dalli."

JUSTICE FOR THE RED.

OBSERVER.

With pleasure I accept your invitation to say a word on the other side of the red squirrel question. Indeed, it seems to me it is time for every friend of the little fellow to bestir himself in his favor, lest public indignation should be aroused to the point of exterminating the whole species. For myself, I can hope to do little else than set the ball of reaction rolling, trusting that others of greater influence and ability will fall into line and keep it in motion.

The main charges against the alleged criminal seem to be (1) tyranny toward the gray, and (2) robbing birds' nests of their eggs and young. With regard to the first; I have never witnessed anything of the sort, and what with gunning, fishing and general rambling about, I have spent about as much time in the woods as anyone during the past 20 years. I have often lain for hours in woods where both varieties were abundant, watching them at their play and gathering nuts, and so far as I could see each went its separate way, quite indifferent to the proximity of the other. No hint of belligerent intention in the manner of the red, no sign of apprehension on the part of the gray. To me, nothing seems more ridiculous than this idea of an animal of the size, agility and game qualities of the gray, allowing himself to be bullied by the diminutive red. Possibly a young and inexperienced gray, just venturing, for the first time, timidly out into the world, might be stampeded by the sudden rush of a cunning old red, as a big hound puppy will often bellow with terror at the attack of a yapping black-and-tan; but that a well-seasoned, shot-scarred old veteran would not be equal to half a dozen of the pygmies in a combat, I cannot believe. Some folks are always seeing something wonderful. Barnum, you know, said people like to be humbugged, which is true. Some folks, it would seem, even like to humbug themselves.

As to the second offense, here again the evidence of my experience justifies a verdict of "Not guilty." With the exception of a single instance, I have never seen any signs of discord between the squirrels and the birds. In this case, 2 reds frequently came into a big elm near my home, where there was a nest of young robins. The old birds invariably greeted them with no end of noise and chatter, but, though I watched them narrowly, I could never discover that they had serious designs on the youngsters, their motive seeming rather to be, to have a little skirmish with the old birds, the same as they like to start a "breeze" with you or me, when we go where they are.

Why, look at the matter on the face. Think of the thousands of birds that are raised every year in the very haunts of the red. If he were such a pirate as is charged, with his expertness at climbing trees, he would long ere this have exterminated the tree-nesting varieties.

The truth doubtless is. that there is a difference in squirrels as in all other animals —including men. Now and then, perhaps, a specimen may be found bad enough to gobble up a nest of young robins, but this would not justify us in killing off the whole species, any more than we should be warranted in making away with every dog and cat in the land, because of an occasional sheep-killer or chicken-thief among them.

No, dear reader, be not too hasty in this matter. Let the red live, to scamper up and down the tree-trunks and flicker in and out among the branches, and fuss and bustle and chatter, an element of life and gladness in our already too thinly-tenanted woods.

A WORD FOR THE RED SQUIRREL.

Olympia, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: I have been interested in discussions concerning the red squirrel. I have hunted squirrels for many years, where both the red and gray abounded. I do not believe a gray squirrel was ever mutilated in the manner described by some writers. I have often seen reds chasing grays, but the object of the red seemed to be merely to drive the gray from the tree on which the red was feeding. We used to think when boys that grays were mutilated by reds. There was never any real proof of the charge. One or 2 facts, I think, explain the origin of the belief.

Gray squirrels are bred in the latter part of winter, in January or February. By the next October or November they are nearly full grown. But the generative organs of squirrels, under a year old, do not acquire full development. Hence we used to think the reds had emasculated them. On close observation, rudimentary testicles will be found in every young gray. Young reds are in the same state at the same age. Perhaps somebody will claim that chipmunks or mice wrought the mischief with them.

Another consideration; reds often chase the female grays during the rutting season. I have seldom, if ever, noted reds after grays at any other time of the year. Have often seen them both feeding on the same tree when nuts were plentiful. Given the disposition of the red to protect its feeding ground from depredation and the other reason assigned and you have the explanation of reds chasing grays. I never saw a red catch a gray and never killed a gray that had any marks of injury from a red, and I do not believe anyone ever did.

Reds are good food in the fall when nuts are to be found, a full grown one having as much meat as some of the smaller game birds. I do not think they should be exterminated. Their bright, funny ways atone somewhat for their mischievousness, and they are present when nothing else is. They are, in fact, omnipresent. Perhaps some unfavorable day you tramp through the woods and find no game. But there is the little red, perched up on a limb. He is busy with his nut. He is not afraid of you, pauses from his work to eye you an instant, then goes at it again. He is a vicious little scamp, it is true, but he is companionable, and what lover of nature would not miss him from the woods? He has his rights to life, and though full of mischief is not venomous. He will sometimes eat young birds, but he simply lives up to his instincts like other animals.

W. A. Remick, Olympia, Wash.

AN INDICTMENT OF THE RED.

I have been interested in the red squirrel discussion in recent numbers of RECREATION, and have been inclined to swallow the accounts of his carnivorous propensities with 2 grains of salt. I have been a close observer of this species for years, and felt disposed to defend him.

But while passing through the dooryard a few evenings ago, near an elm tree I heard something drop, and found the head-less body of a young robin. Looking up into the tree I heard a scratching but could see nothing as it was so dark.

Determined to know what was after my robins I hung an old coat on the tree, and early the next morning investigated once more, pistol in hand. A moment's search revealed Mr. Hudsonicus, who came down at once at the call of a .22.

He was an old male. The robin would weigh nearly as much as the red, though its wing feathers were not fully grown. I had supposed all the young robins were on the wing 6 weeks ago. Another thing. Only 2 weeks ago I killed a gray squirrel in the same tree, the cries of the robins having called my attention to him.

A young man here who heard of my squirrel declared he had once frightened away a gray squirrel that was devouring a young chicken. Next!

P. P. Beal, Lisbon Falls, Me.

KILL THE SPARROWS.

Is the English sparrow an insect eating bird or a game bird? The Cincinnati authorities have offered a reward of 25 cents a dozen for the heads of these birds, which would seem to indicate that they should be classed as legitimate game anywhere. Is there any law forbidding the killing of sparrows in Kentucky?

E. J. Covington, Ky.

ANSWER.

I do not know of a law prohibiting the killing of sparrows in any state and certainly there should be no such law. Nearly all incorporated towns and cities have laws forbidding the discharge of firearms within their limits. This is necessary for the protection of human life and for the preservation of the peace. All the same, these city and town ordinances should at once be amended in such a way as to permit the killing of sparrows. A number of expert shots should be employed as policemen in every town where sparrows abound. These officers should be required to kill every sparrow they can find. The bird is generally considered an unmitigated nuisance and should be destroyed as fast as possible.

Many people, through a mistaken idea of kindness, feed the sparrows about their houses. This is all right enough, but the food they put out should be soaked in a strong solution of strychnine.

Under existing conditions, the only thing sportsmen can do is to kill these birds outside of the corporate limits of towns and cities and to destroy their nests within such corporate limits. If all lovers of our native song and insectivorous birds would engage in a war of this character and keep it up a few years, these ornery little English pests might be exterminated.—EDITOR.

BREEDING HABITS OF SOUTHERN QUAIL.

Haslin, N. C.

Editor RECREATION: I notice, in October RECREATION, a letter from J. P. Buford, of Virginia, replying to my notes in the May number relative to quails rearing 2 broods of young, in one season, in the South. It appears to me his position is untenable at best, and I am somewhat surprised that, with the experience and observation of 40 years to draw on, he does not advance a better reason to prove what he claims. I fancy he would find it hard to convince quail shooters that he is able to distinguish, alive, at a distance, one pair of quails from another, without natural or artificial marks. Yet on this point he seems to base his belief that quail, in the South, often rear 2 broods in one season. From careful study of this bird, in no case do I believe this true. When quail lose by rain, robbery or in any way the eggs or very young birds they will, if it be early in the season, attempt to rear another brood. But I've yet to find an instance where there was the least evidence of one pair of quails hatching and bringing 2 broods to maturity in one season. I often see quail of distinguishable sizes together with only 2 old birds to care for them. This, I've no doubt, has led many to believe that the old birds were the parents of both lots. This is an error. The parent birds become an easy prey to their most stupid enemies in trying to draw attention from their young. It is an acknowledged fact that when young quail or any other birds which are reared in broods on the ground, are deprived of their leaders they at once associate themselves, if possible, with others of their kind. This is the case when birds of 2 sizes are found together with only 2 old birds to lead them.

F. P. Latham.

FANTAIL OR FLAGTAIL DEER.

In January RECREATION, Mr. Thompson asks about the fantail, or flagtail, deer. I have hunted them extensively and know their habits. They may be found in large numbers along the Rio Grande bottoms, in Western Texas and New Mexico. They are still more common in Grant, Socorro, and Sierra counties, New Mexico, in the Mogollon and Black Range mountains.

They are extremely wild and will carry more lead than any other animal I ever hunted. They are generally found on the highest peaks and where live oak grows thickly. I have known them to lay in thick brush and let a man walk past them within 30 feet. They feed on foliage as do other deer. They never leave their high ranges unless driven out by heavy snow, and then they descend only far enough to escape the worst of the storm.

I have killed a number of does that did not weigh over 50 or 60 pounds and a buck weighing 100 pounds is an exception.

Have often packed 6 does on one burro. The tail is usually 6 to 8 inches long, covered with long, shaggy, white hair and when running is held straight up with the white hair (about 5 inches long) falling around it. The buttocks are also white on the inside. I have been told by old hunters that this deer is found in Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Utah.

If Mr. Thompson wishes to obtain hides or heads of this deer I can give him the addresses of friends in New Mexico who will be glad to furnish what he wants at little or no expense.

W. R. Weed, Elmira, N. Y.

A GOOD ELK HEAD.

I was pleased to read the request, in RECREATION, for measurements of good game heads. I am a great admirer of fine specimens, and think your call will bring responses which will be interesting and profitable to many of your readers. I give the following measurements of an elk head I own that is good, though not phenomenal in size. The animal was killed in Idaho, in '96.

	L.	R.
Main beams	57	57
Circumference around burr	13½	13½
Circumference above burr	12	12
Circumference between 1st and 2d tines	10½	10½
Circumference between 2d and 3d tines	8¼	8½
Circumference between 3d and 4th tines	8	7½
Circumference between 4th and 5th tines	7¾	7¾
Length of 1st tines	19	18
Length of 2d tines	21½	20
Length of 3d tines	17	19
Length of 4th tines	21½	21
Length of 5th tines	15½	15
Length of 6th tines	7	6
Spread between beams, inside	40	
Widest spread	52	
Between points of the 2. 2d tines on each beam	35	

The points of 4 brow tines are so even that a level laid across will touch each point.

Has 14 points—7 on each beam. Total length, beams and tines, 26 feet.

Ed. Quick, Mapleton, Ia.

KILLING BLUE JAYS.

Referring to my letter in which I enclosed clipping relating to the slaughter of hawks and blue jays by the Petaluma Sportsmen's Club, you say it is not quite clear whether I favor or oppose such war. I am decidedly against it at all times, especially where hawks are concerned, and I think the crimes laid to the door of the blue jay are ofttimes exaggerated. The Petaluma Club should be given a few lines of advice. It almost rivals the side hunts of the East. Our club stands for bird protection at all times, and with our own organ to represent us we shall attack earnestly all violations of the game laws as well as wanton slaughter. Last summer a member at Stockton reported that Italians were trapping large numbers of birds along the levees by means of fishing seines. The list of birds victims of these vicious foreigners consisted mainly of various sparrows and towhees. In the migration seasons the numbers secured must have been enormous. We hope to suppress this slaughter in that particular vicinity at least. These foreigners should be deported for such rank violations of the laws. They certainly deserve it much more than some of the Chinese who are returned to their native land. You may count me in as an earnest supporter of the L. A. S.

C. Barlow, Santa Clara, Cal.

FREAKS OF BIRDS.

A BEWILDERED SWAN CAPTURED.

> A flock of swans passed high over the city about 8 o'clock Sunday morning going South, but one, for some reason suddenly dropped far below the others and flew right South on Michigan street, about the height of the buildings. Near the Auditorium this swan struck a wire and was stunned and came to the earth. It started to run and a fleet-footed individual got after it and at last ran the bird into C. W. Arnold's lot near the Hobbs' furniture store and there captured the bird.

The above item I clipped from the South Bend Times. An almost similar incident occurred some time ago in front of my home in this city. Directly in front of the house is an electric light. One night about 11 o'clock I stood with 2 friends at the gate when we were startled by the sudden appearance of a mallard duck. It seemed to drop from the sky and alighted with a sweep almost at our feet; but rising again instantly he was off like a shot in the direction from whence he came. The only way I can account for its strange appearance is, that it was probably a young duck, and, being confused by the lights of the city, alighted in the street instead of the river.

G. D., South Bend, Ind.

NATURE NOTES.

The blue jay is accused of being a murderer, an egg breaker, etc. He may be all that, but I know he has one redeeming feature at least, because I saw one the other day with a mouse in his beak. Before condemning the jay remember nature is finely balanced and would remain so, but for the ruthless hand of man. He is the worst murderer of all. I was reading a defense of snakes the other day. It seems they are useful in many ways, and I am blamed if I am going to kill another this winter. The same plea may be made for the hawk and owl. The hunter who shoots either little thinks he is killing one of man's own friends. Would like to see more written on this subject in RECREATION. Every living creature except the game hog, should be protected, at least from extermination.

H. C. M., Storm Lake, Ia.

I have always tried to kill birds and rob nests, but am ashamed of my conduct since reading RECREATION. What is the law in regard to robbing nests? I want to stop the other boys from taking eggs. There is no game here except quails, cottontails, ducks and squirrels, and but few of them. I am going to make pets of birds instead of killing them. Is it against the law to keep birds and animals as pets? I am 13 years old and prefer RECREATION to any other book published.

Allen Perrine, Indianola, Ia.

ANSWER.

Unfortunately there is no law in your state against robbing birds' nests, but I hope one will soon be enacted there as well as in all the other states. Nearly all states have laws prohibiting trapping or having in possession any song or insectivorous bird, and I presume Iowa has.—EDITOR.

Mr. Allan Brooks gives, in September RECREATION, an interesting account of the habits of the blue grouse, but concludes by saying it is a mystery where they go in winter. I can clear up that point, for I have killed them in the depth of winter. They go near or to the timber line and there congregate in large flocks, living for the most part in the trees but also on rocks when free of snow. Nothing suits them so well as a dense growth of yellow pine on the top of some mountain which does not reach the timber line. I have often hunted them in January and February, using a .22 rifle. They are splendid game birds and plentiful here in the rougher part of the wooded mountain slope.

L. Steese, Douglas, Wyo.

Will you please give me some information on skinning and mounting birds and animals.

RECREATION is the best sportsman's journal published. I like the way you roast the game hogs. We have not much game. There are a few rabbits, squirrels, quails and prairie chickens. One man was arrested and fined for shooting prairie chickens in close season.

Otis Hougland, Edinburg, Ill.

Taxidermy is too big a subject to be treated here. Get a copy of Mr. W. T. Hornaday's book, "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting," published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York City.—EDITOR.

I have a valuable receipt for rattlesnake bite. I got it by a lucky accident from a mountaineer. He showed me 2 large scars which he said were caused by the bites of 2 large rattlers, both on the left arm a little above the wrist. They were cured by this receipt, and it has cured many other cases.

The formula is as follows:

1 tablespoonful of coal oil.

1 tablespoonful of turpentine.

Sufficient blueing to make a salve.

Put it on a linen cloth and apply as soon as possible. In 2 minutes after the application, the salve will become a greenish color. If applied 2 or 3 minutes after the bite, there will be no swelling.

Willis E. Skipworth, Chico, Cal.

I send herewith $1 for another year of RECREATION. It's the best dollar's worth of literature in the market. To me the pictures are alone worth the money. I wish you every success in your efforts to stamp out slaughtering, in the natural history line; but would like to see same carried farther, and make the murderous attack on nests and eggs of our birds a crime punishable by a heavy fine.

W. Cooper, Milo, Maine.

So should I, and we may safely predict that all states will enact such laws within a few years.—EDITOR.

Massachusetts is not noted, I believe, for rare game, or game of any kind, for that matter. I have, however, a perfect specimen of albino gray squirrel. It was shot in October last between Palmer and Monson, about 16 miles East of here. Every hair on this squirrel is as white as snow, and its eyes, in life, were of a handsome pink color. It is the size of common gray; its tail is, I think, a trifle longer than ordinary. I have had it mounted by a well known taxidermist, and am willing to sell it to anyone who wants it.

R. H. Ray, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

TO CURE SNAKE BITES.

Take internally aromatic spts. ammonia, U. S. P., 30 drops to a fluid-drachm or more, sufficiently diluted with water, every half hour until relieved. Frequent doses of whiskey can be given also. Use externally—spts. ammonia. Make an incision across the wound, draw out as much of the poison as possible, providing your mouth has no raw surface; then apply the spts. ammonia. In extreme cases cauterize the wound after drawing out poison, with nitrate of silver.

B. P. H., Jr.

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

I mail you herewith the lower jaw bone of a coon, which I caught in January last. You will see a pellet of shot imbedded in the bone, which must have been put there long before coon was captured. It may have been put there when he was kitten. In fact I may have put it there myself, for he was caught in my favorite territory for coon hunting. Still, owing to the migratory habit of coons there is little likelihood of this.

Arthur L. Seelbach, Cleveland, O.

A bill has been introduced in the Connecticut Legislature providing for a fine of $7 for wearing birds on hats.

Judges are empowered, under the bill, to cause offending hats to be destroyed in their presence. The measure is supported by the Audubon Society.

And I hope it may pass. It would be tough on the girls, but after all it serves them right.—EDITOR.

The band-tailed pigeon does not occur East of the Rocky mountains, and the Bahama "wild pigeons" obviously could not be the Western species. The pigeons and doves which have been recorded from the Bahamas are the following: White-headed pigeon, white-winged dove, zenaida dove, ground dove and Key West quail dove.

Frank M. Chapman, New York City.

I have shot the red and gray squirrels and have found more mutilated reds than any other kind. The worst I have known the red to do is to steal corn. Mr. D. C. Clark says he has seen a red kill a chicken just for the pleasure of seeing the blood. I have hunted the red in Vermont for 7 years and never heard any fault found with him. W. J. Kent, Worcester, Mass.

In March RECREATION a reader asks for information as to the habits of mountain sheep. If he were here I could show him a band of 10 or 12 that have camped all winter in sight of town. One habit I have noted is that of climbing on top of the highest ledge they can find and looking down at us.

William Conerty, Basalt, Col.

George Whiting had a rat trap set in a marsh near Fox lake and a female red head duck was caught by one foot. When Mr. Whiting went to look at the trap he found the drake beside it, refusing to leave its imprisoned mate. He caught the drake and keeps both birds captive at his home.

C. M. Clarke, Stoughton, Wis.

On January 26th, with the temperature below zero, a neighbor shot a large horned owl, on a squirrel's nest in a small sapling. Being curious to know what the owl was doing there, he climbed up and found 2 large, round eggs. Did not know owls ever incubated in mid-winter.

A. Lindemann, Cascade, Ia.

I saw the other day a pure, albino, white chipmunk which had been captured by a boy last fall. For a number of years, a man near us had a snow-white deer. One day it jumped the fence and some dogs chased it into a railway culvert. It had one leg broken and had to be killed.

R. C. W. Lett, Ottawa, Ont.

Last spring I saw a pair of robins trying to build a nest in my yard, but the English sparrows tore it down as fast as the robins put it up. At last the sparrows left and the robins finished their nest unmolested.

George B. Bacon, Cambridge, Mass.

The reports of wild pigeons appearing in this vicinity are untrue. None have been killed here for several years. The last one I saw was in 1891. It was a young bird, so must have been reared that season. S. L. Crosby, Bangor, Me.

Two years ago in driving through a large forest park near Dresden, Germany, I saw several wild pigeons sitting in the trees.

Cyrus Thompson, Belleville, Ill.

Last fall 3 wild pigeons were seen about 6 miles West of Edinburg, Ill. One was killed by Mr. Arthur Pierce and identified beyond doubt.

A. T. R., Momence, Ill.

What is the best method of extracting rattlesnake oil, and what are its medical properties.

F. J. R., Muir, Mont.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 2 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 2 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

OFFICERS OF THE L. A. S.

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2d Vice-President, E. S. Thompson, 144 Fifth Ave., New York.

3d Vice-President, Hon. W. A. Richards, General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

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OHIO DIVISION.

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ILLINOIS DIVISION.

H. W. Loveday, Chief Warden, Schiller Building, Chicago.

Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW YORK.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Albany,	C. D. Johnson,	Newtonville, N. Y.
Allegany,	J. D. Holden,	Belmont, N. Y.
Broome,	M. A. Baker,	Whitney's Point, N. Y.
Cayuga,	H. M. Haskell,	Weedsport, N. Y.
Chemung,	Fred. Uhle,	Hendy Creek, N.Y.
Erie,	E. P. Dorr,	103 D. S. Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
	Marvin H. Butler,	Morilla, N. Y.
Essex,	Warren H. Broughton,	Moriah, N. Y.
Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie, N. Y.
Oneida,	E. J. Breeze,	Forestport. N. Y.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown, N. Y.
	J. Hampton Kidd,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Rensselaer,	Capt. J. B. Taylor,	Rensselaer, N. Y.
Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond, N. Y.
Schenectady,	J. W. Furnside,	Schenectady, N.Y.
Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Islip, L. I.
	P. F. Tabor,	Orient, L. I.
Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego, N. Y.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill, N.Y.
Westchester,	George Poth,	Pleasantville, N.Y.
Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley, N.Y.
Rockland,	A. Woodward,	Ramapo, N. Y.
Sullivan,	Ernest W. Kenne,	Mongaup Valley, N. Y.
Dutchess, Columbia,	A. B. Miller,	Jackson's Corners, N. Y.
Broome,	John Sullivan,	Sanataria Springs, N. Y.
Orange,	Thomas Harris,	Port Jervis, N. Y.
St. Lawrence,	J. W. Aitchison,	Madrid, N. Y.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park Street, Bridgeport, Ct.
Hartford,	Abbott C. Collins,	783 Main Street, Hartford, Ct.
(County Warden, care Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.)		
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont Co.	Nelson Yarnall,	Dubois.
Uinta Co.	S N. Leak, W. L. Simpson,	Jackson.
Carbon Co.	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass. Photographic goods.
Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City. Photographic goods.
W. H. Longdon, Bridgeport, Conn. Sportsmen's goods.
New York Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson Street, New York City. Condensed products.
Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y. Traps.
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis. Moccasins, hunting shoes, etc.
Novelty Cutlery Co., Canton, O. Pocket cutlery, ink erasers, etc.
M. A. Shipley, 432 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Fishing tackle.
Willis Arms & Cycle Co., Kansas City, Mo. Bicycles, athletic and sportsmen's goods.

Reuben Woods Sons' Co., 324 S. Salina Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Sportsmen's goods.
Edward Paddock, 94 Hudson Avenue, Albany, N. Y.
D. T. Abercrombie & Co., 36 South Street, New York City. Tents, etc.
W. H. Longden, Bridgeport, Ct.
V. Kindler, Saginaw, Mich.
William Shrive, Yonkers, N. Y.
T. W. Tignor & Sons, Richmond, Va.
T. B. Davis Arms Co., Portland, Me.
P. Haerr, Springfield, O.
Stark & Weckesser, Dayton, O.
J. C. Stamp, Wheeling, W. Va.
R. D. & William Lathiel, Savannah, Ga.
M. F. Kennedy & Bros., St. Paul, Minn.
W. H. Langdon, Bridgeport, Ct.
Brooks & Co., Elmira, N. Y.
J. M. Warren & Co., Troy, N. Y.
France & Thiele, San Antonio, Tex.
Morris & Reinhardt, 183 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.
The Gun Bore Treatment Co., 7 & 9 Warren Street, New York City.

I hope to be able to add materially to this list, from time to time.

A HOT CORNER FOR POT HUNTERS.

Kalispell, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: Last evening Mr. William F. Mulaney, a member of the L. A. S., captured an Italian by the name of Clement Mariano with a single barrel shotgun on his shoulder and 3 ruffed grouse in his game bag. "Our Bill," with the assistance of Constable George H. Farmer, whose application for membership in the L. A. S. is herewith inclosed, trotted Mr. Dago over to the court room of Justice M. J. Sullivan, who promptly imposed a fine of $34, and in default of payment committed the Dago to jail. The gun will be levied on and sold and the proceeds applied on the fine.

The local branch of the League has ordered one of the birds—a beautiful specimen—mounted, and will present it to Mr. Mulaney in recognition of his excellent work. The mounting will be done by Mr. H. P. Stanford, also a member of the League, and who by the way is one of the best taxedermists in the Northwest.

I wish you would see that Mr. Mulaney receives honorable mention in RECREATION. He is in business and is entitled to great credit for the stand he is taking in the cause of game protection, regardless of whether it hurts his business or not. This is a small town and of course the enforcement of the game laws is bound to antagonize certain elements.

We are picking up members every day and the outlook is splendid.

Both of the enclosed applications represent peace officers—one a constable and the other Chief of Police. The under-sheriff of the county is a member and the other constables and deputies have signified their desire to join the League. Their applications will be sent in as soon as I receive blanks.

The local branch has been organized less than a month, but we already have a membership of nearly 30 earnest and enthusiastic sportsmen. We have prosecuted 2 violations of the game laws and have been successful in both. One is the case mentioned in this letter and the other a deer case in which the defendant was fined $25 and costs.

Mr. Eakright, whose application is herewith inclosed, was the complaining witness in the deer case. I would be glad if you would see that his name receives honorable mention, as also that of George Farmer who came so promptly to Mulaney's assistance.

Sidney M. Logan, Secretary.

It is indeed gratifying to note the enthusiasm and persistency with which you and your friends are spreading the gospel of reform. I cannot find suitable words in which to express my appreciation of your work and that of Messrs. Mulaney, Sullivan, Stanford and Farmer, and I trust you and they will stay with the pot hunters, to the finish. If all decent sportsmen throughout the West would act as energetically and effectively as you gentlemen are doing, the slaughter of fishes and game would be stopped mighty quick.

I shall be glad to have reports of all arrests and prosecutions, or of any other events of interest to friends of game protection.—EDITOR.

AN OPEN LETTER.

A New England friend who wishes to remain unidentified sends me a copy of a letter written to the members of a local game protective association:

Some months ago I received an urgent request from the President of the League of American Sportsmen, of which I am a charter member, to circulate literature among and interview the sportsmen of this vicinity with regard to the League, with a view to the establishment of a State division.

The objects of this League are the preservation of fish, game, song and game birds and the forests. It is the deadly enemy of pot hunters and game hogs and fish hogs. It aims first of all at the enforcement of existing laws, and second to secure new and salutary legislation where needed. A third method of securing its ends is the education of the general public, through the organization itself, and by the individual influence of members.

Several State divisions have already been organized and the State and county wardens are doing grand work. The condition of the society is prosperous, and its sphere of influence is constantly enlarging. Its membership includes some of the most distinguished ornithologists and other scientists in the land. Its membership fee is but $1 a year. The number of members required in any State, for the formation of a division, is 25.

If sufficient interest could be aroused

among your members, there is no reason why the New Hampshire organization should not be controlled at the start by local sportsmen, in which case the control would be likely to remain here for some time. Our city and the County Fish and Game League would in this way have the credit of initiating a movement in the State that could not fail of being of lasting benefit to all its citizens.

Such concerted, methodical work as that of the L. A. S. cannot fail to be effective, and it is plainly the duty of every sportsman and nature lover to join the League and aid in it. The League of American Sportsmen should receive the support of New Hampshire people, and I trust you may all decide to join it at once.

C. W. H.

HE IS AFTER THEM.

The following correspondence explains itself:

New York, March 16, 1899.

Mr. J. W. Burdick,
G. P. A., D. & H. C. Co.,
Albany, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I am informed on what appears reliable authority that certain trainmen in your service have made a business of buying ruffed grouse from natives in the Adirondacks, all through the winter, carrying them to Albany or sending them to New York and selling them, in violation of the law. Of course you would not allow this and I deem it proper to call your attention to the matter in order that you may investigate. If you find the charges true, I would suggest that an example be made of one or 2 of the guilty men. Should like to know the result of the investigation, in any case.

You are aware of course that the L. A. S. was organized for the express purpose of enforcing game laws, and we feel sure of having your co-operation in this work. No corporation in the State could be more deeply interested in the cause of game protection than your company should be.

Awaiting your kind reply, I am,
Yours truly,
G. O. Shields, President.

ANSWER.

Albany, N. Y., March 17, '99.

My dear Sir: Referring to yours of the 16th inst., I would be glad if you would forward me any specific information you may have as to employes in our service buying ruffed grouse for the market. You may be assured that short shrift would be made of any employee found violating game laws of this character. As you are doubtless aware, this Company is doing everything in its power to contribute to the preservation of the game and fish in its territory and it will not tolerate having its efforts neutralized by the illegal action of any of its employees. Your letter is the first intimation we have had of any delinquencies in this respect.

Yours truly,
J. W. Burdick, G. P. A.

I am now trying to get the names of the offenders and if I succeed they will hear something drop.

A CONVERT SPEAKS IN MEETING.

I have received my first copy of RECREATION, and am delighted with it. The more I read it the better I like it. It is just what we want. It will convince any man whose bristles are not over 16 inches long, how contemptible a game hog is in the eyes of a true sportsman.

RECREATION and the L. A. S. work hand in hand, and with the help of the sport loving people we can soon have good shooting in all of our states where game can abound. Every hunter in this town has been a game hog of the worst kind, myself included. The same of those who fish. The only reason they are not so still is that the fish and game are about gone.

A few years ago we had splendid duck shooting, 14 or 15 miles East of here, in the lakes on Weaver bottoms. Now there are only mud hens and divers.

All this is due to the spring and summer shooting by men who fish with dynamite and nets, who shoot the young mallards and wood ducks as soon as they can fly, or even before. One man told he and a butcher killed 12 mallards with sticks, too young to fly.

We shall have fair shooting here next fall. Rabbits are abundant and little hunted. Squirrels I never kill. I consider it no credit to run one up a tree and then shoot it. It takes your New Yorker or New England hunter to do that.

I wish RECREATION success, and will do all I can do to push the good work along. Roast the pork good and brown. A squeal from one of them is better music to me than the honk of a Canada goose or the whirr of a whole covey of grouse.

J. A. Fricke, Plainview, Mich.

ANOTHER "ANTELOPE" CASE.

The following correspondence explains itself:

New York, February 20, '99.

Messrs. Averill & Gregory,
Managers Yates House, Syracuse, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: A local warden of the L. A. S. breakfasted at your hotel on the morning of February 15th, saw "antelope steak" listed on the bill of fare, ordered a piece, got it and sent it to me by express.

It is needless to say this is venison and you were doubtless aware of that fact when you bought and served it. However, if you were not, you may be surprised to know that the New York law provides a penalty of $200 for selling, or having in possession, antelope meat at this time of year, while the penalty for selling or having venison is $100. This amount may be recovered by civil action, and in addition you are liable to prosecution in the police courts for a misdemeanor, for which you may be fined not more than $50.

I am surprised that you gentlemen should have violated the game law, inasmuch as your house is always the head-quarters of the New York State Fish, Game and Forestry League.

I have no desire to involve you or any one else in expensive or troublesome litigation, but I should like to have an assurance from you, in writing, that hereafter you will observe the game laws, strictly.

Awaiting your kind reply, I am,

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields,
President.

ANSWER.

My dear Mr. Shields: I am in receipt of your favor of the 20th inst. addressed to our firm, and the contents of same surprised me very much.

I am not aware that our steward has ever had any game served out of season, for as you well know, I am very much interested and have always taken an active part in the preservation and protection of fish and game. I profess to be a sportsman myself, and I fully realize the importance of protecting all fish and game. As you know I have always done everything I could for the Annual meeting, and toward supporting our Local Protective Association. I know how ardent you are in pursuing your work in protecting fish and game; and am very much obliged to you for having written me; but assure you that we do not knowingly permit the violation of fish and game laws in anything that we serve to our guests.

Yours very truly,
C. S. Gregory.

ANOTHER LAW-BREAKER CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

New York, March 11, '99.

Mr. Xavier Ritzer, Schenectady, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I am informed that you and several other men have been violating the law by fishing through the ice, on Collins' lake, and it is my duty to inform you that having secured ample evidence against you, unless you write me at once, promising faithfully that you will not again violate the laws, I shall have you arrested and prosecuted.

The L. A. S. was organized primarily for the purpose of enforcing game and fish laws, and is doing so in all cases that can be reached. We have 44 local wardens patrolling the woods and waters of this state and have already arrested and fined a number of men for infractions of the law.

I give you this frank and timely warning, before proceeding against you, in order that you may have an opportunity to put yourself on record as a law observing citizen.

Your kind reply will greatly oblige,

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields,
President.

ANSWER.

Schenectady, N. Y., March 13, '99.

Dear Sir: I received your letter and I hasten to respond. I am very sorry I have violated the law. I did it unintentionally as I did not know it was against the law to fish through the ice.

Thanking you kindly for your timely warning, I promise you I will not violate the game laws again.

Yours respectfully,
Xavier Ritzer.

HOW ONE DIVISION WORKS.

Kalispell, Mont., March 6.—The League of American Sportsmen are making a vigorous war on all persons violating the game laws of the state. Already a number of arrests have been made and more will follow. All the meat markets of Kalispell have quit selling or offering for sale any trout. Heretofore they have been bold in their efforts to sell fish and game. but since the Kalispell branch of the league was organized all this has ceased and no more game or fresh fish can be had. The National league pays each constable securing a conviction $10, and with his regular fee added, from the county, there is a strong inducement to hunt down these violators of the game laws. An Italian named Mariano was fined $34 last week and sent to jail to serve out his term for killing pheasants. We shall soon have game plentiful as it was 8 years ago, when one could drive over the country and see beautiful bunches of grouse almost anywhere. It is to be hoped that all this illegal killing will be stopped. For the past 3 or 4 years the Indians have been killing deer by the thousand for their hides alone, and white men have been slaughtering them for hides and selling the carcasses. We still have a few deer left, but they will continue to grow less each year unless some means are employed to prevent this unlawful killing. It is to be hoped the day of absolute slaughter has passed. The league proposes to arrest, regardless of person, all who wilfully kill out of season. The one thought here is more power to the League of American Sportsmen.—Anaconda, Mont., Standard.

HE PROMISES TO WORK FOR IT.

I am in sympathy with the L. A. S. but do not think it can do us much good in this locality. Our game seems to have been shot off or driven away. About 8 years ago our club bought 1,200 Southern quails. They arrived in poor condition and when it came time to liberate them in the spring we had but about 700 left. For 2 years they did well, but they incidentally raised a big crop of gunners and were soon killed off. Now it is hard to find a bevy in the fall. While shooting in December, I found 5 birds. Thought I wouldn't shoot them, as it was so late in the season, so after working the dog on them awhile I came away and left them. Later when I went out to find and feed them, I found only 2. I am going to try and pull them through the winter, for they are the last birds I know of around here. There is only one way to save the game; have the shooting season shortened and the laws enforced. I know that is what the L. A. S. stands for, and I will talk it up with the boys of the club.

H. L. Godfrey, Newburyport, Mass.

WHY NOT BECOME A LIFE MEMBER?

There is a provision in the Constitution of the L. A. S. to the effect that members in good standing may become life members on the payment of $25, and that they will thereafter be forever exempt from membership fees or dues.

Every member of the League who is well to do in this world's goods should improve this opportunity and become a life member. We are sadly in need of funds for carrying on the work of the League and if we could get 100 men to join under this proposition it would enable us to push the work much more energetically and effectively than we have heretofore been able to do. There are demands on us every day, to prosecute game law violators, and for large quantities of printed matter to be used in increasing the membership, which we cannot meet. How many good, true friends of game protection will send their checks for $25 each to the secretary within the next 30 days? Let us have a prompt and generous response to this appeal.

IMPORTANT ACCESSIONS.

Among the many prominent men who have recently joined the L. A. S. are:

Hon. Jos. F. Johnston, Governor of Alabama.
Hon. J. H. Wallace, Member Alabama Legislature.
Hon. J. B. Bean, Member Minnesota Legislature, also of the Fish and Game Committee thereof.
Geo. L. Carnegie. Fernandina, Fla.
Hon. Warner Miller, Ex.-U. S. Senator, 30 Broad Street, New York City.
Hon. John S. Wise, Ex.-Member of Congress, 20 Broad Street, New York City.
Dr. D. C. Gilman, President Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
W. B. Clark, State Geologist, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Geo. H. Daniels, G. P. A., New York Central Railway.
C. E. E. Usher, G. P. A., Canadian Pacific Railway.
D. J. Flanders, G. P. A., Boston and Maine Railway.
Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., Great Northern Railway.

NOTES.

The new Chief Warden of the New Jersey Division has issued a circular letter to all members in that state in which he says:

You have received a circular from the President notifying you of my appointment as Chief Warden of the New Jersey division. I can, however, do little without the assistance of all members of the League, and I earnestly ask you to personally see that the game laws are obeyed, and to do all in your power to secure new members; for in numbers there is strength.

Please send me the name of a competent person for local warden in your vicinity.

Hoping to hear that you will aid me to the utmost in the work of protecting fish, game and song and insectivorous birds, I am,

Yours truly,
A. W. Van Saun.
Chief Warden.

It would be well for all members of the L. A. S. to write their local newspapers, explaining the aims and objects of the League and telling them of the work it is doing. This is valuable matter for editors and most of them would be glad to use it. You can get from any issue of RECREATION articles that would be eagerly read by the public, on the subject of game and bird protection. All newspapers like to talk about prominent people and you should, therefore, clip out and send to your local newspaper the list of officers of the League, with some information as to what it is doing. The editor would no doubt be glad to mention such men as Prof. Hornaday, Dr. Merriam, Mr. Thompson and Governor Richards, as being engaged in this work.

Enclosed please find $2. One for year's membership in the L. A. S. The other for one year's subscription to RECREATION.

Arthur Chapman, Somerville, N. J.

Arthur is a good fellow but fond of shooting birds. One day I showed him the L. A. S. pin I have and told him the object of the League. This afternoon I received a long letter saying he had decided to join. I think you will find him a faithful member of the League in the future. W. L. Lloyd, Westfield, N. J.

To All Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that the League of American Sportsmen, of which there is a large membership in Flathead county, including every section of said county, is fully determined to stamp out violations of the fish and game laws of the State of Montana at any cost; and all persons are hereby cautioned that no exceptions will be made and no favors shown in cases where such laws are violated.—Flathead County Division L. A. S.

—Kalispell, Mont., *Inter-Lake.*

Dr. H. R. Bishop, of Boston, has sent in 76 applications from among his friends; J. S. Stangroom, of New Whatcom, Wash., 51; R. B. Lawton, of Bridgeport, Conn., 38; W. T. Hornaday, of New York, 35. How many have *you* sent?

One man can get just as many as another, and probably a few more, if he works as hard. If you are not yet in this honorable class, you should get to work mighty quick.

The League has issued a muslin poster, 12 x 16 inches in size, announcing that this organization is desirous of prosecuting all persons guilty of violations of fish and game laws in any state. League members who are willing to put up copies of this poster, should write this office for as many copies as they can use to advantage. If these posters were well displayed throughout the entire United States, they would prevent thousands of cases of law breaking which are now being perpetrated every day.

I am doing all I can to help the L. A. S. Stopped a number of persons who were hunting before the open season. Arrested 2 fellows for shooting robins. One had 16; the other, 13. Both were fined $1 for each bird in their possession.

G. B. Bliss, Stamford, Conn.

Good! You deserve a gold medal. When we get a League warden like you in each county of the United States the game will begin to increase.—Editor.

The New York Division of the L. A. S. will hold a summer encampment at Childwold park, in the Adirondacks, in the latter part of June, the exact date to be announced later. New York members are requested to plan their vacation trips in such a way as to include this meeting, if possible.

I am particularly interested in your crusade against the game hog. He is anything but a rara avis at present, but I feel convinced you are fast making a "dodo" of him. I enclose $1 for membership fee in the L. A. S.

Geo. L. Carnegie, Fernandina, Fla.

I hand you herewith $1 for the James L. Tooker fund. I have read this case carefully, and am satisfied the shooting was justifiable. Mr. Tooker should have the support and sympathy of every honest man.

H. M. Beck,
15 Northampton St., Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Will every member work industriously—at least from now until January 1st—to increase the membership to the highest possible limit? It is still growing and the total footing is now 1,667. Let us reach the 2,000 mark as soon as possible. If all will help we shall be there by June 1st.

In making remittances to this office, please use New York draft, or money order. Checks on out of town banks cost me 10 cents each to collect.

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to Recreation.

WOMAN: A STUDY.

NIXON WATERMAN, IN L. A. W. BULLETIN.

Woman, woman, winsome woman!
Tell us are you saint or human,
Or a toy Beelzebub has sent us from afar?
We've thought about you, sighed about you,
Fought about you, cried about you,
Stayed up nights and lied about you, puzzle that you are.

Just when we would dream we've got you
Figured out, as like as not you
Leave us topsy-turvy, guessing what to say or do;
Now we hate you, then caress you,
Now berate you, then we bless you,
But our lives are stale unless you keep us in a stew.

Some there are who really dread you,
Some who long to woo and wed you,
Some would banish you forever to a distant land;
Artists paint you, poets verse you,
Bishops saint you, cynics curse you,
But "for better or for worse" you still are in demand.

There are times you sadly vex us,
Puzzle, plague us and perplex us,
Till we wish you were in—Texas, *very* far away;
But, although we sadly doubt you,
You've such winsome ways about you
We can never do without you, so we let you stay.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

W. H. MAXWELL.

BASEBALL.

The following gives the dates of some college baseball games yet to be played.

Princeton, May 3d, West Virginia, at Princeton; May 6th, Brown, at Providence; May 10th, Lafayette, at Easton; May 13th, Harvard, at Princeton; May 17th, Brown, at Princeton; May 20th, Cornell, at Ithaca; May 24th, Crescent Athletic Club, at Princeton; May 27th, Harvard, at Cambridge; May 29th, Georgetown, at Princeton; May 31st, State College, at Princeton.

Cornell, May 5, Villanova, at Villanova; 6, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; 13, University of Pennsylvania, at Ithaca; 20, Princeton, at Ithaca; 27, West Point, at West Point; 30, Harvard, at Cambridge; 31, Brown, at Providence; June 1, Holy Cross, at Worcester; 3, University of Michigan, at Ithaca; 16, University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor; 17, University of Michigan, at Detroit, and 21, Lafayette, at Ithaca.

Lafayette, May 3, Yale, New Haven; May 4, N. Y. University, University Heights, N. Y.; May 6, Lehigh, Easton; May 10, Princeton, Easton; May 13, Fordham, Easton; May 17, University New York, Easton; May 20, Fordham, Fordham; May 24, Univ. of Pennsylvania, Easton; May 27, Columbia University, Easton; May 30, State College, Easton; June 3, Lehigh, Easton; June 7, University of Michigan, Easton; June 10, Ursinus, Easton; June 14, Lehigh, South Bethlehem; June 20, Villa Nova, Easton.

Yale, May 3, Lafayette, at New Haven; May 6, Dartmouth, at New Haven; May 10, Columbia, at New Haven; May 13, Brown, at Providence; May 17, Wesleyan, at Middletown; May 20, Orange A. C., at East Orange; May 22, Georgetown, at New Haven; May 26, Newton A. C., at New Haven; May 27, Andover, at Andover; May 30, New York A. C., at New Haven; June 3, Princeton, at New Haven; June 10, Princeton, at Princeton; June 17, Princeton, at New York in case of a tie, otherwise Orange A. C. at East Orange; June 22, Harvard, at Cambridge; June 27, Harvard at New Haven; July 1, Harvard, at New York, in case of a tie.

Pennsylvania State, May 1, Western University of Pennsylvania, at Allegheny; 6, Dickinson, at State College; 13, Franklin and Marshall, at State College; 13, Bucknell, at State College, 27 Fordham, at New York; 29, Seaton Hall, at Orange; 30, Lafayette, at Easton; 31, Princeton, at Princeton, June 1, Bucknell, at Lewisburg; 14, Cuban Giants, at State College.

Wesleyan, Wednesday, May 3d, Manhattan; Friday, May 5th, Dartmouth; May 17th, Yale; May 20th, Colby; Tuesday, May 23d, Georgetown; Friday, May 26th, Tufts; Tuesday, May 30th, Columbia; Saturday, June 3d, Holy Cross; June 7th, University of Vermont. The out of town games are: May 10th, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; Thursday, May 11th, Rutgers, at New Brunswick; May 12th, Fordham, at Fordham; May 13th, West Point, at West Point; May 27th, Amherst, at Amherst; May 30th, Williams, at Williamstown.

Rutgers, May 6, N. Y. U., at New Brunswick; May 11, Wesleyan, at New Brunswick; May 13, Crescent A. A., at Bay Ridge; May 20, Dickinson, at New Brunswick; May 27, N. Y. U., at New York; June 3, Ursinus, at Collegeville.

Fordham, May 3, Columbia, at Fordham; 4, St. John's College of Annapolis, at Fordham; 6, Colgate University, at Fordham; 11, Holy Cross College, at Fordham; 12, Wesleyan, at Fordham; 13, Lafayette, at Easton; 17, New York University, at Fordham; 20, Lafayette, at Fordham; 24, New York University, at Ohio Field; 27, Pennsylvania State College, at Fordham; 30, Manhattan College, at Jasper Field; 31, Maryland University, at Fordham; June 3, Seton Hall, at South Orange; 7, University of Toronto, at Fordham; 10, Manhattan college, at Fordham.

Pennsylvania, May 1st, Brown on Franklin Field. May 3d, Lehigh on Franklin Field. May 6th, Cornell on Franklin Field. May 10th, Wesleyan on Franklin Field. May 13th, Cornell at Ithaca, N. Y. May 17th, Georgetown on Franklin Field. May 20th, Harvard on Franklin Field. May 24th, Lafayette on Franklin Field. May 27th, Manhattan at New York City. May 30th, Lehigh at Bethlehem, Pa. June 3d, Columbia on Franklin Field. June 6th, Michigan on Franklin Field. June 9th, Holy Cross at Worcester, Mass. June 10th, Harvard at Cambridge, Mass. June 12th, Brown at Providence, R. I. June 13th, Harvard at Boston. (In case of tie.)

Holy Cross, May 3, Bates College, at Worcester; 5, Columbia, at Worcester; 6, Amherst, at Amherst; 10, Tufts, at Worcester; 11, Fordham, at Fordham; 13, Lehigh, at Worcester; 17, Williams, at Worcester; 20, Brown, at Providence; 22, University of Vermont, at Burlington; 24, Williams, at Willliamstown; 27 Georgetown, at Worcester; 30, Brown, at Worcester; June 1, Cornell, at Worcester; 3, Wesleyan, at Middletown; 7, Harvard, at

Worcester; 9, University of Pennsylvania, at Worcester; 10, University of Vermont, at Worcester; 14, University of Toronto, at Worcester; 17, Harvard, at Cambridge; 21, Brown, at Providence.

Franklin and Marshall, May 6, Albright Collegiate Institute, at Myerstown, Pa.; 11, Susquehanna University, at Selin's Grove, Pa.; 12, Bucknell, at Lewisburg; 13, Lock Haven Normal School, at Lock Haven; 13, State College, at State College; 20, Dickinson, at Carlisle; 20, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg; 27, Bucknell, at Lancaster; 30, Columbia A. A., at Columbia, Pa.; June 3, Villa Nova, at Lancaster.

The Princeton University faculty has taken another step making baseball playing more difficult this season at Old Nassau than in any previous year. The new regulation, which makes all the trouble, requires that every man who plays baseball must pass off all his conditions on the first trial. If he fails in this he is to be allowed no later opportunity to remove the condition, and will be requested to stop training.

The schedule for the championship games is about perfected. Yale will play Harvard on June 22d, Harvard's class day, and the return game will be played at New Haven on Yale's class day, June 27. If the teams each win a game, the tie is to be played off in New York on July 1. Princeton plays Yale in New Haven on June 3d, in Princeton on June 10th, and if a tie results, in New York on June 17th. Yale is to play 2 games with Brown this season, one in New York on April 29th, and the other in Providence on May 13th. Yale plays the University of Chicago at Yale Field, New Haven, on Memorial Day.

Baseball interests at Lehigh are booming. The team will play a large number of games this year, and opened the season with a game with Rutgers, at Bethlehem, on March 25th. Georgetown was played at Washington on March 29th, and the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, on March 30th.

Manager Reddig has spared no efforts to secure a game with Yale. This game will probably be played at Bethlehem. Two games will also probably be played with Pennsylvania, 3 with Lafayette and 2 with Cornell.

Coach Jennings has accomplished wonders with the Cornell team. This 9 left on its Southern trip on March 24th, the Coach accompanying. Captain Murtaugh has high hopes for his men, and if work counts for anything the team should be a winner.

Baseball practice began at Princeton February 20th, and an unusually large number of freshmen appeared at the call. Great attention was paid to these men by Captain Kafer, and Coach Clark, of the Baltimore team. As a result Princeton has a large number of men who are sure to prove of great value to the team. Princeton should render a good account of herself this season.

E. Lewis, of the Boston league team, has had charge of Harvard's battery, the candidates for which were put to work February 13th. A large number of freshmen, whom Captain Haughton thought had the making of 'varsity men in them, were put to work under the direction of members of last year's 9, and like Princeton, Harvard has a large number of new men to draw on. Yale and Harvard seem to be pretty evenly matched on the diamond, though Yale is suffering from a lack of pitchers.

Captain Pell and Coach Cotter are well pleased with the outlook for the Columbia team. The candidates who answered the call for the 'varsity numbered 35 men. The team is strong in pitchers. It has Wessells, Marcus, Sarle and Johnson who have been coached by Leo Fischel, of the '98 team. It is undecided as yet who is to be the regular catcher, but Coach Cotter expects to find his man in either Bell, Carr, Rogers, Parsons, Krickl or Turnbull. The infield and outfield are strong, though that victories are expected from heavy batting can be seen from the fact that special attention has been given to stick work, and base running. Columbia should do much better than last season, and any team which comes to New York this year, looking for a victory, will have to work for it.

Harvard meets Yale on the Yale Field, at New Haven, on May 13th. Trainer Copeland and Captain Fisher, of Yale, are making desperate attempts to get their men in shape. At present it looks as if Harvard had the best chance of winning the Yale-Harvard cup, which will go to her for all time if this year brings a victory to the crimson.

The University of Vermont baseball team will play games on its New York trip with Union, Syracuse, Hobart, University of Penn., Villanova, Seton Hall, Fordham, Manhattan and University of New York. On New England trip, with Williams, Amherst, Trinity, Wesleyan, Tufts, Boston University and Holy Cross.

Home games at Burlington, Vermont, Dartmouth (2), Tufts (2), Colby (2), Union (2), Cuban Giants (2), Williams (1).

Oberlin, May 6th, Hiram College at Hiram; May 10th, Baldwin-Wallace at Oberlin; May 13th, Ohio Wesleyan at Oberlin; May 17th, Baldwin-Wallace at Berea; May 20th, University of West Virginia at Oberlin; May 26th, University of Notre Dame at South Bend, Ind.; May 27th, Beloit College at Beloit, Wis.; May 29th, Knox College at Galesburg, Ill.; May 30th, University of Illinois at Champaign, Ill.; May 31st, University of Chicago at Chicago; June 2d, Beloit College at Oberlin (probable); June 10th (a.m.), Ohio Wesleyan at Delaware; June 10th (p.m.), Ohio

NATIONAL LEAGUE BASEBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1899.

CLUBS.	At Boston.	At Brooklyn.	At New York.	At Philadelphia.	At Baltimore.	At Washington.	At Pittsburg.	At Cleveland.	At Chicago.	At Cincinnati.	At Louisville.	At St. Louis.
Boston......		April 15, 17, 18. May 4. Sept. 7, 8, 9.	June 10, 12, 13, 14. Sept. 23, 25, 26.	April 25, 26, 27, 28. Oct. 6, 7, 9.	April 29. May 1, 2, 3. July 4, 4, 5.	April 20, 21, 22, 24. May 15, 16. July 3.	June 23, 24, 26, 27. Aug. 24. 25, 26.	June 28, 29, 30. July 1. Aug. 28, 29, 30.	June 19, 20, 21, 22. Aug. 31. Sept. 1, 2.	May 25, 26, 27. July 22, 24, 25. 26.	May 18, 19, 20. July 27, 28, 29, 29.	May 22, 23, 24. July 31. Aug. 1, 2, 2.
Brooklyn....	April 19. May 5, 6, 8. Aug. 19, 21, 22.		June 16. Aug. 5. Sept. 4 P.M., 6. Oct. 6, 9, 11.	April 20, 21, 22, 24. July 4, 4, 5.	June 10, 12, 13, 14. Sept. 28, 29, 30.	April 29. May 1, 2, 3. Oct. 3, 4, 5.	June 28, 29, 30. July 1. Aug. 28, 29, 30.	June 19, 20, 21, 22. Aug. 31. Sept. 1, 2.	June 23, 24, 25, 26. Aug. 24, 26, 27.	May 19. 20, 21. June 18. July 31. Aug. 1, 2.	May 22, 23, 24. July 22, 23, 24, 25.	May 25, 26, 27. 28. July 27, 29, 30.
New York...	July 7, 8, 10. Oct. 2, 3, 4, 5.	June 15. Aug. 4, 7. Sept. 4 A.M., 5. Oct. 7, 10.		May 10, 11, 12, 13. Sept. 28, 29, 30.	April 15, 17, 18. 19. May 15, 16, 17.	April 25, 26, 27, 28. Oct. 12, 13, 14.	June 19, 20, 21, 22. Aug. 31. Sept. 1, 2.	June 23, 24, 26, 27. Aug. 24, 25. 26.	June 18, 29. July 1, 2. Aug. 28, 29, 30.	May 22, 23, 24. July 27, 29, 30. Aug. 27.	May 25, 26, 27, 28. July 31. Aug. 1, 2.	May 19. 20, 21. July 23, 24, 25, 26.
Philadelphia.	June 15, 16, 17. Oct. 11, 12, 13, 14.	May 15, 16, 17. July 6, 7, 8, 10.	April 29. May 1, 2, 3. Aug. 19, 21, 22.		May 4, 5. Sept. 25, 26. Oct. 3, 4, 5.	April 18, 19. June 12, 13. Sept. 6, 7. 8.	May 25, 26, 27. July 21, 22, 24. 25.	May 18, 19, 20. July 31. Aug. 1, 2, 3.	May 22, 23, 24. July 26, 27, 28, 29.	June 19, 20, 21, 22. Aug. 31. Sept. 1, 2.	June 28, 29, 30. July 1. Aug. 28, 29, 30.	June 23, 24, 26, 27. Aug. 24, 25, 26.
Baltimore...	May 10. 11, 12, 13. Sept. 4, 4, 5.	April 25, 26, 27, 28. Oct. 12, 13, 14, 14.	April 20, 21, 22. 24. Sept. 7, 8, 9.	May 6, 8, 9. Aug. 5, 7. Sept. 23, 25		June 14, 16. July 7. 10. Aug. 21. Oct. 6, 9.	May 22, 23, 24. July 31. Aug. 1, 2, 3.	May 25, 26, 27. July 26, 27, 28, 29.	May 19, 20, 21. July 22, 23, 24, 25.	May 28. June 23, 24, 25. Aug. 28, 29, 30.	June 18, 19, 20. 21. Aug. 24, 26, 27.	June 28, 29. July 1, 2. Aug. 31. Sept. 1, 2.
Washington.	Aug. 4, 5, 7. Sept. 27, 28, 29, 30.	May 10, 11, 12, 13. Sept. 23, 25, 26.	May 5, 6, 8, 9. July 4, 4, 5.	April 15, 17. June 9, 10. Sept. 4, 4, 9.	June 15. July 6, 8. Aug. 19, 22. Oct. 7, 10.		May 20, 29, 30, 30. July 26, 28, 29.	May 22, 23, 24. July 21, 22, 24, 25.	May 25, 26, 27, 28. July 30, 31. Aug. 1.	June 28, 29. July 1, 2, 23. Aug. 24, 26.	June 23, 24, 25. 26. Aug. 31. Sept. 1. 2.	June 18, 19, 20, 21. Aug. 27, 28, 29.
Pittsburg....	July 14, 15, 17. Sept. 15, 16, 18, 19.	July 18, 19, 20. Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14.	July 11, 12, 13. Sept. 20, 21, 22, 22.	June 2, 3, 5. Aug. 8, 9, 10, 11.	June 6, 7, 8, 9. Aug. 12, 14, 15.	May 18, 19, 31. June 1. Aug. 16, 17, 18.		June 12, 13, 14, 15. Oct. 7, 9, 10.	Sept. 4, 4, 5, 6. Sept. 25, 26, 27.	April 15, 17, 18, 19. Aug. 21, 22, 23.	April 24. 25, 26. Sept. 7, 8, 8, 9.	April 20, 21, 22. Oct. 2, 3, 4, 5.
Cleveland...	May 30, 30, 31. June 1. Aug. 8, 9, 10.	June 2, 3, 5. Aug. 15, 16, 17, 18.	June 6, 7, 8, 9. Aug. 11, 12, 14.	July 11, 12, 13. Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14.	July 14, 15. 17. Sept. 20, 21, 22, 22.	July 18, 19, 20. Sept. 15, 16, 18, 19.	May 13. June 17. July 3, 4, 4. Aug. 19. Sep. 23		May 6, 7, 8. Aug. 5, 6, 20. Oct. 8.	April 24, 25, 26. June 11. Sept. 3, 4. Oct. 15.	April 20, 20. 21, 22, 22. May 21, 21.	April 15. 16, 17, 18. July 6, 7, 8.
Chicago.....	July 11, 12, 13. Sept. 20, 21, 22, 22.	July 14, 15, 17. Sept. 15, 16, 18, 19.	July 18. 19, 20. Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14.	May 30, 30, 31. June 1. Aug. 12, 14, 15.	June 2, 3, 5. Aug. 16, 17, 18, 18.	June 6, 7, 8. Aug. 8, 9, 10, 11.	May 15, 16, 17. July 5, 6, 7, 8.	May 3, 4, 5. Sept. 7, 8, 9, 9.		April 20, 21, 22, 23. Aug. 3, 4. Sept. 24.	April 15, 17, 17, 18, 19. Oct. 2, 3.	April 24. 25, 26. Aug. 21, 22, 23, 23.
Cincinnati...	June 2, 3, 5. Aug. 11, 12, 14, 15.	June 6, 7, 8, 9. Aug. 8, 9, 10.	May 30, 30, 31. June 1. Aug. 16, 17, 18.	July 14, 15, 17. Sept. 20, 21, 22, 22.	July 18, 19, 20. Sept. 15, 16, 18, 19.	July 11, 12, 13. Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14.	May 9, 10, 11, 12. Sept. 28, 29, 30.	May 15, 16, 17. Oct. 12, 13, 14, 14.	April 27, 28, 29, 30. June 14, 15, 17.		July 5, 6, 7, 8. Oct. 5, 6, 7.	Sept. 7, 8, 9. Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11.
Louisville....	June 6, 7, 8. Aug. 16, 17, 18, 18.	May 30, 30, 31. June 1. Aug. 11, 12, 14.	June 2, 3, 5. Aug. 8, 9, 10, 10.	July 18. 19, 20. Sept. 15, 16. 18, 19.	July 11, 12, 13. Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14.	July 14, 15, 17. Sept. 20, 21, 22, 22.	May, 4, 5, 6, 8. June 10. Oct. 13, 14.	April 28, 29. May 1, 2. Aug. 21, 22, 23.	May 11, 12, 13, 13. Sept. 30, 30. Oct. 2.	June 12, 12, 13. July 4, 4. Aug. 5, 5.		May 15, 16, 17. Sept. 4, 4, 5. 6.
St. Louis....	July 18. 19, 20. Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14.	July 11, 12, 13. Sept. 20, 21, 22, 22.	July 14, 15, 17. Sept. 15, 16, 18, 19.	June 6, 7, 8. Aug. 16, 17, 18, 18.	May 30. 30. 31. June 1. Aug. 8, 9. 10.	June 2, 3, 5. Aug. 12, 14, 15, 15.	April 28, 29. May 1, 2. Aug. 5, 7, 7.	May 10, 11, 12. Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28.	June 10, 11, 12. July 3, 4, 4. Sept. 3.	May 4, 6, 7, 14. July 9. Aug. 20. Oct. 1.	June 14, 15. 16, 17. Sept. 28, 28, 29.	

State at Columbus; June 19th, Cornell at Oberlin.

Columbia, April 1st, Rutgers at New Brunswick; April 5th, New York University at Ohio Field; April 10th, New York League at Polo Grounds; April 12th, Princeton at Princeton; April 19th, Manhattan College at Jasper Field; April 22d, Princeton at Brooklyn; April 29th, Crescent A. C. at Brooklyn; May 3d, Fordham at Fordham; May 5th, Holy Cross at Worcester; May 6th, Harvard at Cambridge; May 10th, Yale at New Haven; May 13th, Orange A. C. at Orange; May 20th, West Point at West Point; May 27th, Lafayette at Easton; May 30th, Wesleyan at Middletown; June 3d, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.

In addition to Lewis of the Boston Baseball Club, who is coaching the Harvard 9, and Clarke of Baltimore, who is working at Princeton, several League players coached at the various colleges during the spring training. Of the Boston team, Tenney is at Dartmouth, Duffy at Boston college, Gauzell at Williams and Nichols at Amherst. Lander and Murphy are at Brown and Pennsylvania respectively, while Jennings, of the Baltimore team, is coaching at Cornell.

The baseball schedule of the new triangular athletic league between Wesleyan, Amherst and Williams is as follows:

April 18, Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown; April 26, Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Middletown; May 3, Williams vs. Amherst, at Amherst; May 6, Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Middletown; May 20, Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Williamstown; May 27, Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Amherst; May 30, Amherst vs. Williams, at Williamstown; May 31, Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown; June 17, Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Middletown; June 19, Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown; June 24, Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Amherst; June 26, Williams vs. Amherst, at Amherst.

It is said that Hughy Jennings, the shortstop of the Brooklyn National League Team, who coached the Cornell 'varsity 9 this spring, will enter the law school of that university next year. In this way he will be able to look after Cornell's interests throughout the entire season.

FOOTBALL.

Harvard's athletic committee has made a rule that in the future no freshman football contest will be permitted outside of New England. This puts a stop to any negotiations with Pennsylvania and Princeton, unless the teams of those universities can find it convenient to go to some New England point.

The schedule of games for the Harvard football team for the season of '99 follows:

September 30, Williams, at Cambridge; October 4, Bowdoin, at Cambridge; October 7, Wesleyan, at Cambridge; October 11, Amherst, at Cambridge; October 14, West Point, at West Point; October 18, Bates, at Cambridge; October 21, Wisconsin, at Cambridge; October 24, Carlisle Indians, at Cambridge; November 4, Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; November 11, Dartmouth, at Cambridge and November 18, Yale, at Cambridge.

Fifty-five candidates handed in their names at the call of Captain McBride for the Yale football team. Spring practice began immediately after Easter, Mr. W. T. Bull, '88 S., coaching the candidates for positions back of the line and for end rush. Those men who reported are:

F. M. VanWicklen, 1901, end; G. S. Eells, 1901, end; Arthur J. Young, 1901, guard; T. A. Wade, '99, center; P. Gibson, 1901 S., end; D. W. C. Noyes, 1901, full or half-back; R. A. McGee, 1900 S., tackle; T. Kelly, 1900 S., tackle; C. T. Dudley, 1900 S., half-back; C. Dupee, 1901, full back; H. S. Wallace, 1901, quarter-back; L. Atkinson, 1901, tackle; J. B. Hart, 1902, half-back; R. R. Richardson, 1901, guard; F. R. Serles, 1901, half-back; J. D. Whitney, P. G., half-back; A. Cameron, Jr., 1901, end or half-back; C. W. Shattuck, 1900 L. S., half-back; W. M. Fincke, 1901 S., quarter-back; H. S. Hooker, 1902, guard; P. C. Kiefer, 1901, half-back; A. H. Sharpe, M. S., end; J. C. Phillips, 1900, half-back; C. E. Ordway, 1900, half-back; J. W. Miller, 1900, center; R. B. Hyatt, 1902, half-back; J. D. Oille, 1901 S., end; P. L. Mitchell, 1901, tackle; T. A. McGinley, 1901 S., tackle or half-back; P. H. Kunzig, 1901 L. S., W. S. Pritchard, 1901, half-back; H. Auchincloss, 1901, half-back; C. P. Cook, 1901 S., tackle; James H. Wear, 1901, half-back; L. M. Thomas, 1901, half-back; R. M. Newport, Jr., 1901, tackle; R. H. Nevins, 1901, full-back; A. L. Gile, 1901 L. S., guard; A. R. Cunha, 1901 L. A. center; W. T. Rawlins, 1901 L. S., guard; R. S. Spencer, 1901, end; G. B. Ward, 1902, end or half-back; O. S. Ackley, Jr., 1902, half-back; E. L. Leavell, 1902, tackle; W. W. Hoppin, 1901, half-back; W. B. Hubbard, 1900 S., quarter-back; S. S. Blagden, 1900 S., tackle; B. J. Phelps, 1902, tackle; G. Abbott, 1902, end; J. N. Burdick, 1902, half-back; P. T. Hall, 1901 S., half-back; C. A. Foster, 1901 S., tackle or guard; W. J. McConnell, '99 L. S., center or guard; T. S. Adams, 1901 S., half-back; D. Reynolds, 1902, half-back.

Harvard has adopted the plan used by Princeton to combine all the training table quarters, this year, so as to have the university and class baseball teams, the university and class crews and the Mott Haven team all in one building. Manager Mann, of the crew, has entire charge of the matter.

The partially completed schedule of the

University of Chicago football team for next season is as follows:

Oct. 7, University of Iowa; Oct. 14, Cornell; Oct. 21, Oberlin; Oct. 28, Pennsylvania; Nov. 4, Purdue; Nov. 11, Northwestern; Nov. 18, Minnesota; Nov. 25, Beloit; Nov. 30, Brown University.

Harvard and Yale will hold their dual athletic meet on the 13th of this month, at Springfield, Mass.

Cornell's football trouble culminated in the refusal of the Cornell Athletic Council to ratify Mr. E. R. Sweetland's election as captain of the '99 team. At the same meeting when the foregoing action was taken Mr. R. D. Starbuck, 1900, full back of last year's team, was chosen to fill the position. He is 21 years of age, weighs 170 pounds and is 5 feet 11½ inches in height. Before the election each member of the 11 was handed a copy of the following which needs no explanation:

To the Members of the Cornell Football Team:

The Athletic Council having declined to ratify the election of Edwin R. Sweetland as captain of the football team, the Committee on Football respectfully transmits the following resolution passed by the council:

"Resolved, That in the interests of harmony among the various elements whose co-operation is necessary for the success of Cornell athletics. the council deems it inadvisable to ratify the election of Edwin R. Sweetland as captain of the football team."

The specific reasons for the action are twofold. First, in view of the factions created here this fall in the matter of the coaching and captaining the team, it was thought best that the leaders of these factions should retire. Mr. Warner and Mr. Fennell withdrew as candidates for coach and Mr. Reed withdrew as captain. The retirement of Mr. Sweetland leaves the field open for the selection of a captain and a coach who have had no leading part in the unfortunate rivalries of the past season and can unite the interests of the ensuing season.

Second—A large number of football alumni, including many of those who have assisted in coaching in the past and whose assistance is necessary in the future, have protested in the strongest terms against the ratification of Mr. Sweetland's election. The council was not in a position to judge whether this opposition is just; it knew only that it existed and that harmony between football graduates and the football management would be imperilled if Mr. Sweetland were captain.

A charge was laid before the council that Mr. Sweetland had lost his amateur standing by receiving compensation for playing on the Elmira A. C. football team in the fall of 1897. This charge was supported by affidavits from the various officers of the club, stating that the club had paid Mr. Sweetland "his expenses" and a further sum of money as consideration for his playing football. Mr. Sweetland appeared before the council and denied the truth of the charges, and said that he had received his expenses and no more. None of the accusers, nor Mr. Sweetland, would say how much had been paid. In this state of the evidence the council did not feel justified, without further inquiry, and especially without ascertaining the sum so paid and received, in deciding whether Mr. Sweetland had or had not become a professional. Mr. Sweetland has been offered the chance to bring the matter up again so that it can be probed to the bottom if he so desires.

ROWING.

The Newell Boat Club, of Harvard, has engaged Dan Murphy to coach its 8. Harvard now has 3 professional oarsmen acting as instructors, namely: Donovan, at the Weld, Murphy, at the Newell, and O'Dea, the university instructor.

At a meeting of the Poughkeepsie Highland Amateur Rowing Association and the Stewards of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association the following gentlemen were present when it was decided to hold the Poughkeepsie Regatta on June 26 and 27:

W. A. Meikleham, Columbia University, Chairman; Thomas Reath, University of Pennsylvania, and Norman J. Gould, Cornell. Stewards I. R. A., Capt. Kintzer and James Bond, University of Pennsylvania; C. E. Lambert, C. C. Hughes, H. W. Peckwell, J. H. Campbell and F. R. Fortmeyer, Poughkeepsie Highland Amateur Rowing Association.

The freshman contest is to be rowed on the first day over a 2 mile course, and the 'varsity over 4 miles on June 27th. The races are to be started, if the present plans hold, at 6.30 p.m.

Wisconsin is to be represented in the regatta by both a 'varsity and freshman 8.

The advisability of holding single and 4 oared shell contests on the day of the freshman race was discussed. These races, which are to be open to all colleges, will probably be held.

Next month will see the rowing of America's greatest annual aquatic events. Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin will row on the Hudson over the Poughkeepsie course, while Yale and Harvard will fight it out at New London. All the crews have now been on the water for a month or more, and are showing up in a form that augurs well for closely contested struggles.

In June Recreation will be found a detailed criticism of the work of the different eights. In the same number will be found the statistics of the most likely men in all the squads of candidates, together with portraits of several of the competing eights.

Massachusetts rowing men want to compel the railroads in that state to carry racing shells free on petition of 5 passengers. A large number of prominent Massachusetts oarsmen appeared before the State Legislature Committee on railroads and spoke in favor of the bill. Among those who spoke were: President Stimson, of the New England Amateur Rowing Association; James P. Fox, of the Executive Committee of the National Amateur Rowing Association; William S. Youngman, of the Weld Boat Club; George De Blois, of the Boston Athletic Association; B. P. Henderson and B. P. Ellis, of the Union Boat Club.

A report that has gained some credence is that Columbia has been trying to secure Dr. "Josh" Hartwell as a coach for her crews. It is authoritatively denied that such is the case, for all Columbia's adherents expect a good deal from the 8 now being coached by Dr. Walter B. Peet. Dr. Hartwell has been considered as a possibility for the position of football coach, but not for the crew. Dr. Peet fills the bill so far as the New Yorkers are concerned.

The rowing authorities at Harvard and Yale announce an innovation in connection with the boat race at New London in the way of a 4-oared race between the substitutes of the 2 crews. The race is to be rowed over a course 2 miles in length, and will probably take place directly after the 'varsity contest.

It has been decided that the Dunham crew at Yale shall, in effect be a 3d university 8, recruited from crews chosen from the college dormitories.

PENNSYLVANIA THE CHAMPION.

Pennsylvania won the intercollegiate championship for 1899 in trap shooting, by defeating Princeton, whose team took second place, and Columbia third, in the intercollegiate contest, for which all the prominent college gun clubs received entry invitations. The shoot took place at the Sportsmen's Exhibition, held in March, at the Madison Square Garden, New York City.

This magazine, in order to stimulate collegiate shooting, offered 2 guns, one a $100 Parker, and the other a $45 Remington as first and second prizes respectively for the contest, which was carried out under the following rules:

The team making the highest score to take first prize, and the team making the next highest score to take second prize. In case 2 or more teams tie for high score they are to shoot off the tie for first and second prizes respectively.

The team winning first prize will be required to shoot for it at least once a month until some member of the team shall have won the gun 3 times in succession.

The team winning second prize will be required to shoot for it at least once a month until some member of the team shall have won the gun twice in succession.

Clubs may enter more than one team, but no one man to be allowed to shoot on more than one team.

The best shooting was done by the following men: For Pennsylvania, W. C. Nielson, Oglesby Paul, and W. M. Swain; for Princeton, B. F. Elbert, E. L. Kendall, and H. H. Laughlin; for Columbia, B. B. Tilt. Pennsylvania in individual and team work far outclassed her rivals, the men from Philadelphia showing fine form, and proving they knew how to handle their weapons. Mr. W. C. Nielson's work is to be especially commended. His score was the equal of most, and better than some of the professional work done at the Garden traps. He aimed and handled his gun with the ease of a veteran, and many encouraging murmurs from the spectators attested the excellency of his shooting. Oglesby Paul, also of Pennsylvania, followed Nielson closely as to score, but lacked the form and finish of his mate. E. L. Kendall, of Princeton, made a good clean score, but lacked form, his shooting being rather labored. W. M. Swain, of Pennsylvania, and B. B. Tilt, of Columbia, did good work, but cannot be classed with Nielson, as really can none of the others mentioned. The rest of the work was erratic, some of it being good, some mediocre, and the rest bad. College men should brighten up a bit in this branch of sport.

The teams, each composed of 5 men, shot their 50 targets in 2 installments of 25 each. The order of shooting and the scores made are as follows:

Pennsylvania, March 10th.

TEAM NO. 1.

W. T. Singer	18, 18— 36
W. C. Nielson	24, 23— 47
F. L. Cooper	17, 16— 33
B. D. Parish	17, 20— 37
Oglesby Paul	22, 23— 45
Total	198

TEAM NO. 2.

W. M. Swain	23, 20— 43
W. R. Baldwin	21, 16— 37
S. F. Weaver	15, 19— 34
W. A. Steel	19, 17— 36
F. Lair	15, 16— 31
Total	181

Columbia, March 13th.

B. B. Tilt	17, 18—	35
G. W. Beadle	20, 12—	32
R. E. Whigham	16, 16—	32
E. C. Fiedler	9, 14—	23
J. P. Mitchell	7, 12—	19
Total		141

Princeton, March 14th.

B. F. Elbert, Jr	22, 21—	43
C. B. McCulloh	16, 16—	32
J. H. Cludistee	11, 17—	28
E. L. Kendall	23, 21—	44
H. H. Laughlin	20, 21—	41
Total		188

The individual winners' scores and the accounts of the contests which take place for the prizes will be closely followed in future numbers. The contests will undoubtedly be long drawn out, for it will be difficult for any one man to win 2 or 3 times in succession.

HIGHLAND ROWING ASSOCIATION.

Very seldom have I had the pleasure of writing about the aims and hopes of an organization of as much worth as the Highland Rowing Association at Poughkeepsie on the Hudson. There have been some disinterested, generous men in this country who have loved amateur sport enough for its own sake to go deep down in their pockets and furnish the material means for supporting large athletic undertakings. They have given what was more valuable than their money, their moral support and time. Few as the real benefactors of amateur sport have been they have left that wholesome influence behind them which is to-day rapidly purifying all athletic sport. The tendency is to do away with professionalism, and may the time soon come when amateur sport will alone be tolerated.

I firmly believe that no greater aid to amateur and college sport was ever given by any set of men than that which the Highland Association proposes to render. The aim of the association is to promote intercollegiate boat racing on the Hudson river, and eventually establish an American Henley to be rowed each year over the Poughkeepsie course. The idea is to bring all the American colleges into line and induce each year, if possible, a foreign crew or crews to enter.

The schedule is an ambitious one, and every true lover of sport and American college boating should aid it by every means in his power. The association will aid the colleges, and the crews representing them, and that it will do so disinterestedly, can be seen from the list of its officers and patrons soon to be published who are men well known for their integrity, and love of honest amateur sport.

The plan at present is for the association to procure all the places, near the scene of the race, best adapted for training quarters. The representatives of the different universities will then draw lots for the choice of places. This one service, when the immense value of a suitable place for the men to live in is considered, should entitle the Highland Association, and its officers, to all the thanks and good will from the colleges interested that can be given. In this way the owners of the places wanted will not be able to run their rents up to triple their value as in the past, nor will the colleges that can put up the most money have any advantage over the lower bidders. All will be treated alike, and favoritism will be shown to none.

The association intends to build larger and more conveniently arranged boat houses than were furnished the crews in '97. The new houses are to be longer and wider, and will contain shower baths, oar racks, ample dressing rooms, etc.

The whole course, newly and accurately surveyed, will be kept absolutely free from annoying craft on the day of the race, and the power conferred by Congress on the former Poughkeepsie Regatta Committee, which has been absorbed by the Highland Association, will be rigidly exercised to this end. A perfect policing of the course is promised, and any captain or pilot who attempts to disobey any of the instructions given him will be held up as an example to all future offenders, and it is not likely that he will be lightly handled.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.

A thousand people witnessed the gymnastic exhibition given at the Columbia University gymnasium by the teams of Columbia, Yale, and Princeton. The work of the 3 teams was solely that of an exhibition, not a competition, and was so different each from the other 2 that comparison is almost out of the question. The Princeton team drew a distinct line between their work, and that of Yale and Columbia, as they confined themselves almost entirely to the spectacular feats seen at the circus. Columbia and Yale addressed themselves to the heavier exercises on the bars, horse, and rings.

The performance opened with work on the horizontal bar by Yale and Columbia. This was followed by exercise on the double bar by Princeton. C. H. Parker of the Orange and Black team was applauded vigorously for his difficult manœuvres with the baton. Mountain, Katzenbach, and Snyder, all mates of Parker, did extremely well.

R. G. Clapp of the Yale team gave an exhibition pole vault, and though he vaulted only 3 or 4 times the form of his work showed that he is a worthy holder of the world's indoor record at his event.

De Young of Columbia divided the honors of the evening with Clapp, and did some very brilliant work on the rings. He performed the difficult Maltese cross figure.

Some clever mat work by the 3 teams together ended the exhibition, and after showing their good will for each other by repeated cheers the teams brought their exhibition to a close.

The representation was as follows:

Yale: R. G. Clapp, '99, Captain; W. K. Shepard, P. G.; W. L. Otis, '00; M. J. Whitely, '01; A. H. Terry, '99; E. L. Eleason, '01; G. H. Whipple, '00; L. H. Schulte, '99; S. Peterson, P. G.; W. Noyes, Manager.

Princeton: H. H. Wheeler, '00, Captain; C. H. Parker, '99; L. G. Raeston, '99; F. P. Eckings, '00; W. F. Mountain, '00; T. J. Snyder, '00; H. H. Laughlin, '00; S. S. Feazles, '00; L. F. Katzenbach, '01; W. A. Coulter, '02; P. K. Hay, '02; P. V. Jones, '02; P. A. Moore, '02; H. G. Otis, '02; J. K. Savage, '02; S. C. Huey, '99, Manager.

Columbia: A. B. De Young, '01, Captain; W. R. J. Planten, '99; H. Ramey, '01; S. M. Fischer, '01; B. W. Smith, '00; J. de la Fuente, '00; C. Eastmond, '01; R. Meeks, '01; McCaskill, '01; W. B. Elmore, '99; L. B. Smith, '01; G. F. Vanderveer, '99; C. Ward, '01; O. Pullich, Jr., '02; F. C. Steckert, '02; C. T. Swart, '02; C. E. Watson, '02; D. M. Armstead, '02; W. H. Powers, '02; W. R. Westerfield, '01, Manager.

THE GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY MEET.

The Georgetown University Athletic Association held the first indoor athletic meet ever held in Washington, D. C., on the evening of March 11th. That the meet was a great success was attested by the size of the audience, and the number of out of town entries.

The feature of the evening was the jumping of O. K. Baxter of the University of Pennsylvania in the running high jump. After winning that event at 6 feet 1 inch, he tried for the indoor record, and succeeded in going 6 feet 3¼ inches. In the 50 yard invitation run from scratch J. W. B. Tewksbury of Pennsylvania won the final heat in 5 3-5 seconds.

J. F. Cregan of Princeton, the half mile champion, was ruled out for "pocketing" Grout of Pennsylvania after winning the 880 yard dash. The race went to Grout. Summary follows:

50-Yard Invitation Run, Scratch—Won by J. W. B. Tewksbury, University of Pennsylvania; Charles H. Mace, Baltimore Medical College, second. Time, 5 3-5 seconds.

440-Yard Run, Handicap—Won by J. E. Mulligan, Georgetown University; J. E. Sheridan, Georgetown University, second. Time, 58 1-5 seconds.

One-Mile Run—Won by Alexander Grant, University of Pennsylvania; F. H. McGirr, New York A. C., second. Time, 4 minutes 46 3-5 seconds.

Running High Jump—Won by O. K. Baxter, University of Pennsylvania; A. C. Kraenzlien, University of Pennsylvania, second. Height, 6 feet 3¼ inches.

50-Yard High Hurdles—Won by A. C. Kraenzlien, O. K. Baxter second. Time, 6 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Won by M. J. Walsh, Georgetown University; Joseph Solomon, Georgetown University, second. Time, 26 1-5 second.

COLUMBIA FOOTBALL AND LACROSSE.

The Columbia Junior-Freshman and Senior-Sophomore consolidated football teams played a game of 2 20-minute halves at Durland's Riding Academy, New York City, on the evening of March 11, for the benefit of the University football association. Great rivalry was shown, and a lively scrimmage took place on the tan bark. Kicking was not allowed on account of the low hanging lights over the ring. Consequently the contest seemed slow to watch, and there was much more rough play in the line than marks the average outdoor game. The final score stood 5 to 5.

The line up was as follows:

Junior-Freshmen.	Positions.	Senior-Sophomores
Hall	Right End	Chapman, Sharkey
Gardiner	Right Tackle	Russell, Bell
Rappold, Kebbler	Right Guard	Eggenna, Hall
Kafka	Centre	De Witt
Smyth	Left Guard	Canther
Lum (Capt)	Left End	Sharkey, Wallace
Smyth	Left Tackle	Willes
Simons, O'Rourke	Right half back	Stromeyer, Wolff
O'Rourke, Pell	Quarter back	Smith
Norman	Left half back	Wolff, Van Hovenberg
Coerr	Full back	Henderson

Touchdowns—Coerr, Wolff. Referee, C. S. Ayers, Princeton.—Umpire, Mr. Spalding. Linesmen—Meyer and Dickinson.

The game showed that Columbia is not entirely lacking in good football material. If a competent coach is engaged Columbia will have a team of which no college should be ashamed. Many of those who reported for spring practice have had a large amount of experience on other college teams. Any team coming to New York looking for an easy game will surely be disappointed, for the men are gritty and seem determined to make up by sheer strength what they lack in experience.

Between the halves of the football game the Crescent Athletic Club and Columbia Lacrosse teams played a hotly contested game. The score at the calling of time stood 6 to 4 in Crescent's favor.

The teams played as follows:

Columbia.	Position.	Crescent A. C.
B. Smith	Goal	G. H. Pettit
Kittle	Point	L. Moses, Jr.
Schwartz	First defence	C. C. Miller
C. C. Smith	Second defence	Eyer
Gieschen	First attack	E. McLean, G. Rose
R. H. E. Starr	Second attack	J. P. Curry

Goals—Gieschen, 2; Starr, 2; Eyer, 1; McLean, 1; Curry, 4.

E. S. Barlow, '00, Columbia, Referee.

BICYCLING.

HOW TO TRIM A TANDEM.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: In January RECREATION I read an article advising that the woman occupy the back seat of the tandem. This is entirely wrong.

By all means have the woman on the front seat. The necessity for an instant dismount may arise in a moment, and failure to so dismount and stop the tandem may mean a smashup. The causes for such an emergency are numerous. A reckless driver suddenly pulling in front of you, or crowding you into the gutter, or off into a side rut, are a few of the most common. Last summer a heavy wagon recklessly driven out of a side road, suddenly appeared directly in our path. By dismounting and using all my strength I stopped the tandem just in time, or we should certainly have had a serious accident. Had I been on the front seat there is no telling what might have happened. It takes skill and strength to suddenly stop a tandem, and the woman is not the one to do it.

Many a time in city riding you will find yourself crowded by a team or teams, and the only safe way out of the difficulty is a dismount—sometimes a quick one. The front seat rider is helpless in such a case.

In riding on a muddy stretch of road, or on any slippery place the rear rider must be depended on to prevent a fall, and he must be quick and strong in case of a slip. Again, suppose a chain breaks when going down hill—and this is not at all uncommon—it is the rear rider who alone can stop the wheel. It is no easy job to stop the momentum of a tandem. I know by experience. Certainly few ladies could do so.

The idea of having the lady on rear seat so she will not be first in case of a head on collision is like bolting the second story windows to prevent burglars, but not protecting those in the lower story. A head-on collision is rare and the other emergencies I have mentioned are common. I would never take a lady out on the rear seat of a tandem because I think it is a dangerous practice, as ordinary riding goes.

Aside from the seriously practical side of the question the front seat is pleasanter to ride on and should be given to the lady. She can see better from there, and the work is lighter.

It often happens that you want to stop a minute to speak to someone; or to wait for a bad tangle of wagons to clear up; or perhaps to take a breath at the top of a hill. In such a case the lady need not leave her seat at all, and it is surely pleasanter for her.

Now about one rider "pulling against the other" in steering. This only occurs when there is some obstruction, as a rut, or a team, or a mud puddle, to be avoided. It is perfectly easy to agree as to the best route, or the steering may be left entirely to the man or to the woman. When among teams, or on a bad road the more experienced rider should be allowed to do all the steering, and there will be no trouble.

Still another reason for the woman occupying the front seat is, that the rear rider does harder work and the lighter rider should be in front.

Only when the woman is stronger, heavier and the better rider should she occupy the rear seat. T. D.

THE CYCLE SHOW.

This year's Cycle Show, held at Madison Square Garden, was one of the best exhibits of bicycles ever held in this country. From a mechanical standpoint, and from the standpoint of attendance the show was a decided success.

The chief interest was shown in the question of gears, the chainless wheel receiving a marked preference over the old style machines. Great improvement has been made in this style of bicycle since it was last put on public exhibition, and the devotees of the sport regard it with more favor than ever before. The most prominent novelties shown were the "pin and roller," the "spin roller," the "ball gear," the "bevel gear," and the "spur gear." The idea seems to be to embody simplicity and strength, which in most cases gives beauty.

The lines of this year's models are about the same as those of '97 and '98. The same sized tubing is used, and the low frame and short head have been preserved.

As to colors, the general trend is toward the gay. The rims of the wheels are enamelled to match the frames, and some of the effects obtained are beautiful, while others are startling.

Piano wire is being used for spokes, and twisted spokes with bevelled faces are used on the fancier machines.

Other interesting exhibits were the motor carriages and the acetylene bicycle and carriage lamps.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

In making remittances to this office, please use New York draft, or money order. Checks on out of town banks cost me 10 cents each to collect.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SAVE THEM FOR THE "ZOO."

The time is approaching when the New York Zoological Park will be opened to the public, and to other animals—also to birds. Fourteen buildings and other installations for living creatures are approaching completion, and the members and friends of the Zoological Society are now casting about for tenants for these structures. Recreation is one of these friends, and it desires to make every one of its readers a friend of the Zoological Society.

This is the time of year when birds and mammals are busily engaged with their family affairs. The young of many species will be just coming into the world, when this issue of Recreation reaches its readers. Others of these young are already a few days or weeks old. It often happens that men and boys have opportunities to capture young, or even old birds or quadrupeds. Doubtless there are many specimens now in captivity which ought to find permanent homes in the Zoological Park.

I appeal to all readers of Recreation, and that means all true sportsmen and all lovers of nature on this continent, to co-operate with the New York Zoological Society by presenting to it, from year to year, any particularly fine living birds or quadrupeds which may come into their possession and be found desirable for the Zoological Park. This society is a scientific institution, entirely philanthropic in its methods. Its purpose is to build up the greatest zoological park in the world, which is to be open free to the public on 5 days in the week, throughout the entire year.

Every person, therefore, who contributes in any way to the collection of birds and mammals which is to be placed in this park will contribute just so much to the education and entertainment of hundreds of thousands of men, women and children, rich and poor, not only of New York City, but of our nation, who do not have an opportunity to see and study such specimens in their native haunts. The New York Zoological Park will be an institution so grand and so fine, and so thoroughly national in its character that every American will be proud of it.

The Director of the Zooological Society has kindly consented to establish a Recreation series of birds and mammals in the park, and to credit to this series all specimens sent in by readers of this magazine who may request that their donations be so considered and recorded.

It is hoped that many hundreds of valuable specimens may eventually be contributed to this group, and the name of the donor of each specimen will be recorded on the label of his gift, and in the annals of the Society, and retained in its library forever. It will be a great satisfaction in after years, when readers of this magazine visit the Zoological Park, to be able to identify specimens which they contributed to it in its infancy, and to point to the great printed volumes and say, "My name is included in that roll of honor."

Eventually the Zoological Society expects to buy many of its specimens, but at present all its funds must be expended on buildings. The creation of a purchase fund will come in time, but it is hoped and believed that fine specimens of the majority of our most prominent native species of birds and quadrupeds will come to the society as gifts. Surely the people of America will take as much pride in building up this zoological park as do the English in making gifts to the great London "Zoo." It should, therefore, be considered a privilege for any American man or boy to donate even an acceptable bird or a small mammal to this great institution.

The Garden is not yet quite ready to receive specimens, and my friends are requested to hold for a month or 2 any they may have or may procure. It is hoped the buildings, cages, dens and ranges for big game, may be completed and the Director ready to receive specimens by June 1st, but continued bad weather has made this uncertain. Further information will be given on this point in the next issue of Recreation.

Such common creatures as red foxes, gray foxes, raccoons, opossums, eagles, crows, gray squirrels, red squirrels, rabbits and the like are common in New York state, and can easily be obtained near this city, thus saving something in express charges. If you live far from here do not bother with these common species. The species most desired are the larger and more showy birds and quadrupeds found West of the Mississippi, such as Eastern people seldom see outside of museums. If you get any swift foxes, cross foxes, wolverines, pumas, grizzly bear cubs, coyotes, swans, geese, white pelicans, sand hill cranes, black squirrels, fox squirrels, flying squirrels, beaver, Abert's squirrels, magpies, ravens, Clark's crows, blue grouse, prairie hen, sharp-tailed grouse, wild turkey, sewellel, silver-sided ground squirrel, antelope, mountain sheep or mule deer—and the specimens are not maimed in any way—write to Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director, tell him all about it, and await his reply. Of course the Zoological Society will pay all expenses or freight charges on everything which it accepts; but nothing should ever be shipped at the Society's expense until it has first been definitely accepted, and shipping directions furnished.

THE SHOW WAS ALL RIGHT.

The '99 Sportsmen's Show was by far the best ever given in the city. It was a sure enough Sportsmen's Show, and, so far as I can learn, every man, woman and child who paid an admission was entirely satisfied with the investment. The live birds and animals were a strong attraction of themselves. Though most of them are familiar to patrons of zoo gardens and circuses, they are such animals as are always interesting. One of the most attractive features of this department was the 2 beavers. They always drew curious and interested crowds, and many women who wear beaver coats had never before seen a live beaver. The 2 baby bears were also great drawing cards. There were conflicting reports as to their age, but at any rate they were less than 2 months old when the show opened. They weighed only about 2 pounds each and their legs were so soft the little fellows wabbled and stumbled like a club man at 2 o'clock in the morning. Thousands of children begged permission to handle the cubs, but this could not be granted.

The bear and the bull terrier were other star attractions. They had grown up together—or at least the bear had. He was first put in the cage with the dog when he was a cub and the former at once assumed a fatherly care over him. They would play and romp together by the hour, and if the bear at any time became too fresh the dog would shake him into subordination. Now the bear is 2 years old, and, though he is 10 times as big and as strong as the dog, he does not realize it. He frequently hectors the terrier for an hour at a time, and, finally, when he goes beyond the limit of the dog's endurance then the dog makes a lunge at him. The dog has long since learned that the one vulnerable point about the bear is his nose. He can chew and shake any other part of the bear for any length of time; but can make no impression on him. He therefore usually aims for the bear's nose at the first jump. The bear is as quick as greased lightning and simply stands on his hind feet, holding his snout out of the dog's reach! If the bear only knew his strength he could kill the dog at one swipe of his great paw, or one grip of his mighty jaws; and unless the owner separates them this is sure to happen sooner or later. Then there will be a dog funeral in that family.

The panthers, wolves, coons, lynx, deer, elk and moose all came in for their share of attention and admiration on the part of the curious crowds.

The tank furnished excitement and amusement every afternoon and evening for the thousands of visitors. The water polo games carried the crowds to the pinnacle of excitement, but the swimming contests, and the exhibitions of trick swimming and diving were also interesting.

The exhibits made by the Quebec Government, the Adirondack Hotel League, the Adirondack Guides' Association, the Maine Hotels and Guides, the Megantic Club, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the New Brunswick Government were all strong features and were full of instruction and interest for nature lovers.

Among merchandise exhibits those of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Laflin & Rand Powder Co., Dupont Powder Co., Schoverling, Daly and Gales, Remington Arms Co., Parker Gun Co., Savage Arms Co., The Peters Cartridge Co., D. T. Abercrombie & Co., the Gun Bore Treatment Co., the Pantasote Co., W. L. Marble's Camp Axes, and the novel collection of pictures of live wild game shown in RECREATION's booth, were by far the leading features.

The Association has already announced the Sixth Annual Show, to be given March 1st to 19th, 1900. Unfortunately, the Boston people have fixed the dates of their show for February 20th to March 10th. This renders it practically impossible for any house to exhibit at both places, and unless these dates can be changed the lap over is sure to result in loss to both associations. I hope this may be done.

The trap shooting on the roof drew large crowds daily. The special event, arranged by RECREATION, drew out 4 college gun club teams—2 from the University of Pennsylvania, one from Columbia and one from Princeton. Pennsylvania won the first prize, a Parker gun, valued at $100, and Princeton the second prize, a Remington gun valued at $45. Each of these guns is to be shot for by the winning team once each month until some one man wins it 3 times in succession, when it is to become his personal property.

The rifle and pistol tournaments in the basement of the Garden were also well patronized and many good scores were made, of which more will be said in RECREATION hereafter.

Washington has passed a law, prohibiting the sale, at all times, of venison, grouse of all kinds, pheasants and deer skins. and prohibiting the hunting of imported game until 1901.

The Olympian state has thus set a pace that all the other states in the Union might well follow. Few states have more game, of the species mentioned, than Washington has and she has taken the precaution to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen. The L. A. S. has a good, strong, working division in Washington, which, in connection with the state officers, will see that the laws are strictly enforced; and it is safe to predict that in 20 years from now there will be more deer and grouse in Washington than there are to-day. In the states that continually allow the sale of game, and which do not provide adequate protection, these species will be entirely extinct within 5 years.

The U. S. S. Fish Hawk, which spent the winter in scientific investigations in Porto

Rican waters, has returned to the United States. Dr. B. W. Evermann was in charge of the work and a general reconnoissance was made of the entire island and of Vieques and Culebra, the 2 small islands lying off the East shore of Porto Rico. Extensive collections were made of the fishes, crustaceans, mollusks, and all other aquatic animals of the island. Among these are several new species which will soon be described.

It was found that Porto Rico possesses a large number of game fishes, such as the snappers, groupers and the tarpon. The tarpon is probably quite common and is doubtless no less gamy than it is in Florida waters.

In a future number of RECREATION Dr. Evermann may have something to say about the game fishes and game birds of Porto Rico.

A well known society woman of this city told me the other evening that she had recently attended a luncheon given by one of her friends, who apologized for not being able to serve quails to her guests. She said she had ordered through nearly all the prominent markets in the city but was unable to buy a quail at any price.

This is one of the most gratifying pieces of news that has come to me in many a day. A year ago she could have bought quails at any market in the city.

The Bellington Bay Rod and Gun Club, of New Whatcom, Wash., offers a reward of $10 for the name and address of any witness whose testimony will convict any person of a violation of the game or fish laws of that state. The name of the person earning such reward will not be disclosed. Any reader of RECREATION who can give such information should communicate at once with J. M. Edson, Secretary, New Whatcom, Wash.

Over 100 bills have been introduced in the present session of the New York legislature, proposing to amend the game and fish laws of this state. If Carlyle were alive now, he would say, "of the making of game laws there is no end."

Will the man who wrote in reply to Geo. W. Rea's bear story, and who opens his narrative by a reference to Shotgun valley, please send me his name and address.

Will W. G. Warren, of Echo Dell ranch, Wyo., please give his P. O. address?

BOOK NOTICES.

THE BUTTERFLY BOOK.

It is good to see an important piece of work done by the hand of a master; and every one who is interested in butterflies has reason to be glad that Dr. Holland, Messrs. Doubleday & McClure and color-photography have all come together in this delightful volume.

A good butterfly book without colored pictures is a practical impossibility. Heretofore the cheapest good work on this subject was that of Dr. S. H. Scudder, price $75; but color-photography has changed all that.

Dr. Holland's book was produced under the most favorable auspices imaginable. Its author owns the finest collection of American butterflies and moths in existence, and his library contains everything on the lepidoptera that is worth having. He is not only a profound authority on butterflies and moths, but is also an artist, and an all-around scholar, with facilities galore. No wonder, then, that his "Butterfly Book" is a book to gloat over.

In size, typography and binding it is uniform with Neltje Blantjen's 2 bird books but it contains more text (382 pages), and nearly 200 text illustrations. Of the text itself, 25 pages are devoted to "The Life History and Anatomy of Butterflies," 31 pages to "The Capture, Preparation and Preservation of Specimens," 10 pages to "The Classification of Butterflies," and 5 to "Books about North American Butterflies." Scattered through the book, under 22 titles, are about 25 pages of very pleasing general matter, entitled "Digressions and Quotations," cunningly designed as breathing places for students who pore over the portions of the work which involve close attention.

"The Butterflies of North America, North of Mexico," occupy the book from page 77 to page 367. After each family and each genus has been described the different species are taken up, one by one. About half a page is devoted to each species, under the 4 headings, "Butterfly," "Egg," "Caterpillar" and "Chrysalis." The language is clear and simple, and as free from technical terms as any student has a right to ask.

The 48 colored plates of butterflies show all the important North American species —several hundred in all—and represent the highest mark yet reached by color photography. Plate 38, showing 3 gorgeous papilios on a spray of apple blossoms is beautiful enough to frame and hang on the wall. So is plate 45, and the frontispiece. These are genuine works of art, and evidently were produced by Dr. Holland to show what can be done by this process when it is well supported by art. Excepting 4 plates of this class, and 5 exquisite plates of caterpillars and chrysalis, reproduced from Dr. S. H. Scudder's great work, the remainder of the plates are devoted to the serious business of portraying the greatest possible number of species. The fewest figures on one plate are 4, and the greatest number shown is 40. All these figures are actual photographs in colors, from specimens in Dr. Holland's matchless collection. In many cases it is not easy to discern why these beautiful figures are not as good for the purposes of the student as would be the specimens themselves.

Clearly this is a book to revel in. Its qualities are superb, and its price entirely satisfactory.

" The Butterfly Book. A Popular Guide to a Knowledge of the Butterflies of North America," by W. J. Holland, Ph. D., Chancellor Western University of Pennsylvania, and Director of the Carnegie Museum. Royal octavo, 48 plates in color photography, 183 text illustrations, pp. xx., 382, New York, Doubleday & McClure Co., $3.

In " Bob, Son of Battle," Alfred Ollivant has repeated the effect which Milton wrought in " Paradise Lost." He has drawn the reader's sympathy largely to his Lucifer; only, by a master stroke at the end, bringing interest to center in his almost too godlike hero. The good man—or dog—does not need sympathy, and human nature is ever prone to lean toward the brave sinner, leaving the virtuous to the solace of his own virtue.

Men, women, and children in Ollivant's new story, are merely incidental to the life histories of dogs—the world-renowned collies of North England. The tragedy of Adam McAdam serves chiefly to balance the tragedy of that horror of men and dogs —the sheep-murderer; and the triumphant winning of life's greatest prize, the Dale cup—the Shepherds' Trophy—is the victory of a dog. The intense interest of the story rests on the sagacity, the courage and the devotion of both the collie saint and the collie sinner. " A man's mither, a man's wife and a man's dog are his three best friends," and the shepherd knows the last is not least.

This volume will be sent postpaid to any address on approval by Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. Price, $1.25.

The heroine of " Armageddon," Stanley Waterloo's latest book, is an air ship. She lives in the 20th century and takes part in a great battle where all the nations of the world are arrayed on one or the other of 2 sides. Her history and the solution of many problems now vexing the people of the 19th century are strung on a slender thread of a love story which is evidently for stringing purposes only.

I don't know why Waterloo does these things when he can do others so much better. Perhaps he fears to trust his public and thinks he must write down to it. It is safer for a man of ability to lead his readers than to follow them. Waterloo writes with exquisite grace and sentiment of the wild dwellers of the fields and forests; his humor is fresh, gay and gentle; his poetic fancy airy and delicate. He should give full measure of these and leave stories to others. He has a right to develop himself along his best lines and the public will be more likely to follow than now.

" Armageddon " is published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.

There is but one " Standard " dictionary for Americans, and that is the old reliable Webster's Unabridged. Others may be published on new-fangled lines, but when we want to know something, and to " know we know," as the Persian proverb says, we turn inevitably to our dear old Webster. There we feel at home. We know exactly where to find what we want. We don't have to spend our time studying out some new system, devised by several hundred different men, each one apparently bent on obstructing our search as much as possible. Webster's International Dictionary, in its new dress, as published by G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., is fully abreast of the times and the indexed edition leaves nothing to be desired. I use it in my office and consult it 100 times where I look at any other dictionary once or not at all.

Bird-lovers will be interested in the new bi-monthly magazine, " Bird-Lore," published by the Macmillan Company, and edited by Frank M. Chapman, Assistant Curator in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, author of a " Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America," and " Bird-Life."

The Macmillan Co., 66, 5th Avenue, New York, have just brought out "Nature Study in Elementary Schools," a First Reader, prepared by Mrs. L. L. W, Wilson, Ph.D., of the Philadelphia Normal School. It is designed to teach little children to love and study Nature. The clouds, the winds, the birds, the flowers, the animals live in a new sense for the children. They hold gay little conversations, each revealing his mission among men and appealing to the fancy, the love and the sympathy of the child. This reader should prove an invaluable aid to all in the home or in the school who would turn the eyes and thoughts of children away from the mere second-hand knowledge of Nature, as taught by books, to Nature herself in her great playgrounds of the woods and the fields.

Mr. Hornaday's book on Taxidermy came to hand, and is the only good work of the kind I ever saw. A. B. Cameron,
Che-main-us, Vancouver Island, B. C.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

ADULTERATION OF FOODS.

A well known chemist says that wheat flour is subjected to a far greater amount of adulteration than all other flours and meals. In its physical characteristics it is a white, fine powder with only the slightest yellow tinge. To judge of the color the sample should be examined in thin layers, with a light not too strong. The flour should be free from acidity and its odor sweet and agreeable. When pressed with a smooth surface no bran should be revealed to the naked eye or the lens. The hand plunged into it should not experience a cooling effect. When pressed in the hand it should retain its shape for some time. A microscopic examination should reveal no foreign matter such as starches of other cereals, fungi or weed seeds.

The same authority says:

The practice of preserving various kinds of food in hermetically sealed receptacles has become so common that far more attention should be given to canned food which is on the market than it receives at the present time, and methods for its examination should be adopted. The appearance of the cans themselves should first be noted. The ends should be slightly concave, since the contents are sterilized by means of heat and a contraction of volume must necessarily follow cooling. If the ends of the can be convex, some decomposition is indicated. In the case of bottled goods, the pressure on the cork should be observed since even the slightest pressure tending to expel the cork is an indication that some decomposition has taken place after the goods were put up. Marked corrosion on the inside of the can is often an indication of the presence of metals in solution. No food which is capable of corroding metal receptacles should be preserved in them. In canned corn, corrosion may be sometimes due to the presence of sodium sulphite, which is added for the purpose of bleaching the corn. In such cases dark nodules of tin sulphid are also found at the edge of the can.

Coloring matter is also very commonly used, especially with food of a marked red or green color, such as tomatoes, catsups, some varieties of meat, peas, beans and pickles. The salts of several metals are often present, sometimes having been added intentionally, at other times due to carelessness or the use of improper receptacles. Among these metals the most important are copper, lead, tin and zinc. A slight amount of copper may be normal to many vegetables. A somewhat larger amount may come from the use of copper utensils; but if the utensils be kept clean, and ordinary care exercised in the preparation of the food, only a slight amount of the metal will be introduced in this way. The presence of more than 10 milligrams of copper per kilogram of the food may be taken as sufficient evidence that copper has been intentionally added. This practice is only resorted to for the purpose of giving a marked green color to foods to which a portion of the public has been educated to ascribe a green or unnatural brightness, especially peas, beans and cucumber pickles. Zinc has in a few cases been added for the same purpose, but its use as an agent in preserving the coloring matter has not become at all general. Its presence in canned food is very common. but is almost always due to its use as a flux in soldering.

Lead comes from the use of inferior tin plate or, more commonly, solders which are much too soft. The tin plate employed which is exposed to the contents of the can should contain less than 10 per cent. of lead. Owing to the lack of legislation on the subject in this country, however, the solders commonly used by our canners contain from 40 to 60 per cent. of lead, and not only is a large amount of this solder exposed to the contents of the can in the seams, but it often happens that one or more pellets of the size of bullets are found loose in the can.

Tin is frequently dissolved from the tin plate by strongly acid foods. It is probable that the amount of tin sulphid is much greater where the soldering or plate exposed to the contents of the can, contains a large percentage of lead. It has been suggested that this is due to electrolytic action.

THE VALUE OF BREAD.

Wheat is as ancient as civilization—probably as ancient as man—and it is the most important vegetable substance used as food. In its natural state it is enveloped in a thick, horny husk, so coherent with the kernel that when first ground, it comes forth as scales. Before it reaches the consumer as flour, it must be "bolted" and "dressed," and it is this last process which determines its value as a nutriment, for this process frees the kernel from the husk, and closely attached to the husk lies wheat's chief value as a nourishing food—the gluten, the mineral salts, and the phosphates, which, in the ordinary preparation of flour, are wasted. The finer flour is dressed, the whiter the bread it produces; and the whiter the bread, the less its virtue as the staff of life, which it has been aptly called, and which it is, indeed, when properly made.

Good bread is rich in nutritive principles. A pound of bread contains more solid nutritive matter than a pound of steak, and the secret of good bread lies in good flour. To thoughtless people flour is flour, but of late years, agreeably to the closer attention being paid to pure foods, there is a demand for flour containing all the nutritive properties of the wheat, which ordinary flours, for the reason stated, do not. Since the "whole wheat" flour is conceded to be so valuable, why is it not universally used? The principal reason is that, containing a portion of the husk, with its valuable gluten, it does not produce white bread, and such is the effect of sentiment and tradition that white bread is demanded, so that bakers are compelled to use all sorts of adulterants to produce it. If bread were but to look upon, this would be merely a matter of taste, but the fact is, thanks to this common use solely of the farinaceous portion of the wheat, that ordinary table bread may be compared to watered milk; the quantity is present, but the quality absent. Bread eaters, says an authority on this subject, will go on cheating themselves and their systems until they become more intelligent. It may seem a small matter, but, if children, who are great bread-eaters, be taken into consideration, its importance becomes at once apparent.

The remedy is in the use of a whole-wheat flour. There is such a flour now being put upon the market by the Franklin Mills at Lockport, N. Y. It is of fine, homogeneous quality, and of perfect digestibility, each pound representing a pound of wheat, minus the useless horny husk. The color of the bread from this "Fine Flour of the Entire Wheat" is of an appetizing and inviting golden brown. The bread itself is as delicious, light, and spongy as the skill of the cook in such matters allows. A flour like this may cost a trifle more per pound, but it is cheaper in that it produces bread of great nutritive value. The flour question is one that will bear further examination on the part of housewives, bakers, cooks, physicians, and all concerned with the manufacture or consumption of the article in any of its prepared forms.—Home Journal.

SAY DISEASE IS SPREAD BY BREAD.

The International Journeymen Bakers' Union has prepared a bill which has been introduced in the N. Y. Assembly, to regulate the hours of labor of bakers and to prohibit any work being done in bake shops between 6 o'clock Saturday evening and 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

It prohibits the employment in a bake shop of any person afflicted with tuberculosis, scrofula or any communicable skin disease, and forbids the exposure of bread or cake for sale in any place where it is liable to contamination by the dust of the street, or where in close proximity to any animal or vegetable matter.

Union No. 1 points out the danger to the public health in the conditions now existing in bake shops of the poorer class, where no supervision is exercised over the health or cleanliness of the employes, and in many of which men are compelled to sleep after finishing their work.

It is asserted that not 10 bake shops in New York observe the laws for the protection of their employes and their sanitary regulation, and that much disease can be traced to the use of bread made in improperly protected bake shops.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

Received the Cyclone camera you sent me as a premium, and am much pleased with it.

Ralph Willis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

WHERE TO GO.

Many worthy people want to go to Heaven when they die. I hope they may. Personally I would prefer a trip on the Clyde Line steamer to Florida, and I have a still stronger preference for going while I am yet alive.

Not being in the habit of flitting across the ocean with the frequency of a Richard Harding Davis heroine, I ventured with some trepidation into the Clyde Line offices at No. 5 Bowling Green to arrange for a Florida trip. I more than half expected to be scorned by the porter, snubbed by the clerks and all but annihilated by the office boy. Instead I was made to feel that the entire Clyde Line was my exclusive possession; that the employes lived only to serve me, and that I was to be practically the only passenger on the boat. General Passenger Agents are always called "genial." Why the transportation business should produce such an effect on a man is impossible to say, unless it be, it gives him an exceptional opportunity to shove people along and get rid of them. Admitting that by hypothesis, Mr. Warburton must certainly have exported even more people than the usual G. P. A.; for genial he is, to the highest degree. He not only smooths away all difficulties which oppose the passenger but even provides moonlight nights and calm seas, to order. It is not well to say too much about the comforts and luxuries provided passengers by the Clyde Line, lest I be mistaken for an ex-writer of guide books; but certainly their steamers furnish the perfection of traveling. The most desirable time to visit a resort is just when every one else thinks the season is closing. Then you own the place and the people. If you have a weakness for elbow room you can indulge it and peace will reign in your soul. The Cylde Line steamers are still running and Florida is only 3 days away.

Myra Emmons.

GRAND RAPIDS CYCLE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

If there is any concern which is more vigorously pushing the bevel-geared chainless machine than the Grand Rapids Cycle Co., it must be doing it quietly, and possibly not so effectively. This machine is the leading feature of the exhibit of the Clipper people. It is a beautiful machine. Its finish is golden tan, which combines exquisitely with the nickeling. Aside from the bevel gear and finish, the machine is mechanically excellent. It can be taken entirely apart without disturbing adjustments.

The method of adjusting the gear is so simple that one cannot make a mistake. You know that you want the teeth to mesh; therefore, you loosen the necessary nuts, push the parts of the gear together until they fit right, screw up, and there you are. Nothing simpler was ever produced in a chain-driven machine. The crank bearing adjustment is also made for those who don't want to puzzle over things. The head has an internal binder, and the method of holding the seat post comes under the head of happy discoveries, it is so simple and handy. It amounts to working a bolt on a cam principle.

The bevel-gear Clipper, like the chain-driven Clippers, has the best material throughout—no stampings—and tool steel bearings. In the chain machines, the bottom bracket includes a portion of the lower rear stay, elliptical in section, hard to describe in words, and very effective in resisting strains of all kinds in the rear stay. The Clipper rider who pulls and hauls, while climbing a hill, has the comfort of knowing the frame of his machine is doing the least possible amount of twisting, while at the same time it is elastic. This is no freak idea—just a horse-sense adaptation of mechanical knowledge. The machines are all fitted with the best of equipment—in fact, no stock fittings whatever are used. The company set out a good many years ago to be in business a good many years farther on, and expect to have orders then, as they have now, from old-time customers who want to know the dies for the parts of their machines are in the company's die-room.—The Wheel's New York Cycle Show Report.

"SARATOGA THE BEAUTIFUL."

One of the most attractive booklets of its kind yet produced is No. 22 of the "Four Track Series," published by the Passenger Department of the New York Central, and bears the above title.

It contains 56 pages, 4 by 9 inches and has 75 beautiful half-tone illustrations, the majority of which have never before been printed.

The cover is beautifully illuminated, and includes a map 4 by 9 inches, of the route along the Hudson river from New York to Saratoga.

In the center of the book is a new and beautifully engraved map, 9 by 16 inches, printed in 4 colors, showing the country from the Mississippi river on the West, to New York, Boston and Portland on the East, Quebec and Sault Ste. Marie on the North, and Richmond and Cairo on the South.

The historical and other descriptive matter is very interesting and will give to those unacquainted with Saratoga an excellent idea of the diversified attractions of what has long been termed "America's greatest watering place."

A copy of "Saratoga the Beautiful" will be sent to any address free, postpaid, on receipt of 2 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, G. P. A., Grand Central Station, New York.

PROSPERITY IN TEXAS.

There is a town called "Katy," on the M. K. & T. railway, near Houston, Texas. It is located in a wide stretch of rich, high prairie land, where cotton, corn, sugar and rice are grown in luxuriance. Fruits are also grown in large quantities, as the land is particularly adapted to their culture. Peaches, pears, plums, oranges and figs, all grow abundantly. They can be marketed 2 or 3 weeks in advance of the California crops, thus obtaining the highest prices.

Farmers raise 2 and 3 crops of vegetables each year and find a ready market for their products at Houston and Galveston. No section of the state offers greater inducements to the thrifty energetic farmer, nor affords better opportunities for the accumulation of wealth from small investments.

This country is famed for the mildness and equability of its climate, the productiveness of its soil, its adaptability to the cultivation of fruits and vegetables and its many advantages for the homeseeker and the settler.

HE GOT THE PASS.

The General Manager's office of the M., K. & T. Railway was recently favored with a visit by a stranger who insisted on seeing the General Manager. When asked what could be done to make him happy, he said he wanted an annual pass. Asked on what grounds he made his request, he replied that he was President of a certain railway. Mr. Allen had never heard of such a road, but consulting the guide, found that the road really existed, but told the gentleman his road was only 3 miles long, while the M. K. & T. was 3 thousand. The man said "Yes that's so, but my road is just as wide as yours." He got the pass.

Laflin and Rand Powder Co.,
99 Cedar Street, New York.

Gentlemen: I did not have time to try for high scores at the Sportsmen's Show as I was entered in 3 other matches, and as I was in the lead with the military revolver I devoted my time to the others.

I secured some cartridges loaded with your Sporting Rifle Smokeless during the show, and it was with that ammunition I won the championship. There was not a bad cartridge in the lot and I am positive I could improve my score by many points. I consider the U. M. C. .38 Service Cartridge, loaded with your powder, the most accurate ammunition I have ever used. I expect to use it in my outdoor work this season on the 50 and 100 yard ranges.

You are welcome to use my name in conjunction with a cartridge that has so many points of superiority over those loaded with black powder.

Yours truly,
Ashley A. Webber, M.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has lately issued a map of all its territory, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, on which is printed in red ink a series of notes as to the kinds of game to be found in each district along the line. This map is in the main correct as to distribution of species. Of course, it could not be absolutely so, but it contains a large amount of information of great value to any one who may wish to hunt or fish in any part of Canada.

This company has also issued a neatly illustrated folder, of 40 pages, entitled, "Fishing and Shooting in Quebec." This also contains a map showing the Canadian Pacific lines, and adjacent territory, from the Atlantic Coast to Minnesota.

Persons who may be planning a visit to any portion of Canada would do well to send for these documents. Please mention RECREATION.

Parker Bros., Meriden, Ct., makers of the celebrated Parker Gun. have issued their new calendar for March, 1899, to March 1900. Among the faces of 30 well known trap shooters and Parker enthusiasts shown thereon is that of Master Guy Grigsby, the 13 year old boy, who showed the Louisville shooters how to kill pigeons by stopping 49 out of 50 birds and winning the Louisville Handicap, with his 12 gauge titanic Steel Parker Gun.

A copy of this calendar will be mailed to any gun club, post paid, who will send their address to Parker Brothers, and to any individual on receipt of 10 cents to pay postage.

The Passenger Department of the Grand Trunk Railway has issued 3 of the most beautiful folders that ever came out of a printing office. They are descriptive of the Muskoka lakes, the Lake of Bays and the Georgian bay regions in Ontario. They are beautifully illustrated with half tone cuts of scenery in those districts, and these cuts are printed in tinted inks, affording a pleasing contrast with the black ink in which the text is printed.

These folders give a fund of valuable information as to where good hunting and fishing may be had, and every man interested in such sport should write W. E. Davis, G. P. A., Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, Can., and ask for copies of these folders, mentioning RECREATION.

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

IN ANSWERING ADS PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

REGISTERED DISTILLERY
No 2
BONDED WAREHOUSE No 1
BONDED WAREHOUSE No 2
HAYNER'S SEVEN YEAR OLD RYE
CAUTION
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO DISTILLERS AND IMPORTERS DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.
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FOUR FULL QUARTS,

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We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your $3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio." No other distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of **pure** whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton, or Commercial Agencies.

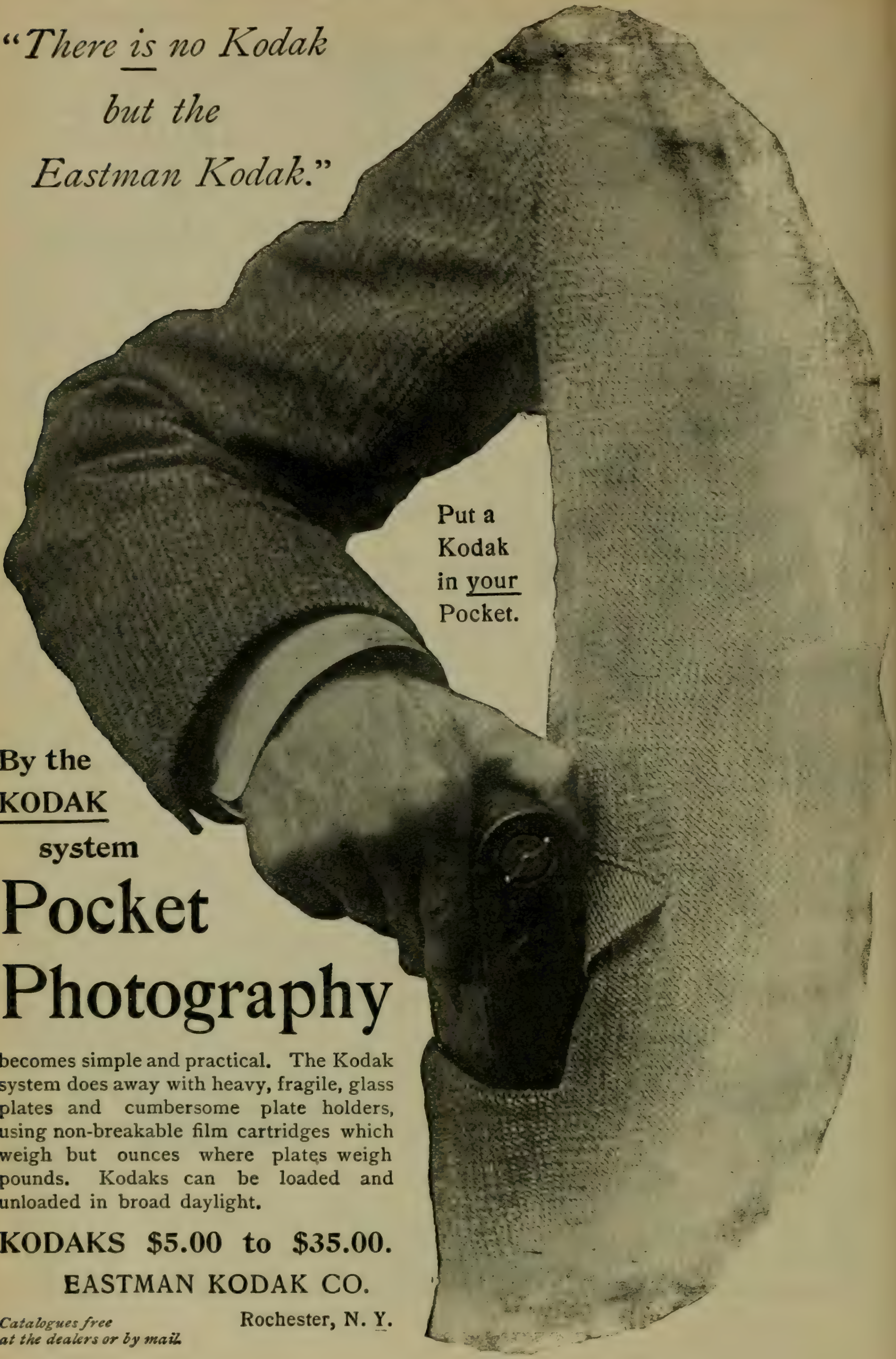
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO. 605-611 W. 5th St., Dayton, O.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Oreg., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid

Four Full Quarts For $3.20 Express Prepaid

We guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees to.—Editor.

"There is no Kodak
but the
Eastman Kodak."



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Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail. Rochester, N. Y.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

RECREATION'S FOURTH ANNUAL COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 3 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fourth is now on, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one opened on January 1, '99, and will close September 30, '99.

Following is a list of prizes:

First prize: A Reflex camera, 5 x 7, made by the Reflex Camera Co., Yonkers, N. Y., with Zeiss anastigmat lens, and listed at $80;

Second prize: A wide angle Wizard camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with double swing, size 6½ x 8½, and listed at $60;

Third prize: A Korona camera, series 2, 5 x 7, manufactured by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $27;

Fourth prize: A split bamboo fly rod, listed at $25;

Fifth prize: A lady's or gentleman's hunting case gold watch, listed at $20;

Sixth prize: An Acme Rotary Burnisher, made by the Acme Burnisher Co., Fulton, N. Y., and listed at $12;

Seventh prize: A Bristol steel fishing rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Ct., and listed at $8;

Eighth prize: A Baby Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded, one gross Eastman Solio paper, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen carbutt plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a year's subscription to RECREATION.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon, or Solio, of each subject, which shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

Write on back of each print the title thereof; your name and address; name of camera, lens, and plate used; size of stop and time of exposure.

HINTS ON THE MANIPULATION OF KODAK FILMS.

The following details of the method I have adopted in developing films, says an English writer, may be useful to amateurs.

Having experienced some difficulty in developing the films cut singly, I decided to try developing 6 at a time in a long dish. This I have found most expeditious and satisfactory.

My dishes, for a strip of 6, 4 by 5 films, are 26 inches long by 5½ inches wide, made of hard wood, well painted with waterproof paint, and a glass panel, 20 inches by 5 inches, let into the centre of the bottom of dish. This enables one to judge density of film without necessity of removing it from developer.

Provided with 2 such dishes and a box of Primus bromide pins, I have found the development of roll films a pleasure instead of a trouble. I have always used the Eastman pyro-soda developer, which, in my hands, has worked admirably; the only drawback to it is the liability to stain the fingers. This can, to a great extent, be avoided by always rinsing the hands in clear water when any developer comes in contact with them. It is when the pyro is allowed to dry and oxidize that the stains are caused.

When everything is in order in the dark-room, mix up the developer thus: 2 ounces No. 1; 1 ounce No. 2; 4 ounces water. (Note, only half the quantity of No. 2 is used.) Unroll the spool and cut off 6 exposures in one strip. Pin this with the bromide pins in developing dish. With a quick motion pour the developer over the film, rocking the dish, and seeing that the developer covers the whole of the surface. Particular notice should be given to the sides of film, as sometimes these curl up and do not get covered; but once they are covered, the whole strip lies flat. From the shape of the dish, gentle rocking causes the developer to flow evenly over the film. In most cases I have found the 1 ounce of accelerator sufficient to finish development. However, should any exposures hold back I finish off those that appear to be developing all right, cut them off, rinse in clean water, and pin them down in the other long dish, previously filled with hypo. If any now require more No. 2, pour back the developer into measure, add the necessary accelerator and continue development. I have found few that required more than the half quantity of accelerator, or cutting off exposures for special treatment. If the full quantity of accelerator is used in the first instance several films are sure to be lost through over-exposure. After fixing put the whole strip in a large bucket or tub and wash in several changes of water for 2 hours, occasionally stirring the films.

A convenient method of washing is to stand the bucket containing films in a sink, attach a piece of rubber hose to the water-tap, and reaching to the bottom of bucket, arranging it round the sides, so that when the tap is slightly turned on, a miniature whirlpool is formed. This keeps the films gently moving, and causes a continual change of water.

When washed, pin the strips of film to pieces of thin wood picture frame backing, each piece just large enough to take 2 strips of 6. These are most convenient, being light yet strong, and the films dry quickly on them. When dry, cut the strips up, and store them in a film storage album.

I can recommend these methods, and to those who, so far, have only "pressed the button" and left others to "do the rest," I would say give developing a trial, and not only will they find a saving in expense, but they will get double the pleasure from their hobby, and, I am sure, in many cases, better results, as more trouble will be taken where love and not money is the motive. The great point is to be sure and give sufficient exposure, and not to use the instantaneous shutter unless the light is such as to insure success. To facilitate this, keep a careful record of exposures, and always use it as a guide.

SINGLE TONER.

C. T. MEACHAM, in *Professional Photographer.*

Many photographers, thinking the single toner is a combined bath in which prints are fixed and toned at the same time, have condemned it without a trial. This is a mistake, as prints are toned first and then fixed. The single toner, if properly handled, will give results fully equal to the finest carbons made; saving all the delicate half-tones in the high lights, giving depth and brilliancy to the shadows, pure whites, and a permanent print.

First, the printing should be fully as dark as for double toning. Print until the half-tones begin to show strongly in the strongest high lights. Too light printing gives weak and bleached looking prints when finished.

Prints should be washed in 8 to 10 changes of clear water before toning; to thoroughly remove all free silver, handle prints over in each wash water. Letting prints lie in running water for an hour without handling is not so good, as some prints will not thoroughly wash.

After washing, tone in the following bath: water, 30 ounces; single toner, 2 drams; aristo platinum, 1 dram. Prints should be toned in this bath until all traces of red have disappeared from the deepest shadows. If the toning is not carried fully this far you will not get pure whites or clear shadows, but prints will come out, after fixing, a dirty, muddy green color, with no brilliancy.

Throw prints from toning bath into clear water until all are toned. Then wash in 4 changes of clear water, handling prints over in each water to thoroughly eliminate all acid before fixing. Then fix in a plain hyposulphite of soda bath, 18 grains strong to the ounce, hydrometer test, for 20 minutes, handling prints during the fixing to insure perfect results. After fixing, wash in 10 to 15 changes of clear water.

In many places the water is impure and red spots make their appearance. In trouble of this kind, add to every gallon of the first wash water 3 ounces of a saturated solution of sal-soda. Handle prints over in this water 5 to 8 minutes. It will do little good in any but the first water.

If prints, when put into the toning bath, bleach or cut out the high lights, spoiling the delicate half-tones, the addition of one to 2 drams of aristo platinum to the toning bath will remedy the trouble.

Prints should be thoroughly washed in 4 changes of water after toning, before fixing; as the toning bath is very acid, and if this is carried into the fixing bath, it is liable to cause muddy whites and produce prints with no brilliancy.

Never use your platinum tray for anything but single toner and platinum toning.

In working aristo junior and toning with single toner, print and handle just the same as if you were working aristo platino. This will give you an olive black tone, and when burnished the prints are much finer than warm tones toned in gold.

When bronzing shows in the shadows, after prints are finished, the best remedy found is the sal-soda in the first wash water. It softens the emulsion enough to allow the silver to wash out more freely in the heavy shadows, as well as allowing the toning bath to penetrate the heavy bronzed shadows, and thus remove the trouble.

Your toning bath can be strengthened by adding 2 drams of aristo platinum and one dram single toner, always watching your bath to see that it is working right.

All wash waters and toning baths should be kept at a temperature of 65 to 70 degrees during cold weather.

Last, but not least, use judgment in all your work and don't condemn toning solutions, paper, etc., because you do not have success. Remember others are working them successfully, and you should be able to do the same.

NOT STEREOSCOPIC.

I enclose 2 double views, made with Eastman's No. 2 Bull's Eye, on films 3½ x 3½. Are they not truly stereoscopic? View No. 1 was made October 15, '98, and shows part of the mill pond, waste weir and fish chute at this place. And by the way I worked 6 years, with petitions to the different boards of supervisors of this township before I succeeded in getting the chute put in. I also succeeded in getting one put in, in the mill dam, at Tompkins Center, on the same stream last spring.

View No. 2 was taken from the bridge, at Alpena, Mich., December 1, '98.

These views were made from the same negative in each case and are simply 2 prints from each, mounted side by side. They were printed on solio paper, and toned by the gold bath. They were not taken for the purpose of making stereoscope views.

I am deeply interested in amateur photography, and would like to see RECREATION'S photo department grow to 10 times its present size. If all will contribute a little, we can soon make it as large and as interesting as are the hunting or fishing departments.

I did some flash light work last winter, with good results. Have a number of unmounted 3½ x 3½ views taken here, and some taken while hunting last fall, that I should be glad to exchange with other amateurs. Am using a No. 4 Eastman's kodak and like it very much. Shall surely enter RECREATION'S amateur photo contest this year. Success to RECREATION in all of its departments. It is the best magazine in existence. H. T. W., Minard, Mich.

ANSWER.

No; the photos are not stereoscopic. Nothing is stereoscopic when seen through one eye or one lense. The 2 lenses must be about as far apart as are the ordinary human eyes, in order to make a picture stereoscopic. In other words the 2 prints must show the scene from slightly different points on the same parallel plane.—EDITOR.

MIX BRAINS WITH YOUR DEVELOPER.

He handed me a plate that was as black and thick as one's hat.

"What's the matter with that plate, Jack? Do you know, I can't understand it; nearly all my plates turn out that way. No, I am sure I have not over-timed them, for some of them were snap shots. How about the developer? Well, I use metol in the regulation proportions. The room is absolutely dark, and the lamp an ordinary ruby lamp."

"I'll go over to the house with you and develop one in your room and see the result."

We go in the dark room and lock the door. I light the ruby lamp and then look for white light, but find none. Then I place the lamp away from the developing tray, into the opposite side of the room.

"Why do you place it over there. How can you see what you are doing?"

"Did you develop those plates with that light streaming on them through the whole process?" I asked.

"Sure. It's a ruby light. Is it not all right?"

By this time the plate was developed in almost total darkness, only an occasional inspection before the ruby light, but always some distance away. The result was we had almost a perfect plate.

My friend now turns out good work and is ever pouring this advice into the ears of other beginners:

Never hold the plate too near the light when starting development. Very few lamps are good enough not to fog a plate, if held close. Keep as far away as you can. Look at the image only when necessary, and when looking, don't put the glass side close to the light; for, although the developer will slightly protect the top of the film, the glass does not protect the back.

Try the 2 ways and notice the brilliancy in the one you have kept in the dark, or some distance from the light.

G. R. C., New York City.

HELP YOURSELVES.

As an amateur photographer please allow me to register a kick. I find in RECREATION 73 pages given to the gun, to fishing, hunting and roasting game hogs; while amateur photographers are given but 2 pages. I feel hurt to see so little attention paid to photography, especially as I subscribed for RECREATION to get information along those lines. I would suggest,

1st. That you give amateur photography a more prominent place.

2d. That you exchange with some good photographic magazines and copy, giving them credit.

3d. That you should remember amateur photographers are human and the camera is, to them, as dear as a gun to the marksman.

I wish you every success with your fourth annual competition, and with RECREATION in general. Ed. Doran, Winnepeg, Can.

I should be only to glad to enlarge this department, if the amateur photographers would contribute to it as liberally as sportsmen do to the other departments in RECREATION. Even at the present length of the "Game Fields," "Fishing" and "Guns and Ammunition" departments, I get 3 times as much for each department, each month, as I can use; yet it is exceedingly difficult to get enough photo matter to fill 2 pages.

I do exchange with a number of photographic magazines and clip liberally from them, as you see, giving credit in each case. I should, however, much rather have original matter from my readers, and, although I have frequently urged them to write of their experiences in amateur photography, few of them have ever done so.

Suppose you set the pace for them, by giving me a lot of good matter.—EDITOR.

HOW TO MAKE IT.

I have been very much interested in Mr. Carlin's hunting with the camera. Have bought a camera using glass plates, and want to make a collection of good shots. "A bird on the card is worth 2 in the bag." Should like you to give me a good toning and fixing solution, with directions, to use after the prints have been made.

C. M. Huffman, Oregonia, O.

ANSWER.

COMBINED TONING AND FIXING BATH.

SOLUTION A.

Water	1 gallon.
Hypo	16 ounces.
Powdered alum	3 ounces.
Pulverized borax	1 ounce.
Sulphocyanide ammonia	1 ounce.

Take 2 quarts of the water, heat nearly to boiling; then dissolve the chemicals in it. When all are dissolved, add 2 quarts cold water. This must be made and kept in a stone crock.

SOLUTION B.

Pure chloride gold	10 grains.
Water	10 ounces.

To which add 80 grains acetate of lead, and shake until dissolved. Add Solution B to Solution A, a little at a time, and stir thoroughly. Let stand to settle; then filter the clear liquid for use. Must be cold before using.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

1st. Does it make any difference in developing a plate, if the developer is warm or cold?

2d. How long should it take for a properly exposed plate to develop?

3d. To enter your amateur photographic competition what kind of paper should be used?

4th. Should prints be mounted on cards and how many?

Frank J. Fry, Cornplanter, Warren Co., Pa.

ANSWER.

1. The developer should not be colder than 65° Fahr., and a better temperature is 70°.

2. It depends entirely on the exposure, the developer and the kind of negative you wish to produce. It is impossible to give a specific answer covering these various conditions.

3. In making pictures for the competition, you may use silver, platinum, carbon or bromide paper.

4. You should furnish 2 mounted prints of each subject. See conditions as stated at head of this department.—EDITOR.

NOTES.

The average user of a lens, and especially the beginner in photography, is usually at a loss to know what tests should be applied to a lens in order to determine its value for the purposes for which he wants it, or whether it contains defects due to poor workmanship, flaws in the glass, etc. The late catalogue of the Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., contains a series of 10 half-tone engravings, showing the appearance of these defects when they exist in a lens, and in addition a descriptive article telling how lenses are made in the B. & L. factory. Everyone interested in photography should get a copy of this catalogue, which contains 3 elegant photogravures, before the edition is exhausted.

Will some one please give me full instructions for developing snap shots. It would benefit me greatly, as well as many other amateur photographers.

C. R. Shumaker, Creston, O.

It is too long a subject to treat fully in this department. Send to the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., for a book entitled "Picture Taking and Picture Making." Price, 50 cents. Also for free circular on developing snap shots.—EDITOR.

To transfer photos to glass, flow damar varnish over the glass plate, and let it dry over night. Soak the photo in water, and when the varnish is tacky, carefully place the photo on it face down, and rub it on, expelling air bubbles. After the varnish is hard, rub off the back of the paper with the wet finger. Then dry and varnish.

E. D., Winnipeg, Can.

Polish your ferrotype plate or plate glass with French chalk; jar off the surplus chalk; place the wet prints on the surface you have polished and roll them thoroughly. They will never stick or discolor and you can always look pleasant. Your roast pork smells good. Send me a tail for a whistle. L. R. Mather, Utica, N. Y.

Why does not some enterprising company make a 3½ x 4½ printing paper for a 4 x 5 negative? It would save lots of time and trouble in trimming prints and would doubtless sell more readily than a 4 x 5 size would. C. F. Morris, Batavia, Ill.

Please give me directions for making a compact changing bag, for use when touring. E. G., Toronto, Can.

ANSWER.

See ad of John Huffnagle in this issue.

Do you develop plates to bring out clouds any differently from the ordinary?

A. G., Hartford, Ct.

Will some reader please answer?

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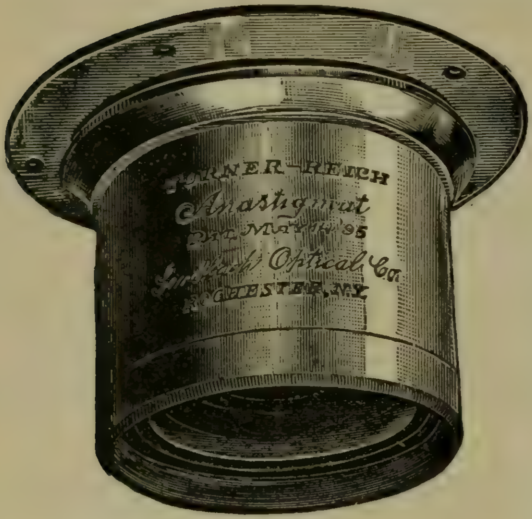
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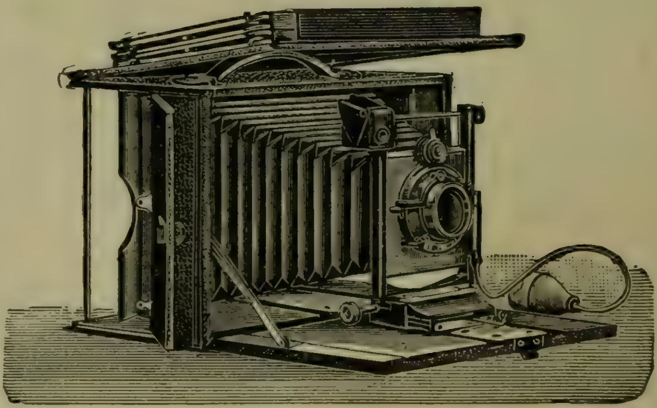

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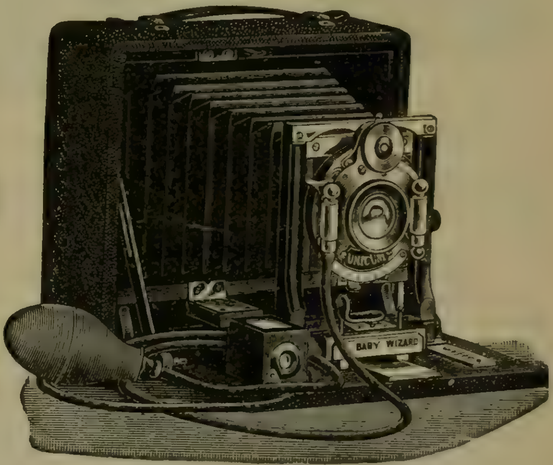

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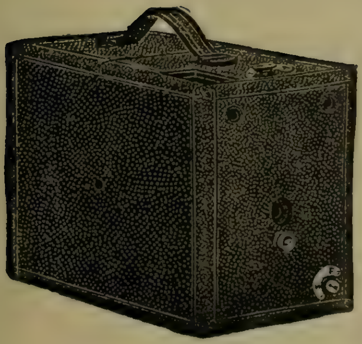

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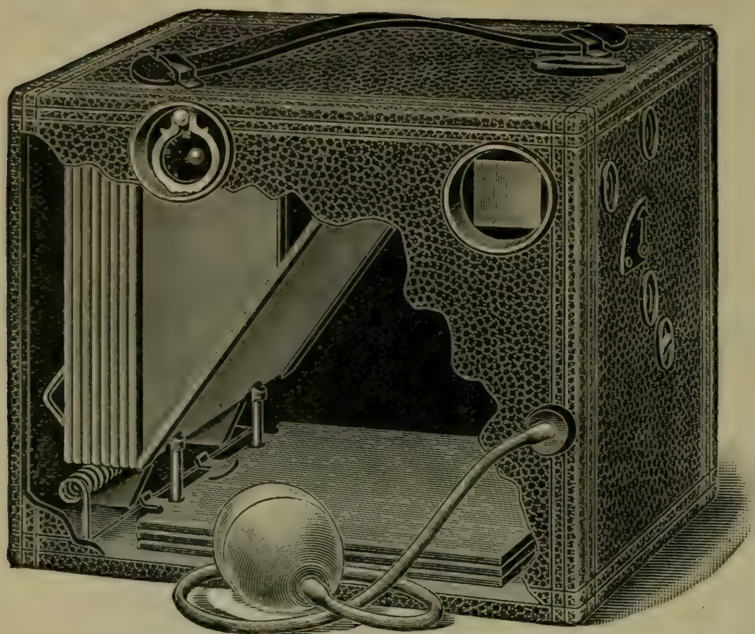

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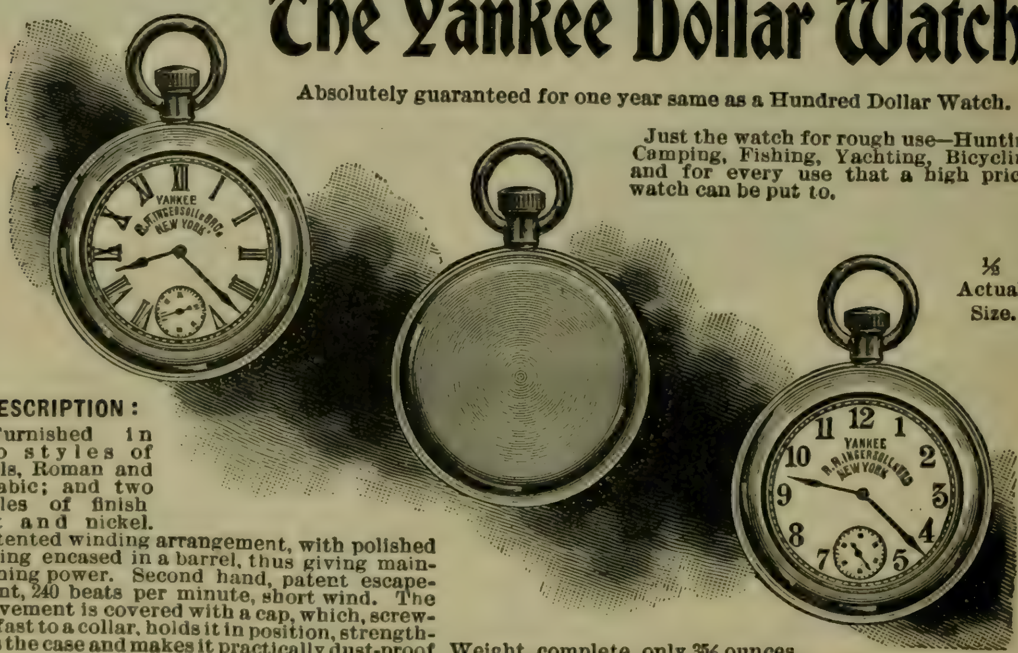

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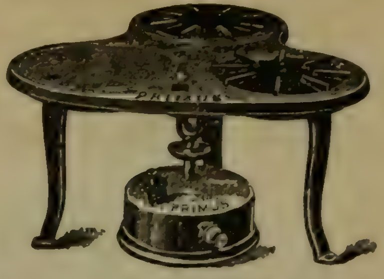

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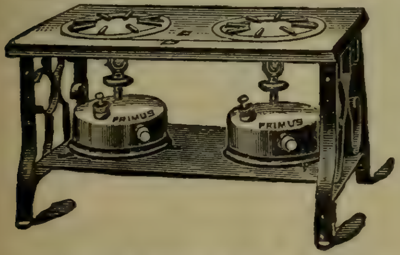

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It is by no means probable that any reader of RECREATION will ever give the **Primus** so severe a test as did the celebrated Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, on his famous voyage. His ship, the *Fram*, was equipped with **Primus** stoves, and when he left the ship to make his "dash to the Pole" on sledges, a **Primus** went with him. The following extract from "Farthest North" gives, in the explorer's own words, his estimate of its value:

Vol. II., page 128: "For the heating was used a gas-petroleum lamp known as the **Primus**, in which the heat turns the petroleum into gas before it is consumed. By this means it renders the combustion unusually complete. Numerous experiments made by Professor Torup in his laboratory proved that the cooker in ordinary circumstances yielded 90 to 93 per cent. of the heat which the petroleum consumed should, by combustion, theoretically evolve. A more satisfactory result, I think, it would be impossible to obtain.

"As fuel, my choice fell on petroleum. Alcohol does not by any means generate so much heat in comparison with its weight as petroleum when the latter is entirely consumed as was the case in the lamp used by us. **We took with us rather more than 4 gallons, and this quantity lasted us more than 120 days, enabling us to cook two hot meals a day and melt an abundance of water.**"

An Alaskan prospector, who has used a **Primus** for several months, writes to a friend thus:

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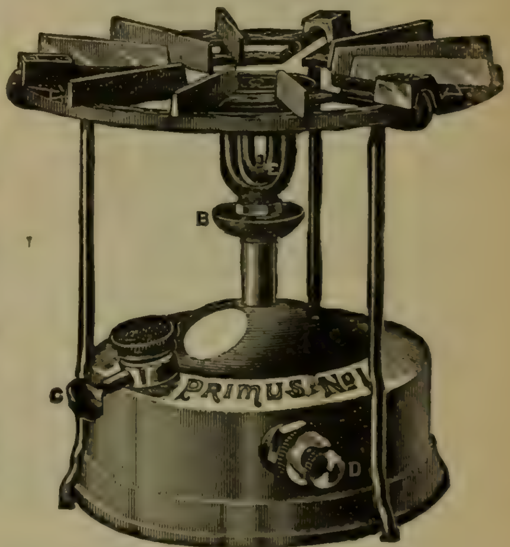

No. 103 STOVE
The type used by Nansen

Write for circulars and full particulars. Mention RECREATION, Address

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197 FULTON STREET
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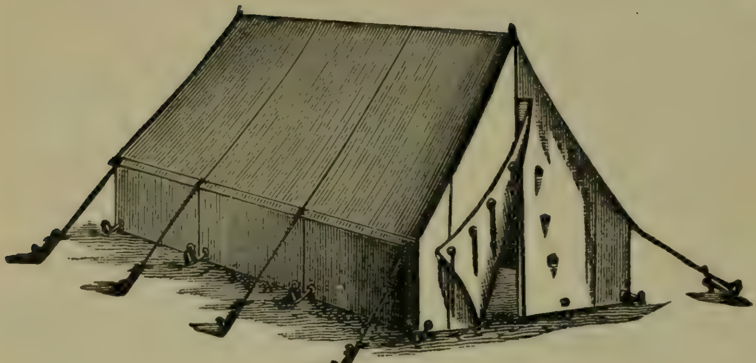
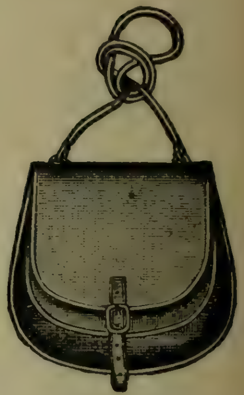
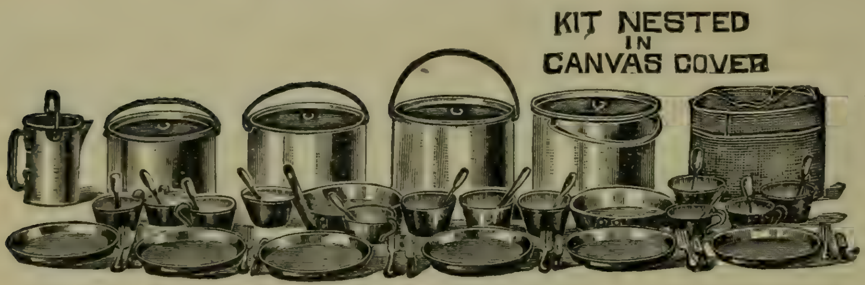
Articles for Sportsmen and Travelers



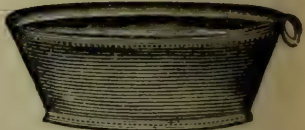
WATERPROOF TENT



AMMUNITION BAG


KIT NESTED IN CANVAS COVER

WASH BASIN



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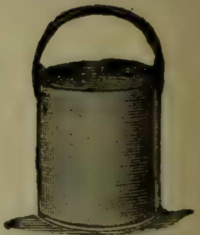
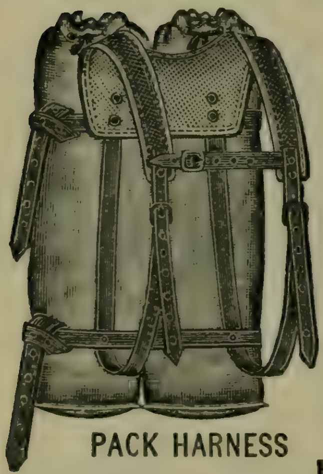


CANVAS BUCKET



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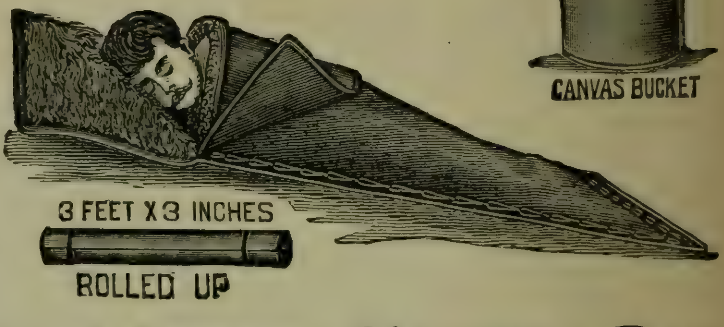

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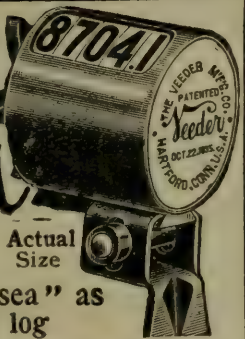

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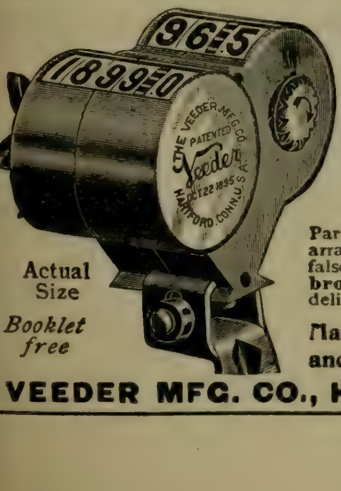

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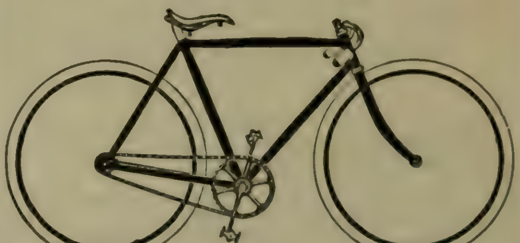

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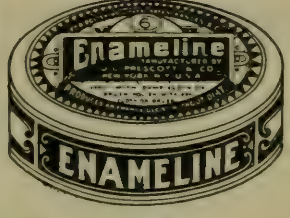

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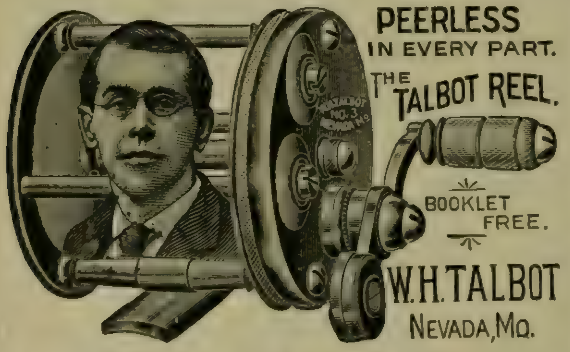

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Quails are plentiful here; so are jack rabbits and turkeys, in the Mazano mountains, 50 miles East of here. One can get a nice bunch of quails in 3 or 4 hours, if one knows the right locality. Ducks are numerous along the Rio Grande, but are hard to get at. H. C. D., of Denver, asks what rifle would be best for all around work in Arizona. I recommend the .30-30 Winchester.

Martin I. Mitchell, N. Mexico.

We have a new variety of game hog in Ohio. Last fall squirrels were quite plentiful, for this section. The weather was unusually warm. A party of hogs came to Whipporwill Hill, about 8 or 10 miles from here, to hunt squirrels. I cannot learn just how long they stayed, but when they departed they left over 150 squirrels rotting on the ground.

A. H. Parsons, Ravenna, O.

The Bristol Gun Club held its annual meeting January 2d and elected the following officers: President, F. G. Peters; vice president, C. E. Lathrop; secretary, C. C. Currier; treasurer, C. A. Hanks; directors, A. F. Gove, M. E. Abernethy, G. K. Prime; field captain, G. K. Prime. The club is in a flourishing condition, and hopes to build a house the coming season. G. K. Prime holds the club medal for rifle shooting.

D., Bristol, Vt.

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Manhattan
Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by
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From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th

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References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

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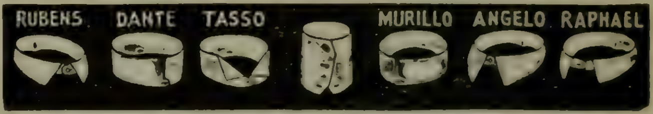

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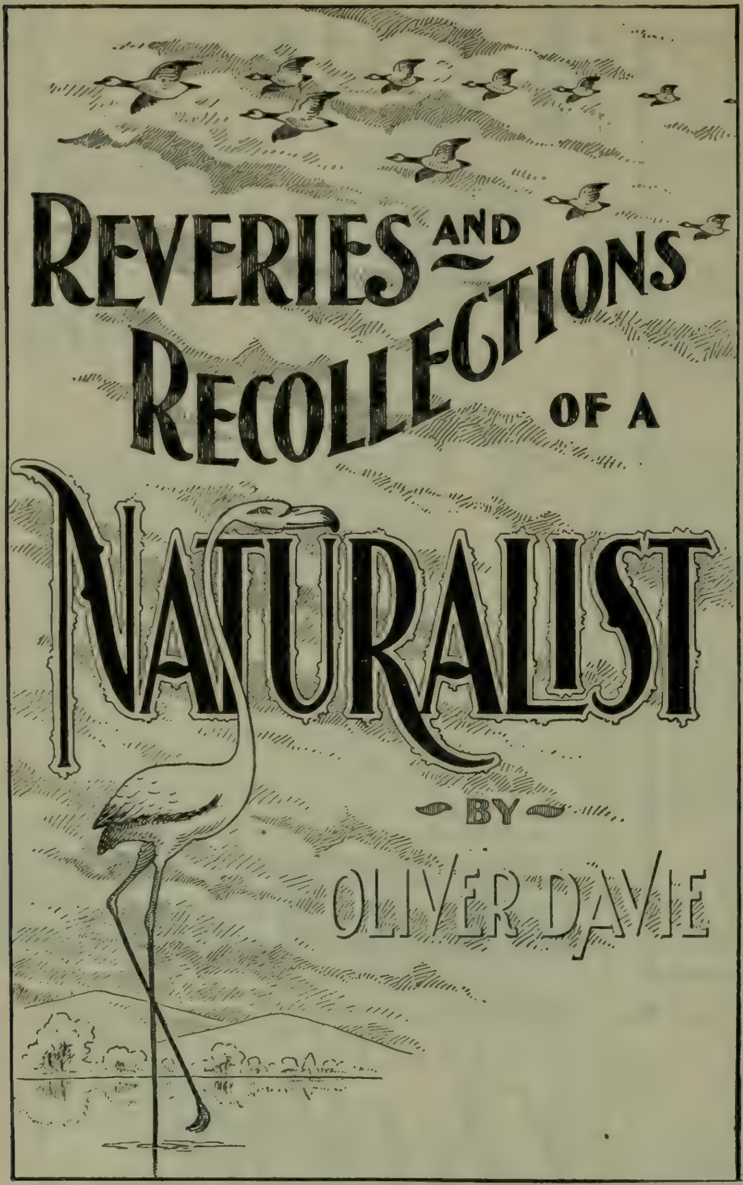

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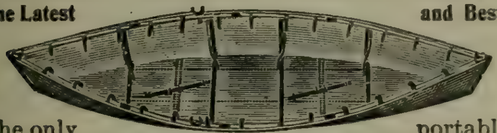

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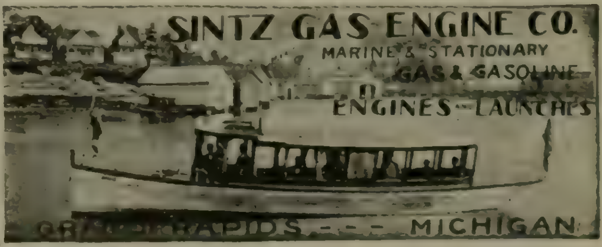

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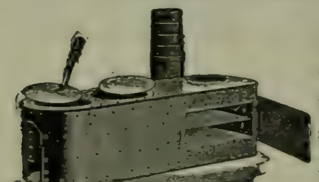

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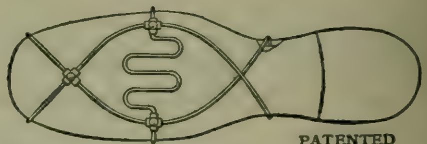

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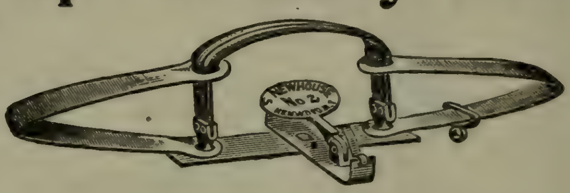

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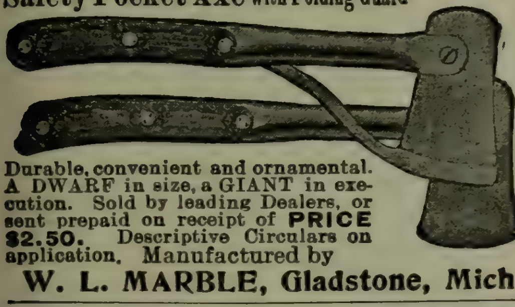
Safety Pocket Axe with Folding Guard



Durable, convenient and ornamental. A DWARF in size, a GIANT in execution. Sold by leading Dealers, or sent prepaid on receipt of **PRICE $2.50.** Descriptive Circulars on application. Manufactured by

W. L. MARBLE, Gladstone, Mich.

If you are interested IN **TREES** OR **WOODS** send your address to

R. B. HOUGH
Lowville, N. Y.

H. J. STOVER & CO.
CHESTER, CAL.

Exporters of

RAW FURS

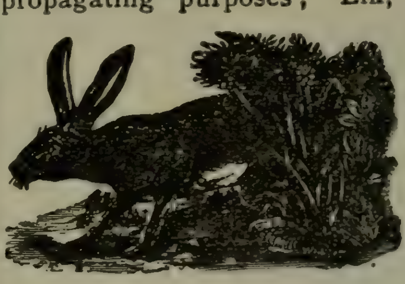
Ginseng, Cow Hides, Sheep Pelts, Deer Skins, Horse Hides, and Bees Wax

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST

I received my No. 2 Bullet Kodak and cannot thank you enough for it. It is perfectly satisfactory.

Gerald Bliss, Amherst, N. S.

FOR SALE: Living wild animals and game birds, for propagating purposes; Elk, Deer, Jack Rabbits, Fox Squirrels, Quails (Western birds only), etc. I do not handle dead game.



Address **CHAS. PAYNE**
Box 913 WICHITA, KANSAS

FRANK L. PETERSEN
JACKSON, WYO.

GUIDE

GRAND TETON DISTRICT

ELK DEER BEAR ANTELOPE

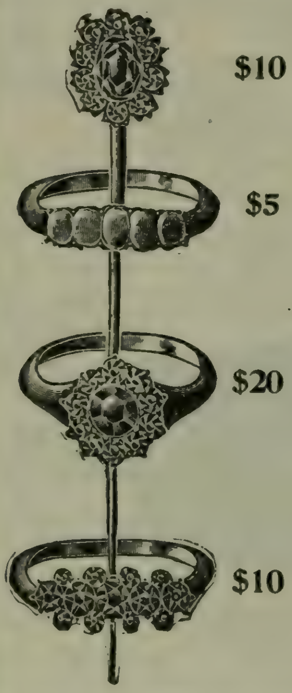
Terms reasonable. References furnished.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 2 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 2 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

MRS. T. LYNCH

1 and 3 Union Square ❦ NEW YORK

Diamond Importer and Cutter



These Goods are Fine White Diamonds and Real Opal Sapphire Pearl or Turquois center

The $20 Ring is worth $30

Seeing is believing

Send for inspection

DIAMONDS bought of us may be returned, at full price paid, within

One year

Jewelry or watches within

30 days

thus you are bound to be satisfied.

WRITE
FOR CATALOGUE
MAILED FREE

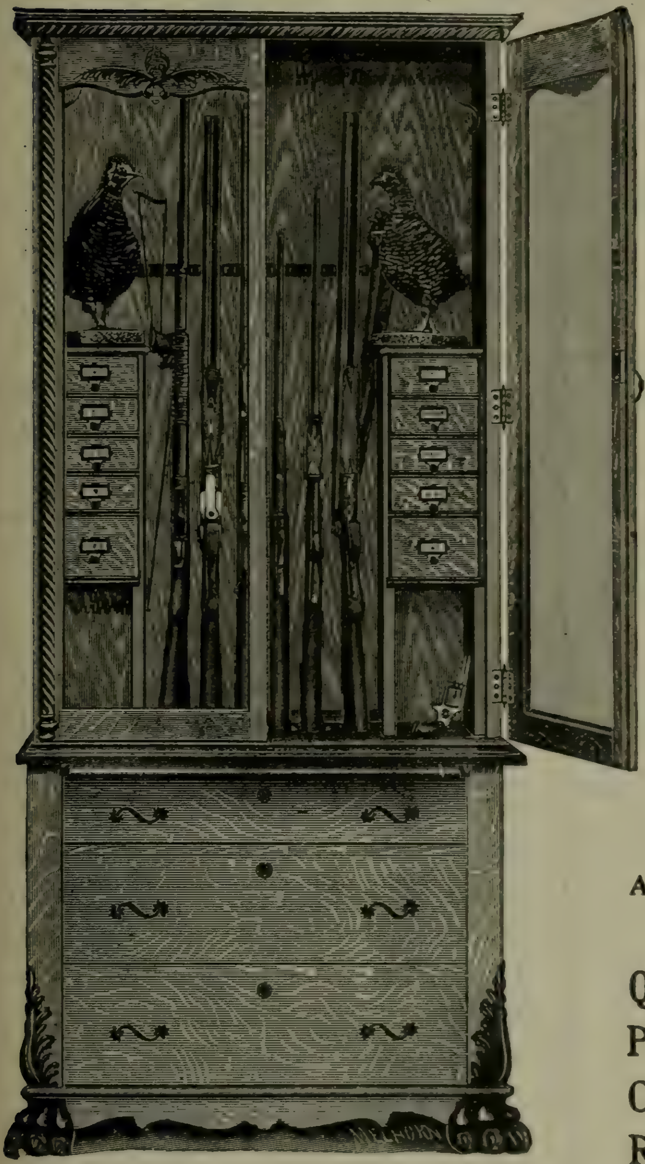
GOODS SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS MONEY BACK IF YOU MAIL IT AND ARE NOT SATISFIED

E. Howard, Waltham, and Elgin Watches

20 per cent. less than Wholesale List Price

Don't Hide Your Light Under a Bushel...

OUR LATEST



SIZE—82 ins. High; 37 ins. Wide; 16½ ins. D

No. 20—PRICE, $30

Well crated for shipment to all parts of the country. Taxidermist ornaments are not included.

Why not keep your guns and fishing tackle in a first-class Sportsman's Cabinet, where they will show off to good advantage, and are always neat, clean, and handy, as well as ornamental? What more could be desired than to have your shooting irons, ammunition, fishing tackle, etc., all in one cabinet of perfect construction, combined with grace, beauty, and a superb finish? Our new cabinet is a *fine* piece of furniture for any sportsman, and is admired by all.

It is a very substantial affair—will last a lifetime—and can be handed down to the next generation. Almost any sportsman can afford to invest in one of these cabinets at the low price, as there is a great saving in time, ammunition, etc., besides being a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." When you have a little time to take a jaunt, you simply unlock the glass door and take out what you want, without trying your patience rummaging from cellar to garret for various articles you cannot find and finally are compelled to go shopping to replenish. No true sportsman can afford to do without this cabinet.

Sportsman's Cabinet

A Place for Everything from the Rifle to the Fish-Hook

Quartered Oak Front
Polished Finish
Claw Feet
Rifle-Twist Moulding
Double-Thick Glass Doors
Writing and Loading Table
Large Enough for Eight Guns

SIZE OF GLASS, 28x45

WEST END FURNITURE CO., Manufacturers
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

CALIFORNIA.

S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

COLORADO.

F. W. Allen, Dotsero, Eagle Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout and grouse.
W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, ditto
Charles Allen, Gypsum, "
J. M. Campbell, Buford. "
R. W. McGhee, De Beque, "
W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

GEORGIA.

Sam. T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Stailey, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "

MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto
P. E. Young, Sherman Mills, "
Henry Gantnier, Benedicta, "
George Gantnier, Benedicta, "
James A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, "
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, "
George C. Jones, Carritunk, "

MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.
W. B. Croff, Young America, moose, bear, deer, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, etc.

MONTANA.

E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, ditto
Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, "
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, "
W. A. Hague, Fridley, "
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "
William Jackson, Browning, "
James Blair, Lakeview, "
George Whitaker, Gardiner, "
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, "
W. Jackson, Browning. "
A. H. McManus, Superior, "
Chas. Marble, Chestnut, "

NEW YORK.

H. M. Tacey, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Ernest W. Kinne, Mongaup Valley, Sullivan Co. ditto
Eugene M. House, Glendale, "
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails, snipe and salt water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, "
F. P. Latham, Haslin, "

OREGON.

W. H. Bowen, Camas Valley, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
E. L. Howe, Creswell, "

OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese, grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

PENNSYLVANIA.

W. W. Wikoff, Sinnamahoning, Cameron Co., deer, grouse and trout.
Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel

WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep antelope, grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
H. M. Coulter, Lander, "
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, "
Ira Dodge, Cora, "
Wm. Wells, Cora, "
A. S. Marshall, Cora, "
F. Allston, Basin, "
N. E. Brown, Ishawood, "
George N. Madison, Jackson, "
John Tate, Wise P. O., "

CANADA.

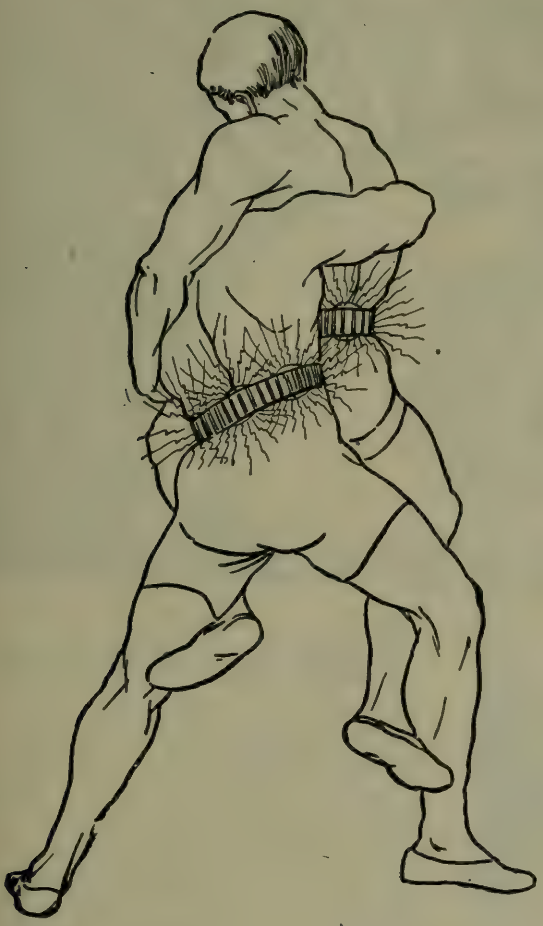
Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., elk, deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna P. O., B. C. ditto.
Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, trout and salmon.

THE proper study of mankind is dogs, and that study should begin as early as possible with you and the *DOG*. For the successful raising of youngsters, we have especially prepared Spratts Patent Puppy Meal, Orphan Food, ***ANTI-RICKETS*** Tablets and Puppy Vermifuge. With these you can't help raising strong, healthy ***DOGS***, and you may laugh at distemper.

Order through your dealer and send for catalogue to Spratts Patent Limited, Manufacturers of all kinds of Dog and Poultry Foods and Supplies, 245 East 56th St., New York. San Francisco Branch, 1320 Valencia St.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

Electricity Is Life



If a man's whole system is in an exceedingly nervous condition it does not by any means follow that he has been for years in the habit of taking insidious poisons with his daily food, which necessitate the swallowing of other poisons to counteract them. Neither, if he is prematurely aged, is it at all likely that a liberal prescription of drugs or quack medicines will renew his youth, like the famous fountain which Ponce de Leon never found. On the contrary, his condition is almost always due to lost vitality, which is not a drug, nor is it susceptible of being treated as a drug.

Vitality, as every man knows, may be drained from the system by indiscretions, excesses and indulgences, which occur at various times, but usually during the period of youth, when a man is surcharged to his fullest capacity with the animal electricity of life. And, once lost, there is no possible way of restoring it except through the medium of a similar electric current.

When we acknowledge the living truth that Electricity is Life and Energy and Nerve Force and Vigor, it is easy to see why it strengthens and builds up a weak, debilitated system.

During the past thirty years I have convinced over 100,000 men that these are facts. They have listened to me and have RECOVERED THEIR MANHOOD solely by means of my treatment. To-day there is not a single man of the entire hundred thousand who is not thoroughly MASTER OF HIMSELF, or who has not every reasonable assurance of LIVING TO REACH EXTREME AGE.

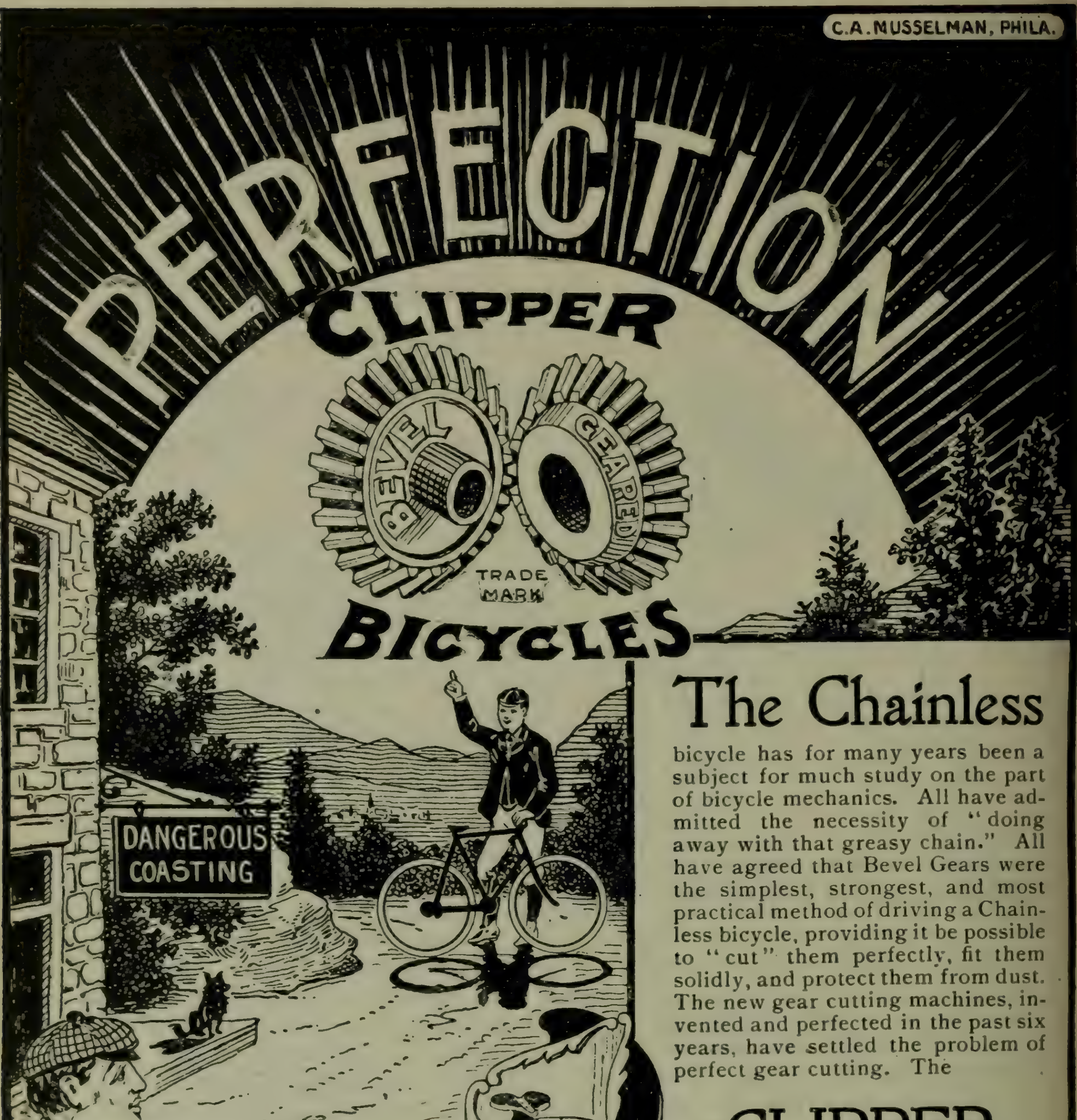
My treatment is the simplest that human experience has been able to devise. I have studied electricity until I know to a fraction the amount of current necessary to produce a beneficial result upon the human system, in a soothing and agreeable manner; for sudden and severe galvanic shocks often do more harm in two minutes to a nervous organization than it can recover from in months. This proper amount of current I store in eighteen little double element cells, which are secured in a comfortable waist belt, the whole weighing but five ounces. You put the belt on at night, take it off in the morning. Soothing, pleasant current through the weakened parts all night long—next day you feel refreshed, restored, a new man.

Consult me at my office, free of charge, or write for free book, "Three Classes of Men," which explains everything you wish to know, answers many questions which cannot be answered through the columns of a paper, and is sent in a plain sealed envelope.

DR. G. B. SANDEN

826 Broadway

New York City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PERFECTION
CLIPPER
BEVEL GEARED
TRADE MARK
BICYCLES
DANGEROUS COASTING
GRAND RAPIDS CYCLE CO. GRAND RAPIDS MICH.

The Chainless

bicycle has for many years been a subject for much study on the part of bicycle mechanics. All have admitted the necessity of "doing away with that greasy chain." All have agreed that Bevel Gears were the simplest, strongest, and most practical method of driving a Chainless bicycle, providing it be possible to "cut" them perfectly, fit them solidly, and protect them from dust. The new gear cutting machines, invented and perfected in the past six years, have settled the problem of perfect gear cutting. The

CLIPPER

way of generating, fitting and encasing the gears, has solved the problem of applying them to a bicycle. Clipper Bevel Gears will outwear any other part of a bicycle. As fitted to a Special Clipper, they will not bind, grind or rattle.

As a hill-climber the Clipper Chainless is a record-breaker. As an all-'round business and pleasure wheel it has no equal. At the new price ($75.00 for '99 models), no rider can afford to invest his money in "second-class" or last year's experiments. Send us your name.

"CLIPPER PEOPLE,"
M 132 Grand Rapids, Mich.

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

Jabon de Arnica.
Savon Dentifrice D'Arnica.
Arnica Zahn Seife.

The Only International Dentifrice.

The Standard for 30 years.

Preserves and whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums—sweetens the breath.

25c at All Druggists.

C. H. STRONG & CO., Props., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

For Sale: Ithaca hammerless gun, 10 gauge, one Damascus barrel, full choke, 30 inch; and one set London stub twist open barrels, 28 inch. Also complete set loading tools. Price for outfit $55.

One Marlin repeater model '92, .30 caliber. Rocky mountain front sight and sporting graduated rear sights; price, $10.50.

One Davenport ejector 12 gauge, 30 inch barrel, full choke, $7.

W. M. Dilsaver, Clinton, Ind.

Grand Rapids Cycle Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., has issued its 1899 catalogue and it is a beauty. These people always strive to excel their competitors not only in advertising, but with regard to building wheels, and they always succeed. This catalogue is a real novelty and should be in the hands of every man who rides a wheel, no matter of what make.

When you write mention RECREATION.

For Sale or Exchange: A fine telescope rifle with case. Weight 22 pounds. Cost $110. Good as new. Loading tools, complete. Want d. b. hammerless gun or goods of equal value to a sportsman.

Clayton D. Stoddard, Otselie Centre, N. Y.

For Sale: A .32-40 Winchester repeating rifle, .38-72 box magazine; A Winchester repeating rifle .22 caliber; A Marlin repeating rifle, loading tools for the .32 and .38 caliber shells; and sights. All will be sold cheap. Will sell separately or all together.

A. M. Johnson, Curtis, Nebraska.

For Sale or Exchange: A .25-20 Marlin rifle with Ideal reloading tools, canvas cover, costing $24, has only been used a few months, good as new. Will exchange for camera, Eastman 4 x 5 preferred. Must be a high grade camera.

S. C. Collier, West Liberty, Ky.

Wanted: The name and address of some one who imports and sells foreign rabbits. Address A. P. Cameron, Virlilia, Miss.

Trade Mark
Trade Mark
NO DO
NO DO
PIMOLAS
AND
BABY
PIMOLAS

The Daintiest, Most Piquant Table Relishes.

Wholesome, Delicious, Appetizing.

ONCE TASTED EATEN ALWAYS.

SEVILLE PACKING CO, NEW YORK.

EXCLUSIVISTS IN OLIVES AND OLIVE PRODUCTS.

FORK GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.

SOLD BY DEALERS, OR SAMPLE BOTTLE WILL BE MAILED ANYWHERE ON RECEIPT OF 15¢.

...THE "BRADLEY" FLY...

Tied on "Pennel limerick turn-down loopeye hook." The best in America or Europe. The best killer in all seasons, and the only one for late fishing for large trout. Rainbow and Ounaniche. Warranted stock and work. Price, 25 cents each. Address

H. W. Bradley, Romeo, Mich.

Wanted: To buy or lease several thousand acres of land in New England for a game preserve, and including a good stream for trout, where fly fishing can be enjoyed.

Address D. S., care RECREATION.

For Sale or Exchange: One Stevens Lord model target pistol, .32 caliber 10 inch barrel, a fine shooter, in perfect shape; for $5, or a .22 caliber rifle of standard make.

Elmer Breckenridge, Sta. A, Ashtabula, O.

For Sale: A Biderka or skin boat made by Alaskan Indians; length 14 feet; cost $75. Make me an offer. J. W. Gilboy,

642 St. Peter St., St. Paul, Minn.

For Exchange: A .32-40 Remington rifle, in fine condition. Would like to exchange for a camera.

W. R. Gray, Oakton, Va.

Wanted: To exchange or sell at lowest prices, first class mounted birds. Send stamps to

A. R. Smith, Pottsville, Pa.

For Sale: One grandfather clock, 97 years old, in running order; and other antique articles found in an estate.

M. W. Hill, New Milford, Conn.

Ernest W. Kinne: Sportsmen's guide for bear, deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.

Mongaup Valley, Sullivan County, N. Y.

L. L. BALES & N. L. DAVIS

HUNTERS AND GUIDES

For S. E. Alaska, Cook's Inlet and the Alaska Peninsula

Moose, Caribou, Mountain Sheep, Mountain Goats, Bear, Deer, Shore Birds and Waterfowl

LIVE WILD ANIMALS. TAXIDERMY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Information furnished as to Mill Sites, Timber, Locations for Salmon Canning and Trapping

Address, JUNEAU, ALASKA

References: Lieut. G. T. Emmons, U. S. Navy, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.; Hon. Will D. Jenkins, Sec. of State, Olympia, Wash.; G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

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Ancient Pueblos, Cliff-dwelling Ruins, Mummies and Pottery of the Ancients, Cacti, etc.

Also Photographs of Indians from every tribe in the Southwest. Send for list.

O. G. MYHRE, Silver City, N. M.

CAMP KITTIE

On Loon Lake, near Beaver River Station, N. Y., Mohawk & Malone Ry.

Will be rented to hunting and fishing parties, during season, for periods of one week or longer. No guides necessary.

Best Trout and Deer Region in the Adirondacks
Near junction of the famous Red Horse Chain and Beaver River

Will be glad to answer any inquiries regarding this delightful country. Address
H. F. DOWN, Johnstown, N. Y.

For Sale: Nickel in the slot Graphophone, and one dozen records, in first class condition. Cost, $55. Will pay for itself in one year if kept in public place. Will sell for $35 complete.

J. D. Joslin, Newark Valley, N. Y.

For Exchange: Universal Hammond typewriter with 2 type shuttles in first class condition; for a Zeiss Anastigmat Lens, No. 4 Series IIa fitted to Iris diaphragm shutter, or any other lens of equal value. Address, F. Boyd, c|o Lock Box 108 Black River, N. Y.

For Sale: Liberty bicycle, $12; Bailey air rifle, $2; .22 caliber Stevens, $8; .22 caliber Marlin repeater, $7.50; No. 4 Kodak D. P. and film, $12.50; liver colored pointer dog, broken, $20.

F. E. Wood, Box 200, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

For Sale or Exchange: Fine mandoline, cost, $35. Large apollo harp, $21. Want 12 grade gun or a good rifle.

E. Redden, Hard Road, Brookline, Mass.

In making remittances to this office, please use New York draft, or money order. Checks on out of town banks cost me 10 cents each to collect.

ACME

BICYCLES

Direct from the factory to the rider at WHOLESALE PRICES.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS.

If you want to save agent's profits and secure a **High Grade Bicycle** at

MANUFACTURER'S PRICE,

write for catalogue showing eight beautiful models with complete specifications. **GUARANTEE: REPAIRS FREE AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED.**

Acme Cycle Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Wanted: Permission to put up a tent on someone's private grounds, within inclosure, on outside of Long Island, where good surf bathing can be had, and within 1 hour of New York.

Tent to be occupied nights and Sundays, by self only. Would want meals at some nearby house.

Address, S. G., c|o RECREATION.

For Sale: One .30-40 Winchester, one .30-30 take down plain pistol grip, 2 .25-35 plain pistol grip, one .32-40 target rifle, Winchester, with double set trigger, target sights, etc., one .25-35 Ideal adjustable mould. The above guns are new and unused and will be sold at a bargain.

Dr. P. Brickbauer, Plymouth, Wis.

To Exchange: I have 2 new pianos of standard make, will sell at wholesale price, and take as part payment, combination tandem (new), folding canvas boat or second hand gasoline launch in good repair, or what have you.

F. L. Sanford, 1032 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

For Sale: One Winchester single shot rifle .40-82, and reloading tools, all as good as new. Price, $7.50. Address,

Matt Walklin, Jr., Watertown, S. D.

1899-35th-1899
Annual Statement
OF THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE COMPANY

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000

ASSETS

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums,	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES

Reserve, 4 per cent. Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Installment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE

LIFE DEPARTMENT

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

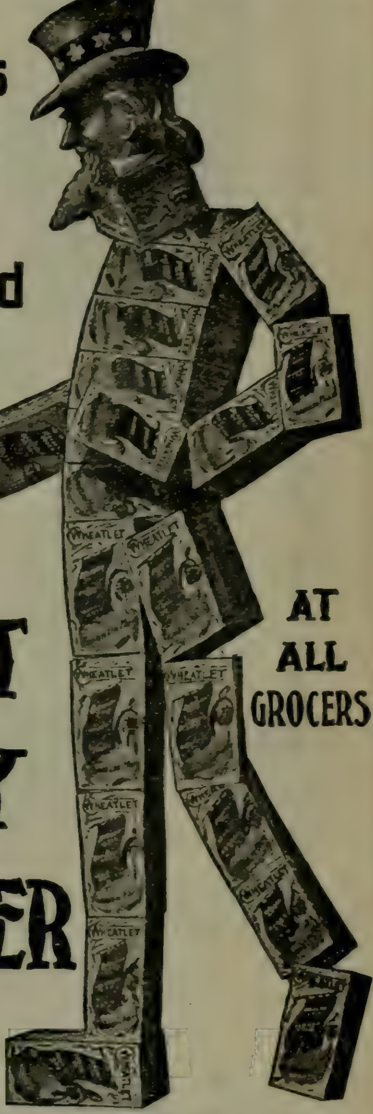
Totals

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

UNCLE SAM'S

marvellous expansive growth can be attributed to



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AT ALL GROCERS

WHEATLET

IT IS THE BREAKFAST FOOD...........

......that thoughtful minds have been waiting for. It is *all* food—comprising the gluten and phosphates of whole wheat, discarding all woody and fibrous bran. You can depend upon its cleanliness.

Our booklet, mailed free on request, explains and illustrates the remarkable food properties of Entire Wheat properly milled. Send for it.

Wheatlet
SUPERIOR OATMEAL
FRANKLIN MILLS CO.

If your grocer does not keep Wheatlet have him order some for you, or send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied. Avoid substitutes.

The genuine is sold in 2 lb. packages and is made only by the

FRANKLIN MILLS CO., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

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LAKE
SHORE
& MICHIGAN
SOUTHERN
RAILWAY

Perfect Traveling.

The kind that enables you to arrive at your journey's end with a feeling of undisturbed enjoyment; a trip on which you can sleep well, dine well, be comfortable and receive courteous treatment; a journey of pleasant recollections.

Perfect Traveling.

The kind provided by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry., between Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, Boston. A copy of "Book of Trains" sent free to any address by

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

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CAMPING OUT GRAND SCENERY

HEALTH GIVING, NATURAL SPRINGS
PURE, INVIGORATING AIR

ALL FOUND IN

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Spend Your Summer Vacation at one of Idaho's Charming Resorts

SODA SPRINGS
HAILEY (Hailey Hot Springs)
KETCHUM (Guyer Hot Springs)
BOISE CITY
SHOSHONE FALLS (Niagara of the West)

All of which are immediately on the line of the

Oregon : Short : Line : Railroad

THE BEST LINE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

S. W. Eccles, Gen. Traffic Mgr.
D. E. Burley, Gen. Pass. Agt.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

RECREATION THAT RE-CREATES

Take Your Next Vacation in the

New Summerland

COOL, RESTFUL

NOVA SCOTIA

The most popular and direct route is by the

YARMOUTH LINE

Fast Mail Express Steamers sail from Lewis Wharf, Boston, at 12 noon, every Tuesday and Friday, connecting at Yarmouth by boat and train for all points in the Maritime Provinces.

Additional sailings during the Summer months.

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YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO.
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SHORT SPRING VACATIONS

You will find attractive resorts at

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All of these places offer ideal hotel accommodations and great natural attractions.
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W. L. GUILLAUDEU, Vice-Pres. and Traffic Mgr.

J. A. HASKELL, PRES. A. W. HIGGINS, SECY. H. M. COHÛ, TREAS

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P. O. BOX 2308 **99 CEDAR STREET** QUOTATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

Mr. G. O. SHIELDS, Publisher,
19 West 24th Street, New York

New York, March 31, 1899

Dear Sir:—It affords us pleasure to endorse RECREATION as an advertising medium of unusual merit. While our position on an inside page of your magazine is hardly what we would like, our returns prove conclusively that the ad. is read by hundreds of sportsmen. We sincerely believe our powder is the best made; but as it is new, we realize that the public must be told of its merits. As a medium of accomplishing this RECREATION stands in the front rank.

Very truly,

H. M. COHÛ, Treasurer.

DELAWARE AND HUDSON R.R.

The most direct line to the best Adirondack and Canadian fishing-grounds

THE LEADING
CARRIER OF
SUMMER
TOURISTS

The Shortest, Quickest, and Best line between

NEW YORK
and
MONTREAL

Send 4 cents postage for illustrated Summer Hotel and Boarding-House list, descriptive of Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Sharon Springs, The Adirondack Mts., etc.

H. G. YOUNG,
2d Vice-President.

J. W. BURDICK,
Gen. Passenger Agt.,
Albany, N. Y.

LEAVE NEW YORK

5.30 P. M.

ARRIVE CHICAGO

4.30 P. M. next day,

by the New York Central's "Lake Shore Limited." The most comfortable and luxurious long-distance train in the world.

1,000 MILES IN 24 HOURS

A booklet on the "Lake Shore Limited," containing also a novel and unique descriptive time table of this wonderful train, will be sent free by addressing George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

C&O ROUTE

F.F.V. LIMITED

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

95% On Time

Between

New York . Philadelphia
Baltimore . Washington
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St. Louis and Chicago

Dining Cars . . .
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Strictly . . .
up to Date

Grandest Scenery in America

H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

...To "the" Pleasure Resorts of...

Texas and Gulf of Mexico

TAKE

THE MK AND T
MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

Via CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, or ST. LOUIS

WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPERS
FREE "KATY" CHAIR CARS

For further information, address
W. S. ST. GEORGE, Gen. East. Agt.
309 Broadway, New York

Uncle Sam, M.D.
AND HIS
GREAT SANITARIUM
AND PLEASURE RESORT
IN THE HEART OF THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

Hot Springs Ark.
COMMONLY KNOWN AS
THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

ELEGANT HOTELS, SUBLIME SCENERY,
DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE, HEALING HOT SPRINGS,
WITH FOUR OTHER NOTED SPRINGS WITHIN SIX MILES.

Descriptive and illustrated pamphlets *mailed free of charge* on application to any representative of the IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE, OR TO

H. C. TOWNSEND,
GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNEQUALED ATTRACTIONS

ON THE LINE OF THE

Union Pacific

FOR TOURISTS

It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

Sportsmen will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

For Gun Club Rules, Game Laws, and any information relative to localities for Hunting, or for information in regard to the UNION PACIFIC R. R., call on or address any General or Traveling Agent of this Company.

R. TENBROECK, Gen'l Eastern Agent,
287 Broadway, New York City

E. DICKINSON, General Manager
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E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
OMAHA, NEB.

HAWAII,

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Via the shortest transcontinental route — The New York Central, "America's Greatest Railroad," connecting directly with every line across this continent — the great through-car line between the East and the West. Complete information from New York Central Ticket Agents.

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel," send one 2-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Decorate

YOUR DEN
YOUR DINING-ROOM
YOUR HALL
YOUR OFFICE

WITH A SET OF *RECREATION'S* WONDERFUL

Photographs of Live Wild Game

The most beautiful collection of flash-light and daylight photographs of live wild game ever made. : : : : : : : : :

First.....
Recreation's Daylight Series of Wild Game Pictures

Second....
Recreation's Midnight Series of Wild Game Pictures

* * *

Bromide Enlargements from Glass Negatives

12 x 17 inches, $3.50 each — 18 x 24 inches, $5.00 each

* * *

Send for catalog with full particulars and reduced cuts of a few of the pictures

Address RECREATION
19 West 24th Street - - New York

I live in one of the best sections of Maine for fishing and hunting. Although this place is not so well known as the famous Rangeleys, yet there is always a rush when the ice clears from Lake Webb. This is a pretty lake 6 miles in length by 2 in breadth, and furnishes trout, salmon and black bass fishing in abundance. In the fall we have as good deer, grouse and woodcock shooting as can be found in the state. During last season 52 deer were killed within the limits of this town. Any one who wants rest or sport would do well to try Weld and Lake Webb. I heartily approve of the roastings you give the game and fish hogs.

Lester L. Jones, Weld, Me.

Is Your Gun Worth Saving?
Is Your Time Worth Anything?

The Gun Bore Treatment

WILL SAVE BOTH

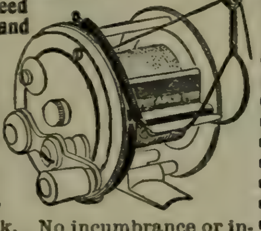
It is an absolutely effective and permanent protection against the **Rusting, Pitting** and **Leading** of the bore of Firearms.

Stop Cleaning Your Gun!

If this interests you, write to the

GUN BORE TREATMENT CO.

7 and 9 Warren St., NEW YORK



Anti=Tangle Reel

Attachment

$1.00 for Perpetual Guaranteed Insurance Against Knots and Tangles in Your Line.
A JEWEL FOR EXPERTS—A BOON TO AMATEURS.

Makes every cast perfect—keeps line dry and taut. Can play your bait the instant it strikes water—makes an even laid spool—saves time, temper and bait. Casts a water-proof line as easy as braided silk. No incumbrance or interference—**Instantly put on or Removed.**

Send for further particulars, fully and simply explaining it or send your reel and $1.00 and we will affix attachment complete, free of any extra charge. No delay. We return your reel same day. We refer to Waukegan Banks, and Business Houses or publishers of this periodical.

AMET & MAYER WAUKEGAN, ILLS.

Mistress Mary of advice never chary,
What's the best kind of vacation?
Go out and have fun,
And live in the sun,
And hunt with a camera instead of a gun.
For what you need is RECREATION.

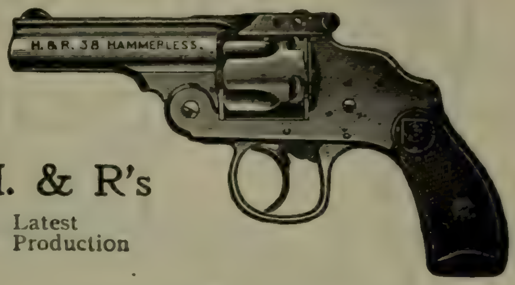
H. L. L.

Will some one please tell me how the hunting and fishing is in and about Springer and Las Vegas, New Mexico, and what the climate is?

E. W. Wagoner, Emporia, Kan.

IT IS A BEAUTY

And the price is just as attractive


H. & R. 38 HAMMERLESS.

H. & R's
Latest
Production

A NEW *Hammerless Revolver*

❧ ABSOLUTELY SAFE ❧

Ask your dealer for our Revolvers and insist on getting them.

❧

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.
WORCESTER, MASS., U. S. A.

Descriptive Catalogue "R" free on request.

Sweeping Victories

With

Peters Cartridges

At the Fifth Annual Sportsmen's Exposition Tournament, at New York, March 2–15, Nine of the Twelve Winners used this Ammunition.

Peters Cartridges, loaded with King's Semi-Smokeless Powder, means the Highest Development of Modern Ammunition

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Eastern Branch, 80 Chambers St., New York

All Readers of Recreation

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FISHING TACKLE or GUN GOODS or PHOTO GOODS or BICYCLE and GOLF GOODS

If we sell you these in all their great variety of patterns, of FIRST QUALITY, at MUCH LOWER PRICES than you have been paying, you will buy of us and say "thank you."

Will you not?

You can get Split Bamboo Rods of us at 75 cents; Flies at 24 cents a dozen; 3-ply Snelled Hooks at 16 cents a dozen; Rifles at $1.75, and Cameras at 50 cents. But we don't make any hurrah about it for that is all they are worth. We don't want you to buy such stuff.

What we do *emphasize* is the fact that we furnish high-grade Sporting Goods at LOW PRICES.

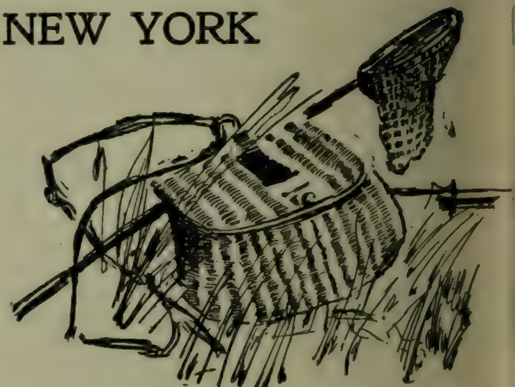
Our illustrated catalog gives full information. Send for it. A proper use of it will save you lots of money. Do us the favor to send for it NOW. Mention RECREATION.

Our Photo Department is in charge of an expert, and our stock is very large and up to date. Chemicals a specialty.

Cornwall & Jespersen

310 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

Send now for a sample dozen of our best Trout Flies (with gut helper, turned wings). They will cost you 72 cents.



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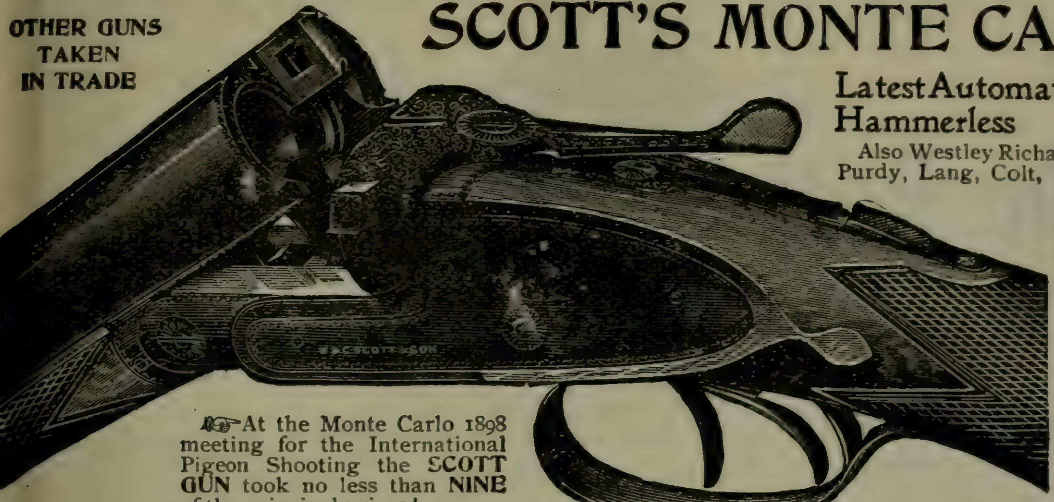
All the Prominent
ENGLISH and AMERICAN
MAKES

SCOTT'S MONTE CARLO

OTHER GUNS
TAKEN
IN TRADE



Latest Automatic Ejector
Hammerless

Also Westley Richards, Greener, Purdy, Lang, Colt, Parker, L. C. Smith, J. P. Clabrough & Johnstone, etc.

Send for Catalogue and Second-Hand List of Guns

☞At the Monte Carlo 1898 meeting for the International Pigeon Shooting the **SCOTT GUN** took no less than **NINE** of the principal prizes!

Also send 10 cents in stamps for our new and beautifully illustrated ART CATALOGUE of fine

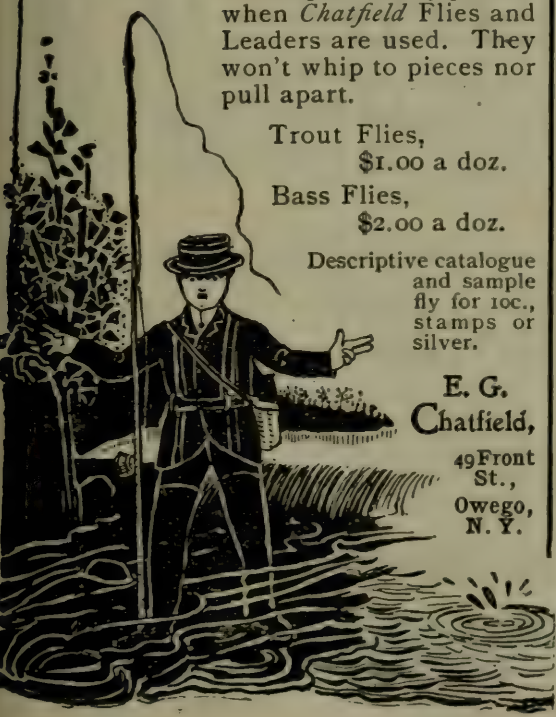
Fishing Tackle, Golf Goods

Also fine Swedish Leather Jackets

tan color, impervious to cold and wet, finest garment made for any one exposed to weather.

Established 1826 **WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., Boston**

The Stories
That are Told



can be practically proven when *Chatfield* Flies and Leaders are used. They won't whip to pieces nor pull apart.

Trout Flies,
$1.00 a doz.

Bass Flies,
$2.00 a doz.

Descriptive catalogue and sample fly for 10c., stamps or silver.

E. G. Chatfield,
49 Front St.,
Owego, N. Y.

SMALL PROFITS ∴ QUICK SALES

Trout
Flies

FOR TRIAL SEND US

15c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, **24** cents	Quality A Flies
30c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, **60** cents	Quality B Flies
60c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, **84** cents	Quality C Flies

Split Bamboo RODS

Fly Rods, 10 feet, 6 ounces,
Bait Rods, 9 feet, 8 ounces,
With Cork Grip 60c.

TRY OUR NEW
Braided Silk, Enameled, Waterproof
METAL CENTRE LINE

Size No. 5, 4½c. per yd.
Size No. 4, 5½c. per yd.
Put up in 10-yard lengths, connected

THE H. H. KIFFE CO.
523 Broadway, New York

TACKLE catalog free on application.

The Automatic=Combination Reel

Free=Running and Automatic. Instantly Interchangeable

The Reel of '99...

Free=Running—Any kind of cast can be made with it.

Automatic—Winds the line automatically by the action of a spring controlled by the little finger of the hand holding the rod. ("The little finger" still "does it.") Impossible for a fish to get slack line with this Reel, no matter what his maneuvers may be.

Key=Winding—Spring re-wound or tension increased by turning the key on outside of Spool.

The Wonder and Delight of all Anglers.

Send for Catalogue. **Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.** Mention RECREATION.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

"The Best is None Too Good"

And when the "best" is also the cheapest, there can be no excuse for not buying the up-to-date BRISTOL Steel FISHING ROD.

The "BRISTOL" possesses every requisite for successful fishing—strength, resiliency, lightness, symmetry—and being made in as many as 18 different styles, selection can be made for any possible fishing need.

A magnificent Catalogue—free of cost—will be mailed you on application to the makers—

Ask for Cat. "R" **The Horton Manufacturing Co.** Bristol, Conn. U. S. A.

A New Powder for Revolvers

The Laflin and Rand Powder Company has just brought out a new smokeless powder which is intended for use in all rifles and revolvers that were built for black powder. It is adapted for fine work in the field or at targets. This powder is called

Sporting Rifle Smokeless

and is guaranteed to be nearer perfection than any other smokeless powder on the market. It is hard of grain, uniform in strength, waterproof, and will neither corrode nor foul a rifle or revolver barrel. Velocity is the same as the best black powder.

It Won the Championship

Using this powder at the Sportsmen's Show, at Madison Square Garden, Dr. Ashley A. Webber won the Championship. It was the first time he had ever used this powder which speaks well for its accuracy. If you are interested in fine revolver or rifle work we should like to hear from you.

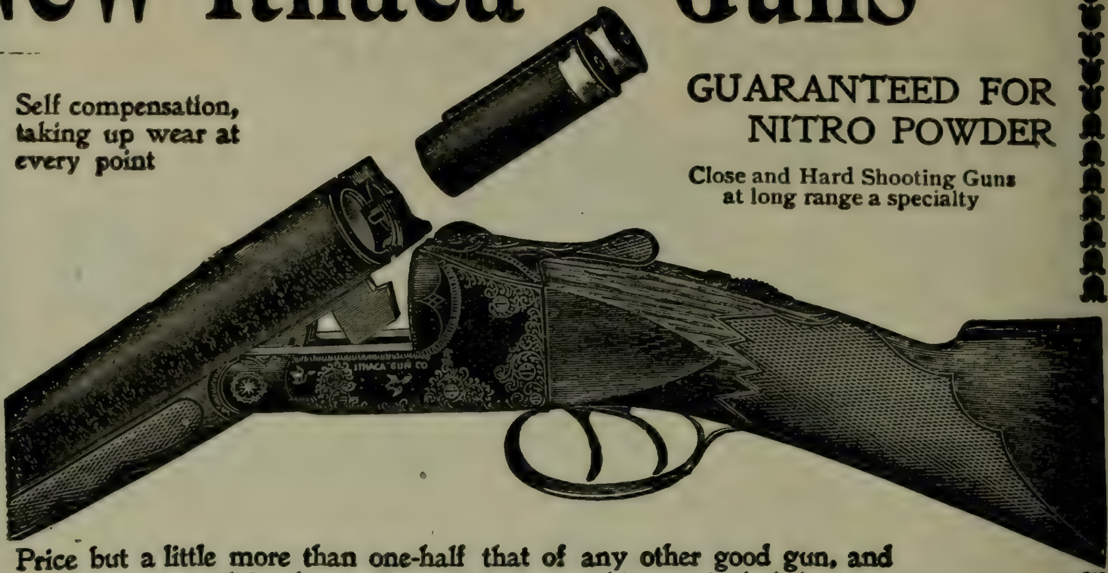
Laflin & Rand Powder Co. New York

New Ithaca Guns

Self compensation, taking up wear at every point

GUARANTEED FOR NITRO POWDER

Close and Hard Shooting Guns at long range a specialty



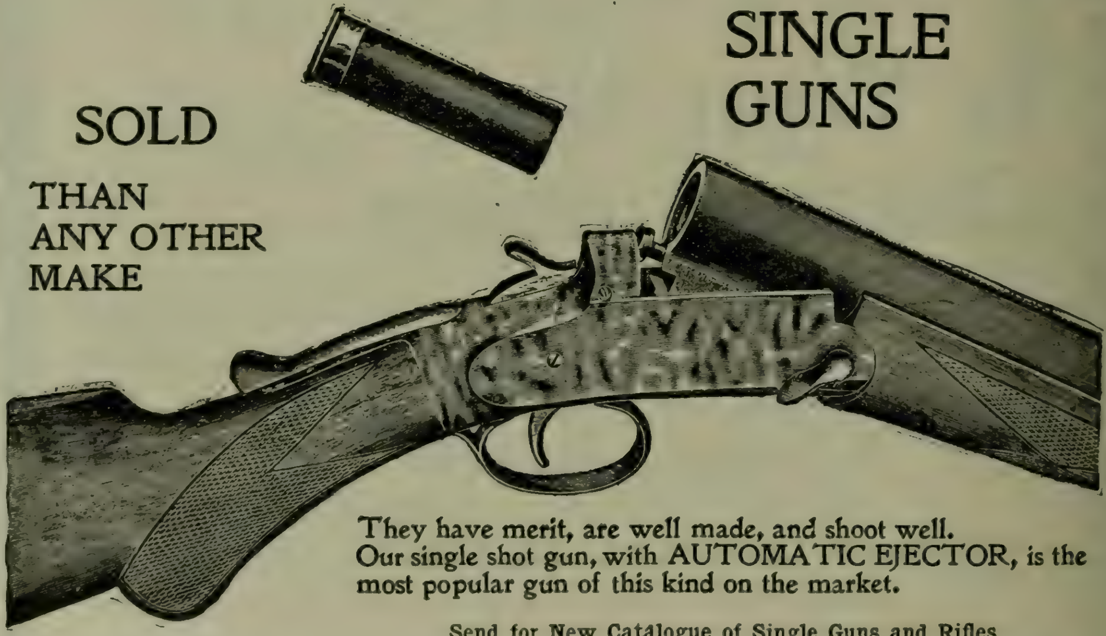
Price but a little more than one-half that of any other good gun, and warranted in the most positive terms, shooting included

ITHACA GUN COMPANY, ITHACA, N. Y.

Send for circular and ask for special prices
Mention RECREATION

Manufacturers of fine Hammer and Hammerless Guns

THERE ARE MORE DAVENPORT SINGLE GUNS SOLD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE



They have merit, are well made, and shoot well. Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

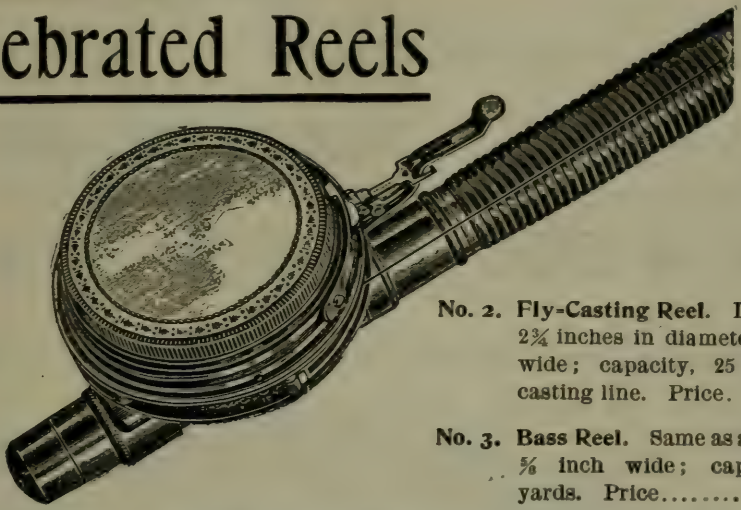
Send for New Catalogue of Single Guns and Rifles

The W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.

We are Agents for

Martin's . . .
Celebrated Reels

Catalogues mailed on application



Shipped anywhere on receipt of price

Every reel guaranteed

No. 2. Fly-Casting Reel. Line spool 2¾ inches in diameter; ⅞ inch wide; capacity, 25 yards of casting line. Price. $7.00

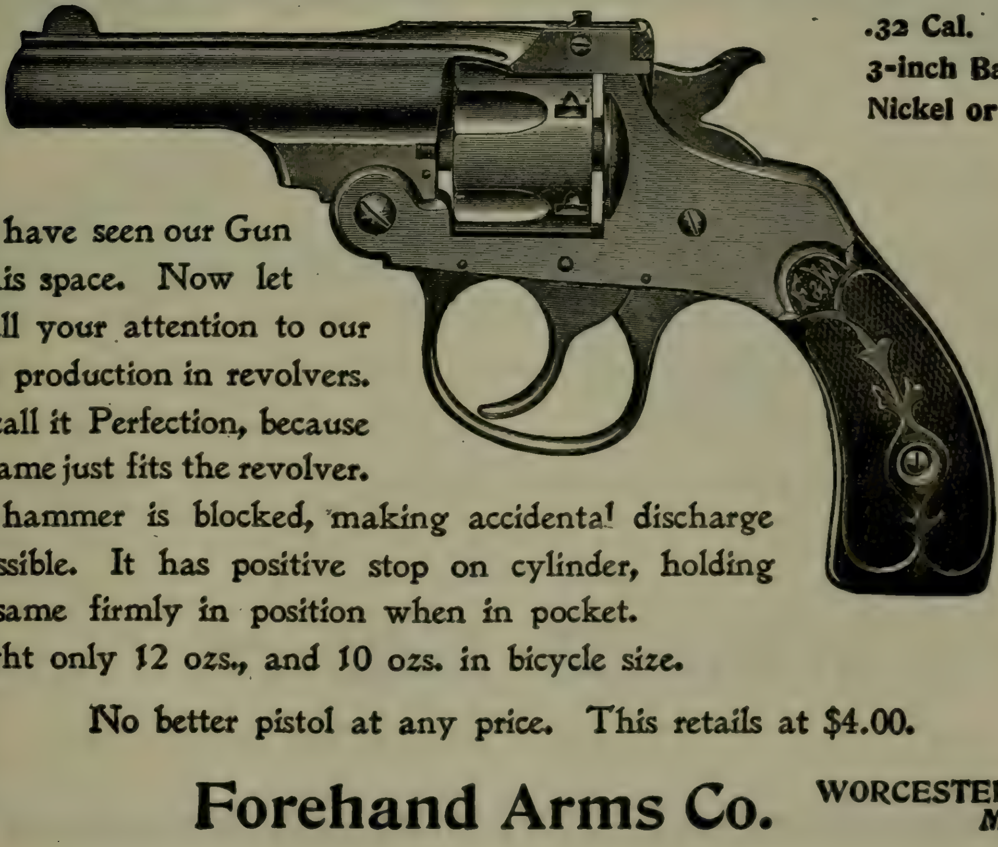
No. 3. Bass Reel. Same as above, but ⅝ inch wide; capacity, 50 yards. Price........ ....$8.00

That is not all. We have the largest line of fine FISHING TACKLE . . . . in the country. . . . .

Schoverling, Daly & Gales

302 and 304 Broadway —— NEW YORK

"PERFECTION AUTOMATIC"



.32 Cal.
3-inch Barrel
Nickel or Blue

You have seen our Gun in this space. Now let us call your attention to our latest production in revolvers. We call it Perfection, because the name just fits the revolver. The hammer is blocked, making accidental discharge impossible. It has positive stop on cylinder, holding the same firmly in position when in pocket. Weight only 12 ozs., and 10 ozs. in bicycle size.

No better pistol at any price. This retails at $4.00.

Forehand Arms Co. WORCESTER MASS.

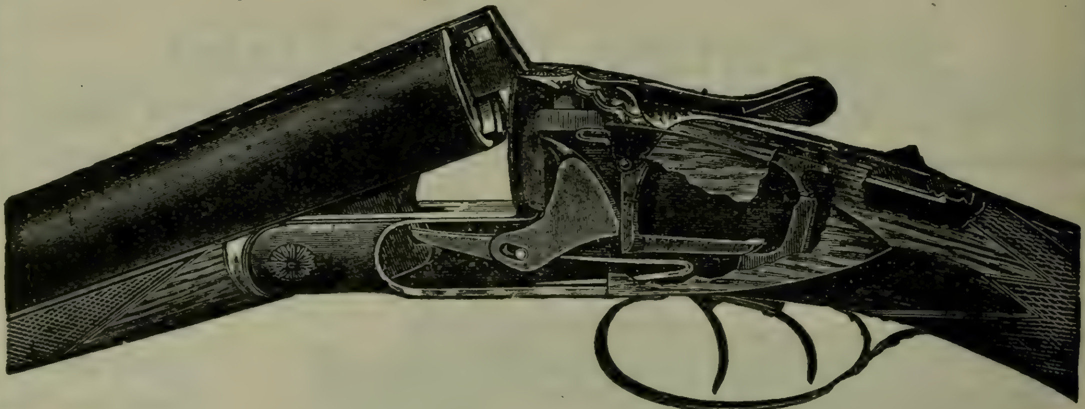
Keep Banging Away!

If you are shooting at the traps and using the

SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS

EJECTOR GUN

you are dropping your birds with great regularity. Buy a Syracuse Gun (made in all grades) and keep banging away. You need never fear anything is going to give out. Just shoot, and, if your gun is pointed right, you will kill your game.



SYRACUSE GUN

Is made from the best material and by the most experienced workmen. It is not an experiment. It has gone through all that long ago. There are three good points about the Syracuse Gun: a simple lock, a strong breech, and an ejector that surpasses anything in its line. Take a chance and see for yourself. Write for catalogue.

...MAKERS...

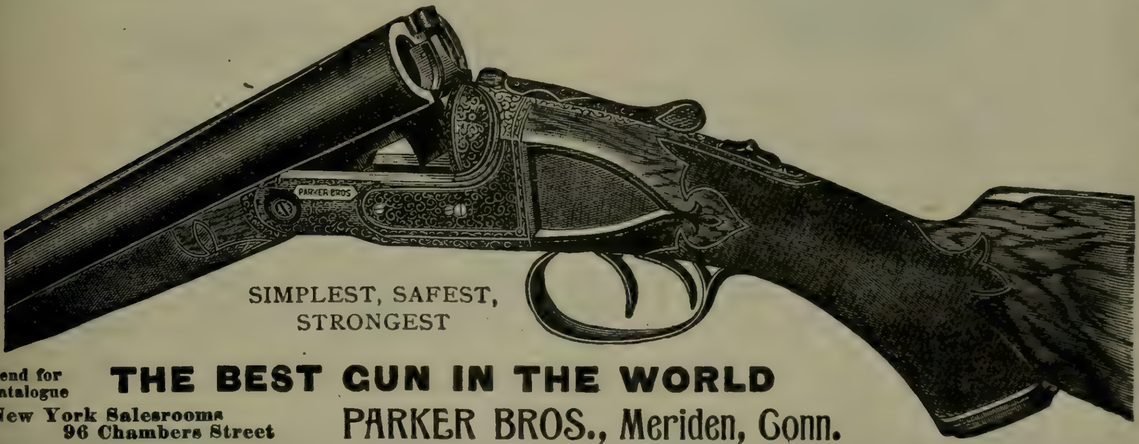
SYRACUSE ARMS CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

"The Old Reliable Parker is Superb"

So says Master GUY GRIGSBY, of Louisville, Ky., the 13 year old boy who on November 24, 1898, won the Kentucky Futurity, killing 49 out of 50 live birds, his 5th falling dead out of bounds.

In three other recent matches, including the Nelson County Fair Handicap and the Club Gold Button, which he won, he scored 42 out of 43 live birds shot at.



SIMPLEST, SAFEST,
STRONGEST

Send for Catalogue

THE BEST GUN IN THE WORLD

New York Salesrooms
96 Chambers Street

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.

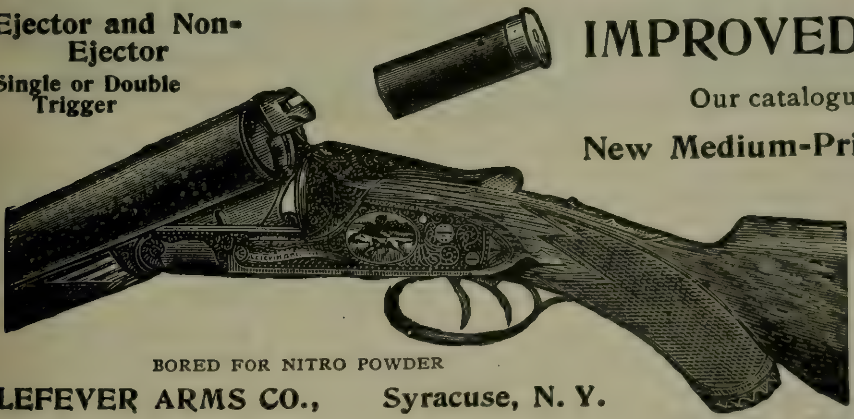
You are not up to date unless you have seen the

Ejector and Non-Ejector
Single or Double Trigger

IMPROVED LEFEVER

Our catalogue describes our

New Medium-Price Hammerless



This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our **higher** grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER

LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Boarding Ranch in the Bad Lands: A cattle company, having a model ranch on the Little Missouri river, in the midst of the famous Bad Lands of Western Dakota and Eastern Montana, and having ample house room, would take a few boarders for the summer. Good, gentle saddle horses always at the disposal of guests. Terms reasonable. First class references on application. Address:

Custer Trail Cattle Co., Medora, N. D.

Uncle Jake—I hear Reggie that you are quite a fencer in the city?

Reggie (who is champion broadsword instructor of a stylish New York atheletic club)—Yes, I can fence a little.

Uncle Jake—Then maybe you can help me string a little bob-wire around the barnyard.

For Sale.—Pheasant eggs; English and Mongolian. May and June deliveries.

Hill-Top Game Preserve,
Lake Hill, Ulster Co., N. Y.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.
Smokeless Powder
Wilmington
Du Pont Smokeless

Depend on——

DU PONT SMOKELESS

A Grand American Powder for Americans

FOR RIFLES, REVOLVERS
PISTOLS AND SHOT GUNS

SEND FOR CIRCULAR

1802 E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO. 1899
WILMINGTON, DEL.

PAT APR. 14 91

Gun Barrels Never Pit

or lose that fine polish the maker gave them if kept clean with a "**Tomlinson Cleaner.**" It has saved many a barrel from ruin, therefore saved dollars for the owner. It is a neat and inexpensive tool, with brass wire gauge sides (which can be replaced when worn, for 10 cents a pair) that will remove all lead, rust-spots, and foreign matter with such neatness that you will have no more trouble keeping your gun **right.** Our ever-increasing business a proof of its value. All dealers or by mail on receipt of price, $1.00. Fits any rod and lasts a lifetime. An extra pair of sides and tool for rag with each. Gauges .8 to .20.

USED EVERYWHERE IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD

I. J. TOMLINSON 915 S. Salina Street SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THE BAKER IS
ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Beautifully finished, durably constructed, accurate in shooting, latest improvements. The Baker Gun not only has all the advantages possessed by its leading competitors but has absolute safety appliances which render it the most desirable gun for general use.

FREE! We will send for a year, free to any one interested in shooting or hunting, our *Quarterly*, which is nicely illustrated and contains stories, anecdotes and facts. A postal-card will bring it.

BAKER GUN & FORGING CO.
School Street, Batavia, N. Y.

Camp Kittie: On Loon lake, 2 miles from Beaver river station, Mohawk and Malone Railway, will be rented during coming season to desirable parties, periods one week or longer. Best fishing and hunting region in Adirondacks. For full particulars, address H. F. Down, Johnstown, N. Y.

I always long for RECREATION to appear. If we can get a law prohibiting the sale of game of any kind in the United States what a grand thing it will be.

R. S. Wrean, Penn Yan, N. Y.

Wanted to Exchange: A Mauser rifle for a Cragg-Jorgensen. Address
S. G., care RECREATION.

Some Rare Opportunities

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod } FREE OF COST
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They can be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

"Recreation" 19 West 24th Street
New York

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West,* paper; or a Czar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1; or 1 doz. Chatfield Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a Photake Camera and outfit, listed at $2.50; or a No. 41 Stevens Pistol, listed at $2.50; or 1 doz. Chatfield Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Powder, listed at $2; or a Nodark Camera, listing at $5.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruising in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Willsie Camera, made for cut films, and listed at $5; or a Boss Dandy Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $5; or a Forehand New Model Revolver, listing at $4.

SIX subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *American Game Fishes*, cloth.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Pocket Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $5; or a Waterproof Wall Tent, 7½ x 7½, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $7.50; or a Split Bamboo Fly Rod, or a Split Bamboo Bait Rod, listed at $6.75.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $6.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Fishing Rod, or a Yawman and Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle, No. 44, listed at $10; or a Willsie Camera, listed at $10.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Kozy Camera, listed at $10.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a No. 2 Bullet Camera, listed at $10; or a Stevens Diamond Pistol, listed at $7.50 to $8.50; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a No. 4 Bullseye Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $12; or a Bo-Peep B Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $15; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15.

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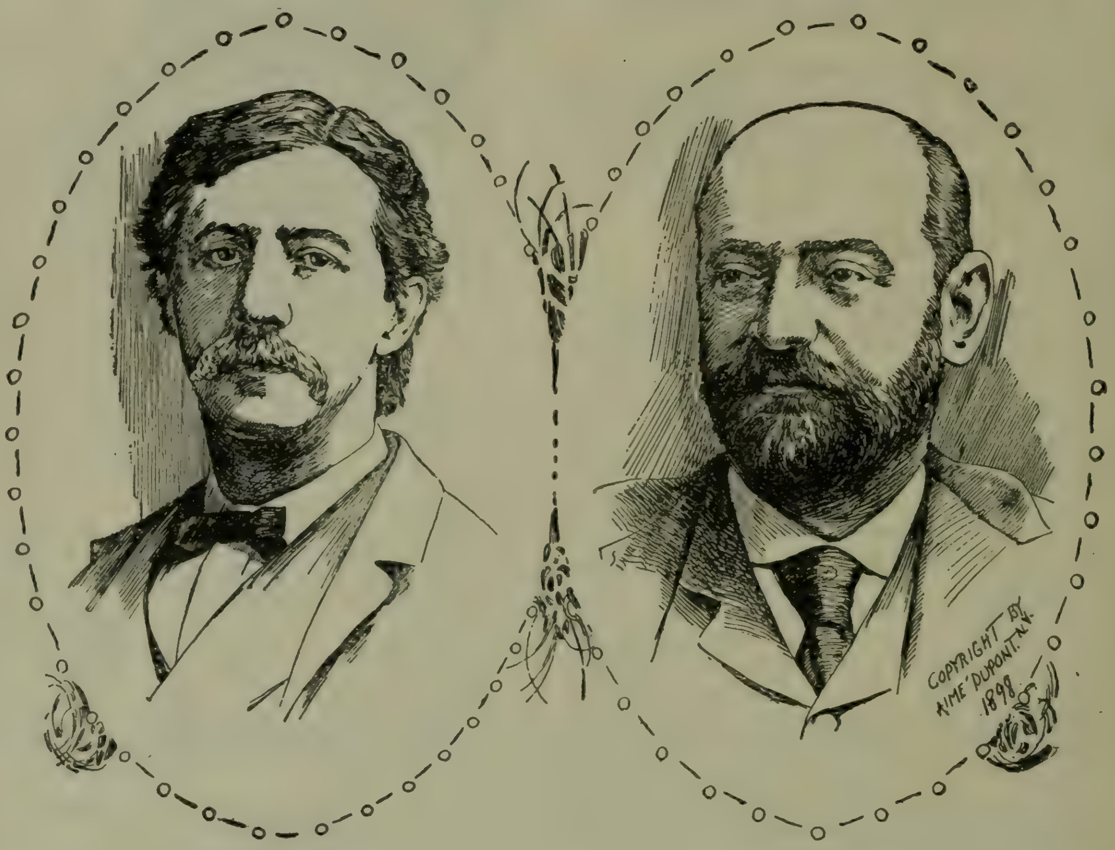
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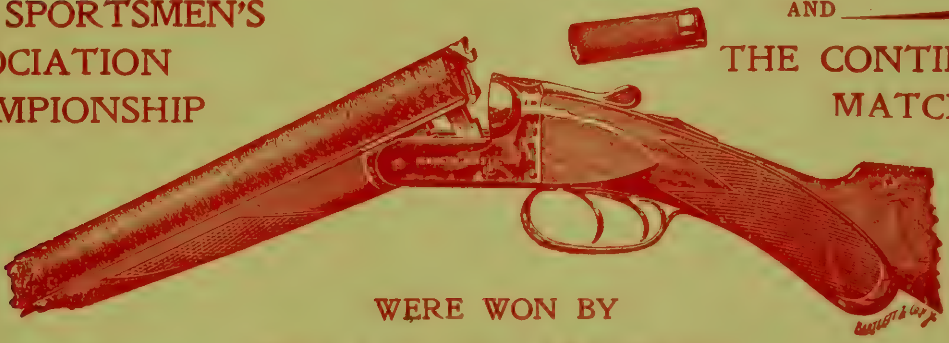

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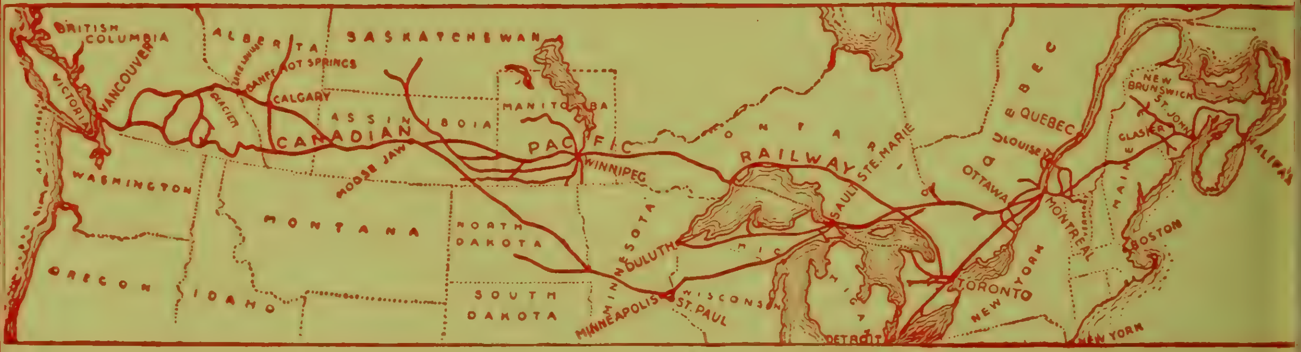
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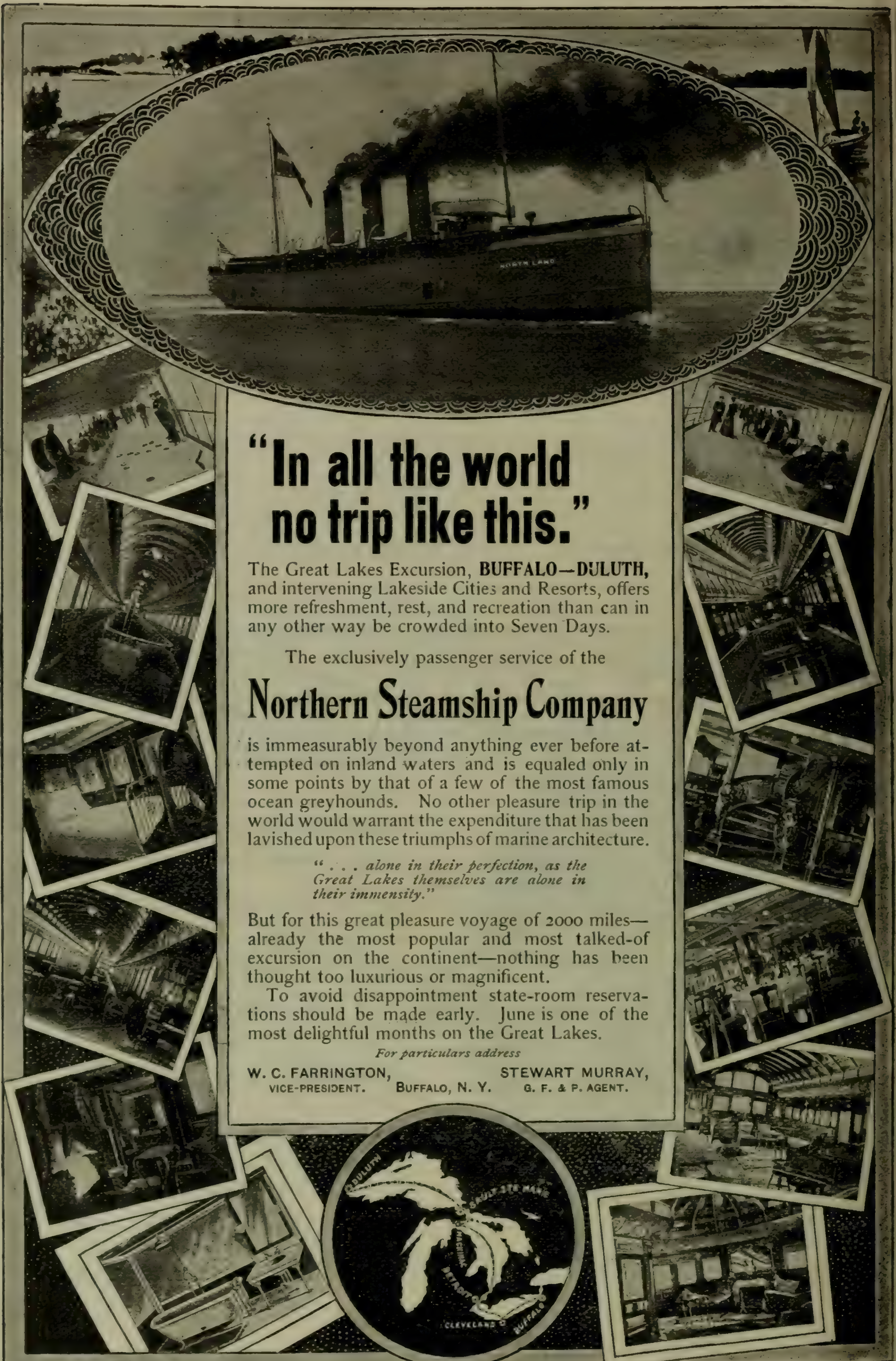
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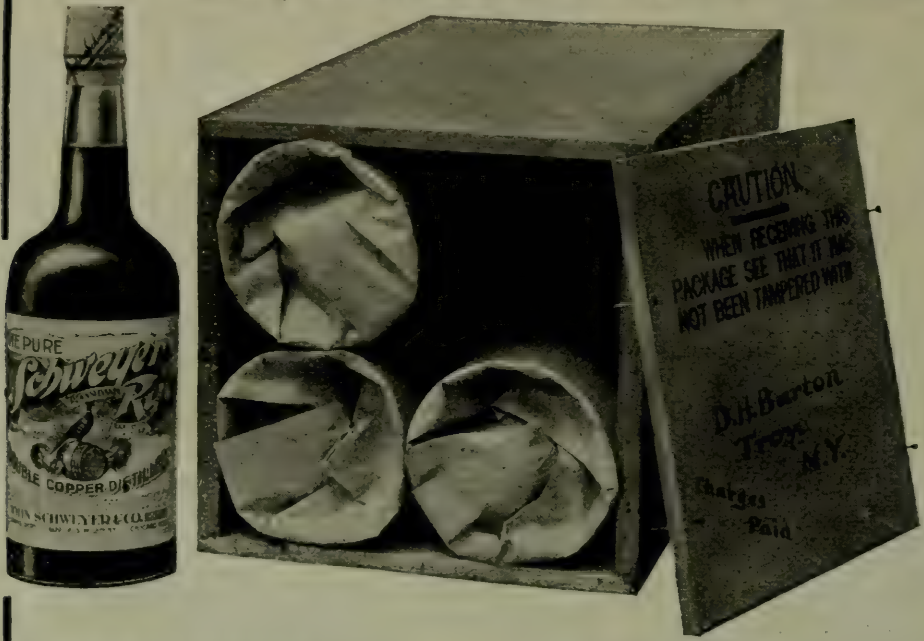

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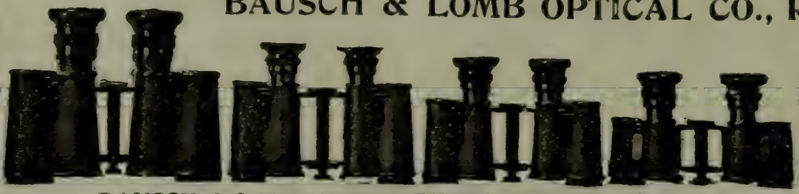

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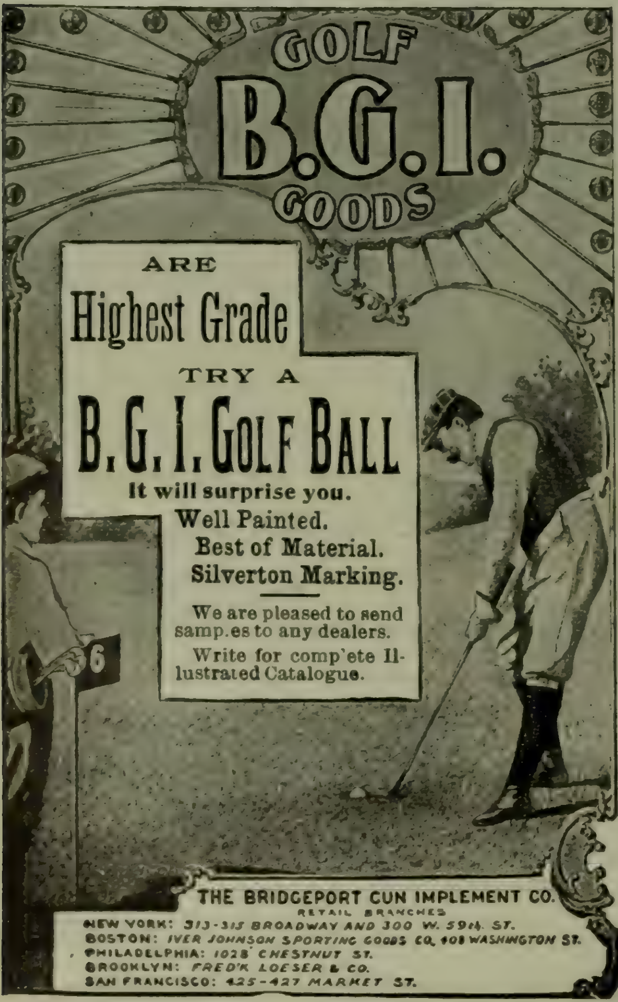

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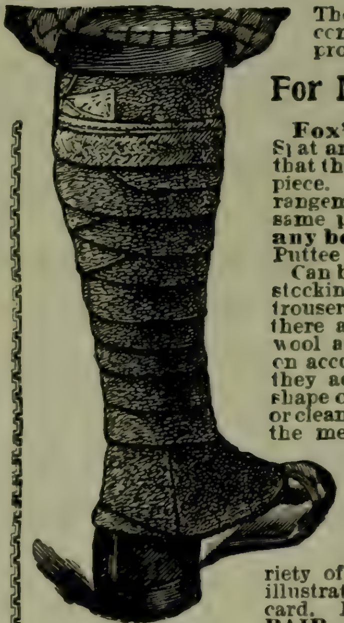

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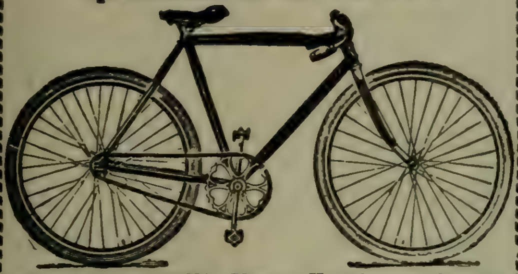

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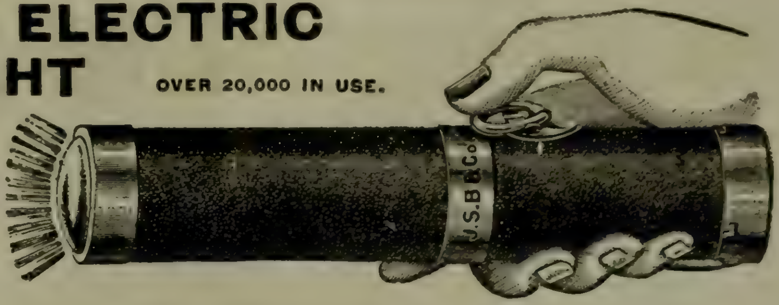

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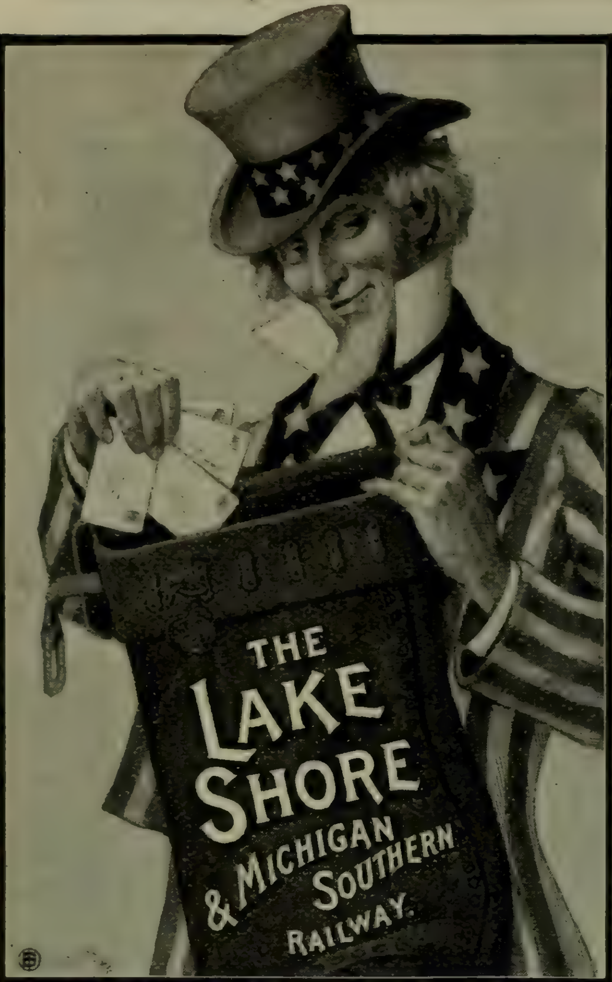

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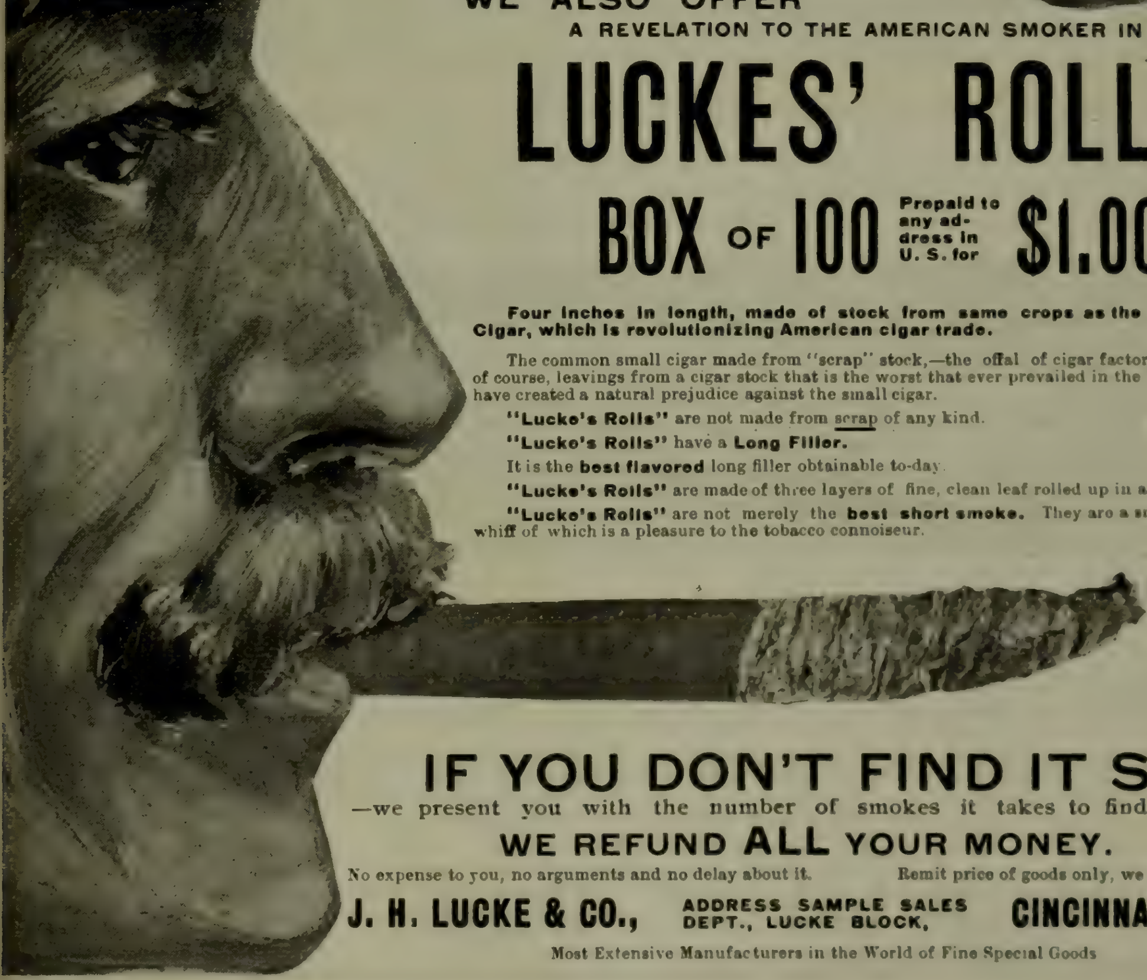

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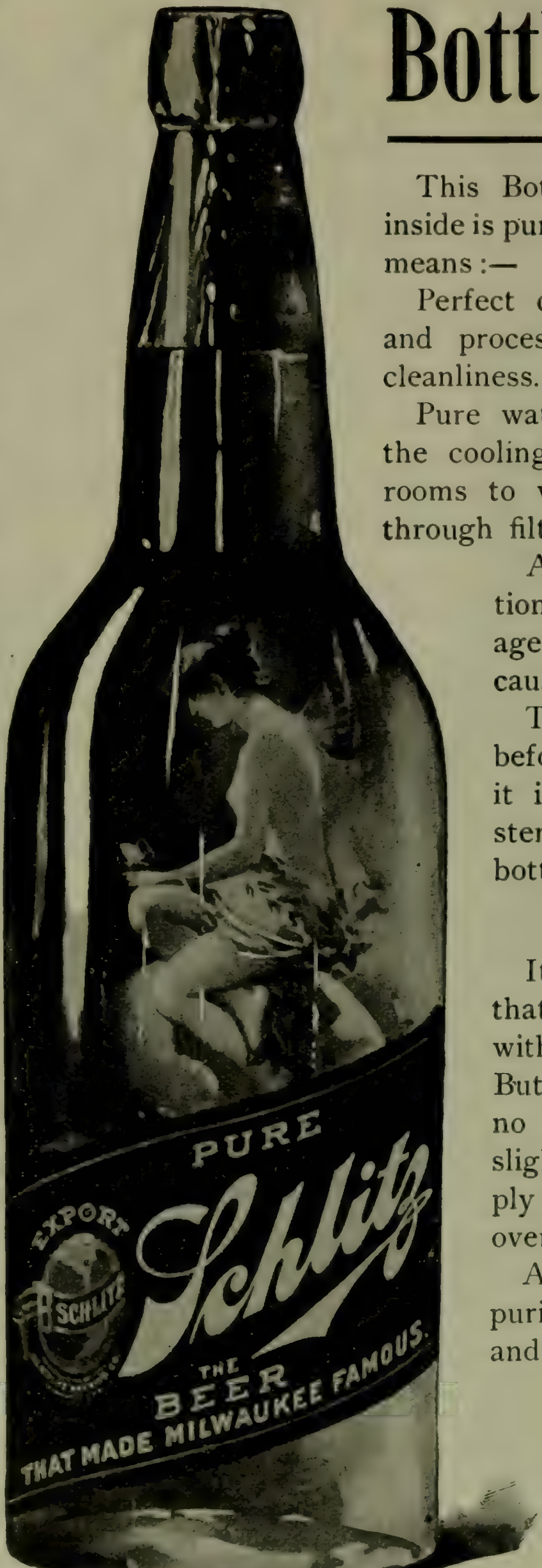

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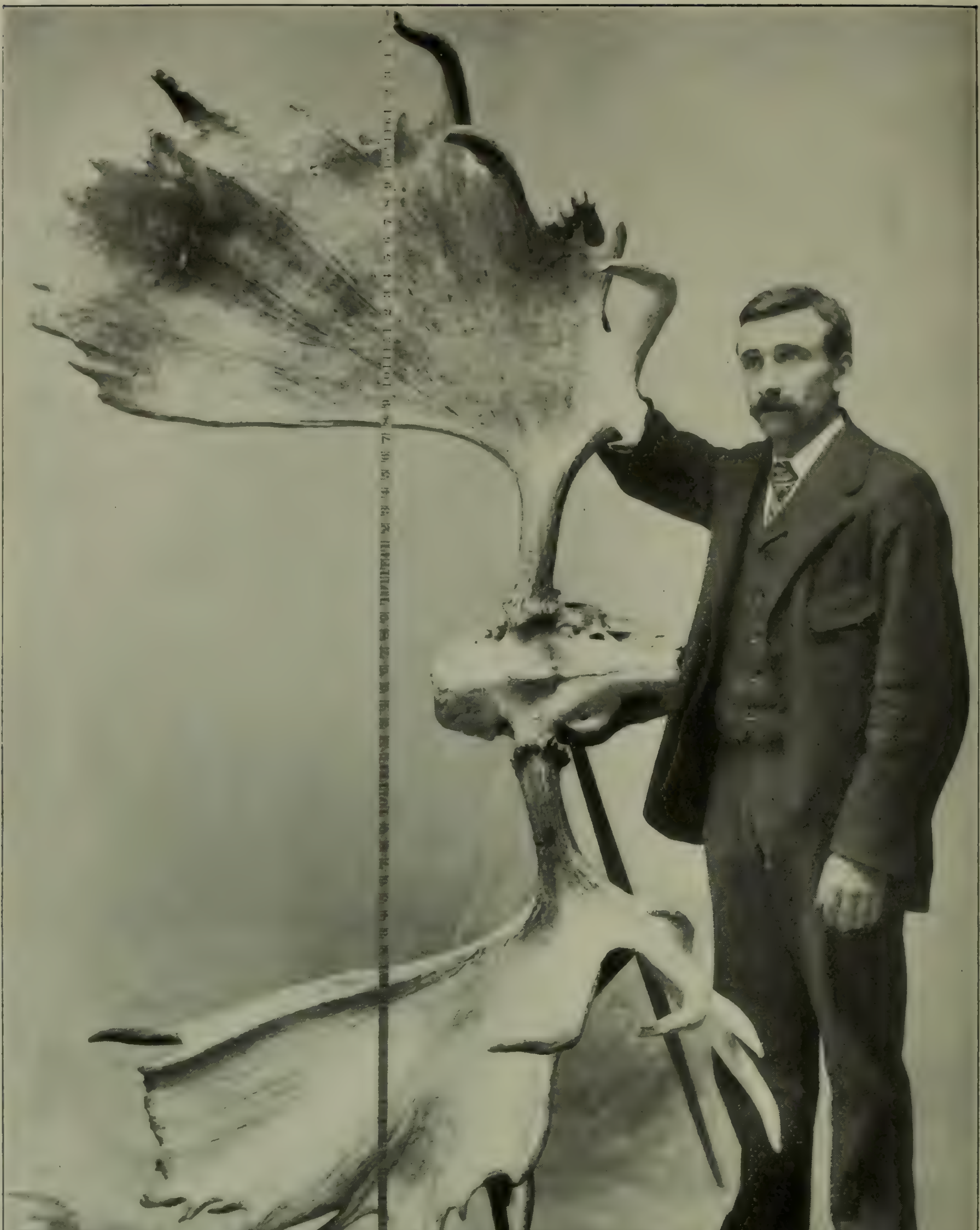


AN ALASKAN MOOSE HEAD.

Spread of antlers 78 inches. Probably the largest in the world.

RECREATION.

Volume X. JUNE, 1899. Number 6.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

ALASKAN BIG GAME.

HARRY E. LEE.

I send you under separate cover a few photographs of my recent Alaska hunting trip. I would have procured some grand pictures of living game in their natural element had not the steel spring in my camera snapped with the intense cold while on the highest glacier peaks. The mainspring in my watch also broke in pieces. Next year I shall go thoroughly prepared and expect to bring back the finest pictures of living game ever procured in that country. I know where the large game abounds and how to get it.

My trip was a grand success, and the trophies procured with my own gun will be a link in memory's chain never, I trust, to be broken.

My first hunt was for mountain sheep, (*Ovis Dalli,*) which are found on the highest peaks and cliffs. I got several fine specimens of this wily game and could have killed a hundred had I desired, as there were droves of them on every mountain. I was fortunate in getting some of the largest ones out whole, and am having them mounted.

I then went after caribou, bear and moose. I secured the services of 2 good white men and a strong, trusty Indian, and went up Sheep river a distance of over 40 miles, a feat that had never before been accomplished by either white men or Indians. I discovered a number of rich quartz ledges which were in plain view. Had any white man been there he would have frozen on to those ledges harder than the ice on any glacier in Alaska. That no Indian had been there was evident from the amount of large game and its utter fearlessness.

I saw a band of 18 caribou and got a number of choice specimens, one of which was truly remarkable, as to size. His antlers were very massive and perfectly formed, with 57 points. I succeeded in getting him out whole, and his skin is in perfect condition. He is said to be the largest specimen of this noble game ever killed in Alaska. Naturally I am very proud of him.

I also succeeded in killing several large grizzly bears, all of which were in prime condition. Their skins will make beautiful rugs for my rustic lodge. Of course, I had some interesting experiences before I got all these monsters in camp, and could fill pages with thrilling incidents which happened while getting them.

Next came the giant moose. It is rather amusing to a person who has been among those animals to hear of the blood-curdling experiences and terrible adventures that some mighty hunters have had with those ferocious beasts. I wonder how many people in Alaska have been killed by moose? I have talked with a number of the best hunters in that country, and they laugh at men who claim to have been attacked by these animals, and especially a sportsman with a modern rifle in his hand.

Both of the moose I killed were in full view of me when I shot them, and instead of coming toward me they turned the other way, but as each was hit in a vital spot they only staggered a few steps and fell. I only used one shot on any of the animals I secured I found that it was just as easy to kill a moose or bear, as it is to kill a rabbit, if you hit him in the right place, and there are a number of places on any of these animals which if hit with a soft nose bullet from either a Savage or a Winchester rifle will paralyze him at once. I have shot every species of game, from the Upper lakes in Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but I never have killed an animal in my life so reluctantly as I did my large moose. I thought as I stood there within a few yards of him and saw his great sides heave in his death struggle, and the steam come out of the bullet hole in great puffs, the massive head tossing from side to side: What right had I to kill this noble animal? Some might call it pleas-

AMATEUR PHOTO BY HARRY B. LEE.

AN ALASKAN CARIBOU HEAD.

ure, but I call it simply satisfying an idle ambition. I might have felt differently had I been in need of the meat or if I were hunting for a living. But as I was not, I could not bring myself to think I had done just the right thing.

It is needless to say that a few minutes later, when 2 of these monarchs of the wood stood within 50 yards of me, I did not raise my rifle nor allow one of my men to molest them; yet I could plainly see that one of them had horns far superior to those I had just killed. We saw several other moose on our way down the coast, but not a shot was fired at any of them.

I consider moose hunting, in a country where they are plentiful, the tamest sport a man can find. It is like shooting cattle in a pasture. How a man can slaughter these harmless animals either for pleasure or profit, or cause it to be done by others, I do not understand. Such a man certainly cannot be a sportsman. Yet I know men who claim to be sportsmen and who talk loudly about protecting these animals, but whose acts prove them merely traffickers in the heads and hides of Alaskan game.

The last moose I killed was of immense size. He would have weighed, at a moderate calculation, over 1800 pounds! He measured 7 feet 10½ inches at the withers and 9 feet 11 inches girth. We had to cut him in quarters to turn him over so we could get the skin off the neck. The Indian who was with me had seen hundreds of these bull moose, but said this was the largest he had ever seen or heard of.

I was successful in getting all of my heads and skins to the coast, and on our way down I got a number of specimens of rare birds, such as the eider duck, black crested swan, princess goose, tufted puffins, etc.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY HARRY E. LEE.

ALASKAN WHITE SHEEP. *OVIS DALLI.*

A great many of the birds that raise their young in Alaska spend their winters on the coasts of Japan, and are never seen in the States. I value my bird collection almost as much as the noble animals I secured, and when I get them all mounted shall look back with pleasure to these grand old mountains, rushing rivers, and the beautiful and varied scenery that can be found only in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

UP THE TOBIQUE.

HERBERT L. LUQUES.

On August 26, 1898, we met at Portland, Me., prepared to invade Canada in search of moose and other large game. The party was made up of 3 congenial spirits, a doctor, a business man and a lawyer, who were expected to dwell in harmony in the same tent for some weeks, without making any uncomplimentary remarks regarding each other's personal appearance and dispositions. The trip was the result of some months of deliberation, letter-writing and consultations. The destination decided upon was the head waters of the Tobique river. We left the Canadian Pacific Railroad at Andover, New Brunswick, on the afternoon of August 27, and stopped that night at Perley's Hotel. We had previously consulted the proprietor, Mr. J. R. Perley, by letter and had drawn largely on his good nature and experience. He had purchased for us the provisions necessary for a 3 weeks' trip, had engaged 6 Indians as guides, and had dispatched them 2 days ahead up the river with tents, provisions and camp outfit, with instructions to wait for us at Riley brook. He was himself to drive us 54 miles the next day to this place. He issued our licenses, cashed our checks and smoothed all the rough places so willingly, that we say to all strangers going to that region, " Put your trust in Perley, and he will see you through."

AMATEUR PHOTO BY P. M. BERRY.

SHIFTING CARGO FOR THE CARRY.

New York was sweltering under a temperature of 96°. Andover seemed cool at 40° when we started on our long drive, and sweaters and overcoats were much in evidence for the first few hours. That drive was delightful, and is one of the pleasantest memories of the trip. The road was good, and 4 large horses carried us steadily through delightful scenery. We stopped for lunch and to rest the horses at a small village called "Three Brooks."

"Riley brook" was reached about 6 p.m. We found the tents pitched and the Indians expecting us, and at once proceeded to get acquainted. Our guides were John Moulton, Joe Ellis, Frank Francis, known as "Talcum"; Pete, his son, Newell Bear and Baptiste. The long drive through the fresh air had given us such an appetite that we could not wait for Joe Ellis to cook supper. So we supped at the "Harmony Hotel" kept by Mrs. Ross.

This was our first night in the tent, and our first experience with the "Kenwood Sleeping Bag." We learned a lot about it before morning. It was decidedly chilly in spite of a good camp fire, so we crawled into the bags with all our clothes on. We soon realized our mistake, and spent the next hour in crawling out at short intervals shedding garment after garment, until our costume resembled that of an inhabitant of New York City on a hot night. After we had learned to appreciate the difference in temperature between the outside and inside, we found the bags perfectly satisfactory, and we should be sorry to be without them on a trip of this kind.

We had 2 tents, fitted with jointed poles, quickly put up and easily packed. We got away early the next morning, but not before Mrs. Ross had succeeded in getting all our names for an autograph quilt, at five cents a head. This quilt was to be drawn for at some future church fair. We departed, cheered by the thought that if we failed in getting a moose we might be fortunate enough to draw a bed quilt. The water in the river was quite shallow, but the Indians poled up against the current for the first 7 miles until the "Forks" was reached. Here we were detained until 4 o'clock in the afternoon while the canoes were shod with cedar strips to protect them from the rocks. We camped that night about half a mile farther up on the right branch of the river. We started early the next morning, but found the Tobique a hard stream to make time on. The water was rarely a foot deep and very swift, and the bottom was full of large stones. We covered about 8 miles that day, often having to get out and walk. The trees and underbrush were so thick and close to the water's edge that walking along the banks was well nigh impossible, and the middle of the river was the only road. The banks affording no clear space large enough, the tents were pitched that night on the stones of the river bed, and consequently we awoke the next morning rather stiff in the joints. But we had a good chance to limber up on this day. There was very little riding in the canoes after this; the water was so shallow that the Indians had to walk all the time and pull the canoes after them,

AMATEUR PHOTO BY P. M. BERRY.

A HALT FOR LUNCH.

and we tramped on ahead. Tracks were plentiful everywhere along the margin of the river, but we saw no moose. The scenery was growing wilder and more beautiful as we pushed farther North, and we thoroughly enjoyed the new experience, but grew impatient at our slow progress.

When it became evident that the canoes could go no farther unless the stones were removed to make a channel, it was decided not to dredge the river for the benfit of the Canadian Government, but to send one of the Indians up to the lake to raise the gates of the dam, if they were found shut. Baptiste volunteered for the service, and departed early the next morning. He had about 14 miles to cover, and was back at noon. He found the gates shut and raised them. Shortly after his return the increase of water reached us, and we went ahead without further trouble, arriving at the dam at Trousers lake on the afternoon of Saturday, September 3d. The shoes were removed from the canoes, and we were soon speeding over the lake. A number of loons gave us "the horse laugh" as we passed, and seemed to deride our hopes of getting large game.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY P. M. BERRY.

A NEW BRUNSWICK CARIBOU.

Trousers lake is a fine sheet of water, resembling in shape the garment so dear to *man*kind. We went up the right leg, and about 4 p.m. had our tents pitched at the portage to Mud lake. Trout were abundant near the camp, and as they took our flies two at a time, we soon obtained what we wanted for supper. The next day, Sunday, we prospected, and were well soaked by a thunderstorm. The shores of Trousers lake are rocky and not adapted to moose calling, so we decided to move our camp to a more desirable locality and to divide our forces.

The lawyer and the business man established their quarters on the trail between Mud and Gulquaock lakes, having canoes on both, while the doctor chose another smaller lake, also called Mud.

Here we hunted diligently for several days, arising at 3 o'clock in the morning and retiring at 10 p.m. We had good guides, enthusiastic and untiring, and although the bark horn proclaimed to listening bulls all the charms of the female members of their race, we were unable to make any connection between our rifles and the wandering lords of the forest. In several instances we called them down to the shore, but they were too modest to show themselves. We, however, experienced all the thrilling sensations of sitting in the canoe and hearing their horns rap against the trees as they came tearing down from the ridge of hills and nerving ourselves for shots we never got. If we couldn't have moose we were willing to take something else, and the business man shot a big caribou. Of course he wasn't hunting for caribou at the time. He went trout fishing that morning, but fortunately took his rifle with him. This fact illustrates his business foresight and discloses one of the qualifications that enable him to hold his present position.

He and John Moulton were coming from the head of Mud lake toward camp when they saw the horns of a caribou flashing in the sunlight half a mile away and coming toward them. Old John seemed to grow 10 years younger in a moment, and the canoe fairly flew under the strokes of his strong arms. Mud lake is full of tall grass with a few shallow channels of clear water running through it. It was down one of these channels that the canoe was speeding. Only the horns of the caribou were visible over the top of the grass. John, with his eyes fixed on those glistening horns, did not remember the shallowness of the water until the canoe struck a mud bank within about 300 yards of the game. "Shoot," he whispered, and the business man began at once to put forth his best goods for the caribou's selection. He had to shoot through the grass and bushes, and guess at the location of the animal's body. At the first shot the caribou stood still. After a few shots without any apparent result, John got the canoe off the mud bank and round a bend in the stream, where the caribou's head was visible. The next shot struck just over the right eye, and the caribou sank down in his tracks with hardly a struggle.

On examination it was found that one

of the first shots had passed through both hind legs, but without touching a bone.

The head of this caribou has been pronounced by Crosby, of Bangor, one of the finest ever obtained in either Maine or New Brunswick, having 30 points, evenly balanced.

The doctor, believing "all things come to him who waits," sat himself down by his little mud pond and also got a caribou, which came out of the woods near where he was sitting. One shot behind the shoulder was enough for this one. The lawyer who indorsed the doctor's policy, but hustled a little while he waited, got nothing.

About this time we awoke to the fact that business duties were awaiting us in New York, so we reluctantly broke camp September 9, and started home. We reached Andover in 3 days, covering without trouble what it had taken us a week to accomplish on the journey up.

A PAIR OF THOROUGHBRED POINTER PUPPIES; 4 MONTHS OLD; OWNED BY MR. D. E. BASSFORD, FREMONT, NEB.

When Winter's icy siege is o'er,
'Tis merry music on the bogs,
Re-echoing from shore to shore,
Keyed to the croaking of the frogs.

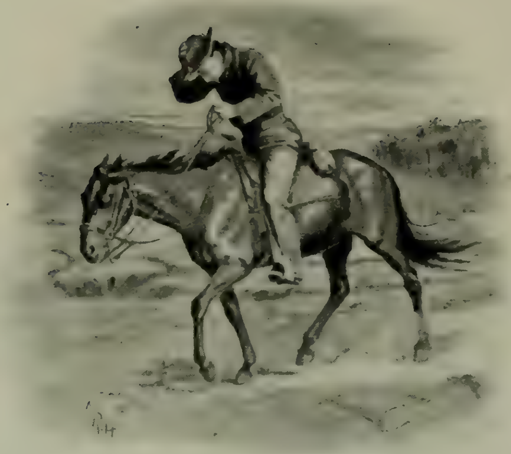
F C. R.

A GAMELESS WEST.

W. T. HORNADAY.

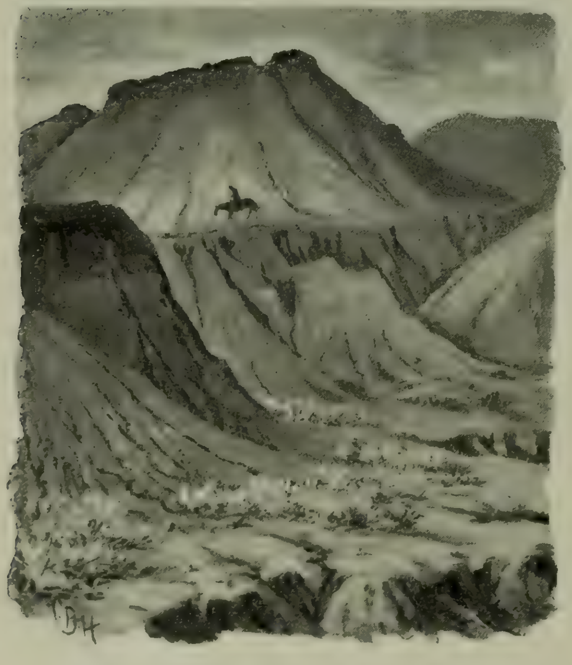
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CAPT. CHAS. B. HUDSON.

"In spite of all the boomin', it will never seem the same;
And the devil take a country that hasn't any game."
Reflections of Cheyenne Jim.



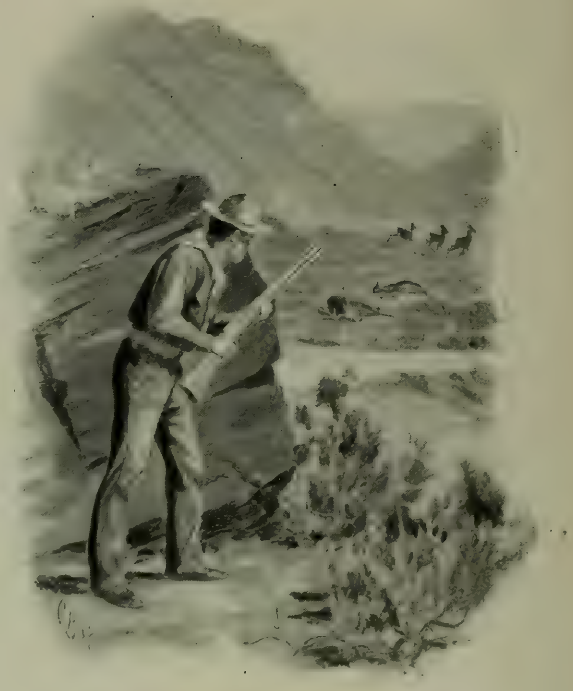
"THE SHIVERING HORSEMAN LOWER BENDS HIS HEAD AND HURRIES ON."

Cold sweeps the wind across the bleak divides,
And whistles through the sage-brush in the draws.
Above the sea of hills the clouds fly low,
And on their leaden wings bear sleet and snow.
The horseman shrinks and shivers as he rides,
But dares not pause.



"IRON-SIDED BUTTES, RAVINES OF BARREN CLAY, AND GLOOM PROFOUND."

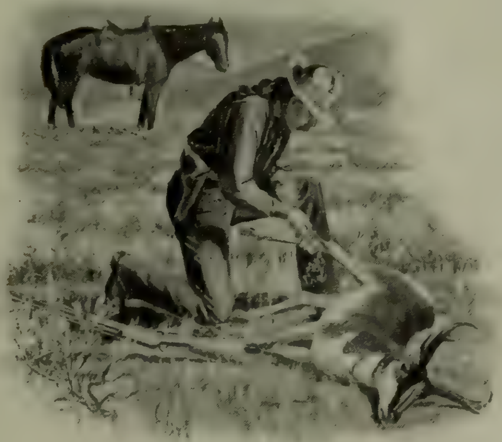
Behold, how vast an ocean rolls away,
Toward every point from this high vantage ground.
Here, coulees drear; and yonder, bad lands vast,
Hacked, gouged and seamed by storms of ages past;
Iron-sided buttes, ravines of barren clay,
And gloom profound.



"THE MULE DEER HERDS HAVE FLED BEFORE THE GUN."

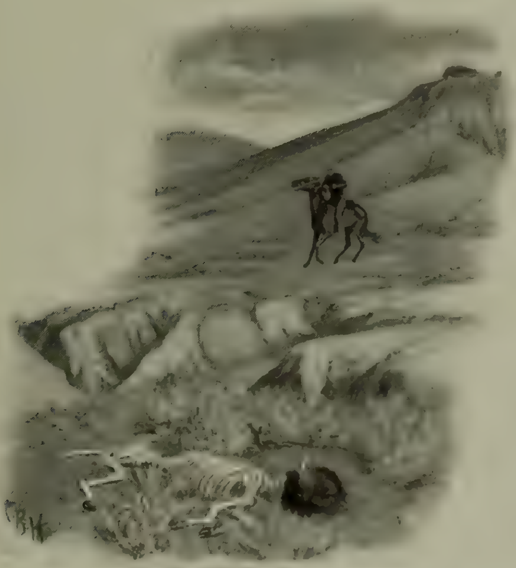
No living thing in sight, no creature near
To break the desolation of the scene.
The mule deer herds have fled before the gun;
The antelope were slaughtered, one by one.
The last lone wolf lies crouched in hungry fear
In yon ravine.

Ha! What is that, that rises from the ground
  Down yonder coulee, close beside the trail?
    'Tis white and ghostlike,—and yet black, also!
    Only the carcass of a buffalo
The bone-collectors missed on their last round,
  Bleaching and stale.



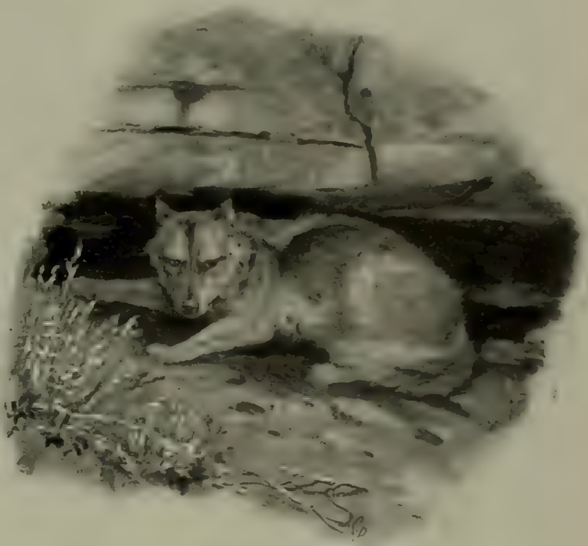
"THE ANTELOPE WERE SLAUGHTERED ONE BY ONE."

Tight to the skull the long brown frontlet clings,
  The last lone scalp-lock of a vanished race.
    The lonesome ranges know the herds no more:
    Dead silence reigns where once wild life galore
Gave every landscape groups of living things
  For man to chase.



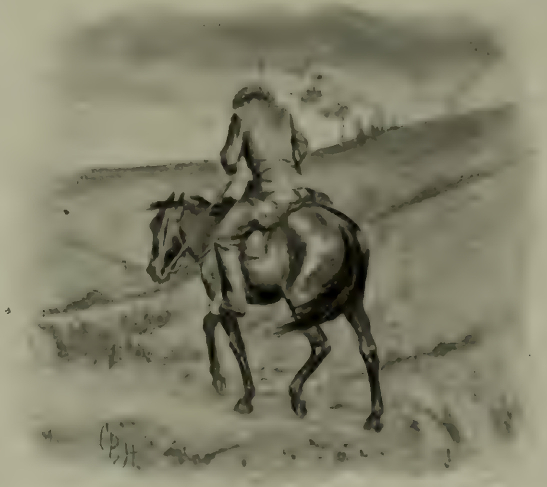
"TIGHT TO THE SKULL THE LONG BROWN FRONTLET CLINGS, THE LAST LONE SCALP-LOCK OF A VANISHED RACE."

Bleak, cheerless, cold and dead, the empty land
  Frowns grimly round for endless tiresome miles.
Over my soul a desolation vast
    Hangs like a pall around a coffin cast.
Aghast and silent, Nature seems to stand,
  Devoid of smiles.



"THE LAST LONE WOLF LIES CROUCHED IN HUNGRY FEAR IN YON RAVINE."

All birds, all beasts, and even snakes are dead;
  All trees, and even bleaching bones are gone.
The hand of man has swept the pastures bare,
    And only deigned to leave the earth and air.
The shivering horseman lower bends his head
  And hurries on.



"THE HORSEMAN SHRINKS AND SHIVERS AS HE RIDES, BUT DARES NOT PAUSE."

BY PERMISSION GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

NEAR SANS SOUCI 'MONG THE 30.000 ISLANDS OF GEORGIAN BAY.

NAVAL CADETS ON THEIR SUMMER CRUISE.

J. C. GROFF.

In May and in September of each year, candidates are admitted to the Fourth or lowest class at Annapolis to begin the 6 year course leading to a commission in the U. S. navy. It is but natural to suppose that seamanship is one of the most important, and at the same time one of the first, subjects in which to receive instruction; as it is absolutely impossible to become a good sailor or officer by simply studying text-books and attending recitations in seamanship. It is necessary to get this information and skill by actual service on board of a regular sea-going vessel, and the course at Annapolis is arranged to give every cadet 2 summer cruises during the 4 years while he is attached to the Academy. That part of the new fourth class which is admitted in May is quartered on the old receiving ship Santee, and is kept busy at various kinds of simple drills and at preparing in various ways for the cruise which begins the first week in June. During the latter part of May the other cadets have their final examinations for the year, and after the grand and enjoyable week of graduation there is a great scattering in various directions. The members of the graduating class are detached from the Academy and detailed to the several men-of-war in actual service, to receive for 2 years the final preparation leading to their commissions. The new Second Class are usually kept at the Academy all summer for practical instruction in engineering, and those of the new First, Third and Fourth classes embark at once for their summer cruise.

Though the modern vessels in the navy are fitted with little or no sail power, still it is necessary for every one who expects to become an officer to know as much as possible about rigging and handling all kinds of sailing craft. The Navy Department, therefore, still sends the cadets on their summer cruise in one of the old-time full-rigged sailing ships, just as has been done since the earliest days of the Academy.

Last year the Monongahela was used, but the ship that has been used most frequently is the old Constellation, on which nearly all of the younger, and many of the older officers in the navy received their first knowledge of seamanship. This old ship has a varied history, which tends to add interest to the life on board. Soon after the close of the revolutionary war, our country was harassed and annoyed by bands of pirates from the Barbary States in the Northern part of Africa. At that time, a little over 100 years ago, Congress authorized the construction of 6 frigates, of which the first to be launched was the Constellation, followed soon afterward by the well known Constitution (Old Ironsides).

During the wars that followed the Constellation did not take so active a part as the Constitution. However, all through the war of 1812 and the civil war, it was known as one of the fastest frigates afloat. During the latter war it was engaged in overhauling and capturing slave traders and bringing them to justice. It has been repaired and changed many times during all the years of its existence, but is still very much like the original model, being a full-rigged sailing ship with 3 lofty masts and spreading the usual number of extensive sails. Its armament consists of several of the oldtime broad-side guns and a few brass Dahlgren guns used for saluting purposes.

The grand naval ball in the armory brings to a close the social and official events of graduation week, and the next day finds the cadets who are to take the summer cruise packing all the personal belongings likely to be of use aboard ship, and by the next day every one is ready to be assigned to quarters on the ship.

For a week before the time for cadets to embark, the ship is moored in the harbor close to the shore, and everything in the way of provisioning it is attended to, so that everything is ready for them to come on board and make themselves at home.

They march aboard and line up on the quarter deck, where stands the executive officer with station-billets and hammocks ready to be served out to each one.

The station-billet is a very comprehensive piece of paper, on which the cadet finds—among other things—a detailed statement of just where he belongs and what he is supposed to do at every maneuver of the ship. He learns from it the number of his hammock and what part of the berth deck and what locker he is to occupy, his position at the guns during general quarters, and the boat into which he is supposed to jump at the abandoning of the ship

To the cadet starting on his first cruise a lot of this detailed information is Greek, but by the assistance of some good-natured sailor close at hand, he is able, eventually, to find his way below and begins to fix and lash his hammock and to stow away in his

NAVAL CADETS AT THE OARS.

locker the articles of clothing, etc., which he brought with him. By the time all this is finished several hours have slipped away, and the cadet, beginning to feel hungry, looks around and wonders what kind of supper he will have.

By the time all lockers are packed and the deck cleared, the mess boys begin to spread the tables and to satisfy the cadet's curiosity and longing.

The meal is plain but substantial, as it usually is, and the new "plebe" begins to feel at home.

Supper over, he wanders up to the spar deck and begins to look in every direction at the sight displayed. On all sides he sees sailors and marines, some pulling away on ropes, some climbing through the tops, others with sewing machine or needles repairing the rents and snags incident to the service; still others are sitting idle and smoking or enjoying games of cards or checkers. To the landsman the sight is strange, and the cadet is interested in the many ropes and spars above and around him; for he realizes that his immediate task is to learn the names and places of every one of the many hundred parts of rigging which now seem so confusing.

While meditating on the future and the tasks likely to be assigned to him, some one lightly taps him on the shoulder, and turning he is informed by an upper class man that he is wanted below. Most humbly he goes, and soon finds himself in the midst of a gang of third class cadets, who desire to show the "gally plebe" that he is not out on a yachting trip. In order to impress this fact more firmly on his mind, they proceed to initiate him into the mysteries of that peculiar hazing known only at Annapolis. He is made to sing funny songs, to make love to a broom, to narrate all of his past love affairs, to stand on his head, to smear his face with mucilage, and many other silly things, which are necessary to impress on the mind of the new cadet that he is only a miserable plebe, and must stand ready for the rest of the year to do everybody's bidding, and remember his humble position.

It is a relief to everyone when, early the following morning, the anchor is raised and a tug tows the ship over the bar into Chesapeake bay. From that time on till the end of the cruise the ship is maneuvred by its own sails.

Sometimes the cadets are taken abroad on their cruise, and after landing at some port on the other side start back immediately. Usually, however, the cruise is limited to home waters, the route being down the Chesapeake, through the capes and Northward as far as New London, Conn., where headquarters for mail and provisions are usually made, and the ship anchors for 10 days or more. During this time all the hardships and sea-sickness suffered by the cadets while at sea are forgotten, for the girls of the Pequot and Fort Griswold hotels are always most attentive and ready to give dances and afternoon affairs in their honor. In return, the cadets give a dance on board the ship, to their dearest acquaintances ashore. After a short stay at New London, the ship is headed for Newport, R. I., and again a short round of social gayety falls to the lot of those on board. From Newport the return trip is begun and the greater part of the work for cadets remains to be done.

There are usually about 110 cadets on board and about 150 sailors, 25 marines and 12 officers, some of whom are detailed as instructors of seamanship and navigation for the cadets.

The cadets, like the sailors, are divided into two watches, starboard and port, and when at sea one watch of sailors and cadets is on duty on the upper deck all the time, while the other is below at rest.

The members of the third and fourth classes are assigned to positions out on the different yard arms, and on deck to pull on ropes side by side with the sailors. The members of the first class are detailed as assistant watch officers and as mates of the decks and captains of different parts of the ship. They also have an hour or two every morning to devote to the study of navigation and seamanship under the direction of a competent young officer, acting as instructor.

The cadets of the lower classes also have to recite certain elementary problems concerning the rigging of the ship, and to find answers for all sorts of questions relating to the mariner's compass, which first of all they must learn to box. Before returning from the cruise 2 weeks are spent in Gardiner's bay, near New London, where each member of the first class is made to take command of the ship and to put it through the evolutions of tacking, wearing and reefing, loosing, furling sail, etc., so that by the end of the cruise every one is able to assume the principal duties of a young watch officer.

During these exercises the lower classmen have a chance to learn a great deal while pulling on ropes and climbing aloft through the rigging, to execute the orders of the cadet who is being practiced in giving commands.

By the 28th of August, the ship has returned and is anchored outside of Annapolis, ready for the tug to tow it over the bar again and up to the dock, so that the cadets of the first and third classes may disembark and go off for their well earned furlough of 30 days.

FUTURE ADMIRALS IN THE CROSS TREES.

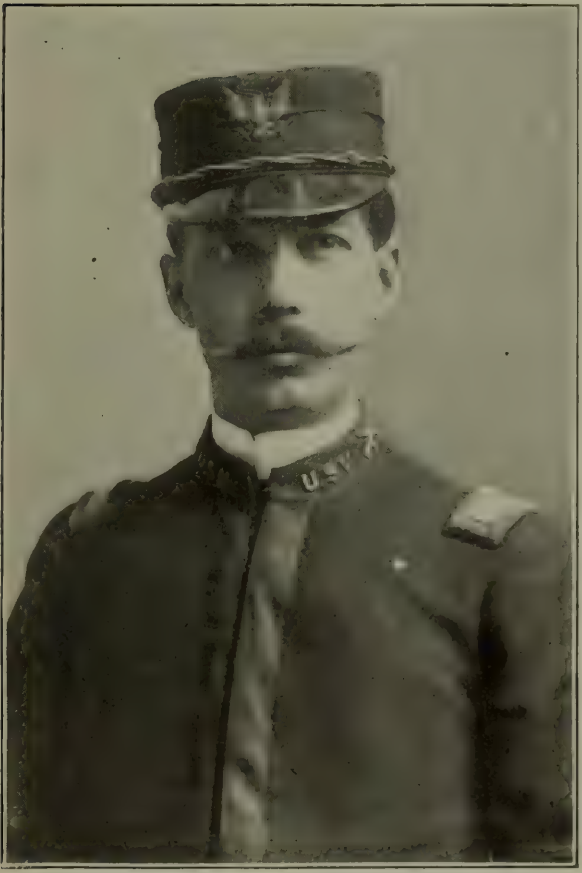
CHAS. B. HUDSON, ARTIST AND SOLDIER.

W. T. HORNADAY.

It is not often that an artist exchanges palette and brush for sword and six-shooter, and when "Charlie" Hudson,

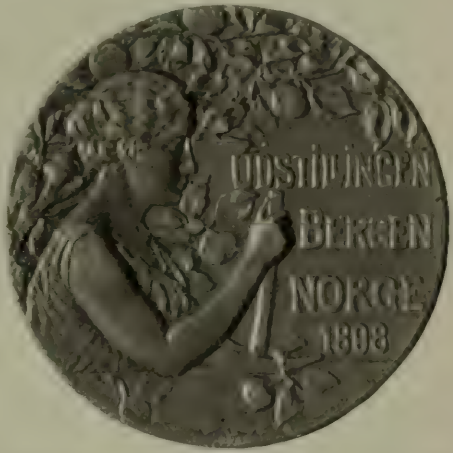
> "The mildest mannered man
> Who ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

informed me that he had long held a commission as Captain in the National Guard, and was going to Cuba to fight Spaniards, I was paralyzed with astonishment. I had often remarked on the fine, soldierly erectness of his figure, but never dreamed for a moment he had acquired any of it on the drill ground of Washington's crack brigade. A little later came the shuffle and the new deal for the National Guard, from which Colonel Harris's regiment emerged as the First District of Columbia Volunteers, and started for Cuba as quickly as it could get permission to go.



LIEUT. CHAS. B. HUDSON, FIRST D. C. INFANTRY.

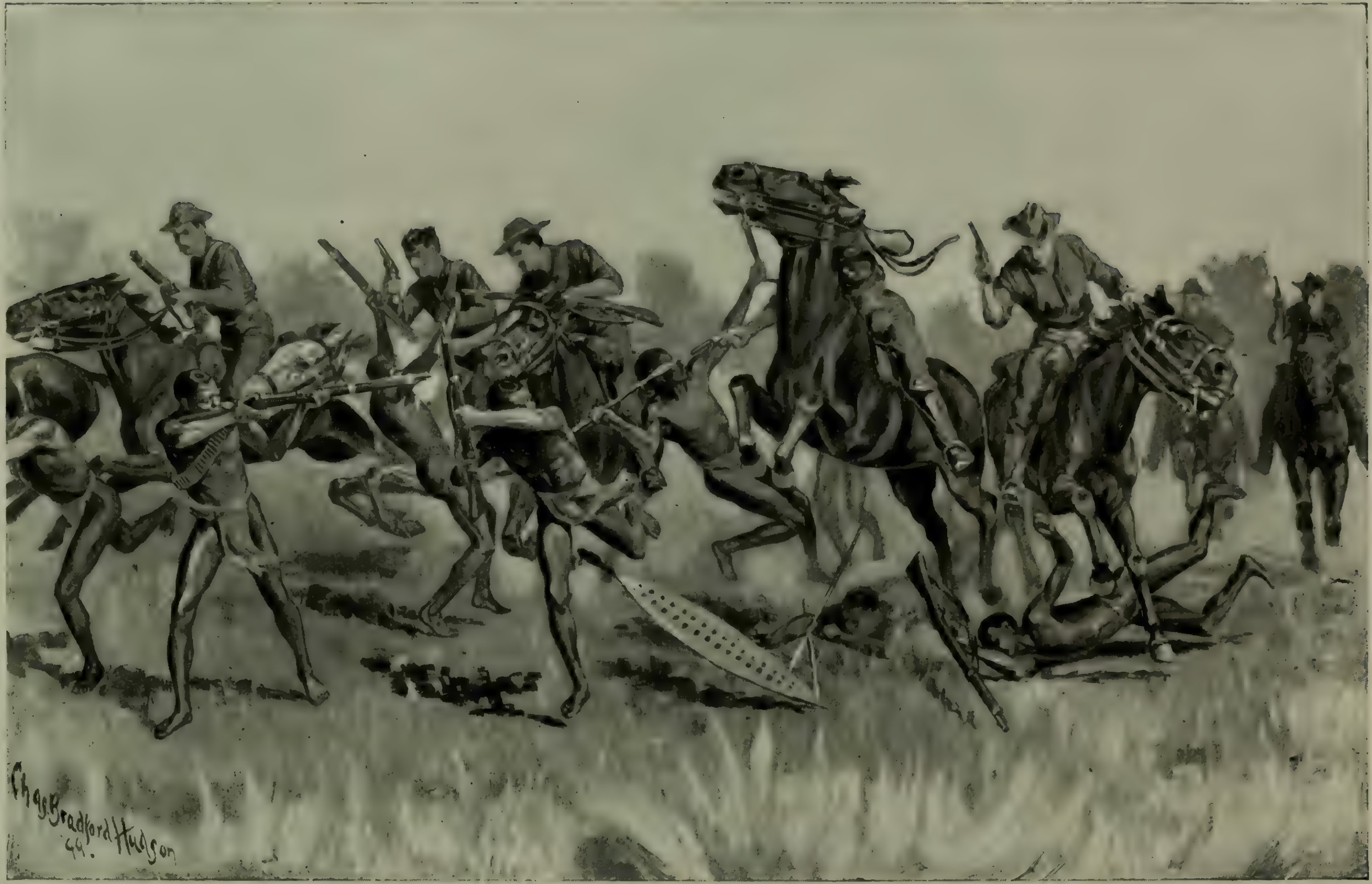
The regiment reached the center of the line of battle before Santiago on the last day of the fighting, but in ample time to receive its baptism of fire. When the surrender was finally consummated, the question next in importance was self-preservation from the fevers bred by bad water, sweltering heat, and by sleeping on the ground. Hudson was appointed Battalion Adjutant, and served as such to the end of the campaign. For six long weeks the regiment lay in camp before Santiago, and so successfully did it fight off the fever that only two men died from it while in Cuba, although over 20 have died since reaching home, and Captain Hudson has been ill with fever almost continuously.



MEDAL AWARDED TO CAPTAIN HUDSON BY THE NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT.

Some of our artists work as "illustrators," because high class drawings in black and white, for book and magazine illustrations, are more in demand than "pictures." Captain Hudson is an illustrator by preference, because he thoroughly enjoys that line of work. The most remarkable thing

REVERSE OF SAME.


Chas. Bradford Hudson 99.

FROM "ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN FRONTIER."

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THE RHODESIA HORSE ENCOUNTERS THE MATABELES.

SEE PAGE 497.

about him is his versatility; and in that respect I have never seen his superior. He produces portraits, figures, landscapes, seascapes, interiors and exteriors, in pen and ink, oil, or wash drawing; all with a degree of artistic excellence which to me is astonishing. More than this, he is so skillful in the painting of fishes that he has spent nearly two years for the U. S. Fish Commission in the preparation of the most important series of drawings (all in colors) ever made for it. In October last he was obliged to decline, on account of Cuban fever, a request to spend three months in Porto Rico, painting the fishes of those waters, for the Commission.

Hudson was awarded two medals—a silver and a bronze—by the Norwegian government, for drawings made for the U. S. Fish Commission and which were exhibited at the International Fisheries Exposition at Bergen in 1898.

Like most of our artists, Mr. Hudson has done his stints in the Paris schools, and has breathed the artistic air of the world's art center. His methods are as thorough and painstaking as those of a good surgeon who takes pride in his work. No matter how much a publisher may hurry him, no slip-shod work ever leaves his studio. He will put in his best work, from good models, though the heavens threaten to fall. He produces slowly—because of the conscientious study he feels bound to put into every picture before he signs it.

Once Hudson had a very narrow escape from becoming an artistic wreck. In 1897 he came from his Washington home to New York, fired with the idea of taking a position on the artistic staff of a rich newspaper, at a salary that was really very tempting. Fortunately he called on an old friend, immediately on his arrival, and when he disclosed his intention, his host dropped everything else and began to labor with him. He literally begged the artist not to throw away his talent in any such fashion. For a time Hudson was firm, but finally he wavered. At last he was induced to take a letter to Macmillan & Co. and show Mr. Brett some of his work. A few hours later he came back with an order for the illustrations of "The Ranch on the Ox-Hide," an armful of MS., a bright smile, and the clear eye of sanity. He was his old self once more, and ever since has been grateful for having been saved from the iron jaws of The Newspaper. It was "The Madness of Private Ortheris" over again.

Some of Hudson's work has been seen in RECREATION, and much more of it will be hereafter. At present, and when not ill with Cuban fever, he is doing illustrations of big game, naked savages and African scenery for William Harvey Brown's splendid book entitled "On the South African Frontier," which will shortly be issued.* Previous to that, Hudson illustrated Hornaday's "Man Who Became a Savage," for which he produced 16 of the finest illustrations he has ever made.

George Matthews thought when he read the story in MS. prior to its serial publication in the Buffalo "Illustrated Express," that no artist could illustrate it in a manner that would fully satisfy him, for any reasonable amount of money. Hudson's sample drawing captured critical Mr. Matthews at sight; but that is another story.

In illustrating any book or story, Mr. Hudson's keenness in catching the author's own mind-pictures is a great joy to the author. It is easy to induce him to draw exactly what you want. The secret of this lies in artistic skill combined with a nature that is as sensitive and true as a photographic lens. You may wear yourself out in explaining to some artists what you want, and then not get it; but Hudson is different.

It is impossible to name all the periodicals in which illustrations by Captain Hudson have appeared, but I remember "St. Nicholas," "The Cosmopolitan," "Scribner's," "Frank Leslie's," "The Illustrated American," and the Buffalo "Illustrated Express." The very striking picture of a tiger hunt, shown as the frontispiece of RECREATION, June, '98, was Hudson's last piece of work before starting for Cuba.

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*See illustration on opposite page.

ENGLISH SETTER "DIAMOND," OWNED BY DR. H. M. BECK, WILKES-BARRE, PENNA.

BY PERMISSION GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

PORT COCKBURN—LAKE JOSEPH—MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT—HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.

A MINNESOTA NATIONAL PARK.

CHAS. CHRISTODORO.

The legislature of Minnesota has memorialized Congress to set apart for a national park certain lands in Cass county, in the Northern part of the State. A glance at a map of this State will give an idea of what this proposition means in the matter of game preservation. Here is one great checker-board containing 2,500 square miles of lake and primitive forest of white pine, maple, oak, basswood, and birch. True, these grand forests have been sadly desecrated. Under the dead and down timber act spoiliation has already commenced and will grow until the tract is finally cleared if not preserved.

In this tract are Leech and Winnebegoshish lakes, veritable inland seas, teeming with muscalonge, Northern pike, bass, perch and pickerel. Cass lake, 10 miles in length, is dotted with wooded islands from ½ mile to 3 miles in length. In the center of the largest of these islands is a lake a mile in length, spring-fed and without inlet or outlet, and strange to say, it is several feet higher than the main lake. Within its depths the small-mouthed bass, *Micropterus dolomieu*, reigns supreme and alone. This island is thickly overgrown with hardwood timber, and right in the center of this woodland paradise is this charming bass-laden lake.

To the canoeist and camper, every foot of this region is as accessible as an open book. Carries from lake to lake are the exception, there being water connection throughout almost the entire region.

Wild rice and aquatic plants thrive in the smaller lakes and in the quiet reaches of the river, affording unlimited food and cover for water-fowl. A few miles away is Lake Itasca, the source of the Mississippi river, whence it flows through Lake Bermidji, thence to Cass and Winnebegoshish lakes, and so on through Minnesota and Southward to the sea. The river affords connecting links between the larger lakes, a clear crystalline stream alternately contracting and expanding into lake and river.

Within this region one can roughly count 60 bodies of water, large and small, all fish-laden, and into many of which a line has never yet been cast, save by the Indians.

The sheltered lakes, waving with wild rice, make an ideal breeding ground for myriads of water-fowl. It would prove a vast natural preserve where ducks, on their flight North in spring, would find absolute quiet and rest from the incessant fusilade of spring shooters, to which they are exposed throughout their entire journey from the South. Here they can and will make their homes and rear their broods of ducklings. If preserved, this tract would prove a welcome and natural home for the mallard, and a score of other Northern ducks. In short, it would prove a never-ending source of supply for all species of water-fowl.

Here, too, in the hardwood timber, would the ruffed grouse multiply without molestation, the overflow affording in the adjacent territory splendid shooting for years to come.

Moose, deer, and bear, are numerous in this region, and under absolute protection would no doubt multiply rapidly, and, moving out beyond the park confines, would afford excellent hunting.

The temptation to invade the park and slaughter the game would certainly be great but as Uncle Sam has a way of treating poachers, peculiar to himself, one seldom dares to run afoul of a Government patrol a second time.

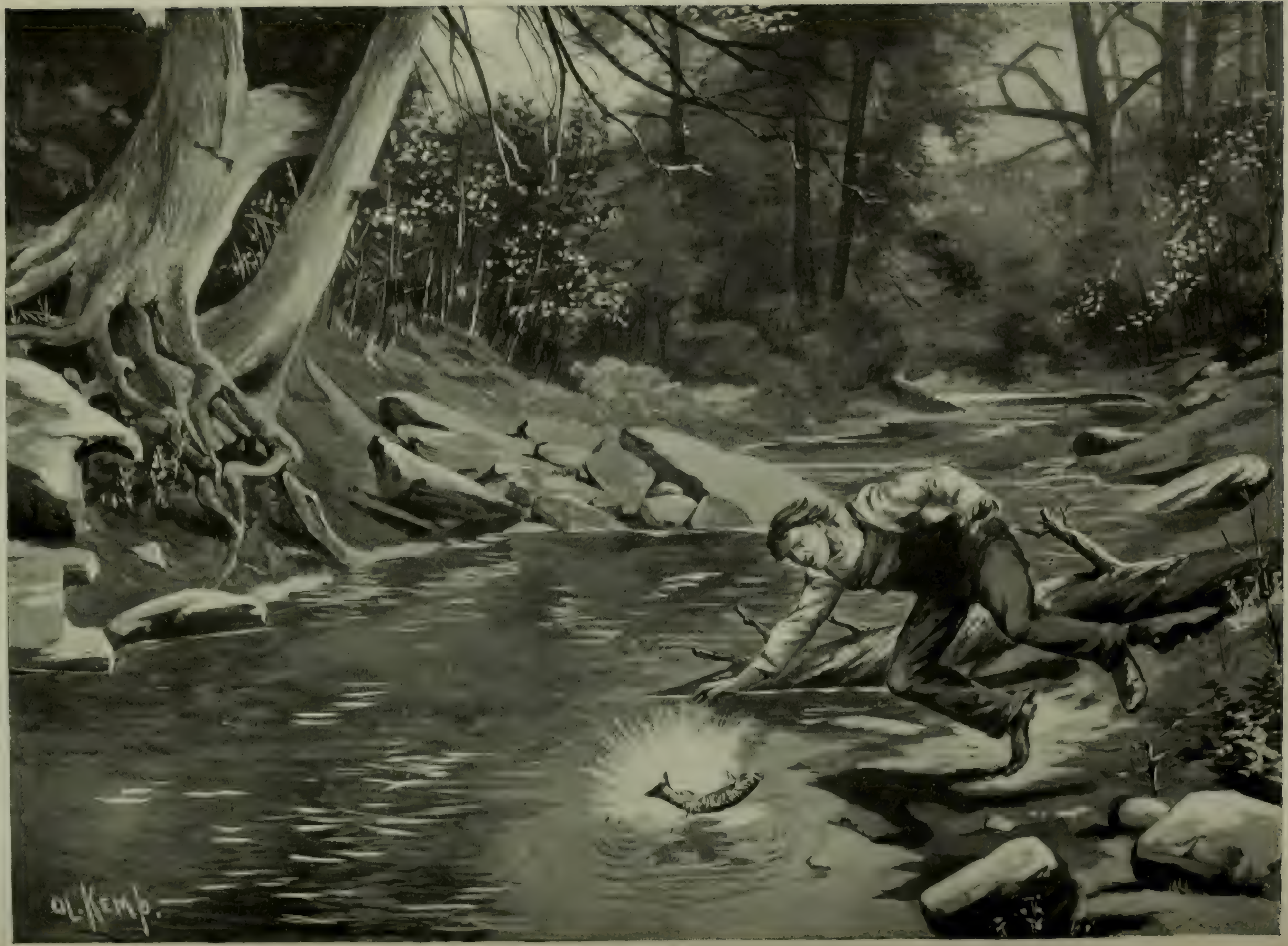
While we Minnesotans especially want this preserve, we cannot understand how sportsmen everywhere can but feel as deep an interest in the subject as we do. Whether you live in the South or in the far East, you should have a personal interest in so vital a step for the perpetual preservation of game in the Northwest.

The question will come before the next Congress. Minnesota has offered to make the Nation a present of 2,500 square miles of land and the people should certainly be glad to accept this magnificent bounty and take care of it.

Smokeless powder, the 30-caliber rifle, and the pump gun are doing only too surely and too rapidly their deadly work of extermination, and unless numerous places of refuge are speedily provided where game can be absolutely protected, it will be but a few years until the moose, the deer, the bear, the mallard, and the ruffed grouse will be as rare as are the buffalo and the wild pigeon to-day.

Already this region is reached by a railway, making it readily accessible to the tourist and the camper. By cutting one or 2 short canals the great lakes can be navigated by steamboats, from one end to the other, making a journey which for beautiful scenery cannot be equalled anywhere in this country.

The primitive wildness, and the combination of timber, lake, and river, will prove a source of unlimited pleasure to the student of nature, the camper, the canoeist, and the angler. The invalid will here find health, strength, and new life amid the pine and hardwood forests of this woodland paradise.



THE BIG ONE THAT GOT AWAY.

CAMP AND CAMERA.

W. B. C.

When I got back to Denver after a trip to the Puget Sound country, the memories of Skookum Camp were so fresh in my mind that wife and I decided to duplicate those experiences in some measure by a hunting and fishing trip to Northern Colorado.

After various inquiries we decided to go to the fishermen's resort in North Park, Colo., known as King's Ranch, where was said to be the best of trout fishing in the North Platte river.

A Mr. Kittrell from South Carolina joined us, and we 3 started from Denver on the Union Pacific train, September 8. Our outfit was a .22 R. F. Winchester repeating rifle for my wife; a .30-30 and a Winchester brush gun, 12 caliber, for myself, and a .38-55 Marlin, carried by Mr. Kittrell. He and I carried .38 revolvers and formidable looking hunting knives, but these were largely for show, and, after being encumbered with them a few days, we discarded them.

We all carried fishing tackle, and a good assortment of flies; also an 8 x 8 tent, and a camp cooking outfit. I carried my No. 4 Cartridge Kodak, which has been my inseparable companion for the past 2 years.

On our way from Denver to Laramie we regaled each other with stories of hairbreadth escapes, and Mr. Kittrell told one amusing anecdote of a South Carolina hunter who ran across a small brown bear. He was armed with a shotgun, and hastily discharged both barrels loaded with buckshot at bruin, and without waiting to see the result started up the nearest tree; that is, he imagined he was climbing the tree, but when his friends discovered him he was sitting on the ground with arms and legs clasped tightly around the tree, but in a dead faint! A short distance away lay the bear, stone dead.

We arrived at Laramie at midnight, and the following morning took the stage for Pinkhampton, 55 miles Southwest. Pinkhampton is nothing but a stage station and post office, but contains one building of interest, as it was from this building that the Indians were fought in one of their uprisings. The second story is built like a Cuban block house, being devoid of windows, and especially built for defense.

Three miles from Pinkhampton we reached our destination, King's Ranch. We found it excellent in all the appointments that go to make up a successful fishing resort, and were particularly pleased with the large detached sitting and loafing room, called "The Lodge." Here we would gather after a day's sport, and recount prodigious stories of the fish we didn't catch.

At the ranch we made the acquaintance of a Mr. C——, of Denver. He proved to be a capital talker, entertaining us with reminiscences of his early life on the border between New and Old Mexico. At that time he had charge of a large land and cattle company, and, of course, came into direct antagonism with a lawless element, especially the horse and cattle thieves. With charming modesty he related tales of the most thrilling nature in which he was a participant. Among these was one of 2 young men, Lee and Clark, who started a horse ranch about 60 miles over the line in Old Mexico. Lee fell in love with the daughter of a wealthy Mexican planter, and his affection was reciprocated by the fair senorita. Her father, however, had other plans for her future, and, as there seemed to be no prospect of breaking up the attachment, he hired 6 Mexican cutthroats to assassinate Lee. Lee came in one evening at sundown, and was sitting with his back to the wall, not yet having removed his belt and revolver, when the door opened and in came came the assassins each with a murderous knife in his hand. Before the sixth man could get out of the room, 5 of his companions lay dead on the floor.

Lee knew that, after this, his life would be forfeited if captured. He saddled his fastest horse, and started for the river. Clark came in from the range some time later, and discovering the dead Mexicans on the floor, and the horse, saddle and Lee missing, suspected the cause of the trouble, hastily gathered a few things and hit the trail in pursuit. The surviving would-be murderer, on his escape from the cabin, gave the alarm, and the rurales, as the local Mexican troops are called, started in pursuit. Lee had a long start, gained the river, found a Mexican boatman, was rowed across, and sent the boatman back for Clark, whom he suspected would not be far behind. Clark did not have much of a start over the rurales, but under such circumstances the man in front usually makes the best time, and he gained the river bank slightly in advance of his pursuers, found the boat, sprang in, and the boatman pushed off. When about 100 yards from the shore the rurales drew up at the bank, and their captain ordered the boatman to stop. Clark drew his revolver, and told the boatman he would kill him if he obeyed. The boatman chose possible death from the shots of the rurales to certain death at the hands of Clark, and soon landed the latter on the American shore.

They abandoned several hundred horses on the range, and never dared go back to claim their property.

Intimate contact with such scenes as these so unstrung C——'s nerves that he left that country and came to Denver. He told the following anecdote illustrative of his shattered nerves:

Soon after reaching Denver he was walking up 17th Street one evening when a gust of wind blew a newspaper out of an alley directly across his path. He said he never experienced such a shock in his life as this gave him. Suspecting it was a footpad he sprang back, whipped out his .44 and had the paper covered in less time than it takes to tell it.

"A CHAIR AND A STORY BY THE CAMP-FIRE ARE BEST OF ALL."

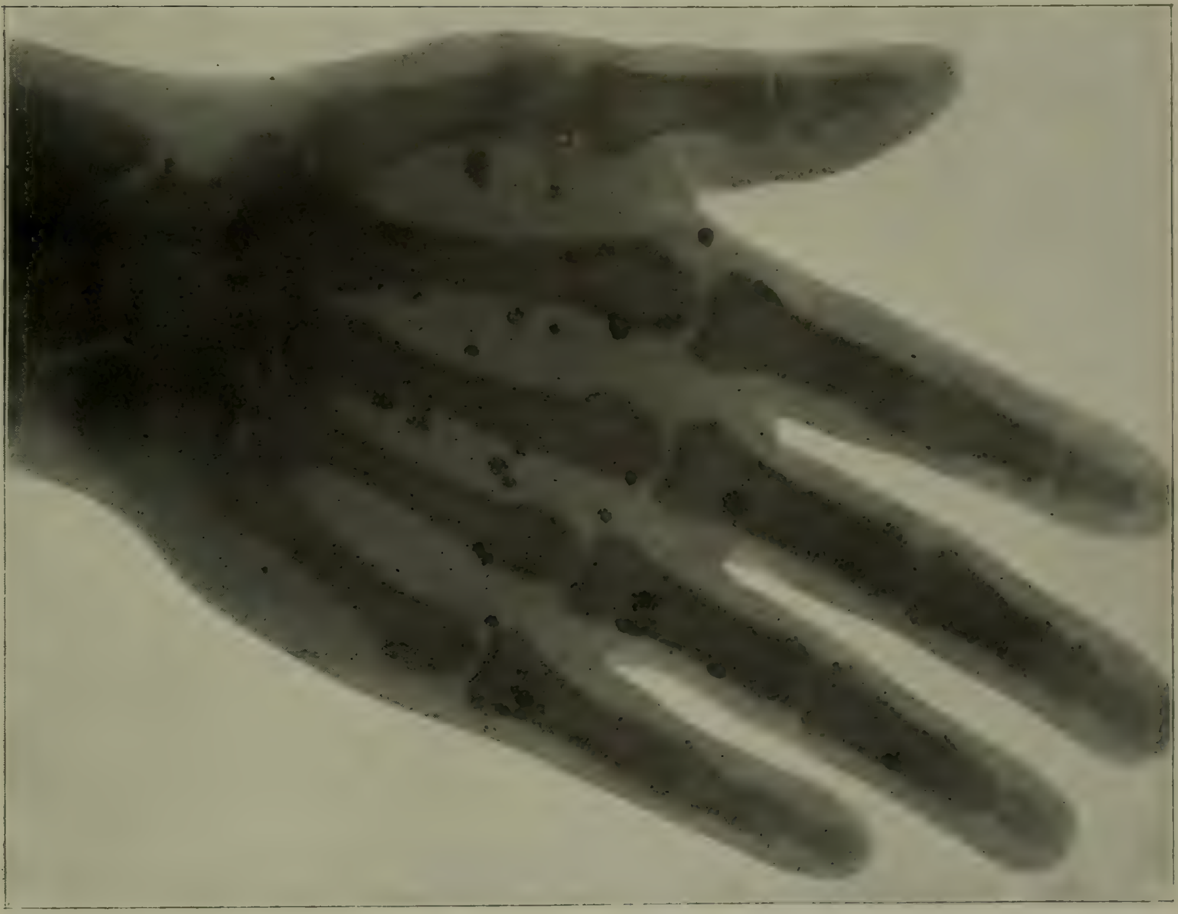
C—— told a very interesting anecdote about the superstition of the Mexican peons. Noticing a field of corn (having from 5 to 10 stalks in each hill) with a number of small wooden crosses set up in the field, he inquired their significance. The native replied that the field was dedicated to the Lord, and if it was God's will there would be a good crop, otherwise they would know that a poor crop was all for the best. The dedicated field is never touched by any cultivating tool of any description. "Well," said C—— to the native, "You don't expect God Almighty is going to thin that corn, do you?" The native replied, without any idea of the humor of the situation, "If it was thinned at all, He would have to do it."

Our most strenuous efforts did not induce the wary trout to bite. We fished assiduously for several days, with no success, the entire extent of our catch being about half a dozen, all less than ½ a pound weight. No fish-hogs, we (when the fish don't bite). However, the time passed very pleasantly at the ranch, and we spent a good deal of time in the saddle, galloping over the prairies and hills in true cowboy style. Sometimes we hunted jack-rabbits and sage hens, but the latter were too wild, and the former too tame to make the sport interesting. In fact Kittrell hypnotized one jack-rabbit and caught him alive in the open field. After a week at the ranch we went about 55 miles West to King's hunting camp, located about 6 miles Northeast of Hahn's peak, and in the heart of the game country. We spent several days at this point, hunting on high ridges over terrible ground. These ridges are entirely covered with dead, fallen timber.

We spent 3 or 4 days here, and then with a pack outfit, took a cook and guide and crossed the Continental Divide to the Elk river country, where we spent several days hunting and fishing, enjoying very excellent fishing for trout in the North Fork of the Elk river.

The parks, with which the country is covered, have an elevation of from 8,000 to 9,000 feet. The streams are wonderfully clear and cold, and the trout, although small, are gamy, and take the fly with avidity. The color of the fly seemed immaterial. Any old fly was as good as another.

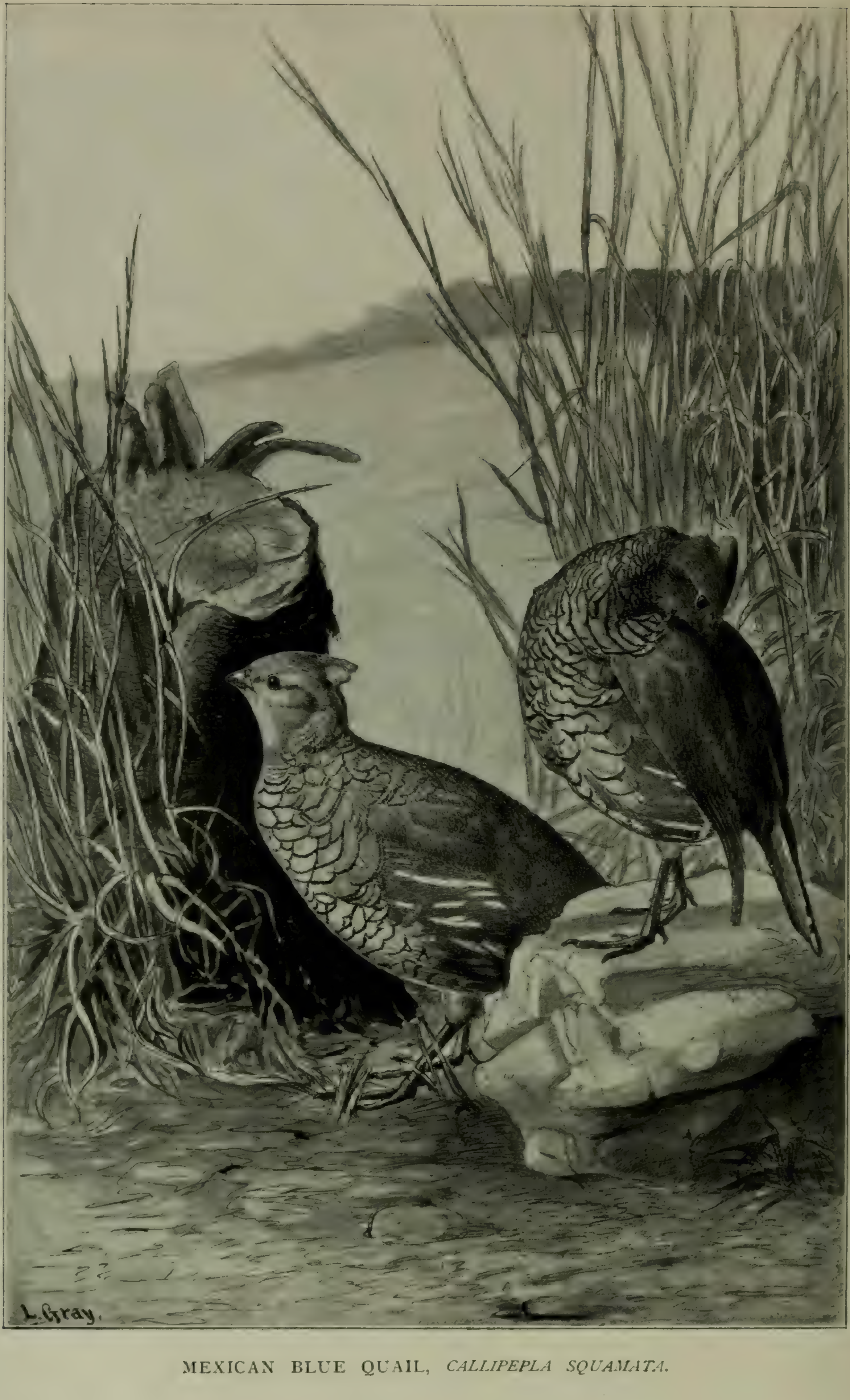
Our guide, during the latter part of our stay in King's Camp, and on the Elk river, was Cooke Rhea, already known to some of the readers of Recreation. He was a buffalo hunter for the market in the early days in the Pan Handle of Texas, and has followed the profession of hunter more or less ever since. His adventures, if he could be induced to relate them all, would make an interesting book, but he is not fond of talking of himself. The few stories he told around the camp fire would make a tenderfoot's blood curdle. He has a .45-60 Winchester, model 1876, which is a curiosity, showing what long wear will do for a gun. It is completely worn out. The stock has lost every vestige of its original finish, and almost of its shape, while the wood on the fore end is worn down flush with the barrel, from continual carrying across the saddle. He has used this gun continuously for the last 13 years, and treats it with almost reverent affection, although it is quite useless as far as accuracy is concerned, and has been replaced for hunting purposes with a Savage .303. He still thinks a great deal of the old gun, and tells of his first day's hunting with it for elk, when 17 fell to its unerring aim. On four different occasions he has killed 3 bears with it in one day. Cooke is one of those indefatigable hunters, who will camp on the trail of a silver-tip in weather far below zero, with nothing but a biscuit in his pocket, and a tin can tied to his saddle to make coffee in. An expert on the ski, he frequently takes long trips in the Winter time in pursuit of game. R. W. Hill, of Elyria, O., told the readers of RECREATION, a year ago, how he and Cooke Rhea got a fine silver-tip in the fall of 1897.



X-RAY PHOTO BY PROF. J. A. CULLIN, KENTON. O.

A HAND FULL OF SHOT.

The hand of a banker in Prospect, O. He was accidentally shot by a friend while hunting, 20 years ago. The shot have been in his hand ever since and have never given him any trouble.



MEXICAN BLUE QUAIL, *CALLIPEPLA SQUAMATA.*

AN ART CRITIC AMONG THE SIOUX.

D. F. BARRY.

During one of my visits to Standing Rock Agency, N. Dak., a Mr. Bennett, of the Signal Corps, bought a fine buffalo robe.

He wanted the 3 great chiefs, Sitting Bull, Gall, and Rain-in-the-face, to ornament the back of the robe by painting it in Sioux fashion, and requested me to engage them to do it. The first thing that an Indian asks is "how much?" That is the interesting point with him. Mr. Bennett was willing to pay them $3 each and I agreed to make the proposition.

SITTING BULL.

On my way to dinner I looked in the trader's store and, as I expected, found Gall and Sitting Bull there.

I made my business known to them and said I would return in an hour to learn their decision. When I got back I found Rain-in-the-face waiting outside the building. I told him Mr. Bennett wanted him to paint 1-3 of the robe and would pay him $3. He consented to do the work at that price. Soon Sitting Bull and Gall came to talk the matter over, and while we were together Mr. Bennett came along. He was delighted when he saw the chiefs and heard they would accept his offer. He brought the robe, and said the chief who put the best work on it should get $6 instead of $3.

Sitting Bull inquired who would be judge. Mr. Bennett replied that if they were satisfied he would leave it to me.

Gall and Rain-in-the-face agreed, and so did Bull, after looking me in the eye for a moment. When the robe was handed to the latter that he might begin the ornamentation he made all manner of excuses: saying he would paint it when the others had finished. Rain-in-the-face then refused to take it first. Gall took it and told Rain-in-the-face when he could have it. Before leaving they named a time when they would return with the finished robe.

GALL.

Little did I realize the importance of my appointment as judge and art critic. I did later on, for it proved an expensive experience for me.

On the day set the 3 chiefs rode up to my place, Bull carrying the robe in front of him. They dismounted and inquired for Mr.

RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

Bennett. I sent a boy for him, and while waiting examined the robe. I noticed Sitting Bull had written his name underneath his painting. There was nothing to show who had done the rest of the work. In one of the pictures was the figure of a buffalo which I thought well drawn and full of action and I selected that as the prize winner. When Mr. Bennett arrived he was more than pleased with the work. He told me to decide at once who was entitled to the extra money. I said "The chief who drew this," and pointed to the picture of the buffalo. Instantly Sitting Bull flew in a rage and abused me without stint. From him I learned, much to my surprise, that the picture selected was drawn by Rain-in-the-face. It was well known I was the best white friend Rain-in-the-face had. When leaving that country he took his moccasins off his feet and making me take them, went away bare footed.

Sitting Bull reminded me of that friendship and said he had known how I would decide. He showed me all the good points in his painting; said he had done much more than Rain-in-the-face and ought to have the $6. He never forgave me. Gall in time seemed to forgive and forget, but Sitting Bull never.

Two years later I rode across the country from Bismarck to Grand river, where Sitting Bull lived, for the purpose of photographing him and his family and their log shack. I had the ride of 260 miles for nothing. He put the price so high I could not afford to touch the button. I offered him $20. He refused it, but said if I would wait they would get me something to eat. I thanked him and headed for Bismarck, feeling that he considered he was getting even with me for not awarding him the prize for his painting on the buffalo robe.

IN THE SIOUX COUNTRY.

THE BLUE GOOSE. *CHEN COERULESCENS.*

P. B. PEABODY.

Once in a while, in the middle Northwest, a goose is taken which the local sportsman calls " a cross between a honker and a wavy," but which the initiated know belongs to a well-defined race, distantly related to the snow goose, but cousin to the Canada goose. With the beak of the snow goose, he bears the breast plumage and physique of the white-fronted goose. In the Mississippi valley, this goose is probably very common, during the migrations, but the fact that it seems seldom to stop for food has given it a reputation for rarity. Yet large flocks of the smaller Northward moving geese, though showing white against the sky, quite probably belong to this race. An occasional specimen will be found in flocks of snow geese, while conversely, one often sees a few snow geese in the large flocks of C. coerulescens.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY P. B. PEABODY.

BLUE GEESE.

The 3 specimens here figured were shot in March, '98, at Donaldson, Minn., when the snow line near Winnipeg kept quantities of all the passing varieties of geese this side the international boundary line. The young bird, which is a "restoration," the head having been cut off, but rescued, will be noted, even in the reproduction of the photograph, for the curious mottling of the head, a sprinkling of browns and whites and grays, and of that peculiar saffron-colored suffusion which occurs, irregularly, in the head and neck markings of all the races of whitish geese.

My first acquaintance with the blue goose involved a bit of shooting too novel and exciting to be lost to lovers of good sport. On a blustery October day, my neighbor, Charley, and I took the train, at 4 p.m., for a side track 14 miles from home, in Southern Minnesota. A small rushy lake lay to the Southeast of the station, and the wind blew half a gale from the same quarter.

We were crossing a strip of close mown meadow and had nearly reached the lake margin, when I saw approaching from the Northwest, against the wind, a band of 7 geese, flying heavily and low. I had never seen such geese before.

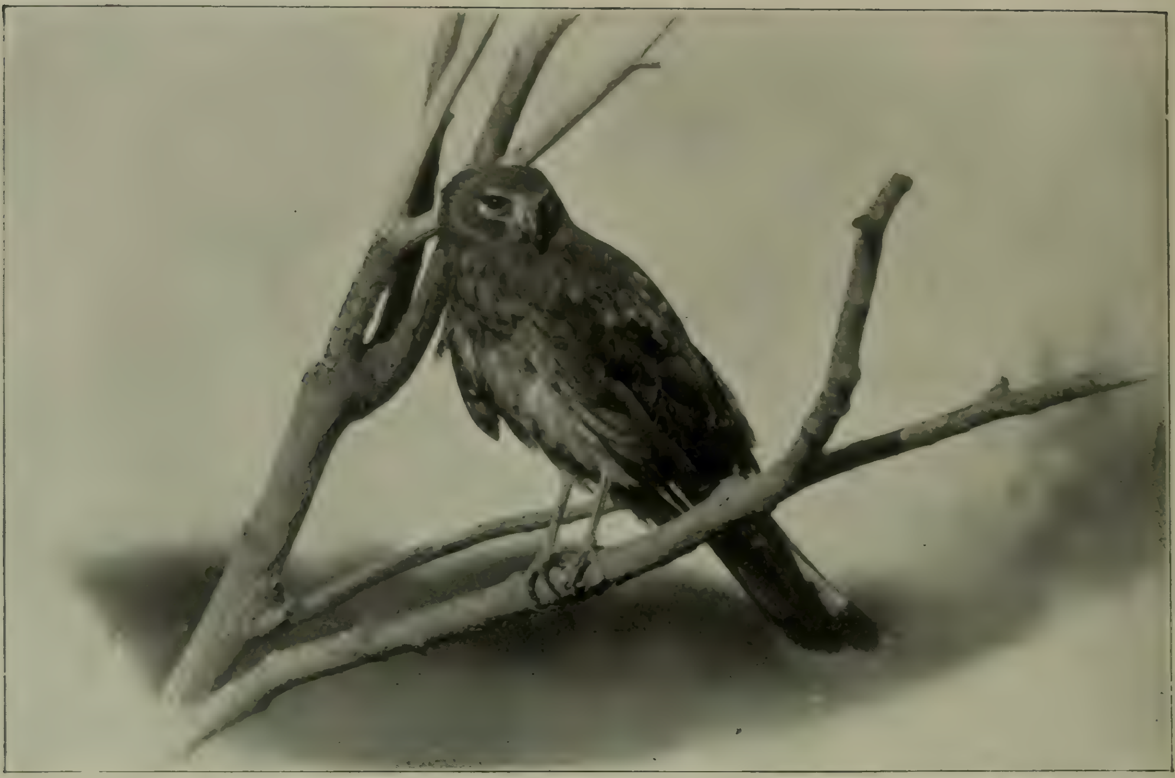
" Quick, Charley," I whispered, " down on your belly, and hand me 2 goose charges." We lay flat, crowding the heavy shells home, while the geese came slowly on, not over 10 feet high, and straight toward us.

" Let them come as close as they will," I whispered, " and as they turn, we will jump up and let them have it."

We had no covert nor protection but our dead-grass suits, yet they came on steadily. When they were about 100 yards away, they turned, with a graceful impulse, and swept onward, without seeming to notice us. In a flash 4 charges rang out, my own 2 shots being placed at least 8 feet ahead of the leaders.

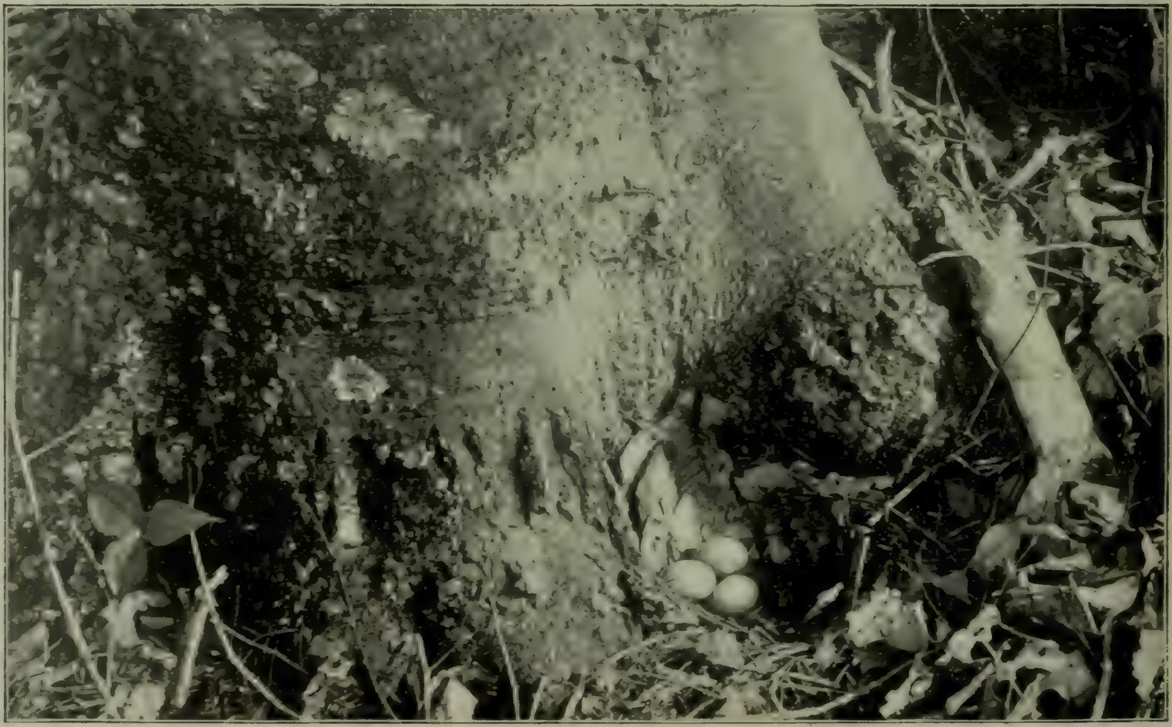
At the concentrated fusillade, the birds gave no sign; but kept straight on. Yet as they rose, a little, 100 feet from where the shot passed by them, one bird veered sharply to the right. The flock turned with it, and back the birds went, on the wings of the wind, along the back track.

They had traversed all of 70 rods before the hit bird, which proved to have been shot through and through, with several pellets, reeled suddenly and came down with a whack that was music to the ears of the hunters.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. WRIGHT.

MARSH HAWK.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. L. W.

NEST OF RUFFLED GROUSE; BEACH WOODS, PA.

A RABBIT HUNT IN ENGLAND.

T. H. BARAGWANATH.

No part of England is so little known to Americans as that which is nearest to America—Devon and Cornwall. Yet no part of that sea-girt island can boast of finer scenery than is found on the North coast of Devon in the vicinity of Ilfracombe, and on the rugged coast of that Western country from Devon to St. Ives—where, by the way there is a flourishing colony of American artists—and West to the Land's End and around to Penzance, with its picturesque St. Michael's Mount, and so on to the Lizard Point.

It is famous for winter shooting, as it is the home of tens of thousands of birds that delight in the mild climate which produces the beautiful primrose in the early part of February. The various means of snaring these birds might be of some interest, but this must be at some other time.

While much of the land is under a high state of cultivation, producing very early vegetables and flowers for the large markets, and so the rents are high, still as one nears the end of the land he finds large tracts covered with gorse—or furze—and fern, making excellent cover for foxes, badgers, hares and rabbits.

In places along the coast often many miles of this kind of land are preserved by some local esquire, and to trespass there would be to bring down punishment to the full extent of the law.

A Downs covered with furze and fern is a first class place for rabbits, and they are to be found there in great abundance, and once in awhile one puts up a fine hare in and nearby meadows. The hare is no longer game in English law.

For several days we enjoyed shooting on one of those breezy downs, which overlooked a broad expanse of ocean. What matchless scenery as far as the eye could reach! What tramps through the prickly furze and high ferns! How we pitied the sweltering crowds in New York; and our hearts went out to the brave boys who at that time were fighting for our flag under a tropic sun.

Three or 4 trained dogs were indispensable to the sport, and well they worked the dense cover. We never had long to wait, for the dogs could easily put up a rabbit, and would " give sound "—something which always thrills the hunter whether in pursuit of deer or rabbit. We spread ourselves over the ground, occupying the most likely spots; but often so dense was the cover that the game went to hole before one could catch the briefest glimpse of the tail in the very narrow runs.

Once I was standing on a frail stone hedge, about to leap down, when out of the brake, immediately in front, there ran a large rabbit, and placing my Brumagum gun to my shoulder I fired. That was a marvelous shot, for it brought down more and larger game than was aimed at. Being unable to steady myself while firing I found myself on my back in a decidedly uncomfortable bed.

But, then, my shot had taken effect and the rabbit was mine—a fact which soothed my aching back.

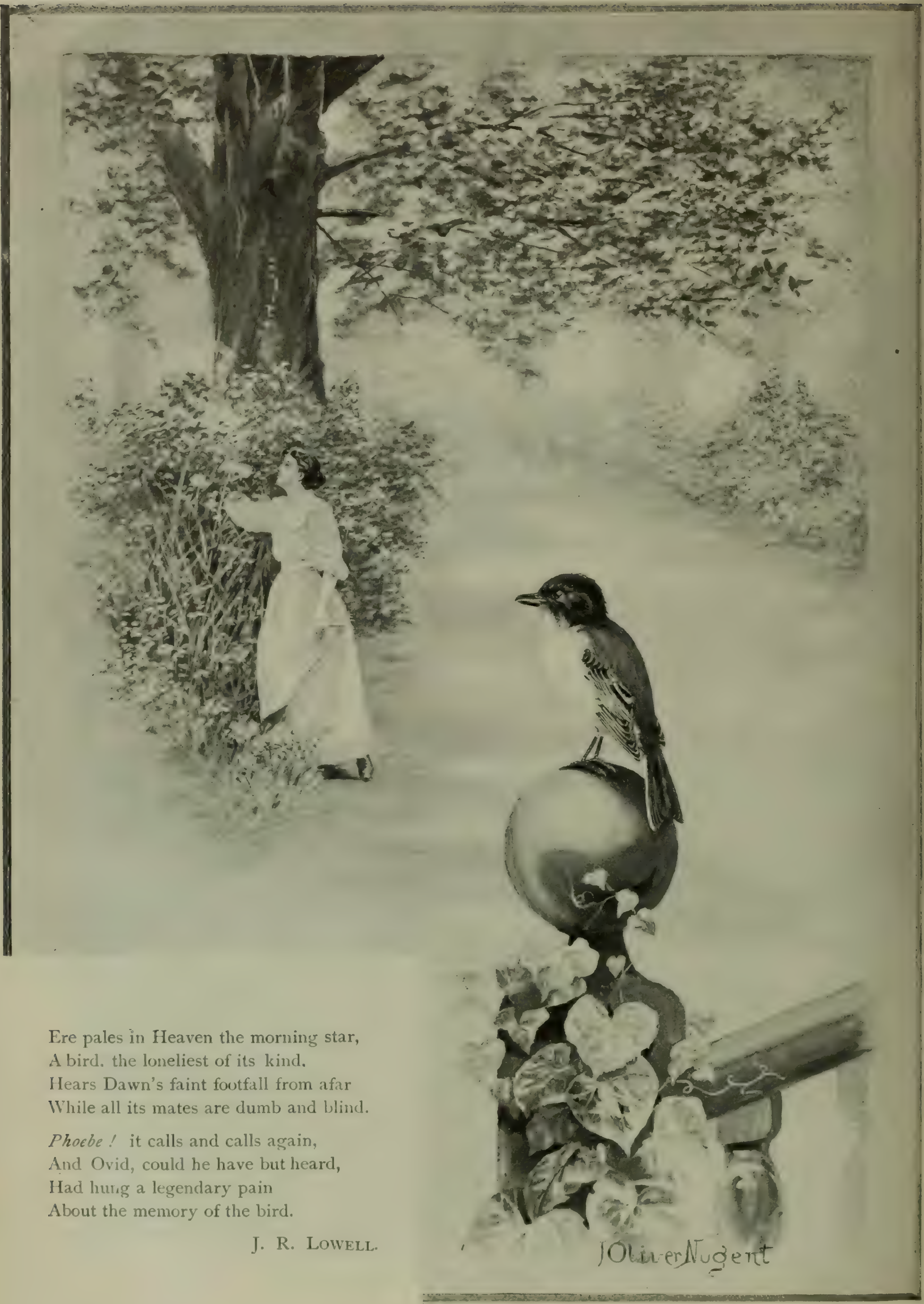
Working upward toward the brow of the hill we came to a deep hole, thickly overgrown. It had evidently been some part of the old mine. The dogs were barking furiously, and mingling with this was another sound which my friends soon recognized as that of a badger in fighting mood. We hastened to the spot ready for the fray; but the big fellow thought retreat the better part of valor, and was satisfied with leaving his imprint on one of the dogs. He lived to fight another day.

How those dogs worked! And our guns spoke frequently, though not always effectively. But the close of each day found us with plenty of game and eager for the morrow's sport.

I could not help contrasting the abundance of game with the great scarcity in many parts of our own country, and in my heart of hearts I wished success to the splendid work of Recreation in denouncing the game hog, and in its efforts to preserve our diminishing game.

JUNE.

Each long, bright, lovely day Dame Nature
tries
Her level best to give to us surprises;
The angler now tells most consummate lies
'Bout catching fishes of enormous sizes.



Ere pales in Heaven the morning star,
A bird, the loneliest of its kind,
Hears Dawn's faint footfall from afar
While all its mates are dumb and blind.

Phoebe! it calls and calls again,
And Ovid, could he have but heard,
Had hung a legendary pain
About the memory of the bird.

J. R. LOWELL.

A "GATOR" EPISODE.

THOS. C. RICE.

In 1855 several families, my own included, left Savannah to escape a frightful epidemic of Yellow Jack. We retired to Thunderbolt, 4 miles Southeast of the city.

Game was abundant, turkeys, rice-birds and ducks, fish in plenty, including an occasional shark, oysters and clams for the gathering, and crabs galore.

One forenoon, while wife and I were crabbing from the platform of the bath-house, the madam suddenly called my attention to some object a short distance from the shore, which I took to be a pine log, but which, as it came nearer, moving against both wind and tide, I concluded must be alive, so, I desired her to run to the house for Prentice and his gun—with a handful of bullets.

The object had now revealed itself, its hugh bulk floating in plain sight. The slowly moving legs and the sweeping tail proclaiming his race. He swung round face to face with me, and strove to wile me into the water.

Prentice was quickly at hand with his gun, charged with 6 bullets. Bang! and the bullets bunched into that glittering eye. Instantly the sluggish monster was changed into a whole circus, with the water churned into foam around it.

Near at hand sat an Indian fisherman in his dug-out. Hearing the shot and the commotion, he understood the situation at once, and swiftly paddled to our assistance, calling to Prentice to bring a rope.

On this the canoeist quickly rove a slip noose and proceeded to lasso the 'gator.

It was the most intrepid act I ever saw. Paddling alongside the wounded saurian, whose body was as big as that of a 1,000 pound horse, and which lay sometimes on its back and sometimes on its belly, the fisherman set to work to slip the wide noose over the head and past the arms of the reptile, so as to hold securely.

To accomplish this he would spring upon the upturned belly, and make a cast. Missing this he had to spring instantly back to his boat, as the leviathan plunged and turned. Several attempts were made ere he succeeded.

By this time a crowd had collected. With plenty of help we pulled the game ashore. He seemed dead, and an Irishman, against the warnings of the bystanders, poked his finger in the damaged eye. Quick as lightning the long tail swept round toward the nose, the mouth yawned like a sepulchre, and instantly closed, the ponderous armed jaws coming together, crash! They were big enough to have taken the Irishman in, and could have cut him in 2. Luckily agony and blindness rattled the reptile and he swung his rudder to starboard, instead of to port. Poor Paddy shrank pale and trembling away.

We experimented with the 'gator, learning the significance of "crocodile tears," which he seems to weep but never sheds. A transparent film covers the eye which can be drawn over it, or swept aside at will. When swept aside it is gathered into the forward corner, where its pearly gleam gives it the look of a tear-drop. Outside of, and independent of this, is the eyelid, which closes over all.

Our victim died the second night, aged, and covered with honor—in scales—11 feet 8 inches long, 5 feet 9 inches in girth.

THE BEST VACATION.

F. C. R.

Speak not to me, when labor's done,
  Of arts and books, and high degrees;
Who goes afield with rod and gun,
  Sees more of life than all of these.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

WHAT YOU CAN GET IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

Eureka, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: Humboldt County is the Northernmost coast county except one (Del Norte) in California, and for game both large and small, it takes the belt. This county may be divided into 3 sections. The Redwood belt, extending North and South a distance of 100 miles and having an average width of 12 miles, is a good range for deer and bear. In fact the woods are full of them, but those not versed in woodcraft would better stay out in the clearing. The undergrowth and innumerable gulches and ravines running crosswise to an Easterly course, together with the peculiar shades of a redwood forest would work a novice clear off his reckoning. The best way is to keep the main dividing ridges through the woods. Along them and on high ground you may catch a buck a napping, when he lays out to harden his horns. It is an event of a life time, to get a true glimpse of the heart of a Redwood forest. Those who are lovers of nature's solitudes can here commune without interference. Here the true monarch of the forest raises his stately shaft 300 feet toward the skies, and it is often 60 feet to the first limb. Some of these trees have a diameter of 8 to 12 feet. Sit yourself down and listen to the winds playing about their hoary heads.

The next section is what is known as the Bald Hills, yet they are not so bald as the name implies, for there are thickets of scrub oak, white oak, madrone, and pepperwoods. There is a diversity of landscape never wearying to the eye, and here is where the hunter's paradise begins. In the line of feathered game there are mountain quails in abundance, grouse, pigeons, doves and ducks, all in their season. Chinese pheasants and wild turkeys have lately been imported and a close season of 3 years has been enacted for them.

You may hear a buck snorting as he flees from a panther, the jack rabbits are kept busy dodging the coyotes and thousands of gray squirrels gather here their winter store of acorns.

Some of the rivers are so full of trout as to afford grand sport.

Section 3, reaches the Eastern limit of Humboldt county and borders on the Southwestern portion of Trinity county.

About the headwaters of Mad river, Van Duzen river and the South Fork of the Trinity river, culminating in the peak known as South Yallo-Bally lies a country rich in fur-bearing animals and bears. Last August I counted 68 deer as they turned a curve in the trail. This is my trapping ground of the past and the future. It lies just West of the gold belt, although sometimes a lonely prospector ventures in there, in the hope of striking it rich.

The snow falls to a depth of 6 feet on a level, on the higher benches of the mountain, decreasing to 3 feet at its base. At its Western declivity are 3 gems of lakes, the source of the 3 forks of Mad river. Some day I will write you a short story of my adventure there, with Chief Chewilla, of the Nez Perces, in the spring of 1870.

There are no wagon roads for any distance into these mountains, but pack animals can be had on short notice.

Humboldt Bay is noted for ducks in plenty and variety. We have the canvasback, mallard, teal, widgeon, sprig, redhead, baldpate, woodduck, gray and white geese and brant. At the present writing good sport can be had trolling for salmon. Valley quail are numerous this season back of town, and cotton tail rabbits are a drug on the market.

The Eureka Gun Club has a membership of 25. Its preserve is one of the best in the state. The equipments consist of 5 blue rock expert traps with electric falls. The annual shooting of the club begins on February 22d and closes September 15th. The contest prize, for '99, will be a diamond medal. The winner must win it at 3 regular monthly official shoots before he can claim it as his own.

We have also the Humboldt Fish and Game Club. Its object is to protect the game and fish and to assist the game warden and officers of the law in enforcing the game laws. It has a commodious club house with a keeper, boats and all other paraphernalia necessary to good sport.

The club controls 1,400 acres of marsh land, intersected by tide water sloughs. It has been in existence 4 years, and as its members are limited as to number of birds killed the results are beginning to show since the birds have found there is one place where they are not shot at continually. Game hogs and fish hogs would do well to steer clear of this neck of the woods.

H. S. Peterson.

AN ARKANSAS DEER.

FRANK FARNER.

I lived in St. Louis, and my work was very distasteful to me, principally because it was like pulling teeth to get the privilege, once a year, of spending a month in the woods with my gun and traps. So, when my new father-in-law said that if I would go down into Arkansas, buy and ship him red cedar fence posts, piling, etc., we could make good money at it, I was overjoyed. I simply said I would think of it; yet I took a quiet look at my 3 barreled Daly, to find it without a speck or a blemish. The barrels were as bright as a mirror inside. Inside of a month I was following the 3 blaze trail through the Arkansas woods and contracting cedar timber.

Happy? Well, why should I not be? The business seemed promising and what a delightful combination of business and pleasure!

By the time the season opened I was at old man Odow's, of whom I had bought enough cedar to keep my force of 7 choppers busy all winter. I put my teams to hauling and had lots of time to devote to hunting and trapping.

Odow was a typical backwoodsman. He took no stock in "that thar durned gun" of mine, but was perfectly satisfied with his long barreled heavy old powder and ball rifle—with which he was a dead shot—and put me to shame a good many times on turkeys and heading squirrels, but fortune favored me and raised my Daly so high in his estimation that he offered to trade his gun and his tame bear for it, all owing to the shot I made on my last Arkansas deer.

The mule team was busy hauling to the river, so the old man "allowed" we—he and I—could walk "deown ter teown" and get some groceries. We could "do the 11 mile and back afore dark" an we would take the guns along "fur thar's a couple o' deer usin' over on the Hatcher hog-back hill." We started and sure enough as we rounded the point of the "hog-back" a buck and doe broke cover in the draw about 70 yards from us and were "cuttin sod" lively through the woods, going quartering away from us, the buck leading by about 60 or 80 feet. By the time I had set down the bag the old man had drawn a bead and pressed the trigger, the hammer fell but the old rifle missed fire—a not uncommon occurrence—I found the sights on the buck and at the crack of the gun the doe turned a summersault. The old man looked at me and said that was the "durnedest purtiest shot" he ever "seed." I did not tell him I shot at the buck and I do not fear his finding it out even through the columns of RECREATION.

A PLEA FOR GAME PRESERVES.

P. B. PEABODY.

I wish I could reach the sense of shame in some of our so-called sportsmen, here in Minnesota.

They are mostly wealthy men, go out with trained dogs, guns of the finest make, the strongest powder and the smallest possible souls.

A party of 5, with 11 dogs and 5 guns, came up a year ago to the sharp tail grouse grounds, and, in 2 weeks, shipped to Minneapolis, to be put on cold storage for winter use, 600 grouse. The angels only know how many useful marsh-hawks and short-eared owls they murdered.

Another incident which has come under my notice, illustrating the crudeness of our laws:

North Dakota parties often sneak across the line and steal our Minnesota grouse and deer. Last September one such party went back leaving 300 grouse in one pile to rot.

No wonder that the sharp-tails, even in this magnificent habitat, are fast disappearing.

Wondering what could be done to save them I have, at last, conceived the plan of establishing, at suitable points, reservations, tracts which may be fenced with Page fence, and patrolled by state officers, whose duty it should be, not only to keep off, or arrest all 2 footed hunters, but to trap or shoot 4 footed skunks, coyotes and foxes.

As a counter check on these regular deputies, let the preserves be frequently visited by officers of the L. A. S.

The fence, if 4 feet high, while not hindering the movements of birds or deer, would keep out coyotes, foxes and skunks, and the deputies, if wisely chosen, and properly mobilized, could easily protect the game, while all well disposed sportsmen would extend moral aid. Through the natural overflow from such preserves, the supply of game would be kept up.

I saw, last winter, at a charming brookside spot, where the moraine divides the bottoms of Red river from the Roseau swamps, 2 seedy pot-hunters, with shoes tied to their feet with thongs; sneaks from Illinois, who had been eking out a lazy living all fall and winter, shooting and trapping everything which would turn them a cent.

They shipped their catch to a commission house in St. Paul—billing it as "old harness;" not from this station, however. Everything they shipped from here was opened by the agent, to see if anything contraband were hidden.

The crying need of this country is for uniform, intelligent laws, strict espionage and that spirit of self-denial among sportsmen which distinguishes the gentleman from the hog, and which RECREATION is doing so much to inculcate.

THE DOCTOR'S FIRST BUCK.

After much persuasion Dr. Farmer, of Endicott, Wash., succeeded in getting me to throw farm cares aside and guide him to one of my ideal hunting grounds. I had been out with him the year before and he got a big black tail doe, but as he wanted a head to mount the hunt wasn't entirely satisfactory, so on the 15th of October, '98, the Doctor, 2 other parties and I, went into camp at the head of Box canyon.

The Doctor, like most city folks, thinks the more a man travels the better his chance for getting a deer, which, according to my experience, is the poorest way to get game.

On the morning of the 16th we started up the mountain before light. About a mile from camp we came to an open burn with scattering timber in places that gave us a view of a long tract of country.

After considerable talk I persuaded the Doctor to sit down and watch, for I knew the deer were feeding on the tender weeds and small brush that had grown since the last year's fire. We took position on the edge of a bluff of rock and I tried to entertain the Doctor to keep him quiet. We sat there about half an hour and I knew he thought that what I didn't know about hunting deer would make a big book.

Presently I saw 2 does come over a little ridge not over 100 yards distant. They were feeding toward us. Before the Doctor could see them they were out of sight in a small ravine. But they soon reappeared, within 60 yards.

I told Doctor to shoot. He knocked one down with one shot but the other, though hard hit, managed to get off in the thick brush.

At the report of his gun I heard something go "thump, thump, thump," to our left. We both looked in that direction and saw a monstrous blacktail buck bounding up the steep mountain. Doctor shot at him on the run but missed.

The buck ran about 75 yards then stopped broadside to see what he was scared at. The Doctor put a ball well up toward the spinal column. The buck came rolling down the mountain, and when we got over to him he was dead.

He was a beauty; a 15 pointer. I then told Doctor he had better find the wounded doe while I dressed the 2 he had killed. Soon I heard the Doctor shoot again, but instead of getting the wounded one, he had killed another. We called the other men to us and looked several hours for the wounded deer, but did not find it. The Doctor was so rattled by that time that he had lost the last one killed and we had to find it for him.

I insisted there was meat enough for 4 men. After working hard all the rest of that day and most of the next, we had all our meat in camp. We stayed 2 more nights but did not try to kill any more deer. We caught all the trout we wanted and took plenty home.

John B. Renshaw, Usk, Wash.

ANOTHER GREAT DOG.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor Recreation: The little anonymous story in the January Recreation, entitled "The Bird Dog" depicts in a cleverly amusing manner the idiosyncrasies of the average poorly broken hunting dog. But often the best trained animals will manifest a spirit of contumacy and act as if possessed by the Evil One, and that too at the most inopportune moment.

Here is an instance: Billy Moore, of the Salt Lake Daily Tribune, was an ardent sportsman and a lover of dogs. He prided himself on his ability to discern a well bred dog at a glance. As a rule he showed good judgment.

One evening he was followed home by a fine looking setter which manifested great affection for him. As Billy had contemplated an outing with me for the following morning, he enticed the dog into his boarding house and gave him an examination in field tactics. The dog proved a wonder. He obeyed with the alacrity and precision of a prize winner. Billy was happy.

The appointed morning we set out for the Jordan river and the neighboring sloughs where we anticipated a morning with the ducks and an afternoon with the jacks. Sport behaved admirably and Billy became surprisingly eulogistic extolling the dog's fine points to the stars, and incidentally referring to himself as knowing a thing or 2 about dogs. The morning was quite cold and a thin coating of ice had formed along the edge of the river's banks. As we neared the first bend in the river we bent low and sneaked along the banks ready for any duck that we might "jump." Sport followed in our wake, crouching low, intense excitement depicted in every muscle. Billy looked pleased. Suddenly a pair of redheads swept by, flying low over the water. At the crack of Billy's little Ithaca one of them fell.

Sport awaited Billy's command before leaping after the rapidly drifting bird, then swam to the duck (Billy chuckled) gently took it by the wing (Billy became enthusiastic) and carried it across to—the other shore. (Billy swore.) However, he attempted an explanation of this manœuver by saying that the water was cold and that the dog was tired, and consequently chose the nearest shore and would return as soon as he had rested. But Sport did not move. Commands, pleadings, threats failed to affect him. He simply wagged his tail and grinned. The red head was one of the largest specimens of its kind we had ever seen, and Billy determined to gain possession of it at all hazards. At length the dog attempted to return without the duck but was greeted with a fusilade of clubs and clods and, failing to run the gauntlet, returned to the opposite shore and maintained his vigilance by the side of the bird.

Billy stripped. He said he would swim across and get the duck despite the inclemency of the weather. A few strokes brought him to the opposite shore, for the river was narrow, but Sport, anticipating his reception at the hands of the irate bather, scampered into the willows with the duck. Billy raved—he threatened to shoot the dog at sight, and incidentally take a shot at the grinning "stake-holder" on the opposite shore, but fortunately for me he had forgotten to take his weapon with him. Billy returned, Sport reappeared, the duck had disappeared.

I interrupted the next movement or Sport would have ended the day in the happy hunting Grounds.

G. F. Gebhardt.

NEAR NATURE'S HEART.

Longmont.

Editor RECREATION: I journeyed recently through both the great parks of Colorado, North and Middle, and over 4 ranges of mountains into Routt county. Here one can still find a spot of earth in all its untouched perfection.

We drove through a wild canyon until we reached a place seemingly unvisited before by man. Just as we were unhitching, a big buck jumped up, not 30 yards from us, and stood looking with uplifted head. Our guns were packed, and before we could get one loaded the buck jumped into the thick brush. I was glad to see him get away, for he made a superb picture.

I unhitched our team and turned them loose, as I had done at all our previous camping places. They immediately snorted with fear and broke into a run. I followed them to where an old fellow kept a small ranch. He helped me catch them, and told me he had never been able to keep a hoof of stock in that locality; although the grass there was 3 feet high and finer than elsewhere. We camped there one week and I had to keep the horses tied all the while.

We had an ideal camping place; such spots are growing rare. Game of all kinds abounded, especially sage hens and grouse. We could hunt to our heart's content, and always with the half delightful fear of running on to a bear or a lion. The lions are especially numerous. I regret to mention the deer, for they will be soon enough exterminated. I think I saw 1,000 and believe I could have killed 100 with a good pistol. I walked by them in the quaking asp and frequently got within 15 feet of them. To kill one would have been murder. I used to pride myself on my shooting, but during this trip all I killed was one badger.

I took the honors, though, in trout fishing, and as in our party was a young fellow who had the hunter's instinct strongly developed, our table was well supplied at all times with grouse, venison, trout and grayling.

On our return over the Park range, we saw a bear, but he got away from us in the dense woods. The trip was most interesting, and when I came to the fences and beaten tracks of civilization it was with a pang of regret.

While I do not shoot with as much eagerness as of old, I take an increasing pleasure in getting away from the stuffy towns to where the untrodden grass grows and vast, lone mountains rise.

A. C. Sigley.

A CUTE BEAR.

Virginia, Minn.

Editor RECREATION: The common black bear that inhabits the Northwestern states is not accredited with much "horse sense." He is a simple-minded beast and perfectly harmless. Last fall, however, I had an experience that considerably raised this species in my estimation. I had a hunting camp on West Two river, where, with my 8 year old son Mark and "Uncle Jimmie" Wilson, I put in a part of the hunting season. On November 5th I killed a young bull moose, about 2 miles up the river from camp. The next day I chanced that way in my canoe and saw unmistakable signs of bear.

I reported to "Uncle Jimmie" who went down the river and got a big No. 6 bear trap he had set there and together we took it up to where we had killed the moose. We built a pen 4x6 feet, of green tamarack logs, staked and spiked it and put a roof on it, leaving one end open. In the opposite end we securely crated the moose head, the feet, and some of the entrails. Then we attached the trap chain to a detached log and set the trap, completely covered, just inside the pen.

The next morning we visited the trap and found the bear had been there. The trap was sprung but there was no bear in it. Bruin had ignored the door we left for him, had lifted the roof off and gone in over the top. How he managed to spring the trap without getting his toes pinched I cannot quite understand.

We repaired the roof of the pen and added to its strength by felling several tamarack trees across it. Then we set the trap again and covered it as before.

On our arrival next morning we found the trap sprung and lying fully 20 feet from the pen. The whole rear end of the pen was torn out.

We still had hopes of trapping the big fellow and cheerfully repaired the damage he had done. We again set the trap and used every precaution to remove everything that might look suspicious to the bear, for by this time we had come to know we were dealing with a genius.

When we arrived the next morning the trap was sprung but no damage had been done to the pen. We reset the trap, but the bear, having feasted to his liking and having had a lot of fun with us, did not come back again, so we had no bear meat in camp that season

Black bear are quite numerous in Northern Minnesota, but the woods are so dense it is almost impossible to get a shot at one of them.

Claude M. Atkinson.

FROM LAKE CHELAN.

Cheholis, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: Mountain lions are not often seen in these mountains, but last November Daniel Devorce, who lives some 25 miles up the lake, encountered 4 in one band. They had been chasing a doe down a mountain, and he ran on to their tracks, which, being perfectly fresh, he followed. The unfortunate doe had dodged the lions several times. Every spring she made was plainly shown by plowed-up snow, and the sudden turning of the trail. The chase lasted some 200 yards, and the lions secured their prey on the edge of a small gulch, into which pursuers and pursued rolled in a tangle of confusion. Hearing singular noises, the hunter approached and looked cautiously into the ravine. The 2 smallest lions decamped at once, and one of the large ones ran a short distance and stopped. The largest of all refused to bolt, evidently meaning fight until a bullet from a .38-40 Winchester pierced its head. Its death struggles were so violent that Devorce was uncertain whether the wound was a mortal one or not, and so missed the chance of a shot at the other lion. The skin measures 9 feet 2 inches from tip to tip.

Another lion was shot in a tree, a month or so later. This time a .22 calibre rifle did the business and a man with but one arm was the shooter. He lost his left " fin " in a little difficulty with Indians, near Judith Basin, Mont., some 16 years ago, but still hunts with a light rifle. This was a good sized lion, but one shot in the neck sufficed.

A great quantity of fruit is grown in this locality and many people are engaged in the business. Generally speaking, public sentiment here is in favor of a rigid enforcement of game laws ; but when pinnated grouse acquire a taste for the young buds on peach trees, and come in flocks to feed on them, it is not surprising that fruit growers should declare war to prevent the loss of their crop. At present only one orchard is seriously threatened, but should the trouble increase a nice point will offer itself to sportsmen. Obviously, the most satisfactory solution of this problem would be the feeding of the birds during a long spell of deep snow and cold weather; but fruit growers are not always sportsmen and some may adopt more drastic methods. C. Greenwood.

BIG GAME IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Largely as a result of the information given in RECREATION as to big game prospects in New Brunswick, more than twice as many American sportsmen as in any previous year invaded the hunting grounds last fall. Nine out of 10 were successful in bagging moose or caribou, or both. To F. H. Cook, of Leominster, Mass., fell the honor of bringing down a monster that rivals the moose of Alaska. Mr. Cook's moose had 24 perfect points and a spread of 67 inches. This beats Stephen Decatur's record moose of '97, shot on the Tobique, which had a spread of 66 inches. A number of 60 inch heads were also secured on the Tobique and Restigouche. The headwaters of the Nepisiguit is almost the only region known to me where the black bear may be hunted successfully. He haunts the blueberry-tinted hills in August and September and may be readily " spotted " with a field glass. Jerome Bradley, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., with a friend, shot a moose, 2 caribou and 4 bears. A. H. Jackson, of New York, must have found a bear den on the Restigouche, as he shot 4 bears in addition to his lawful moose and caribou.

The controversy is still raging fiercely here as to the merits of the .30-30. The results achieved with the weapon are remarkably uneven. Judge Downs, of Stamford, Conn., killed a moose with a single shot from this weapon at 200 yards and W. L. Rice, of Cleveland, brought down a bull caribou on the plains of Newfoundland at 650 yards. On the other hand numerous reports have come in of moose and caribou that have escaped, though repeatedly struck with the .30-30. A party with Adam Moore on the Tobique lost a mammoth moose, though he was hit at a range of about 20 yards nearly a dozen times. Dr. Bishop, of Boston, lost a moose which he should have got and only brought down his caribou after hitting him 6 times, all the shots well centered. Personally, I think most any rifle is good enough for a side shot. For an end or raking chance at moose or caribou give me lots of powder and lead.

Frank H. Risteen, Fredericton, N. B.

Victoria, B. C.

Editor RECREATION: Having read many stories in your valuable magazine, I take the liberty of writing you about our hunting in Victoria, B. C. We have abundance of game on the island. Deer, wolves, bears, elk, etc. Also pheasants, blue grouse (willow) grouse (Canada ruffed), quail, California and Virginia deer and blue grouse open September 1st, other birds October 1st to December 31st. Game was very plentiful this season, no doubt owing to a very dry spring.

I hope you won't call me a game hog. If I am put down so we must all be, as my score is only a little above the average on the blue grouse.

I use a Parker hammerless No. 12, and have an English setter, well trained, to stand and retrieve.

September 1, 1898, I left my cabin, at Shawingan lake, about 5 a.m. I hadn't gone more than half a mile when Roy came to a stand at the side of the road. I sent him on and put up 2 blue grouse. I got a right and left, called Roy down, and then walked in among the ferns, putting up the grouse, for I found there was quite a large covey. I got 3 more doubles and 6 singles out of the covey. Naturally I felt good at making so fine a start, not missing one shot. I took them back to the cabin intending to stay there for awhile, but hearing the boys banging away all around, I couldn't stop, so off I went again and spent the best part of the day, bagging 36 blue and 7 willow grouse, besides having a shot at a deer that I did not get.

When evening came all the boys got together and talked over the day's hunt. There were 2 bags of 26, one of 31 and several of 15. Two of the boys got 16 grouse and 2 deer. There was quite a lot of trouble with the dog's feet getting sore. Several were done up after 2 hours' work, as the country is rough and the ground very dry.

I took the precaution to get my dog in shape a month before the season opened. I heard of some one killing 51 grouse on the first day.

We pay our attention then to the pheasants and quail, which afford good sport for 2 months. Victoria is a hunter's paradise. You can take your horse and buggy and camping outfit, and about 4 hours' drive will take you to one of our numerous lakes, which are full of trout, and where deer and grouse are plentiful.

We protect our game here from time to time, and don't kill game out of season, so we always have good shooting.

Albert Wylde.

You and your friends killed entirely too many birds and should be ashamed of your record.—EDITOR.

SIDE-HUNT, CONCERT AND BALL.

I enclose a circular announcing a grand hunt, game supper, concert and ball by the Gun Club, of Howard, Kan., which was the most original and successful affair I have heard of in a long while. Through the efforts of Mr. Mark McBee, Howard has been famed for its sports, and this grand affair is significant of the interest taken in game shooting there by all the leading people. The programme was thus announced in the preliminary circular:

GRAND HUNT, GAME SUPPER, CONCERT AND BALL.

A grand hunt will take place on November 16, 1898, the game killed to be donated to Oklahoma Camp No. 935, Modern Woodmen of America, to be served at a grand public supper, Friday, November 18th. The hunt will be in the nature of a friendly contest between 2 armies of hunters, with Capt. A. M. Jackson and Lieut. H. C. Rush in command of one side, and Capt. L. Scott and Lieut. Mark McBee in command of the other. The following will be the scale of points for various kinds of game: Possum, 50; jackrabbit, 10; duck, 25; quail, 10; plover, 10; squirrel, 15; cottontail, 5; wild goose, 50; prairie chicken, 20; snipe, 5.

The hunters may form themselves into squads at their own convenience, and use their own judgment as to the manner and place of hunting, the game to be delivered to the proper committee in Howard, not later than noon, Thursday, the 17th, at the city building in Howard, where committees will be on hand to receive it. Any others desiring to engage in the hunt can do so; if convenient, send your names to either Lieut. McBee or Rush, if not, go ahead and hunt, and when you bring in the game you can be credited to the side whose next choice it may be.

The supper will be served from 5.30 P.M., Friday, November 18th, to 2 A.M. following. There will also be a grand concert by the Howard band and orchestra, free to patrons of the supper, to be followed by a grand ball, beginning at 8.30. All are invited to the hunt, supper, concert and ball. Mark McBee, Dr. H. C. Rush, lieutenants.

The hunt took place Wednesday, November 16th, and every one returned home tired, but well repaid for the hunt.

On Thursday and Friday the ladies of Howard prepared the game, and Friday evening the crowd gathered to enjoy a delightful evening, at the handsomely decorated hall. Seven hundred covers were laid for an early supper, which was "strictly game," consisting of: 50 dozen quail, 12 opossums, 36 jack rabbits, 198 cottontails, 92 squirrels, 6 wild geese, 27 prairie chickens, 72 snipe.

The members of the Howard Gun Club are so pleased with the results of their undertaking that they have decided to make their hunt a yearly event.

The above is a clipping from one of our sporting (?) weeklies. This is the paper which announces in bold type that its platform plank is, "the sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons." It printed this record of butchery without comment, an example of tolerance which I hope RECREATION will not follow.

G. V. S., Rensselaer, N. Y.

RECREATION has frequently spoken its opinion of side hunts, and if "all Southern Kansas" wants to see her prairies as barren of game as they are of trees, all she has to do is to feed her game hogs, pat them on the back, and tell them to "go."—EDITOR.

AS TO THE SPARROW.

I have seen a flock of sparrows chase a pair of woodpeckers all over the town. The woodpeckers had a nest near by and some of the little thieves waited for them to come back. Finally I killed the sparrows. If they were exterminated the other birds would increase. Is there a bounty on sparrow's heads? Is the head the only part of the bird necessary to produce in claiming bounty?

Douglass M. Ross, Syracuse, N. Y.

ANSWER.

Some states pay a bounty on sparrows. Others do not. No bounty is paid in this state.—EDITOR.

GAME NOTES.

Editor RECREATION: I noticed in RECREATION a description of how to train a beagle written by W. L. Blinn. Mr. Blinn's theory is good but it will not always work.

It is as natural for a beagle to hunt rabbits as it is for Mr. Blinn to breath and in my opinion the time spent in forcing a pup to eat their entrails is lost and amounts to nothing. What a hound wants is good solid work and instructions right in the bushes. Take your beagle pups where there are rabbits, encourage them to hunt around and if you notice a pup smelling along a trail help him out by kicking around and starting the game from their bunks. Don't be afraid to work through the brush with your pup. Take him through briars, water, mud or anywhere you think it possible you can find a rabbit.

Let him drive a few in. Dig them out for him. When you shoot ahead of your dog let him come up on the game if he will. Few pups will come up on a gun.

If they will not come up on the game take the dead rabbit to the dog. Show him where you shot the rabbit and let him smell around to see that the trail ended there.

A beagle does not hunt for the sake of his appetite. He hunts because it is his nature and, although he may bark up a squirrel or bird trail when young, if you shoot nothing but rabbits ahead of him this is all he will follow.

Of course every one knows enough not to allow a dog to follow a backtrail.

I agree with Mr. Blinn as to exterminating ferrets. R. Clement Stevens.

MONROE, Mich., November 22.—W. C. Sterling, of Monroe, a member of the Monroe Marsh Club, had a record-breaking week on the club grounds shooting ducks. One day last week he broke the mallard duck record for one day by killing 97 mallards over live decoys. Saturday he broke both the canvasback and redhead records by killing 51 canvasbacks and 81 redheads. The shooting on the Monroe marsh is improving. The club have dammed the marsh there, always having good water for ducks. Some of the Detroit members are Senator and W. C. McMillan, Deming Jarves, Truman H. Newberry and Clarence Carpenter.

The above appeared in the Detroit Free Press, of November 23d. This man must be one of the "gentlemen sportsmen," of whom we read so much. Our season closed here December 1st. Quails were plentiful, and with an open winter our next season's shooting will be best ever known here. Deputy game warden Hodge, who resides here, has his eye open for law-breakers. T. G. Torrey, Leslie, Mich.

If the Free Press report quoted is correct, then it is plainly the duty of the Monroe Marsh Club to expel Mr. Sterling. No man who will, at this day, wage such a bloody and swinish war against ducks, as that reported in the Free Press clipping, merely for the purpose of breaking records made by fellow members of a club, is entitled to recognition or fellowship of gentlemen, under any circumstances.—EDITOR.

The reed bird season along the flats of the Delaware river has seen some fearful slaughter of birds. Game hogs from this city and market-hunters have never been more active. One fellow from the office of the "Press" recently killed 103 birds in a day. In a recent issue of the "Record" I found a paragraph which says that John Smith, of Bridgeton, N. J., has killed, for the city market, an average of 35 dozen birds a day for 2 weeks. Smith is also quoted as saying this has been one of his best seasons. I read RECREATION every month and it is a valuable magazine. Keep after the game hogs. Let your readers know your opinion of these double-barrelled, big bore, Philadelphia hogs and pot hunters.

James E. Everett, Philadelphia, Pa.

It seems incredible that there should still be men who pose as sportsmen and who could be so utterly lost to all sense of decency as to slaughter reed birds in this way. And the men who buy and eat these beautiful and innocent creatures are almost equally guilty with the men who kill them. Verily it is high time laws were passed in all states to prohibit the sale of all kinds of game, at all times. In this alone lies our only hope of saving the song birds, the game birds and the game animals from early and entire destruction.—EDITOR.

Can you not classify, in your valuable magazine, the men mentioned in the following clipping?

Tacoma Readers.

"Marshall K. Snell and James Hathaway, of New York, returned from Tanwax lake this morning with 54 grouse and pheasants as the result of two days' shooting."

ANSWER.

While this appears to be a large bag, yet, even if the report is accurate, it does not mean that these men are game hogs. I admit that any man may kill 10 grouse or pheasants in a day without being unreasonable. There were 2 men in this party and they were on the shooting grounds 2 days. This would entitle them to 40 grouse or pheasants on the basis mentioned. It seems they killed 54. This would be an average of less than 14 birds a day to each gun, which is not really excessive.

I am glad to know, however, that my Tacoma readers are watching so closely the conduct of men who are inclined to be extravagant in the killing of game, and shall be glad to have reports of any cases of excessive slaughter that may come to their knowledge.—EDITOR

Fort Yellowstone, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION: I have just returned from a 2 months' vacation spent in Arizona and Old Mexico and am now located in the National park. I have noticed the popularity of RECREATION in various parts of the West I have lately visited. I picked up a well thumbed copy at the little railroad station of Huachuca, in Southern Arizona. In Pueblo, Col., every newsstand had RECREATION prominently displayed. Same in Butte City, Mont. In passing through the little town of Gardiner, Mont., on the border of the Yellowstone park, a copy of RECREATION, in the window of a private house, caught my eye. I wonder if there is a 10 acre spot in this country that can't produce a copy of your unequaled magazine.

The festive coyote is still thinning out the antelope in the park. As I came up the trail from Gardiner to the post, yesterday, I saw the carcass of an antelope freshly killed by coyotes.

Al. Macnab,
Troop D., 4th U. S. Cavalry.

That Savannah is in the land of the 'possum an' the pone is evident to all who visit the public market here, where, among wild turkeys, grouse, quails, ducks and rabbits we find hanging the genuine yellow-skinned 'possum, the game that best pleases the black hunter who counts it no hardship to traverse miles of woods and fields to catch the long tailed critter. Rabbits seem plentiful near the city.

Down the river I saw thousands of blackbirds feeding on wild rice, with a few crows among them. The country is level and unpicturesque. There is much wet land, with yellow pine and swamp oak timber, draped with gray moss that has a peculiar swampy, Southern look that is not pleasing, and suggests marsh fevers and chills.

How the Indians must have delighted in these pleasant, year-round hunting grounds in the old days, where they had no snow nor zero weather to contend with, as their brothers of the great North woods do.

Arthur Munson, Stamford, Conn.

Have just finished reading one more copy of RECREATION which I always enjoy. Your hog feed is right up to standard; give them plenty of it. The last quail season was better here than for years. A large number of birds were killed and a larger number slaughtered. During one week of cold and snow this winter I had the pleasure of feeding 10 quails that came to our door yard.

I was much interested in the report of the game warden of Ohio. I fail to notice Warren county in the list. Warren is guilty and should be there. One man from Cincinnati came here and killed 96 quails in a day. A party from Dayton hired quarters from a farmer no better than they, and killed quails which they shipped to Dayton daily. What we want, what we must have, is a limited bag and a warden.

C. M. Huffman, Oregonia, O.

After an absence of a few days I have returned and find your letter awaiting me. It would have been more satisfactory to me if you could have gotten the information you desire from some one else. Our party consisted of 7 persons and we hunted nearly 5 days. We killed less than 10 birds a day for each man; and counting out what we ate, our bag would have been a small one to bring home, if those of our party who resided near our shooting grounds had not insisted on our bringing their share with us. The only thing killed on the trip were quails. Most of our party made their only hunt of the season on the trip. I may be mistaken, but I do not believe we have killed an unreasonable amount of game, and what we did kill was used by ourselves and our families.

W. F. Halyard, Joplin, Mo.

The ferret is making sad havoc among the rabbits and hundreds are being brought into the market, through the efforts of this pernicious little beast. There was a time when the rabbit that entered the hole was safe from the attack of hunters; but that is past. Now a ferret is sent in and all there is to do is to await the exit with a club or bag. For the past few days the market has been glutted with rabbits, and Thursday a farmer came into town with a sleigh box nearly full of them. He offered to sell them at 5 cents each.—Jamestown Journal.

Inclosed find a clipping which explains itself. A friend and I were hunting rabbits a week ago and met a "sport" with 23 rabbits, yet he had neither dog nor gun—nothing but a ferret.

Cannot something be done to stop this wholesale slaughter? If it is kept up at this rate there will be no rabbits, in a year or so.

E. S. Mack, Jamestown, N. Y.

While traveling through the woods 6 miles East of here, a young man named Neil Ferguson, came on the bodies of 2 monster bucks, their horns inextricably locked. They had died of starvation. Each had a noble set of 4 pronged antlers, perfect in every detail. Distance between the horns at widest part, 16 inches in each. Distance between points at extreme ends, 8 inches and 14 inches, respectively.

The heads were taken off near shoulders, leaving the heads and necks entire. They are perfectly preserved but not mounted. I will keep them until an opportunity occurs to dispose of them.

E. A. Slear, Ballentine, Mich.

I congratulate you on the good work RECREATION is doing for the protection of game, and you cannot score game hogs too hard to suit me, although a few years ago I was something of a game hog myself. After reading a few numbers of RECREATION, I have shed my bristles and turned over a new leaf. This is a fine country for geese, ducks and chickens, but they have been murdered so mercilessly the last few years that the shooting is not near as good as it was.

Recently a party of hunters shot so many chickens they had to burn over 100 which spoiled. Another party of 4 killed 180 geese in 2 days, but the law making every non-resident pay a license of $25 to hunt in this state, keeps lots of hogs away

W. M. Cruchet, Carrington, N. Dak.

DEER CARCASSES SEIZED.

Game Warden Albert French, of Calais, Me., seized 6 barrels, containing the carcasses of 17 deer, on a steamboat wharf at Eastport. The barrels were consigned to Boston parties and were brought on a lighter which runs between Pembroke and Eastport. Byron Lurchin, the owner of the lighter, was arrested, and then released on $3,000 bail. the case to be heard in April. The penalty for having deer in possession in close time is $40 for each carcass, and an additional fine of $100 for each attempt to ship the same from the State. The seized goods have been confiscated by the game warden. Mr. French is feared greatly by game poachers in this section.—Lewiston, Me., Journal.

Warden French is the right sort, and I trust he has had Mr. Lurchin assessed to the full extent of the law. Will some reader at Calais please advise me. I always take great pleasure in recording prosecutions of law breakers.—EDITOR.

Here is another violator of the game law. John H. Katz, one of the leading clothiers of Audubon, went out October 26, '98, and shot quail, ducks and rabbits, in violation of law. Give him a roast. I said I would keep you informed of all who violate the game laws. Your roasts do lots of good, as this is the first man to disregard the law since the other 2 hogs got it.

Subscriber, Audubon, Ia.

Mr. Katz will have the satisfaction of knowing, when he reads this, that all decent sportsmen everywhere will hereafter regard him as little better than the man who goes into his neighbor's barn yard, at night, and steals his chickens.—EDITOR.

The January number of RECREATION is a beauty. Who would shoot a doe after seeing "Midsummer Night's Dream?"

Don't you worry about the squeals of the swine. No evil doer was ever known to take off his hat and hurrah for the man who brought him to justice. Neither have any advancements toward higher standards ever been made without the development of a surprising amount of cussedness that often escapes observation, owing to its latent character. You may believe you have the support of every man who has had any considerable observation and given thought to our game protection.

Conrad C. Curtis, M.D., Columbia College, New York City.

The Lewistown Rod and Gun Club, of Lewistown, Pa., has elected the following officers for 1899: President, Charles Marshall; Vice-President, Ross C. McClure; Treasurer, George M. Wentz; Recording Secretary, George L. Buzek; Corresponding Secretary, J. M. Alter; Captain, I. C. Carpenter; Trustees, Dr. C. A. Rinehart, Calvin Greene, Frank P. Ulsh, W. V. Brought, E. A. Hoot. This club was organized and incorporated for the protection of fish and game and is in a flourishing condition. We have over 100 members and our own house, which has many attractive features, such as target gallery, games, etc. The latch string is always out for true sportsmen. A. L. H.

It happened on the cruise after a day's duck-shooting. We had thrashed out the wildfowl subject and were on shore shooting quail (in our minds).

"Yes," the Captain said, "she was the smartest dog I ever owned. She caught 3 quail herself that day, before I had a chance to fire a shot. Three large, full grown, live quail, not crips nor chicks."

The silence was finally broken by the voice of the Admiral as he thoughtfully murmured, "Say, Cap, how many do you think she would have got, if she had a scap-net?"

The high-balls were on the Captain.

A. S. Doane, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Last fall furnished the best sport we have had here for a long time. Our quail crop was enormous. During November and December, we had lots of snow and the pot hunters got in their work. A great many quail were shipped out of our county, yet it seems impossible to convict game shippers. One arrest was made. The officer got a box of quail at the depot and had an abundance of evidence at the trial but the Justice dismissed the case for reasons best known to himself.

Still the arrest did some good, as it checked market hunting in this immediate vicinity.

J. C. Townley, Enterprise, Kan.

Belonging to Roberts & Son's restaurant is a fox terrier which "thinks." They noticed that the dog would come into the kitchen and disappear with a piece of meat with such regularity that they decided he was feeding some friendly dog, so they watched him. Instead of going to the street they saw him go to the cellar and placing the meat a short distance from a rat hole, concealed himself, excepting his nose and eyes, behind the boxes or barrels, and await the rat, which invariably he would get before it could get away. Instinct? No! Reason. A sportsman too.

C., Saginaw, E. S., Mich.

I have decided to follow out your rule of stopping when I get 10 ducks, which don't often happen. When I get 3 in one afternoon I consider myself lucky.

This rule also applies to my fishing and if all would adopt it we would have plenty of game and fish for years to come. We have fair bass fishing in the St. Lawrence river. One bass weighing 5 pounds was caught last summer. These are the large mouth bass and are great fighters. We have also a few ducks and geese and 2 swans paid us a visit last fall. Ducks are now protected in the spring, which is a good move.

W. Powell, St. Lambert, Que., Can.

Capt. Samuel Albin and R. Howell shot over 400 wild ducks, on Fire Island Beach, last week.—Suffolk Co. Journal, Bay Shore, L. I.

I wrote Mr. Howell to inquire if this report were true, and he answered thus:

The information you received, of our killing over 400 wild ducks, was correct. We killed them in several days, just before and just after the blizzard.

R. S. Howell, Bay Shore, L. I.

It is such slaughter as this that causes so many reports of "poor shooting here."—EDITOR.

STOP USING FERRETS.

The League of American Sportsmen is taking active measures to prevent the destruction of game by the use of ferrets. A number of instances of the use of this animal in the hunting of rabbits have been brought to the attention of the League and they have, through the local game warden, George B. Bliss, offered a reward of $10 to any one furnishing information that will lead to the conviction of the hunters who adopt this unfair method of securing game.—Stamford, Ct., Paper.

I inclose clipping from local paper. We are trying to have a law passed providing a heavy fine for owning a ferret. We are trying to interest our representatives in this movement. Please write them.

G. B. Bliss, Local Warden L. A. S., Stamford, Ct.

The enclosed clipping from the Pueblo Chieftain is self-explanatory. We have no open season for quail in Colorado and frequent complaints have come to me from ranchmen concerning the killing of quail by Italians. As I am only a special warden and serve without pay I could not afford to devote my time to looking after them.

Mr. Blunt came to me recently and stated that they were killing quail on his ranch and I informed him that if he would secure the names and evidence I would see that they were prosecuted. The costs in the above case were $16 besides the fine.

F. D. Green, A.M., M.D.

There were 3 deer in the "Old Town" woods last winter. They must be from some private park, for there have been no wild deer in these woods since '69. Several bills are before our Legislature this session to amend our game and fish laws. Hope they'll make them good and strong. Grouse and mallards are getting scarce in this region.

Give it to the game hogs! You'll gain 10 subscribers where you lose one by those rubs. Of all low down, dirty, nasty, mean, scurvy, measly brutes, the game and fish hog takes the lead. They would if they could, destroy the last animal, bird and fish.

Sangamon, Le Roy, Ill.

Hunting deer with a jack lamp is not only cruel, but as far from true sport as anything can be. It is wholly a one-sided affair, with no chance whatever for the deer to escape. In a tracking hunt there is some chance of its doubling on its pursuers and thus saving its life. If more people would follow the tracking system not nearly so many deer's lives would be sacrificed to satisfy the greed of the thoughtless hunter. Also it would help increase the deer throughout several states where they are already growing scarce on account of these game hogs.

R. R. A., Cambridge, Mass.

Although Stark county is not considered a good game country quail were abundant there and afforded rare sport during the past season. Bags of 20 to 30 were not uncommon within a mile or 2 of Massillon, and early in November shooting was to be had almost within the city limits. Rabbits are so plentiful in Stark, Carroll and Harrison counties that farmers are complaining of the game laws, and desire the time for killing rabbits extended to January 1st. Six men returned from Tippecanoe the day before the season closed, with 103 rabbits; a day's kill.

W. R. Coleman, Massillon, O.

Will have a good lot of quail next fall. Some of the young chickens were drowned in the spring of '98, but still there are more than we have had for several years. Our old law on quail was changed from October and November to November and December. That gives the pot shooters a chance to put a whole bevy in the snow. RECREATION has done a great deal of good here, and every man who reads it is so much better off. Where 2 or 3 tried to enforce the law 3 or 4 years ago, there are now as many hundreds. We fined a number of law breakers. It makes them good.

Fred. A. Ward, Waterloo, Ia.

The bitter cold weather of last winter played havoc with quail in Southern Indiana. Farmers report finding entire coveys frozen. The law forbidding sale of quail in Indiana has caused them to be more plentiful the last three years than for a dozen years before. My hunting partner, H. E. Wells, of French Lick, Ind., found some farmer boys who had trapped a lot of quails. He bought the birds, kept them a few days, turned them out on one of his farms and instructed his tenants to feed them until Spring.

M. L. Shover, Paoli, Ind.

My yearly hunting trip last season was to the White river plateau and Flat Top mountains, in Colorado. In Rio Blanco county deer have been plentiful. Saw only 2 elk. But the way the game hogs slaughter the deer is enough to fill any decent sportsman with sorrow. On October 8, '98, I counted, within 4½ miles of my camp, several dead bucks, 6 does and 3 fawns, all apparently dead for only a few days. They had been wounded and left to die. F. F. Kanert, Grand Rapids, Neb.

Have just returned from a week's stay at " Eagle's Nest," some 11 miles in the interior of Santa Catalina island. I had a great time and did considerable shooting with my .22 Winchester. Killed 1 goat, 2 foxes, 7 quails and a squirrel. I also got about 10 more quails with a shot gun. The goats are easy when you know their habits, and I could have bagged several more, but only drew beads on them. The quail shooting would have been grand if we had had a dog. Saw several flocks of 50 to 100 birds. Saw about 250 goats altogether.

H. A. T.. Avalon, Cal.

There are good hunters and some hogs here, but our worst game hogs are not 2-legged ones. We have many foxes and each one destroys more game in a year than a pot hunter could in 5. There are a few wildcats left, and last fall a panther followed me to my camp. A half dozen kinds of hawks prey on our small game. In spite of all we have some game and would have plenty if sportsmen would hunt game-destroyers—brute and human—as eagerly as they hunt game.

Jas. E. Glass, So. Renovo, Pa.

Allow me to congratulate you on the continued and increasing success and excellence of your magazine. It is admitted by all to be the most popular of all the outdoor or sportsmen's journals of the day, and deserves its success. Your crusade against the game and fish hogs is worthy of the highest commendation and is certainly approved by all genuine sportsmen. The species is by no means rare in this county, but with our much smaller population, he is less in evidence.

W. Stack, Acton, Ont.

A. H. Ketcham, of Colorado Springs, stated in RECREATION that he killed a flying hawk, at 146 paces, by holding 2 inches ahead of him. Was it not a chance shot? With the hawk flying 88 feet a second and the bullet traveling 2,096 feet, approximate speeds I think, at what distance would the lines of flight cross? Any reader of RECREATION wishing to know where good bass and muskalonge fishing may be had in season, and cheap board at farmhouses, can write to me.

Henry C. Bowen, Newcastle, Ont.

I live in New Brunswick about a mile from the St. Croix river which separates Maine from this province. The woods on both sides of the river are alive with deer. Sportsmen cannot find a better place than this for game. There are 2 kinds of ducks here—black and whistlers. Ruffed grouse and rabbits are plentiful. I got my first deer last season. He was lying down facing me. I fired at his head and the charge of buckshot passed over it and broke his back bone.

I. H. Blackwood, Little Ridgeton, N. B.

Recently while taking a wheel trip through portions of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan I made same inquires regarding the supply of game in those States. It is reported as plentiful. Many farmers are protecting their own farms from those who would shoot out of season. One man told me that there was a number of birds on his place, but he would not shoot nor allow others to do so, until they had increased. I saw a number of quail and they were quite tame.

Chas. E. Gilbert, Cleveland, Ohio.

I can get all the game I want, but cannot get enough RECREATION. Keep up your good work on the game hogs, and don't forget the professional dog breakers and trainers. They are in the field from one year's end to another, and many a game bird falls out of season " to break a dog."

I had the best shooting last fall for many years, and quit on my 15th bird, on 2 or 3 occasions, where I could have killed 30 to 40 quails in a day. I know when I have enough, as does every true sportsman.

A Sportsman from Way-back.

LAMENTABLE SLAUGHTER OF ELK.

Within the last ten days over 500 elk have been killed and wounded in the Teton timber reserve, principally by non-residents from Idaho. Nothing is being done by the residents there to protect the game. Two arrests were made at the foot of Teton pass and 15 head of elk confiscated, being in the possession of 2 men. Thirty wagons are yet in the valley and all will be arrested who attempt to transport any game out of the state. Victor, Idaho, people are collecting money to pay fines of this nature, it evidently being a " stand-in." Considerable ill feeling is being engendered. The Jackson's Hole Gun Club has 2 men employed, who are watching the Teton pass. No game wardens in Jackson's Hole are doing anything toward game protection, yet it is believed private individuals and private contributions to game protection funds will be sufficient for this Fall's work.—Wyoming Press.

Fire away at the game hogs; give it to them from your full choke barrel, for they deserve no mercy. Our shooting season closed December 15th, and we have thousands of quails, rabbits and grouse left to breed next season. The game laws are generally respected here and I have failed to note a single case of hoggishness among our shooters. I have been hunting foxes several times lately and succeeded in bagging 6. Give me a good man to help and plenty of snow and I'll rid any township of foxes in 2 or 3 weeks.

J. T. Maris, Portersville, O.

I am just back from a 3 weeks' hunt in North Carolina. I saw the advertisement of the Brant and chartered her, organizing a party for a shore hunt on Pamlico sound. We went over to Wilmington and Onslow county, where we had some success with deer and small game. There were 9 in our party and each night I read to them an article from RECREATION. I was the only subscriber in the number. At the close of the trip they all wanted to subscribe, and I send their names herewith.

Rev. M. B. Williams, Normal, Ill.

The sportsmen of Connecticut are trying to get a law passed to stop the killing of all game for 3 years. They say the game will be exterminated if it is not protected soon. If such a law is passed, at the end of the 3 years there will be so many hunters in the woods that in one month's time there will not be a live thing left. If we wish to save the game we have got to do away with the market hunter, for the trouble lies at his door. If we can stop the sale of game we will have all the protection we want.

H. M. Brown, Gaylordsville, Conn.

We were on the summit of the Cascades where the Great Northern R. R. was driving a 2½ mile tunnel through the mountain to avoid the switch back over Stevens Pass. We had fine trout fishing in the small streams. In August 2 men walked to the head of Mill creek, fished down that stream to where it crosses the R. R. and got back the same day with 663 trout. Three men caught in 1½ days' fishing on Pine creek, 90 pounds of trout. Speaking of fish hogs, they have the regular old razor back variety there.

F. C. B.

HIS HEAD IS LEVEL.

I advise all sportsmen who have too great a desire to shoot and destroy to subscribe for RECREATION, which is for sale at Argyle by Postmaster Nelson. Its object is to work for the enforcement of the game laws; but if you read the magazine a while I am sure you will see things differently. Instead of destroying merely, you will begin to admire the great and beautiful in nature, and hunting with a camera will then be just as fascinating as hunting with a rifle. RECREATION tells all about hunting in an interesting and exhaustive manner, and is valuable for everyone who is fond of hunting, fishing and other sports. RECREATION will help to make you real sportsmen.—Argyle, Minn., Banner.

Your criticism of "Some more Illinois Shoats," in October RECREATION meets with our approval. No true sportsman will mangle the flesh of wild animals with bullets and shot, nor jag the mouths of fish with hooks merely for "sport." Those who waste game and fish would as well burn their neighbor's food supply or rob his barn or kitchen. And those who kill "for fun" are far worse than hogs.

Carson Brothers, Frostproof, Fla.

Game Commissioner Swan declared emphatically, while visiting at Glenwood Springs, that he will allow the Indians and non-resident tourists to kill all the game they want, in Rio Blanco county next fall, if the settlers do not obey the law as to the closed season; or, rather, if the courts and juries here do not convict everyone whom he arrests. Mr. Swan did not state under what section of the statutes he had the right to make discriminations, although he claims to be well posted. The governor should call him off.—Meeker, Colo., Herald.

Will Commissioner Swan kindly tell us by what authority he can permit any one class of people to violate the game laws?—EDITOR.

Chickens, jack rabbits, coyotes, hawks and quails are abundant here. I am interested in the rifle controversy. I think the men who say they would hunt bear with a .25 or .30 caliber rifle are bravest on paper. When I hunt bear with a small bore I will see that the bear is in a 40 pound trap before I fire. I am the owner of 8 Winchester rifles and one shotgun and think life is worth living.

Walter Nellis, York, Neb.

Big game is being slaughtered this winter in the foothills, an extra heavy snowfall driving it down against the muzzles of the guns held by men who could not get it under any other conditions, unless it was sick. The L. A. S. is doing well here and gaining strength.

H. Morrison, Summit, Mont.

I was in the Adirondacks last fall and shot a 6 point buck. The guides said it had the finest set of horns ever seen in that section. There is not much game here, but a friend went out the other day and bagged 3 coons before dinner. One measured 45½ inches from tip to tip. I am a small bore crank and think the .30 is all right.

E. C. Jackson, Schenectady, N. Y.

I am surprised at some of your correspondents, who, without a blush of shame, tell of killing does. In California it is against the law to kill does or fawns at any time. Among sportsmen and people who live in the mountains, it is considered unsportsmanlike and a disgrace, and anyone guilty of such an act would be relegated to RECREATION'S pig pen.

R. McMurtry, Pennington, Cal.

I clip the following from a local paper. Is there room on the black-list for this rabbit butcher? D. M. G., Corning, N. Y.

Rabbits have been plentiful this season and many have been killed. William P. Gorton, of Mossy Glen, town of Corning, has killed 242 rabbits, and will probably bring the number up to 300 before the season closes. What hunter can equal it?

The reporter should have asked "What other hog can equal it?"

Hunters who have tramped over the woods of this section in 3 States report that game seems about extinct.—East Liverpool (Ohio) "Tribune."

The 3 states referred to are Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Similar wails will be coming from a lot of other states within 5 years if the present rate of killing is not checked.

Last winter my partner and wife, and I, were in the Clear Water country, in Idaho, trapping, where the snow in midwinter was 9 feet deep. My partner is there this winter alone. It is a fine game country. There are moose, elk, deer, bear, a few goats and sheep, trout and salmon. The salmon come in May and most of them go down in July.

A. H. McManus, Superior, Mont.

I was out last fall 3 weeks and, although I could have shot 20 deer, I killed but one —all I could possibly use—and that one the first day out. The remaining 20 days were spent in and around camp, cooking and eating portions of my game, and I dare say I enjoyed the sport more than many who shot 5 or 6 deer, just for the pleasure of shooting them.

Jas. Towne, Eveleth, Minn.

Here is a tale of a sportsman (?) of the same ilk as "bad man" Webber, of Vancouver.

A man saw a German following a poor crippled quail, too badly injured to fly and just able to walk slowly.

"You are not going to shoot that poor crippled bird, are you?"

"Sure nicht; not vile he go. I vait 'till he schtop."

Quails did not mate last season in Southern California, owing to dry weather and scarcity of feed; the birds seemed to realize they could not raise their broods. Every bird killed this season is a loss in the breeding stock, as there has been no increase to speak of, and quails will not become abundant for several years.

Donald F. Irvin, Los Angeles, Cal.

I want to protest, through Recreation, against the killing of female antelope and deer. There are game hogs in Colorado who, when out of meat, prefer does to bucks every time. I preach to all hunters I meet against killing does, but the answer they give me is that they are going out after meat.

W. E. Jones, Denver, Col.

George McCloud was fined $25 and costs by J. A. Blackburn, at Warren, for violating the game law. McCloud shot a duck.

Pretty expensive duck shooting, George. You could have had a week of good shooting for that money, in the open season. It is always best to keep on the safe side of the law. You will have more money and more friends, if you do.—Editor.

In January Recreation Dr. Lowrey, in describing his treatment for diarrhea in the dog, mentions zinci sulph. carb. Does he mean sulpho-carbolate of zinc?

G. H. Parkinson, Middletown, Conn.

ANSWER.

Yes: one is the Latin, the other the English name of the same drug.—Editor.

Bob Whites plentiful and in large coveys. Not much shot at right here. Rabbits—"Slathers 'ov 'em," a few fox squirrels, prairie chickens—not many—too wet last breeding season. Saw band of 38 mallard on the Sangamon recently—mink, skunks, opossums and musk rats in unusual numbers. Daniel, Le Roy, Ill.

I have in my possession a silver band taken from the leg of a pigeon which was killed by the electric cars which run between Aylmer & Hull, P. Q. The band is stamped: W. P. 1898 49.

Whose pigeon was it?

R. C. W. Lett, Ottawa, Canada.

While spending a summer in Minnesota I shot a loon at a distance of about 200 yards. His left side was turned toward me and the bullet—a .32 Winchester—went in the left eye and out the right. He had a black bass in his mouth at the time.

Fred von Steinwehr, Cincinnati, O.

Game here consists principally of carp, crows and game hogs. The carp we catch in Bureau river are good eating if properly cooked. We can take care of them all right and so with the crows. Recreation aids us in getting after the game hogs.

George O. Greene, Princeton, Ill.

We were never quite sure who the game hogs of Vermont were. but we can tell them now by the squeals they are making over some of the amendments to our game laws.

The fish and game commissioners, with Thos. Titcomb at the head, are doing good work. Anti-hog, Rutland, Vt.

FISH AND FISHING.

SPEARING MUSKALONGE.

Jamestown, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: I noticed in a recent issue of RECREATION, a reference to Chautauqua lake—copied from the Evening Journal. Your conclusion is in error. I doubt if 3,000 muskalonge were taken from Chautauqua lake during the 10 days' lawful spearing. I and a companion occupied a fish coop, each of the 10 days, and secured 5 fish. The last 4 days we did not see a fish. The fishing is very poor in this lake and will continue so until our fish commissioners come to their senses, and conduct the propagation of our muskalonge in a sensible manner.

At present the fish are taken in early spring, stripped and as soon as the fry are fairly hatched, they are returned to the lake to feed the perch, sunfish and rock bass, that infest this water. Instead of this ponds should be established for rearing the fish to a proper size to be returned to the lake. We have all facilities for making such ponds and making a success of the work. The manner in which this matter has been handled so far, has resulted in nothing more than a detriment to the lake, and a loss to the state in expenditures.

There is no danger of anyone becoming a full fledged fish hog in this vicinity, as there is not game or fish enough here to make it possible to produce the swine.

But, Mr. Editor, we have a species of swine that literally abound about here that you fail to mention. They are in their pens, and await the branding process. I refer to the members of our so-called gun clubs and fish protective societies.

People who through their position and influence induce resident land owners to post their premises so that the poor cuss cannot shoot or molest what little game is left, or in any way interfere with the pleasure of these swine who kill more game in one day, with their trained dogs, than the poor cuss can kill in a week. D.

ANSWER.

I fully realize the claims of market fishermen to their share of the products of the water, but the muskalonge is not properly a market fish and the law which allows its destruction in the manner referred to is wrong. I, in common with every lover of legitimate sport, hope soon to see this law repealed. I would as soon think of spearing brook trout through the ice as muskalonge. One is just as strictly a game fish as the other and if any difference the muskalonge is the greater of the 2. I cannot understand how any man who has the slightest idea of sport can ever descend to the level of the savage Indian by hiding in a coop, tolling these noble fish to a hole in the ice and murdering them with a spear. Every man who ever killed one or more of these fish, in this barbarous way, should be ashamed of himself and should never descend to such barbarity again, even if the law does allow it.

D. says he and his companion occupied their fish coop 10 days and secured only 5 fish; that during the last 4 days they did not see a fish. No wonder. The chances are that nearly all the large muskalonge in the lake were killed during the first few days. If there were a few that were so wary as not to be enticed in this way, so much the better. They were left for seed. I only regret that all the others were not equally wise.

D. further says, "The fishing is very poor in this lake and will continue so until our Fish Commissioners come to their senses."

As a matter of fact, the fishing will continue so despite the efforts of the Fish Commissioners, no matter how they may conduct the work of propagation and restocking. No process of supplying the waters can be successful against the organized force of an army of fish hogs armed with spears, who camp on the ice 10 days of each winter and kill the breeders.

I heartily approve of the methods of the farmers who post their lands against trespassers, and I wish that for the next 10 years they might post them against all shooters, rich or poor. It is only by the most rigid means of protection that any of the fish and game in these Eastern states can be saved and the more rigid and severe such measures can be made, the better for the game.

I am aware I shall antagonize the sentiments of many fishermen and hunters in making these statements. So be it. Let the fish, the birds and the mammals live, and if in future we can raise the stock to such a degree as to again admit of fair and reasonable indulgence in these sports, all right. If not, let us at least have the fields and the forests blessed with birds and animals, if our guns are to be preserved simply as relics of the past.—EDITOR.

WINTER FISHING ON LAKE WINNEBAGO.

FRANK CROFOOT.

Lake Winnebago, the largest lake wholly in Wisconsin, is a clear, beautiful sheet of water 28 miles long and 10 wide, with bluff, rocky shores in some places; in others wide-spreading marshes, the home of innumerable water fowl. Around its shores are several bustling cities, among which are Fond Du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah and Menasha. The first of which has recently sprung into prominence as a summer resort.

During the summer, many excursions are made by steamer to different parts of the lake, one of which, that to Clifton, with its picturesque rocky bluffs and beautiful scenery, is very interesting.

On the Western shore, half way between Fond du Lac and Oshkosh, is Winnebago Park, the beautiful summer home of the aristocratic inhabitants of the former city. There are several others along the shore, one very beautiful, not far from Oshkosh.

The lake abounds with many varieties of fish, which, if properly protected, would soon make it one of the finest fishing grounds in the state, while the marshes along the shore abound with wild fowl.

For 2 years the state game and fish wardens and the fishermen have been waging a bitter war, in consequence of the wardens' attempt to enforce the new law protecting the fish. This war has more than once come very near resulting in bloodshed, for the fishermen are very jealous of what they deem their rights; but the wardens are doing a great deal of good in suppressing illegal fishing, although much of it is still carried on.

What the wardens have done, however, has caused the fish to increase at a rate that augurs well for the future. Two or 3 years' prohibition of all fishing would place the lake second to none in the amount and quality of the fish in its waters. Sturgeon are often caught by the fishermen, but the catch is nothing to what it was in former years.

When the ice grows thick on the lake and men and horses can walk over it without fear, a small village of wooden shanties springs up as if by magic on the lake, near the mouth of the Fox river, at Oshkosh. This is the home of the winter fisherman. The shanties are warm and snug, but so arranged that they may be easily taken apart and stored away for the summer. Inside there is a bench for the fisherman to sit on, and a small stove to keep him warm.

Here the solitary fisherman sits with his stove beside him and fishes in comfort. The shanties were formerly placed over holes in the ice, but this, although very convenient for the fisherman (though he ran the risk of falling into the icy water) rendered it very easy for him to fish with more than one line, which was unlawful. So the law makers, at Madison, decreed that they should fish through the door, window or a knot hole, anything, in fact, so long as they did not have their shanty over the hole. Some of the fishermen observe the law conscientiously and some of them place their shanties over the hole, and when they see a suspicious looking individual approaching, who looks as if he might turn out to be a warden, they go outside, push the entire building a few feet from the hole, and go on fishing through the window or door until the suspicious looking person disappears or proves to be harmless, when they go out and push the house back over the hole again.

Before the new law was passed the fishermen caught large quantities of fish with the spear. With the shanty darkened so that no ray of light could enter, the patient fisherman watched over the hole in the ice, till some unwary pike or pickerel, lured by the tempting sight of a decoy minnow, rose to the surface, when he was speared, drawn out on the ice and despatched.

But those days have passed, and the fisherman is obliged to content himself with his solitary line. However, as he makes from $1.50 to $2 a day, which is more than the great majority of laboring men here receive, I cannot see that he is hardly used after all.

ANOTHER KIND OF CRANK.

I read in sportsman's journals accounts of fishing trips by deluded enthusiasts who sign themselves "Light Tackle Advocate," "Artificial Bait Crank" or some such appellation, trusting that the reading public will tolerate it, or at the worst, pass it by as a bad joke.

Casually they mention their rod "stanch and trusty," lithe as a horsewhip, their line, fine as a silken cobweb, and their dazzling reel humming a dirge to the forthcoming fish.

Improvements occur in fishing tackles as in all other things, but I plod along in the old way.

The "Artificial Bait Crank" may pour his imagination into my ear, but I do not hanker for cobweb lines and dazzling reels. I do not yearn for the gorgeous silk flies and casting spoons and the Nile-green rubber bullfrogs with which he tempts the bass.

Those who use such contrivances argue that it is cruel to impale live bait on a hook. Perhaps it is, but think how a trout must feel when he finds he has swallowed a handful of embroidery silk, tied up with the internal economy of a cat. Or imagine the surprise of a pike as he closes his countenance over a combination tin and gutta-percha minnow. Think how many a gorgeous rooster has been shot to make the tail end of your trolling spoon, and how many a tomcat has been cut down in the prime of life to furnish your 9 foot leader.

Of course one does not think of these things until his attention is called to them. It is the same with that dollar we owe.

I know the live bait fisherman runs his risks, he is liable at any moment to be kicked to death by a vicious grasshopper, or strangled in the coils of a venomous angle worm; but then the fly fisher is often obliged to ascend to the tops of trees and bushes to retrieve an over-zealous cast, and is liable to hang himself in the chaos of his own tackle.

Sometimes as I go forth in the twilight with my sapling, my pig lead sinker, and my can of angle worms, I meet one of these experts, by the brookside, with a bank-book filled with bass flies, offering each and patiently putting it back as it is hissed down by the infuriated fish.

Then I sit on the mossy bank and gently kick my bare feet back and forth in the water and catch fish, while the "professional" lariats a stump across the creek.

There is a sudden snap, a furious outburst of frescoed profanity; then all is still. Then L. B. fisher gathers himself up, takes an inventory and any other bottled goods he may have on hand, and plods thoughtfully homeward in the starlight. It was ever thus.

Recreation is all right, keep right after the "Ancient and dishonorable order of associated G. and F. Hogs."

Geo. R. Brown, Lansing, Mich.

MUSKALONGE FISHING ON MINOCQUA LAKE

After 10 years of arduous law practice my health gave way to overwork and I was advised to take a month's outing in the woods of Northern Wisconsin. On August 8th a party of 4 of us, consisting of 2 ladies and 2 men, started for Vilas county to rough it for 6 weeks. On the second day we were comfortably located in a cottage built of pine logs and situated on the bank of one of the many beautiful lakes of that region.

We spent 4 weeks of our allotted 6 there and enjoyed the finest fishing imaginable. With a few minnows for bait we could in a half hour's time, catch enough Oswego bass for several meals.

Every fish we caught was either eaten at the table or turned loose in the lake. The many days we spent roaming through the forests or rowing on the lakes will be long remembered.

The last 8 days of our stay my wife and I devoted to fishing for muskalonge in Minocqua lake. The lake is about 7 miles long with an average width of one mile. After engaging a guide we started in. The weather was cool and the wind blowing a good strong breeze, making ideal weather for this kind of fishing. On calm days the sly old fellows can see all that is going on about them, and they very cunningly avoid the bait, no matter how tempting it may be. After rowing about for a while Mrs. —— gave a shriek, so common to her sex, when feeling for the first time the tug on the line caused by a large fish. Being new in the art we followed the advice of the guide by towing Mr. Musky about for several minutes, despite his frantic efforts to dislodge the hook from his jaws. Now he would leap 2 or 3 feet into the air, then dive to the bottom and lie quiet awhile, until a gentle pull on the line brought him again to the surface, when he would make a strike for some unknown point. By gently towing him for about 30 minutes he was brought along side the boat, puffing like a porpoise. Then a jab with the gaff, and he lay on the bottom of the boat—a 20 pounder.

We succeeded in getting each day from 3 to 5 of these magnificent fish. To the uninitiated, let me say, that you must not expect to catch muskalonge unless you have a liberal supply of patience, and are willing to work. After our 6 weeks were up we returned, feeling that we had been well paid for the time and money spent, and with a determination to try it again next year at the same place.

E. D. H., Rockford, Ill.

I put a small ad. in Recreation to sell 2 guns. I received 2 answers and had sold one of the guns before I received a copy of the magazine myself. That is what I call quick work. From then till now answers and offers to exchange have been coming right along. I sold both guns and could have sold or exchanged many more had I had them. When I have anything more in this line to sell or exchange I will know just where to put the ad.

Those who answer ads in Recreation should enclose a stamp. It would not mean much to them, but when you answer a hundred or more letters it makes an item.

Harry G. Higbe, Hyde Park, Mass.

The Ithaca gun came in due time, was measured and weighed, and found to fill the specifications to the dot. It's a beauty, and certainly gave me a surprise, but especially when I gave it a chance to talk in its own behalf at the traps. It's a killer, and a far reacher, not a snuffer. Everybody gave it a whirl, and pronounced it perfect.

I have made no mistake in interesting myself in behalf of Recreation, nor when I ordered an Ithaca.

Geo. A Townsend, Utica, N. Y.

I received the pocket Kodak and thank you very much for it. I also thank the Eastman Kodak Co. for their promptness in sending it.

Ira Canfield, Lock Haven, Pa.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

THE CHOICE OF A RIFLE.

Atlantic, Mass.

Editor RECREATION: To many people the question, "What rifle shall I get?" is one of serious import. Without previous experience to guide them they are at a loss which way to turn. The advice of friends is sought with widely varying results and at last in despair they do that which they immediately regret.

Let us then, Yankee fashion, answer the above question by asking still another. "What do you want to use your rifle for."

Rifles are divided into 2 separate and distinct classes: target rifles and hunting rifles. The former is in turn subdivided into 3 grades; short, middle and long range.

In buying a target rifle, a single shot is best; 1st because a repeating rifle can be of no benefit, as ample time is had for loading, 2d because the cartridge used for fine target work cannot be used with a repeating rifle, having a tubular magazine extending under the barrel.

In the matter of weight, a heavy rifle is to be preferred, as it is much more steady and less liable to be affected by slight bodily motions; 9 to 12 pounds is good. The trigger pull in a target rifle should be light. It is impossible to do as good work with a heavy pull trigger as with a light one. There are several good forms of set-trigger on the market which give the desired results.

Aperture or tang sights of some form should be used. The sights made by Wm. Lyman, as well as the vernier sights supplied on Stevens's rifles, are excellent. The latter are most popular for target while the former give excellent results for hunting.

For a front sight a combination open and globe is good to start with, until experience shall manifest your needs. This sight can be obtained with a wind-gauge attachment, which will admit of adjustment for various winds.

The barrel should be from 30 to 32 inches in length.

Now as to the cartridge. For indoor, gallery and short range outdoor work the .22 will be found best.

Of these the .22 short will do good work up to and even beyond 150 feet. The .22 long is not so accurate and many consider it inferior to the .22 short. The .22 long rifle will yield excellent results in good weather up to 200 yards. This is in every way a first class accurate cartridge and cannot be improved upon under the circumstances stated above.

We next go to the .25 caliber. The .25-25 Stevens is a most excellent cartridge and does good work up to 300 yards. Being a straight shell it can be used for the different loads experience may recommend; but for good target work at long range the full weight of powder and 86 grain bullet is liked best by most shooters.

The .25-21-67 Stevens rim fire is excellent. It is a good cartridge for practice, up to 200 yards, and has the advantage of cheapness. It is clean to handle and accurate up to that range.

We next come to the .32 Ideal Stevens. All that has been said as to range of the previous cartridges applies to this one also. It is accurate up to 200 yards. As for the .32-40 and .38-55 they are too well known to need any remarks here. They are 2 of the oldest and best known target cartridges made.

There is a wide different in ideas among riflemen using these cartridges. Some prefer one weight and some another. Some prefer grooved bullets and some patched with paper. As this is a matter of personal belief I will not discuss it here, farther than to say that the most popular loads are .32-40-185, either grooved or patched, and .38-48-330 grooved or patched.

All of the foregoing are fine target cartridges, and may be entirely relied upon. They are considered the best in the market to-day.

We have here a list of cartridges suitable for all ranges from 100 feet up to 500 yards and more. Take your choice. A target cartridge should never have a crimped shell. Accuracy and regularity are lost by crimping. It is for this reason that bullets seated friction tight in a shell cannot be discharged with the best results after having passed through a tubular magazine. A heavy bullet is more accurate than a light one, but will have a higher trajectory. A patched bullet should have a smooth outside surface and be a trifle less in diameter than a grooved bullet.

As to hunting rifles prudence dictates moderation, and I will only state in a general way my belief founded on my own experience and that of my friends.

For a squirrel rifle, pure and simple, the Marlin model '92 or '97 is my choice. For 'chucks, foxes, etc., the .25-20 or .32-20 Winchester. For deer .38-55 or .38-56. For black bear, caribou, moose, etc., the .30-30 fills the bill, while for grizzly, cinnamon, etc., the .30-40, .45-90 or the .45-70. My favorite for anything from a deer up is the .30-30. This cartridge I know to be a hard hitter and a killer.

For rapid, fancy or wing shooting the model '90 Winchester, with sliding forearm, is excellent. I believe Lyman sights improve a rifle and increase its value. The Winchester and Marlin rifles are both good but I prefer the Winchester. The Savage has many good points and is one of our best modern hunting rifles. It has a big future.

J. F. Leonard.

BIG VS. LITTLE.

Tremont, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: I have read the experience of Mr. L. von Iffland, who seems to doubt my statement about finding metal jacketed bullets in the moose I killed in October, 1897. I must confess I would have found it hard to believe, if I had not taken them out myself. As I stated some time ago, one of the bullets struck the moose just above the knee on one of his hind legs, and after penetrating the skin, the lead had flattened out on a muscle. The metal jacket was coiled up alongside of it. The other had apparently been fired when the moose was almost head on and was imbedded in the skin of the neck. It had struck point first, but had flattened diagonally, showing the angle at which it had struck. The bullet from my .40-82, which had brought him down, struck his back bone close to the hip, as he was climbing out of the brook into which he had jumped while running away from me. It broke his back, but was badly smashed up. The moose was very old and his bones were so hard that I broke a steel hatchet in pieces cutting him up. I wanted to save his hide, and it was impossible to get him out of the mud hole into which he had fallen, except in sections. The failure of the .30 caliber to penetrate is unaccountable and may have been due to a defective primer. It is a waste of time to argue about the killing power of the .30-30 or .30-40, as everyone who has used one knows that it will kill any animal in this country.

The question is—will you get the animal you kill? If the .30 caliber would mushroom on the skin of a deer where it entered and so make a large hole for the blood to flow, it would be all right, but I used a .30-30 last October, in Maine, and found that it did not mushroom in any case where it entered, and it made but little larger hole where it came out, unless it had struck a bone.

While coming down a small brook in a canoe, I met a moose, face to face. The instant he saw me he whirled as quickly as a deer and made 2 tremendous leaps.

I grabbed my .30-30 and fired at him as he made his second leap. The ball struck him just behind the ear and came out under his eye. He dropped instantly, but on examination I found that the hole where the bullet had come out was hardly noticeable and the bullet had not mushroomed a particle.

Another time I was looking for a deer and I saw a small one some distance off. I fired at it and from the way it jumped knew it had been hit. I paddled over to the point but did not find blood until I had gone 25 or 30 feet. I trailed it about 200 yards and then killed it with another shot. The first shot had struck it just back of the last rib, had gone through diagonally and come out of the thigh without striking a single bone. The hole made by the bullet in coming out was hardly larger than where it had entered.

In a large deer if a bullet should strike a bone, so as to be prevented from coming out, there would be very little blood spilled from the small hole where the bullet entered and consequently, in a heavily timbered country, it would be almost impossible to track it, and the chances would be largely in favor of losing it.

The only objection anyone could possibly have to a large caliber is its weight; that certainly is a decided objection. The Winchester people, however, are now making a .45-70 (which Mr. Horace W. Brooks says is obsolete, though I beg to differ with him) which weighs under 8 pounds. I think with a gun of that caliber a man would get more game in heavy timber that he would with a .30-30. For an open country where there are long shots and where the game can be seen after it is shot, I should advise a .30-30, but, for a heavily wooded country like Maine I should certainly recommend a .45 or .50 caliber, so that in the event of the bullet not going through, the blood would have a chance to flow from where it had entered.

C. H. Stonebridge.

BRASS SHELLS FOR THE FIELD.

Oshkosh, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: I wish to say a word or 2 in reply to the article, "Shot Shells and How to Load Them," in your January RECREATION, by Mr. Chas. B. Wise. Mr. Wise is apparently laboring under a delusion common to many sportsmen, viz., that nitro powders can't be used in brass shells. He does not say so expressly, but the inference is plain that a "crimp" is necessary to obtain best results. I thought so myself once. I don't now.

Last fall I started on the marsh using the Winchester "leader" smokeless shells, factory load. I didn't like them. They didn't kill to suit me. I bought some brass shells—No. 3 Winchester primers—No. 8 black edge felt wads (I use 10 gauge gun). I loaded some shells as follows: 3 drams powder, 1 ounce shot; 3¼ drams powder, 1⅛ of shot; 3½ drams powder, 1⅛ of shot and 3¾ drams powder and 1¼ ounce shot. I used an 8 gauge wad starter or rammer, and put 3 8 gauge wads over powder and one over shot, using Dupont's smokeless and chilled shot, same size as I had in factory loads.

I took these and some Winchester leader shells and found that the brass shells with same load powder and shot would outshoot the factory load in every way; and that the load of 3½ drams powder with 1⅛ ounce shot was best. This load would have better penetration, better pattern, and throw 20 per cent. more shot in same sized target.

What I disliked about the factory load was that it didn't kill. And I mean by kill—to find a dead bird. I tried the brass shell loads on the birds, loaded as above, 3½ drams powder 1⅛ ounce shot. The first bird flushed at about 10 rods and it would have done you good to see him drop to my right barrel. There was no guess work about it, I knew I would find him when I wanted him. All the birds I shot that day not one gave me any trouble to pick up. My experience with the factory load had been that out of 10 birds dropped most all would be alive when found. With the brass shells I had no further trouble.

I do not mean by this that I did not miss or wing any more birds; that would not be true; but when I drew on a bird within fair distance with a brass shell, if hit at all, he generally lay where he fell.

I found further, that heavy loads are simply a waste of good powder and shot. The penetration is slightly increased, but the pattern is not so good and the shot scatters more. Besides these advantages the brass shell loads cost only about one half what the factory loads cost.

Mr. Wise says the No. 3 W. primer is not strong enough—without the use of black powder. I found them fully equal to the No. 4 in the factory loaded shells.

A. B. Goodinck.

GENERAL ADVICE.

I would inform Mr. A. E. Snyder that the guns most used for big game shooting in Africa are: 4 bore single barreled, breech-loading rifles, weighing 21 pounds and shooting 12 drams of powder and a round ball; 8 bore double barreled breech-loading rifles, weighing 15 pounds, and firing 12 drams of powder with a round bullet; and .577 and .500 double barreled expresses shooting 6 drams of powder, and solid, hardened, conical bullets, for elephants, rhinoceroses and hippopotami.

For lions, buffalo and antelope, .577, .500, .450, .400 and .360 double barreled express rifles using long conical bullets with a small tapering hole in the point.

A gun which is coming into great favor among big game hunters is the 8 bore "Paradox" gun which weighs much less than other rifles of the same bore and is just as effective at ranges under 100 yards (and not much big game in Africa is killed at longer ranges). The recoil is less as the "Paradox" is rifled only at the muzzle; and a very good pattern can be obtained when used with shot.

The "Paradox" is made in 8, 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge and shoots conical express bullets.

To Mr. J. W. Brown: Increase the powder charge, and divide the charge of shot into 3 parts with wads between, which gives an open pattern with full choked guns.

To Mr. F. Cortright: A good gun should place 300 pellets of No. 8 shot on a 30 inch target at 40 yards.

Mr. X. Y. Z. will find the 12 bore the best kind of shot gun for general use and I should recommend the Winchester forearm action repeater.

I would say to Mr. W. Blake that I prefer the .40-82-260 repeater, model 1895, special smokeless steel, with 28 inch barrel, the best all round rifle, using 33 grains of Dupont's No. 1 smokeless rifle powder and a 260 grain soft pointed bullet for big game; 82 grains of King's semi-smokeless powder and a 260 grain (1 part tin to 50 lead) bullet for long range target practice, and 20 grains of King's semi-smokeless powder and a 195 grain (pure lead) conical bullet for small game and bullet, for small game and short range target practice.

Fit this rifle with Lyman sights, large aperture; get Ideal reloading tools and moulds and rest assured you have the best.

To Mr. J. Hauser: The person who recommended the .25 caliber Stevens R.F. cartridge for use on small game knew a good cartridge when he saw it. Use this cartridge on a Stevens Favorite rifle, and bag the small game.

For the benefit of Mr. T. B. S., I would say: A good charge for a 16 gauge gun is 2½ drams of powder and 4-8 ounce No. 8 shot. This is the best for rabbits and quails.

.40-82.

BIG BORES TO THE FRONT.

When a man becomes an advocate of small bores he becomes a crank. There are cranks on skates, cranks on wheels, cranks on fighters and cranks on religion; but the small bore crank takes the cake.

Such is my impression on reading the highly interesting contribution of Mr. H. E. Wadsworth, of Lander, Wyo., in which he takes me to task for presuming to infer that the old .44 and .45 buffalo rifles and Springfield musket possessed greater killing power than the new smokeless small bore.

Bro. Wadsworth places me in Colorado Springs, if he will read my letter again he will see that it was written in Pueblo, 45 miles from Colorado Springs. So he is 45 miles off his base, just as he is 45-100 off in his choice of a good gun. He says: "Some of the oldest hunters in this country are loudest in their praise of the small bore," etc. They are not old time hunters. I am personally acquainted with more old timers than Bro. Wadsworth is and I have yet to see or know one of them who would give his old .45 for any of the up to date small caliber fads.

Bro. W. says I claim for all the old hunters and frontiersmen, from Texas to Montana, that they prefer the .44 and .45, and then says, "He might have said thus and so, then again this and that, just as he would have it." I was expressing my own ideas, not those of Bro. Wadsworth.

It is all right for Bro. W. to think he knows it all, and to believe his .30-30 is the best gun made, but he makes himself ridiculous when he tries to teach up to date ideas to men who have had years of experience with all kinds of guns of American make and used them on game, large and small, and in Indian warfare, and whose experience dates beyond the days when Bro. Wadsworth was wearing knee breeches and buttoning them on his waist.

F. W. Hambledon, Pueblo, Col.

SATISFACTION.

I have noticed several inquiries in RECREATION for a method to obtain the most satisfactory results in shot gun loads. I will give a method I have followed for years and the only one that really suits me.

You can buy the ordinary cardboard wads or cut them yourself from medium soft cardboard. If you cut your own wads be sure your cutter cuts a wad that fits tight in the shell. I use a loading block.

For ordinary field shooting at quail, plover, snipe, etc., I use in 12 gauge gun 2½ drams American dead shot F.F.G. When powder charge is in I press a cardboard wad firmly over the powder by hand. Then I use granulated cork (which can be procured at most any fruit store) fill shells full to the top, by pouring the cork on the block, and rub it off with the hand till there is none above the surface. Shell must come to the surface of the loading block or you will get too much cork. Then insert another card wad and press it down as hard as you can with the hand, then ¾ ounce of No. 8 chilled shot; smaller size may be preferable to some. I use the 8. Crimp with good crimper firmly on the shot after another card wad is inserted. Would not use over 4 drams and one ounce shot for ducks, geese, etc., in a 10 gauge with this load. The advantage of this load is, it will not give any recoil, and the penetration will be at least 1-3 more than when the ordinary felt wads are used.

To show the wonderful killing power this load has I will give one test. I used it on December prairie chickens, a number of years ago in Kansas. I used a 10 gauge Winchester shot gun. Load 3 drams American Dead shot powder F.F.G., ¾ of an ounce of No. 8 chilled shot. I shot 2 chickens and at that season of year they were very hardy flyers. The first one was killed dead at 54 yards and the second at 57 yards, measured.

Bart, Gunnison, Col.

THE BROKEN-BACKED "FLIER."

Well, here I am back again in civilization, reading up back numbers of RECREATION. I notice the controversy over the best rifle still hangs fire. I can't speak from experience, for or against any of these new fangled, high pressure lightning strikers, as I use the old black powder .45-70, but I observe the results of others' experiences.

We all learn a thing or 2, sooner or later, by mere observation. Note in October number, page 296, Mr. C. E. Prescott, of Hudson, Mass., killed 2 deer with a .30-40, soft nose, metal jacket bullets. Nothing very strange about the fact of killing 2 deer with that kind of a rifle. The strange part of the yarn is, how one of those bucks managed to run 75 yards with all his ribs cut off on one side, his back broken, etc.

Now, Mr. Editor, you have killed some game, and seen game killed by others. So have I, and I will bet a quarter of a pound of cheap smoking tobacco, that you, nor any other person, Prescott and Bowers, of Hudson, Mass., excepted, ever saw a deer run 75 yards, or even make one jump, after its back was broken. This offer stands open until January 1, 1901.

To conclude; if all .30-40 rifles will shoot the backbone in 2 and let the deer run 75 yards, I do not want one. It would be a poor excuse for a weapon with a silver tip at close quarters.

Kritic, Leadville, Col.

LEFEVER TO THE RESCUE.

I am greatly interested in all that is said about guns and ammunition. I have a Lefever shot gun—Ideal grade, hammerless, and have owned a Parker and a Remington, both hammer guns.

I notice that a good deal is being said about the Ithaca gun, and I think it is about time that the friends of the Lefever gun should come to the front, and tell what they think of it. I see that the Lefever Co. keeps an ad. in RECREATION, and from that fact I would suppose that their guns are in the hands of a good many of your readers. While there are a great many good guns on the market, American made, I say frankly that the Lefever is the best gun that I have ever handled. It is a well balanced, strong shooting gun, and you do not require a book of instruction in order to take it apart, or assemble it.

1st. How do those who have used the Lefever gun, like it as compared with the Parker, the Ithaca, the Syracuse, the Baker and others?

2d. What is the proper drop of a gun for a man 5 feet 11 inches in height, and with a tolerably short neck? I ordered my gun with 3⅛ inches drop, but am afraid I overdid it by about ⅛ inch. I am likely to shoot low.

S. W. Owen, Hagerstown, Md.

THE DRIFT OF A BULLET.

I am much interested in the explanation by G. P. Servin, in February RECREATION, of the "Drift of Projectiles." The explanation looks plausible, but I am at a loss to know why the action of the cylindrical projectile is so different from that of a spherical one under the same circumstances.

It is a well established fact among ball players, that a ball rotated rapidly from left to right and going in a direction at right angles to its axis, as is the case with the nearly spent bullet in Mr. Servin's diagram, will curve to the left. That is, instead of tending to roll on the cushion of air in front it moves in precisely the opposite direction. You can verify by consulting any professional ball pitcher.

While Mr. S.'s explanation seems clear there is something wrong with it unless nature acts one way on a rifle ball and the opposite on other projectiles.

I should be much pleased with a solution of this problem from Mr. S., or any reader of your valuable journal.

Geo. H. Bayes, Manton, Mich.

Will some one kindly tell me the proper distance to sight a .22 caliber rifle for general shooting, using .22 short and Lyman sights? How far will the .22 short do point blank work accurately?

I am using a '97 model .22 caliber repeater, 26 inch barrel. I have used several different .22 guns but think this the best of all. The Stevens is no doubt the best single gun made in .22 caliber. I have used my repeater against a .40-82 Winchester and can do better work at 100 yards than the .40-82. I should like to hear more in RECREATION from the .22 caliber cranks.

H. D. Barnes, Miller, S. D.

ANSWER.

The manufacturers usually sight their .22 rifles for point blank work at 25 yards. though the short cartridge will do good work at 100 yards.

The long rifle is good, in quiet weather, for 200 yards. Send for a catalogue of any manufacturer. They give all such information.—EDITOR.

THE ITHACA AMONG THE GOOBERS,

I have used all makes of American guns, at one time or another, but the one I am now using on quail is the most gun for the money I ever found.

Last August I gave an Atlanta dealer $27.50 and he ordered me an Ithaca twist hammerless, 16 bore, 26 inch barrels, weighing 6 pounds, with both barrels wide open. With 2½ drams Dupont's smokeless 1 ounce No. 8 shot I can kill more Bob Whites than any man I have been shooting with this season. Our Georgia quail crop has been a big one, and we have lots of birds left over. Georgia is the best state in the Union in which to shoot quails, and the Ithaca the best gun to shoot them with. Give it to the game hog; he needs it.

P. S. Lewis.

Roy Slade wants to know which gun will wear the longest, Ithaca or Lefever. I say Lefever. It can be tightened up anywhere, by anyone. No one can tell which would shoot the best as individual guns vary. If he will write me, I can tell him what will shoot better than either of the powders he mentions.

E. S. C., New Haven, Ct.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

I received the Cyclone camera which you sent me as premium for 7 subscriptions and am much pleased with it.

L. K. Harvey, Huron, S. D.

The Ithaca gun you gave me for getting subscriptions is a fine one, and I am highly pleased with it.

G. J. McCrum, Boston, Mass.

The Automatic reel has come to hand, and I am well pleased with it.

F. E. Rancourt, Stillwater, N. Y.

Jaggs: I see Jaques has joined the naval reserves.

Naggs: What for?

"So he can get a summer cruise, with expenses all paid."

"Oh, I see; he has turned a summersalt."

NATURAL HISTORY.

FURTHER LIGHT ON THE SQUIRREL QUESION.

I will not say that the reds do not mutilate other species, for it is likely an old male would operate on a young male of another species as readily as one of his own kind, if he had the opportunity; but in this case it was not possible for the reds to have been the offender.

It seems to be a part of Nature's plan to promote the "Survival of the Fittest," and I think that in the majority of rodents the old males practice this plan of thinning out the weaker ones. I have killed but one squirrel here in Florida, and that was a castrated male. I have killed many mice, rats and rabbits in the same condition. Only a few day's ago I killed a rabbit that had been partly emasculated.

For 8 or 10 years my father-in-law kept several yards of white rabbits, (with black eyes and ears), for meat and breeding purposes, sometimes having 75 at one time. One day they discovered blood on the snow in one of the yards and on investigating, found a young rabbit freshly emasculated. Further watching proved that an old buck made it his business to operate on young ones. He did not throw them, as one would suppose, but would jump and grab them from behind, and hold on until the sack was bitten off. Occasionally he made a bad job of it, when disturbed, as cited above, and human aid was necessary.

They finally had to remove the old males from the flock.
C. E. Pleas,
Chipley, Fla.

There must be some truth in the report that the gray squirrel is being exterminated by what we call the fox squirrel (which I think is what is called the red squirrel by Mr. Clark.

A friend was out hunting squirrels and saw a gray squirrel running along the ground closely pursued by a fox squirrel, the fox on getting closer to the gray, reached out with his paw, or hand, and grabbed a piece of fur and flesh. My friend then shot the gray, which was otherwise mutilated.

Mr. Smith says he does not believe a squirrel can jump 50 feet from a swinging limb. I am positive I have seen squirrels jump that and greater distances safely. Some jumps being made by wounded squirrels.

Mr. Smith also states that it is hardly possible for the fox to bite through skin of the gray. It is evident that Mr. Smith was never bitten by a squirrel or he would know that they have very sharp teeth and great strength.

Now, Mr. Smith says any person who kills a mutilated squirrel should send the skin to the editor. I shall be glad to do this, if the editor wishes to receive them.

It is evident that squirrels fight because I have killed some that were in terrible shape.

I distinctly remember on one instance, I killed a fox squirrel that was very old. My companion (who was a genuine backwood's man) said that it must have been the squirrel Noah had in the ark. He was blind in one eye, had only one ear, was bobtailed and covered with scars.

Geo. W. Kirchman, Lima, Ohio.

HYBRID DUCKS.

In reply to the inquiry of Mr. Crum, in March RECREATION: I keep wild ducks in captivity; have succeeded in breeding red heads, teal, woodchucks, black ducks, mallards, pintails and godwalls. In summer they are kept in a pond and swamp surrounded by 6 foot wire netting. All birds are pinioned and soon become reconciled and seem happy; they choose their mates in this jail and are confined in separate yards during the winter. They are shut up in houses every night and are treated as any domestic poultry would be; except that each yard has a spring, so that during the day there is always plenty of running water. Their food is a mixture of cracked corn, buckwheat, millet and hemp and all the ducks thrive on the diet. They are also fed eel grass and minnows. I have kept canvasbacks in captivity and find they do as well as others; the greatest difficulty I have encountered, however, is in getting the wild birds. No provision is made in the game laws for taking live birds for purposes of domestication. I have been obliged to content myself with an occasional cripple, shipped from Florida, Texas, Montana, etc. I hatch the young ducks under bantam hens and feed on fly maggots until 4 or 5 weeks old. Any game bird can be raised on these, and fresh water.
Wilton Lockwood,
Orleans, Mass.

TO PROTECT BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS.

Clubs for the protection of birds and their nests in Worcester were organized in the Woodland-Street and Upsala-Street schools Friday. The object of the clubs, which are to have duplicates in the other schools of Worcester, will be to teach the children to protect the wild birds, and thus afford a relief from the ravages of the insects which work harm to fruit trees and flowers.

The Upsala-Street club starts with a membership of

100, and the young members were photographed in a group after the club was formed. The Woodland-Street club is as large, and it is expected the clubs to be formed in the other schools will have no difficulty in getting even more members.—Worcester, Mass., Spy.

This is an important step and shows the interest in bird protection that is growing up everywhere.

In order to stimulate the study of birds among these children, RECREATION has offered a prize worth $25 for the best article on bird protection and another of equal value for the best drawing of an incident in bird life by a member of either of these clubs.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

In Natural History Notes I find the red squirrel blamed, I think, with more than he deserves. I have seen him rob birds' nests and eat the young. I have seen birds do the same. Is the one ravener worse than the other?

As to the peculiar mutilation charged, I do not believe it. In my opinion the injury was committed by a parasite. I have found a large worm on the knee of a chipmunk. It was an inch long and ⅜ inch thick. I have it preserved in alcohol.

If such a parasite could live in a chipmunk why not in a squirrel?

I've always thought the peccary an obstinate little pig, but that British Columbia porker beats the band.

L. W. Eldredge, Groton, N. Y.

At a meeting of the Board of Health last night, Commissioner Doyle urged that the Board take some action toward the killing of sparrows in this city, similar to the crusade already begun in Boston. The sparrows, he declared, were driving away song birds. The matter will be seriously considered at the next meeting of the Board.—Syracuse, N. Y. Journal.

Dr. Doyle, in my opinion, knows exactly what he is talking about. What do you think of it?

Douglas M. Ross, Syracuse, N. Y.

Yes, the Doctor's head is level. The sparrow is a condemned and unmitigated nuisance, and should be killed at sight. A good way to get him in towns and cities where shooting is not allowed, is to feed him wheat, oats or bread crumbs soaked in whisky. Then when he gets drunk you can pick him up and ring his pesky neck.

A year ago I saw a white bird about an eighth of a mile away on a fence. It did not seem large enough for, nor act like a dove. In a few minutes it flew away. Some 3 weeks later I saw a robin and a white bird of the same size over in the field about 250 yards away. Getting a small telescope, I took observations of them. The bird was pure white, except the breast, which was nearly as brown as that of its companion, and exactly the same markings. The eyes and face were also the same as a robin's. They hopped around together for about 30 minutes, and then flew away together. I have never seen it since, but it has been seen by my neighbors.

N. E. J., Sharon Center, O.

The sportsmen here have organized a big side hunt to kill off the blue jays. What do you think of it? J. C. M., Otay, Cal.

ANSWER.

Without further information, I hesitate to express an opinion as to the proposed war on jays. It is possible that exceptional conditions exist there, which have made the jays unusually destructive to the eggs and young of valuable birds. Santa Clara is the home of the Cooper Ornithological Club, one of the leading members of which Mr. Chester Barlow is an ardent and active bird protectionist. I feel certain he and his colleagues will see that the interests of the jays are properly looked after, and that no war of extermination will be waged against the birds unless it be really necessary to reduce their numbers.—Editor.

Some 30 years ago, when crows were bothering in the neighborhood, my father took half a bushel of shelled corn and sowed near the corn field when the corn began to come up. I believe the crows liked the corn and have always thought that ½ bushel of corn was a lot cheaper than rigging up 2 or 3 old scarecrows and spending a day or 2 watching them with a gun, to say nothing of the bad temper and profanity. Perhaps some scheme along the same line would settle the robin-and-cherry business. N. E. J.,

Sharon Center, O.

A flock of about 150 wild pigeons passed over this place April 10th last. They came from the Southwest, and went Northeast. They were flying low, just above the tree tops when first seen, but soon raised higher and flew very fast. I saw them and know they were the real passenger pigeon.

W. H. Scudder, Litchfield, O.

This is an exceedingly interesting bit of information. Did any other reader of RECREATION see these birds?—ED.

In answer to J. E. K., Boulder, Col.: The duck you imagine to be a cross between a pintail and a mallard, is the gadwell, *Anas Strefran*, a member of the Chandelasmus. Wilton Lockwood,

Orleans, Mass.

A letter from Necedah, Wis., states that many ruffed grouse, prairie chickens and quails were frozen in that vicinity during the February blizzard.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

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Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW YORK.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Albany,	C. D. Johnson,	Newtonville, N. Y.
Allegany,	J. D. Holden,	Belmont, N. Y.
Broome,	M. A. Baker,	Whitney's Point, N. Y.
Cayuga,	H. M. Haskell,	Weedsport, N. Y.
Chemung,	Fred. Uhle,	Hendy Creek, N. Y.
Erie,	E. P. Door,	103 D. S. Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
	Marvin H. Butler,	Morilla, N. Y.
Essex,	W. H. Broughton,	Moriah, N. Y.
Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie, N. Y.
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Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown, N. Y.
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Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego, N. Y.
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Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley, N.Y.
Rockland,	A Woodward,	Ramapo, N. Y.
Sullivan,	Ernest W. Kenne,	Mongaup Valley, N. Y.
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Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
Hartford,	Abbott C. Collins,	783 Main Street, Hartford, Ct.

(County Warden, care Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.)

Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW JERSEY.

Morris,	D. W. Clark,	Newfoundland.
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Morris,	Francis E. Cook,	Butler.
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Sussex,	Isaac D. Williams,	Branchville.
Morris,	Joseph Pellet,	Pompton Plains.
Union,	A. H. Miller,	Cranford.
	C. M Hawkins,	Roselle.
Warren,	Jacob Young, Reuben Warner,	Phillipsburg.

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont,	Nelson Yarnall,	Dubois.
Uinta,	S. N. Leak, W. L. Simpson,	Jackson.
Carbon,	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass. Photographic goods.
Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City. Photographic goods.

W. H. Longdon, Bridgeport, Conn. Sportsmen's goods.
New York Condensed Milk Co, 71 Hudson Street, New York City. Condensed products.
Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y. Traps.
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis. Moccasins, hunting shoes, etc.
Novelty Cutlery Co., Canton, O. Pocket cutlery, ink erasers, etc.
M. A. Shipley, 432 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Fishing tackle.
Willis Arms & Cycle Co., Kansas City, Mo. Bicycles, athletic and sportsmen's goods.

SOME LEGISLATORS WHOM LEAGUE MEMBERS SHOULD WATCH.

Boston, Mass.

Editor Recreation: I regret to advise you of the death, in the Committee on Fisheries and Game, of House bill 572. The purpose of this bill was to stop the sale of quail during January, February, March and April, the season for shooting in this state closing January 1. The law as it now stands allows of such sale provided the birds are not taken or killed contrary to the laws of this commonwealth. In other words, while not allowing them to be killed here our state says to her citizens they may violate precisely similar laws of any sister state and find a market here. The commission of the act is neither immoral nor criminal, as being against the established law of any community. If it was would she encourage it? It is only a question of geography and state lines, yet I presume our state expects her citizens to respect her laws.

But they are not respected as the following incident will show. We were coming from a hearing one day when one of the market men said to me:

"I haven't much respect for these game laws, anyway." "No," I answered, "you have so long violated with impunity the laws of other states that you have ceased to have any respect for the laws of your own."

It is unnecessary to say the conversation was not continued. In fact, we proved by the Chairman of the Fish and Game Committee of this State (Mr. Brackett) that he examined quails in a market in Boston the day before the hearing (in March) and found them fresh birds which had never been in cold storage. As the season for shooting in this State closed January 1st it is easy to see where the pot hunter finds his market.

At the hearing before the committee above mentioned there was a large turnout of market and cold storage men to oppose us, and while some members of the committee were fair others were quite the opposite. Charles P. Mills, member of the house from Newburyport, and house chairman of the committee, was one of the latter. He lost no opportunity to show his opposition to us and to help the market men. In the early part of the proceedings he was going to drive us out of the hearing, but he remained away when our side of the case was presented. Possibly he thought his acts would be more consistent with a knowledge of but one side of the case. Another hostile member was W. S. Swift, of Tisbury, secretary of the committee. He endeavored to keep out of the hearing all references to where the birds might come from, or whether transported into the State contrary to the laws of the State whence they came. When I argued that the business was immoral in that it encouraged and even invited the violation of the laws of other states, he said he did not see as that had anything to do with the question. I then asked him whether, if a bill were introduced to allow the sale of stolen property in this State provided it was stolen in some other State, he would not think the moral issue entered into the question. This question he declined to answer.

After the market men had occupied 2 days Mr. George H. Mackay rose to speak on our side of the question and Secretary Swift moved that Mr. Mackay be limited to 4 minutes! This plainly indicates the narrowness and the prejudice of this man's mind. His motion was not entertained by the chairman. (The senate chairman was presiding at this time).

On the question of principle I cited Graves vs. Johnson, 156 Mass. 211. This was an action brought to recover the price of intoxicating liquors sold lawfully in this state to a man from Maine, but for the purpose of being resold in Maine contrary to the law of that State. The question raised was whether our courts should take cognizance of the laws of a sister state, the breach of whose laws the contract contemplated. The court said:

"Of course it would be possible for an independent State to enforce all contracts made and to be performed within its territory, without regard to how much they might contravene the policy of its neighbor's laws; but in fact no state pursues such a course of barbarous isolation."

I argued that the enactment of a law, or the allowing of a law to stand, which put a premium on violations of the laws of a sister State stood on the same plane; and I asked the committee, in view of the fact that our Supreme Court had refused to adjudicate this Commonwealth into a state of "barbarous isolation," that they should refuse to legislate the Commonwealth into the same position. But all to no purpose. A majority of the committee had evidently determined to stand by the game dealers and it was impossible to shake them.

The market men did not dare to tell where their birds came from—not even the state, though it was apparent they knew. In fact, one of these men told me they knew quails came to them contrary to the laws of other states, but where a money question is involved a game dealer's conscience is easily allayed.

A gentleman who attended the hearing from Worcester called on me the other day and was much disappointed at the result. He had felt that we had the committee with us the day he was there, but was sadly mistaken. I tried to impress on him the necessity of joining the L. A. S. and he said he would. He said there should be 100 members in Worcester. There were others from Worcester, members of the Worcester County Game Protective Association, present at the hearings and I urged all to join the L. A. S. to the end that we might have an organization in this state powerful enough to enforce our demands. This we must have if we are to ever make headway against the money interest in Boston.

If every sportsman in this State—yes if *half* of them would join the League and work with us we would have a power next winter which would sweep these game dealers out of business and purge this Commonwealth of the reproach of being an accomplice in the handling of stolen goods. I hope, therefore, you will push the work in Massachusetts.

Herman S. Fay.

It would be well for all league members in Massachusetts, and, for that matter, all sportsmen to mark the foregoing and file it for future reference. Then when these gentlemen present themselves again for the suffrage of the people they should be promptly voted down. It is a burning shame that a public servant should so flagrantly violate the trust committed to him as Messrs. Mills, Mackay and Swift have done. Their avowed hostility to the cause of game protection, their deep interest in the welfare of the game dealers, and their willingness to encourage the violation of the laws of sister States is exceedingly suspicious, to say the least.

It is earnestly hoped that the Massachusetts Division of the League will be strong enough by the time these men ask for reelection to snow them under completely. It is also earnestly hoped that the League may be strong enough by the time the next session of the legislature convenes to compel enactment of a law prohibiting the sale of game at *all times*. The trend of the best public sentiment is in this direction. It is safe to say a dozen State legislatures will adopt such laws within the next 2 years and Massachusetts should be one of the first.

The open market in Boston is the most serious obstacle that the sportsmen of the Western States have to contend with. Quails and prairie chickens are shipped from there, from Texas, Indian Territory, Kansas Iowa and Nebraska in large numbers to appease the greed of these Boston game hogs. Water fowl and bay birds center there from all parts of the Atlantic coast, in open violation of the laws of the States where the birds are killed.

Will not the friends of game protection in Massachusetts stir themselves and let us enroll a membership during the present year that will fairly muzzle these insatiate Boston game dealers?

ANOTHER REMINDER.

Prof. M. J. Elrod, Chief Warden of the Montana Division, sends out this letter:

Missoula, Mont., April 22, 1899.

GENTLEMEN:—As you no doubt know, the same game and fish laws are in force as have been for 2 years past. This leaves the county commissioners to appoint wardens for the counties. This they must do on petition of 100 taxpayers, though the office of warden may be declared vacant temporarily, if his services are not deemed necessary. The question of economy is not mentioned or implied. In several counties petitions have already been prepared and presented, members of the League all over the State should use their influence to have petitions circulated, and to press the commissioners for the appointment of wardens. There is not a county in the State where a warden is not needed.

Mr. Sidney M. Logan, of Kalispel, has been appointed vice-warden of the League. Mr. Logan has done great service for the League, and is deserving of this honor. Mr. R. A. Waagner, of Bozeman, a loyal member of the League, has been appointed State Game and Fish Warden, by the State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners.

His excellency, the Governor, has appointed me a member of the State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners. The board has chosen me as chairman, and executive officer. Last year I was notified of several violations of law, with evidence to convict, but was helpless, and there was neither county or state officer. It will be so no longer. Hereafter when such cases are reported the State Warden will be sent to investigate. I ask all members to keep me posted in regard to violations, and shall always have the address of the State Warden.

Our membership has materially increased. We have already accomplished much. Let us press on and make the lawbreakers sweat. Kalispel members have secured 2 convictions, Missoula men have a man bound over to appear before the district court. What have you done?

M. J. Elrod, Chief Warden.

MORE PROMINENT MEN COMING IN.

I sent out a letter to general passenger agents inviting them to join the League and the following have done so:

Geo. H. Daniels, G. P. A., New York Central Railw'y.
C. E. E. Usher, G. P. A., Canadian Pacific Railway.
D. J. Flanders, G. P. A., Boston and Maine Railway.
Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., Great Northern Railway.
H. C. Hudgins, G. P. A., Norfolk and Southern R'y.
J. C. Pond, G. P. A., Wis. Central Railway.
Jno. Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway.
Bryan Snyder, G. P. A., St. Louis and San Francisco Railway.
W. R. Callaway, G. P. A., "Soo" Line.

These men know a good thing when they see it. They recognize the League as already a great power for game and fish preservation and they see it is destined to grow still greater and stronger. The lines mentioned all run through hunting and fishing countries. These men want the game and fish protected. They know the League is the most practical and effective organization in the world for this purpose. Hence they join it and work with it. Members of the L. A. S. will appreciate the co-operation of such men and will give these lines the preference when traveling.

The membership of the League is still growing. The figures on the last membership card issued before going to press with this issue read 1,823. That means 2,000 before June 1st. What shall we make it by January 1st? Suppose we say 10,000. That would be easy if each member would work as he should for new members. It would only be necessary for each man to bring in 5 new names. Anyone can do that. Will you furnish your 5?

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

NOT TO MANAGE OR ADVERTISE.

A young man who poses as an oracle of all outdoor sports writes in a weekly paper: "What with the Inter-collegiate Rowing Association, composed of Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania, and the recently organized Poughkeepsie Highland Amateur Rowing Association, composed of the West Shore Railway officials and merchants of Poughkeepsie, it looks as if their race on the Hudson next June would not be lacking management or advertisement. This is one way of conducting college boat-racing. I confess to believing it not the best way.

If any further reason for preferring New London was needed, the multiplication of regatta officials on the Hudson supplies it. 'Management' and advertisement are precisely what university boating does not want. When Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and their managers, the Messrs. R. R. officials and Poughkeepsie merchants, have a season or 2 experience in boat-race-booming, the college men will arrive at the same conclusion."

The Highland Rowing Association is composed of New Yorkers almost exclusively. Several of the vice-presidents live in Poughkeepsie, but that fact does not lessen our respect for them. Mr. C. E. Lambert is the only officer of the West Shore Railroad identified with the association, and his connnection with it is solely that of a gentleman interested in amateur rowing.

In its articles of incorporation the purpose of the asssociation is stated to be that of "aiding and furthering the interests of amateur rowing on the Hudson river." The authorities of the association say it is their purpose to eventually bring about the holding each year of an American Henley on the Hudson. Only amateur sport is to be encouraged. "Management and advertisement" is not what the patrons and officers of the association are aiming at.

What does this alleged oracle mean by "their race?" If the New London race is his race he would better make arrangements with the officials of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, so that they can manage it for him. In that way his troubles with the New London Board of Trade, concerning the financial arrangements for the New London contest, might be kept out of the newspapers.

So this would-be oracle chose New London as the course for the coming boat race, eh? Well, "the multiplication of officials" will not "boom," "advertise" or "manage" the Poughkeepsie contest. The crews going there will be well taken care of and the course will be kept absolutely clear of all impeding craft on the day of the race. Everything that can be done to further the interests of amateur rowing on the Hudson will be done. The Highland Rowing Association simply says to the crews, "Tell us what we can do to help you, and we will do it." That is all.

THE CRICKET OUTLOOK.

The Cricket Season of '99 promises to be the most successful in the history of the game, so far as New York is concerned. The recent amalgamation of the Knickerbocker and the New Jersey clubs has given a strong impetus to this popular game, and has aroused a deeper interest in it than has ever before been known here.

For many years the New Jersey Cricketers have been the champions, both as to New York and a number of the Philadelphia clubs, and the recent acquisitions of playing members will render the Jersey's even stronger than ever.

A very complete schedule has been arranged by the Secretary Mr. F. F. Kelly, who is also known as one of the best bowlers in the Metropolitan District Cricket League, and conclusions will be tried with Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and a few Canadian clubs. Then there is the regular league games, for which the Jersey's entered 2 teams, under the captaincy of C. P. Huditch (A team), and Howell *v*. Clarke, (B team).

Big improvements are being made at the beautiful grounds at Bayonne, and every facility will be afforded visiting teams, who will have the freedom of the country and town houses.

New Jersey Club, Staten Island, Manhattan, New York and Newark constitute the League fighting for the pennant, and the handsome silver loving cup which is presented at the close of the season.

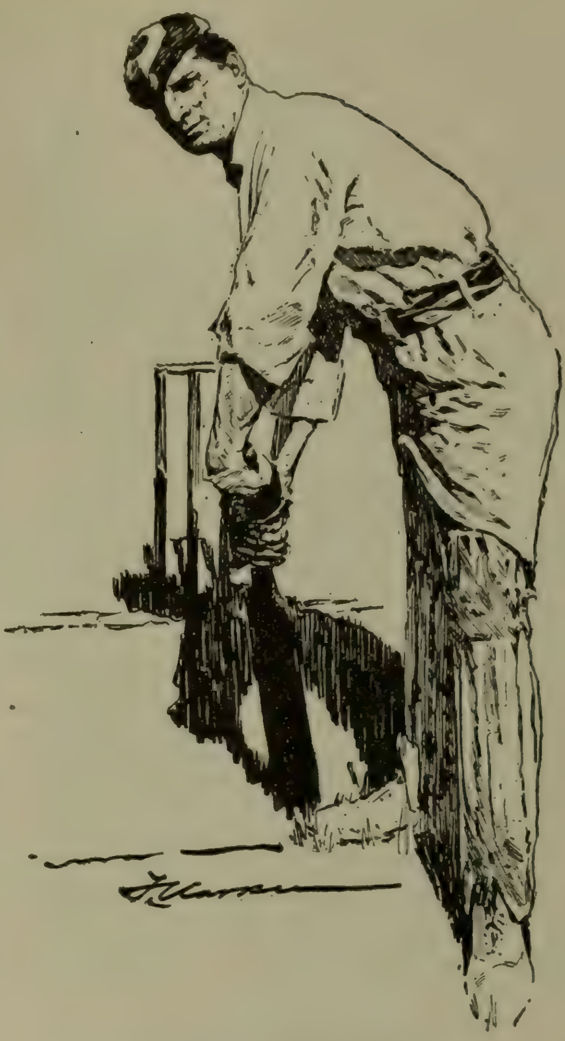
The great event, however, will be the visit of the Australians at the close of their British tour early in September. As this is the strongest aggregation that has ever visited our shores, it is expected that a large crowd will be on hand to see how the locals fare with such crackajacks. Some of these Australians have already been seen in New York, and their great success is fresh in the minds of all followers of the game.

Practice has already commenced, and the nets are filled with players anxious to do credit to their respective clubs, both with bat and ball.

YALE THE HOCKEY CHAMPION.

Yale, by the decision recently rendered in the Yale-Pennsylvania controversy, wins the intercollegiate hockey championship. Yale won all her 3 games in good style and by so doing got first place. Pennsylvania was placed second by defeating Columbia and Brown. As Brown and Columbia had both lost their games they played off for place, Columbia losing. The best game of the whole series was that between Pennsylvania and Yale, when the Blue won from the Philadelphians in the last 20 seconds of the game. An argument arose as to whether the deciding goal was made during the time of play, as it sounded to some as if the referee's whistle had blown before the goal was made. The referee decided that Yale had made the goal within the time limit, and so won the series.

It is too bad that any such disagreement should arise. If both parties had been a little less eager to fly at each other's throats certain newspaper comments might have been avoided. I hope the time is not far distant when all disputes in college athletics will be settled amicably and without publicity.



C. P. HURDITCH,
Champion Cricketer of the United States.

Barring the disagreement feature mentioned above the entire season was a great success. The managers of the intercollegiate association are to be congratulated. In the early part of the playing off of the schedule all the teams showed a woful lack of practice. However, toward the end of the season the play improved greatly, and both Yale and Pennsylvania in the deciding contest played almost faultless games.

THE KNICKS WON.

The Knickerbocker Athletic Club water polo team won the title of "water polo champions of the United States," at the Sportsmen's Show in March by defeating the team of the New York Athletic Club, by a score of 3 goals to 1. The play was extremely rough and fast. The Knickerbocker team, however, had no difficulty whatsoever in defeating their opponents.

The line-up follows:

K. A. C. (3).	Position.	N. Y. A. C. (1).
Van Cleef	Center	D. Reeder
W. Reuss	Forward	Davis
H. Reeder	Forward	Douglas
Handley	Half-Back	Wenck
King	Goal	Webb
Neuss	Goal	Johnstone

If all accounts be true the Knickerbocker Athletic Club intends to make things a little bit interesting for the New York Athletic Club this season. A vigorous bid is to be made on track, field and water for championship honors. The New York is no longer to have a sinecure, and it is evident that her athletes will have to wake up if they wish to hold their present honors.

The amalgamation of the Knickerbocker and the New Jersey Athletic Clubs has been the prime reason for this revival of the sporting spirit among the adherents of the "cherry diamond." They have always had to contend against one great drawback, the lack of proper training quarters, and this vital necessity has been supplied by the boathouse, track, etc., of the New Jersey club, at Bergen Point. It is safe to predict that the Knickerbocker will forge rapidly to the front, and make the club contests well worth seeing.

In the July, August and September numbers of RECREATION will be found illustrated, and highly interesting articles on the coming international yacht races, on golf, cycling and other timely topics. Watch for them.

WORKING THE RAILWAYS.

The fever of "striking" the railroads seems to have taken the form of an epidemic. The latest addition to the ranks of those who look upon the roads as "good things" are the Massachusetts oarsmen who have been the means of introducing in the Massachusetts State Legislature a bill making it mandatory on the part of the railroads to carry racing shells free of charge when requested to do so by 5 persons. It is reported that a number of prominent oarsmen of national reputation favor this arrangement. RECREATION would be more than happy if it could think that the whole matter was only the product of some fanatic's irresponsible brain, but the scheme really seems to have been taken up by certain gentlemen who should know better. It is a question of justice. The railroads have as much right to fair treatment as any individual. If such a bill were passed it is not unreasonable to suppose that a business house might send a large amount of freight on its drummer's tickets as baggage. Just because a shell is light in weight, and could easily be made to come under the baggage carrying limit of 5 tickets (500 pounds in New York) is no reason why the railroads should be made to carry them as personal effects. An ordinary 8 oared shell, or 4 oared for that matter could not be put in a regulation baggage car. An 8 oared shell fills completely, and for almost the entire length of the car, the aisle of a regular sized passenger coach. An 8 oared shell cannot be placed on a flat car of ordinary length. Then the question of the value of the article carried enters the controversy. A good cedar or paper 8 oared shell costs in the neighborhood of $500. It is ridiculous to suppose, or imagine even for an instant, that any sane person could ask anyone whether individual or corporation, to undertake solely on the request of any number of persons, without remuneration any such risk or trouble as is involved in the transportation of a shell. To college men especially the railroads of this country have, in the great majority of cases, been most courteous and kind. It is to be hoped that the representative of the Weld Boat Club did not appear before the Massachusetts Senate railroad committee with the sanction of those interested in Harvard's aquatics.

IN GENERAL.

The general outlook for outdoor sports seems to be unusually bright this season. Last year the war put a stop, to a great extent, to all the preparations for field and aquatic events. Almost unprecedented activity will be evident among the devotees of golf, and the game is undeniably the favorite sport for '99. Cycling is not dead yet by any means, and many new riders will be seen on the roads this year. Tennis will be played largely, but no international matches are likely. Rowing will be a great attraction, as is shown by the extensive preparations now being made for the Poughkeepsie, Harlem, New London, Philadelphia and Boston regattas. The crews to go to Paris in 1900 will undoubtedly be chosen at these races, and this fact alone will add great interest to the events. The outlook for field and track athletics is good. Then to end the season will come the international yacht races. This brief review of the coming athletic season shows one thing conclusively, and that is we are learning how to get more pleasure out of life by relaxing more and more from the cares and worries of business, and seeking pleasure and enjoyment in our sports, and healthy exercise.

The New York Cricket Club has made arrangements for private grounds, and it seems probable that the club will have a home of its own this year. The officers for the current year are:

President, Dr. C. H. Hornby; Vice-President, D. A. Monroe; Treasurer, H. S. Sandall; Secretary, E. de R. Boughton, No. 43 Cedar Street, New York; Captain, Charles Byers; Vice-Captain, W. H. Hughes; Executive Committee, E. A. Smith, E. L. Foghill, C. H. Johnson, J. Parks, Alfred Hargreaves and the officers ex-officio; Delegates to the Metropolitan District Cricket League, H. S. Sandall, E. de R. Boughton and Dr. C. H. Hornby.

The schedule of the New York Cricket Association follows:

June 3.—Paterson Team B vs. Manhattan, at Paterson; Kings County vs. Paterson Team A, at Prospect Park; Brooklyn vs. Kearny, at Prospect Park.

June 10.—Paterson Team A vs. Manhattan, at Paterson; Kings County vs. Brooklyn, at Prospect Park.

June 17.—Brooklyn vs. Manhattan, at Prospect Park; Kearny vs. Paterson Team A, at Kearny; Paterson Team B vs. Kings County, at Paterson.

June 24.—Manhattan vs. Kings County, at Prospect Park; Paterson Team A vs. Brooklyn, at Paterson.

July 1.—Brooklyn vs. Paterson Team B, at Prospect Park; Kings County vs. Kearny, at Prospect Park.

July 8.—Manhattan vs. Kearny, at Prospect Park; Brooklyn vs. Kings County, at Prospect Park; Paterson Team A vs. Paterson Team B, at Paterson.

July 15.—Kearny vs. Kings County, at Kearny; Paterson Team B vs. Brooklyn, at Paterson.

July 22.—Kings County vs. Manhattan, at Prospect Park; Paterson Team B vs. Kearny, at Paterson; Brooklyn vs. Paterson Team A, at Prospect Park.

July 29.—Paterson Team A vs. Kings County, at Paterson; Kearny vs. Brooklyn, at Kearny.

August 5.—Manhattan vs. Paterson Team A, at Prospect Park.

August 12.—Paterson Team A vs. Kearny, at Paterson.

August 19.—Kings County vs. Paterson Team B, at Prospect Park.

August 26.—Kearny vs. Manhattan, at Kearny; Paterson Team B vs. Paterson Team A, at Paterson.

September 2.—Manhattan vs. Brooklyn, at Prospect Park; Kearny vs. Paterson Team B, at Kearny.

September 9.—Manhattan vs. Paterson Team B, at Prospect Park.

The intercollegiate gymnastic championship decided in the gymnasium of the New York University on the evening of March 24th resulted in a well earned victory for R. G. Clapp of Yale. He got away with the greater number of the individual prizes, and won the title, given for the first time at this meet, of the "all around champion college gymnast," The summaries of the meet follow:

Flying Rings—Won by R. G. Clapp, Yale, with 11 1-6 points; F. J. Belcher, N. Y. U.; E. L. Eliason, Yale, and W. L. Otis, Yale, tied for second and third place, with 11 points each.

Club Swinging—Won by R. G. Clapp, Yale, with 13½ points; S. Peterson, Yale, 13¼ points, second; H. N. MacCracken, N. Y. U., 10¼ points, third.

Tumbling—Won by W. L. Otis, Yale, with 10 points; J. De La Fuente, Columbia, 9 1-6 points, second; R. G. Clapp, Yale, third.

The aggregate scores were: 1st, R. G. Clapp, Yale, 67 5-6 points; 2d, F. J. Belcher, N. Y. U., 59 2-6 points and 3d, E. L. Eliason, Yale, 56 2-6 points.

On March 25th Rutgers beat Lehigh in an all-around atheletic contest at the Ballantine gymnasium, at New Brunswick, N. J., by a score of 29 points to 24. The summaries follow:

Horizontal Bar—Won by J. J. Reamer, Lehigh; A. R. Laubenstein, Lehigh second.

Middleweight Wrestling—J. G. Ross, Lehigh, beat D. F. Burnett, Rutgers.

Club Swinging—Won by A. H. Shearer and M. Lipman, Rutgers.

High Kick—Won by C. A. Ranney, Rutgers, 8 feet 10¾ inches; A. P. Brokaw, Rutgers, second, 8 feet 9¾ inches.

Class Drill by Rutgers Men—1902, with club swinging, vs. 1901, with single stick exercises—Won by the freshmen. Elmendorf got first rank for his skill in swinging.

Parallel Bars—Won by C. L. Williamson, Rutgers; Reamer, Lehigh, second.

Fence Vault—Won by W. T. Drake, Lehigh, 6 feet 9 inches; J. W. Thompson and Brokaw, second, 6 feet 8 inches.

Tumbling—Won by Williamson, Rutgers; Reamer, Lehigh, second.

Featherweight Wrestling—Guy Bergen beat Frank Corbin, both of the Rutgers College Preparatory School.

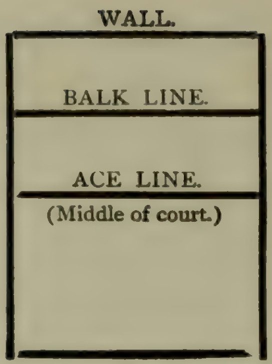
Heavyweight Wrestling—Ross of Lehigh and R. W. Pettit of Rutgers each won a bout.

Will you please tell me what the dimensions of a handball court should be, i.e., the measurements of floor and wall? I have been unable to find out from any other source here, and knowing RECREATION to be an authority on all sports I now come to you.

Francis W. Nichols, Jr., Salem, Mass.

ANSWER.

There are no established rules as to the size of hand ball courts, but where ample space can be had the following dimensions are about right: width, 20 to 30 feet; length, 15 to 60 feet. Here is a diagram showing the principal measurements:



The Ace Line should be drawn through the middle of the court. The Balk Line should be not less than 6 feet from the wall.—EDITOR.

The schedule of yacht races along the Long Island Sound this season, as fixed by the delegates to the Yacht Racing Association, is as follows:

May 20, Huguenot Y. C., special race; 27, New Rochelle Y. C., special race; 30, Harlem Y. C., annual regatta, and Indian Harbor Y. C., special regatta; June 3, Knickerbocker Y. C., annual regatta; 10, Douglaston Y. C., annual regatta; 24, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., annual regatta.

Race Week—July 1, New Rochelle Y. C., annual regatta; 3, Stamford Y. C., annual regatta; 5, American Y. C., annual regatta; 6, Indian Harbor Y. C., special regatta; 7, Sea Cliff Y. C., special regatta; 8, Riverside Y. C., annual regatta. End of race week—July 10, 11 and 12, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. trial races.

July 29, Indian Harbor Y. C., annual regatta; Aug. 5, Hempstead Harbor Y. C., annual regatta; 12, Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., annual regatta; 19, Huguenot Y. C., annual regatta; 26, Douglaston Y. C., special regatta, and Huntington Y. C., annual regatta; Sept. 2, Indian Harbor Y. C., special regatta; 4, Norwalk Y. C., annual regatta, and Sachem's Head Y. C., annual regatta; 9, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., annual regatta; 16, American Y. C., special regatta.

The officers of the New Jersey Athletic Club Yacht Club for the ensuing year are:

Commodore, J. O. Thurston, cat Sweetheart; Vice-Commodore, W. W. Genet, cat Harbinger; Rear Commodore, W. E. Pentz, launch Tweeza; Secretary and Treasurer, E. R. Grant; Chaplain, H. Meigs, Jr.; Measurer, W. E. Wadman; Fleet Surgeon, L. F. Donohue, M. D.; Fleet Captain, W. T. Bernard, cat Drift; Yachting Committee, H. Meigs, Jr., J. O. Thurston and J. Gill.

The officers of the Columbia Yacht Club, New York City, for the season of 1899 are:

Commodore — Walter Luttgen, steam yacht Linta.

Vice Commodore—W. Dixon Ellis, naphtha launch Rambler.

Secretary—George Parkhill.

Treasurer—Joseph A. Weaver.

Fleet Surgeon—Dr. Henry Griswold, sloop Venture.

Measurer—J. T. Monell, naphtha launch Juanita.

Trustees, to Serve Three Years—W. M. K. Olcott, Charles L. Weber and T. S. Coale.

The directors of the various college gymnasiums decided some time ago to hold strength tests in order to determine the strongest man in all the competing colleges and universities.

These tests have been held under the following conditions: Every competitor had to be a bona fide student in the institution in which he is enrolled, and conform to the description of an amateur as defined by the Amateur Athletic Union, or by the Intercollegiate Athletic Association. All tests were made consecutively in the required order, and were completed in each case within 15 minutes.

All the colleges represented in the council of directors are expected to soon publish the records of the 50 strongest men examined this year. The best 10 will be chosen from these, and at a final test the "college champion" will be determined. Finally the "college champions" are to contest, and the winner will be termed the "intercollegiate champion."

"My wife," said the tall, lantern jawed man, "is as womanly a woman as you could find, but she can hammer nails like lightning."

"Wonderful!" sang the chorus.

"Lightning;" the tall, lantern jawed man continued, "seldom strikes twice in the same place."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"He isn't exactly what I'd call an insincere man," remarked Mr. Blykins, "and he wants you to like him. But"——

"Yes," said the person who is always eager to hear bad news about human nature.

"Well, he's the sort of man who will find out what time you are sure to be too busy to leave before he takes chances on asking you out to lunch."—Washington Star.

Miss Oldgirl: "Do you think Mr. Snifkins is sincere when he writes that he loves me more than tongue can tell?"

Miss Peachblow: "I daresay. He's tongue-tied, you know.—Kansas City Independent.

Mrs. Hyde Park: "Have you fed the chickens to-day?"

Mr. Hyde Park: "Not exactly. I planted some flower seed, though."—Kansas City Independent.

BOOK NOTICES.

AN AMERICAN IN AFRICA.

W. T. HORNADAY.

It is good to be young and fit to venture. It is good to have the stout heart, the strong limb and the cool head which qualifies a man to fare well in savage Africa, and to mix up with wild men and wild beasts. It is good to be a pioneer and to help found a new empire. Incidentally, it is also good to come out alive.

In 1889, William H. Brown, fresh from graduation at the University of Kansas, was appointed by Professor Goode, of the National Museum, to serve as naturalist of the U. S. Eclipse expedition to West Africa; and when the Pensacola sailed away from Cape Town, he remained to do further work for the museum. Forthwith he joined the Pioneer expedition then about starting North to take posession of Mashonaland, and with it marched North, 1,700 miles from Cape Town, to the rich and salubrious plateau now known as Rhodesia. There he helped to found a new empire. He had no end of adventures in hunting big game, and in hunting savages during the rebellion. He became a landed proprietor, made a small fortune, and in a fine volume entitled, "On the South African Frontier," he tells us all about it.

This book is not a book of premeditation, as are most African books. When the author landed in New York last year he had no thought of writing a book; which is very much to his credit. It was his friends who led him into the task; and the result is a volume that is by long odds the best and most interesting book about England's new South African Empire that has thus far been produced. Having seen all of them, I know this to be true. It is an ideal book of adventure and exploration, interesting alike to the general reader, the sportsman, the soldier, the political economist, the ethnologist, and the business man in search of new fields for enterprise.

With rare judgment the author has kept his story down to such reasonable limits that the reader is glad to read every word of it; for there is not a dull page in the book. For the first time, so far as I have seen, the story of the great Pioneer expedition has been adequately told. We are given the salient points of the whole journey from Cape Town to Salisbury, but without a page that we care to skip. Thousands of people, doubtless have wondered what happened during the first year of the occupation of Mashonaland; and now we know. Within 12 miles of the newly founded capital, "Fort" Salisbury, Mr. Brown found on the Gwibi Flats great herds of sable antelope, roan antelope, eland, reed buck, zebras, tressebe antelope and ostriches, in the contemplation of which he became so absorbed that night came on him before he had fired a shot. "It was like Africa in the days of Livingston." Nevertheless, during the succeeding 2 years, Mr. Brown hunted and killed all kinds of the large game of that vast region, save the white rhinoceros.

On one expedition, made to secure skins, skeletons and heads of the African buffalo, he killed 7 buffaloes one morning before breakfast. The king of the herd, probably as large a specimen as ever came out of Africa, is now in the Carnegie Museum, at Pittsburg. The author's hunting adventures would easily have made a volume the size of the present one; but he has wisely refrained from devoting too much space to this feature of the story.

Even in Africa, few persons are yet aware of the fact that Mr. Brown was the first white man to be attacked by a hostile Matabele savage in what soon became the native rebellion. The incident occurred while he was hunting buffalo, at a considerable distance from Salisbury, and 30 miles from the nearest white man. On marching past Tchininga's village he and his men were fired on from the edge of the rocky hill on which the village was situated. Mr. Brown's natives fled for tall timber, but he quickly made a detour, rifle in one hand, revolver in the other, and climbed up the rear side of the Ropji, to give the Mashonas a stern lecture on their insolence. As he reached the top, a burly, naked savage sprang from behind a rock, poised an assegai and hurled it. The distance was only 10 feet! "Instinctively I pulled the trigger of my revolver, and discharged three shots so quickly as to spoil the aim of my assailant." The native came off second best, and he proved a Matebele spy from the South who, with two others, had come to incite the more peaceful Mashonas to join them on a given day in the pleasing pastime of beating out the brains of their white employers, and of their wives and children. It was a good omen that the first Matabele that attempted to murder a white man chose a wide-awake and well-armed American, who promptly laid him out.

When the storm of rebellion burst, and white people were being murdered by the score, trusted servants treacherously killing their employers and benefactors, the "Rhodesia Horse" was quickly organized and sent from Salisbury to Matabeleland.

Mr. Brown enlisted and became one of the 12 picked men, called Salisbury scouts, whose duty required them to ride far in advance of the main column, and locate the enemy. Hudson's admirable illustration, reproduced on page 450 of this issue of RECREATION, was drawn from the author's description of the escape of the Salisbury scouts when attacked, and surrounded by 2,000 Matabele warriors. Finally Mr. Brown was wounded, and by the time he recovered the rebellion had been suppressed.

As a clear-minded, level-headed man of affairs, with malice toward none and charity for all, Mr. Brown's opinions regarding the future of Rhodesia and its people will be read on both sides of the Atlantic with keen interest. Regarding the future of Rhodesia, of its prospects of becoming a rich and populous country, he is an optimist. He believes it is a fine field for sturdy, sober men who have a fair stock of patience, some money, and who are willing to work.

Regarding the negro of Rhodesia, and his future, he is a pessimist, pure and simple. He believes the natives natural tendencies toward vice and slothfulness indicate that there is not in him the stuff from which fine people are made. He believes the white race will eventually crowd the blacks farther North, and advocates for the latter a black reservation!

As loyal Americans, we have good reasson to be proud of the good record that our countryman has made for himself on the South African frontier. Wherever he has gone, he has caused the name "American" to be more respected. The leading newspaper of Rhodesia, the "Rhodesia Herald," once publicly expressed regret that William H. Brown is not an Englishman! English praise can go no farther than this.

On the South African Frontier: The Adventures and Observations of an American in Mashonaland and Matabeleland, by William H. Brown. 8vo. xxii x 430. 32 full-page illustrations. 2 colored maps. New York. Charles Scribners' Sons. $3.00.

"THEY KILLED HIM IN THE CHRISTENING."

The 9th volume of the "Cambridge Natural History" is a stately work, designed as a guide to the classification of the birds of the world. It is a work of reference, both for the student and the trained zoologist, and its place on the shelf is beside Flower and Lydekker's "Mammalia. Living and Extinct." Professor Evans has endeavored to furnish in one volume of reasonable size a complete general survey of the world's birds, living and fossil, and to bring their scientific classification down to date. It happens that zoological classification, when carried out to 7 decimal places, makes rather dull literature for the general reader. Even the author appreciates this fact, and on the back of his title page he hangs up this very droll bluff from Virgil: "Loons disport themselves on dry matter!"

The Atlantic Ocean is not much wider than the difference between Professor Evan's scheme of classification and that adopted here by the A. O. U. A study of the table in this volume, and the recently published "Ninth Supplement" to the A. O. U. Check List, gives one a feeling of sadness Instead of classification being made clearer and more stable year by year, the insane exaltation of "scientific nomenclature" on both sides of the Atlantic is steadily bringing avian classification into hopeless confusion. If the technologists should deliberately strive to muddle a subject that might be made understandable by all lovers of birds, they could scarcely do more than they are doing now. What is a layman to think of a system which classes the cuckoos and the parrots in the same order (*cuculiformes*) or of the order *coraciformes*, into which are dumped, pell-mell, the kingfishers, hornbills, owls, goatsuckers, swifts, humming-birds, trogons, and woodpeckers? Yet this is what Doctor Gadow invented, and Professor Evans now seriously puts forth. I know not precisely to what extent this fearful and wonderful system is adopted by other European ornithologists, but even if it were advocated by every technologist on earth, it would be none the less ridiculous, or mischievous.

But let us not quarrel with the author over Doctor Gadow's scheme of classification. The body of Professor Evan's work is a real treasury of ornithological knowledge, made fully available by a magnificent index of 45 pages. It is a book which will be eminently useful all over the world. Its terse descriptions of marked distinguishing features cover thousands of species and represent a mountain of labor. In general, its method of treatment resembles that of the volume on birds in the Standard Natural History, the main difference being that Professor Evans treats a much larger number of species, but treats them more briefly, than Doctor Stejneger and his colleagues have done. Of course, Evans takes pains to set forth the characters of typical forms, not only in the various families, but in the important genera as well; and prefixed to each group is a concise summary of facts relating to the structure and habits of its members.

The Cambridge Natural History. Vol. IX. Birds. By A. H. Evans, M.A., Clare College, Cambridge, 8vo. pp. XVI. ÷ 635. 144 wood cuts in text. New York. The Macmillan Company, $3.50.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

About a year ago the U. S. auxiliary cruiser Yankee went into commission at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She was manned, save for a few officers and the marine guard, by members of the New York Naval Reserves. The history of the ship and her men for the ensuing 4 months is told in the story of "A Gunner Aboard the Yankee." Of the tons of war literature printed last year this book is one of the few that have survived. It is compiled from the diary of one of the youthful gunners and has a fresh, vivid charm that springs from the enthusiasm of the writer for his novel experiences: "I was smeared and bruised, streaked and stained, aching and hungry, but I was happy." Every boy will appreciate that. The Reserves were, almost without exception, young men unaccustomed to manual labor or hardships of any kind. From lives of ease and luxury they were turned into coal heavers and deck scrubbers, for their great country's cause, and they threw themselves into this drudgery with joyous abandon. The spirit with which they worked is vividly brought out by the narrator, and the result of their efforts placed the Reserves high in the esteem of the country. The story is from the boy's point of view, and beside its thrilling realities the imaginary adventures of imaginary heroes fall flat. Stevenson and Weyman may be shelved without regret while we follow the fortunes of the real boy in the real war, share his enthusiasm and rejoice in his achievements.

"A Gunner Aboard the Yankee," is published by Doubleday & McClure Co., New York, and contains an introduction by W. T. Sampson, Rear Admiral, U. S. N., in which he gives the Naval Reserves the highest credit for the valuable aid they rendered the country during the war with Spain.

EDITOR'S CORNER

Several clippings from the New York Herald, of a certain date in December, were sent me announcing that Captain Bob Evans, General McCook, Grover Cleveland and others, were slaughtering ducks at an extravagant rate on the coast of North Carolina. When these gentlemen returned home I wrote them calling their attention to this report, and asked them if it were true. A few days later General McCook called on me and said he and Captain Evans had talked the matter over and thought it best to explain in person, rather than by mail. He said the despatch that went out to the associated press had exaggerated the facts as usual; that the largest number of ducks killed in a day by any 2 men in the party were killed by himself and Captain Evans and that their score was 75. This is an average of 37 ducks to each man, for a day's shooting, which is more than any man should kill in a day. Some few clubs in the country prescribe limits for the daily bag for each man, and at least one of these puts the limit at 50 birds. This is, however, excessive.

Captains Evans is one of the best friends I have in the world, and I should greatly dislike to be placed in a position where I should have to say anything discourteous of him. I trust, however, in the future he will feel entirely satisfied when he kills 10 or 15 birds in a day, and that he will quit at that.

The lawmakers and the Governor of Michigan have publicly disgraced themselves by reenacting a law permitting spring shooting. It is a national misfortune that Michigan—one of the first States to prohibit the killing of ducks in spring—should now take this backward step when several of her sister States are enacting laws prohibiting spring shooting of wild fowl. Michigan was a party to the 2 conventions held in Chicago last fall and winter, in which 5 States agreed to adopt uniform game laws. One of the important points on which the conventions agreed was that spring shooting should be prohibited in all these States. It is not known at this writing what the fate of the bills introduced in the legislatures of the other 4 States has been, or will be, but inasmuch as Michigan was the only one of the 5 States that had already passed a prohibitory law it is, as I have said, most unfortunate that she should have gone back on the pledge made at that convention, when leading sportsmen of the other States were doing their best to carry out the contract.

All the progressive sportsmen in Michigan opposed, bitterly, the passage of the bill referred to, but they were overpowered by the game dealers, pot hunters and game hogs; and so we must wait until another session of the Michigan legislature wipes out this relic of barbarism.

Last fall a pair of moose—a bull and a cow—crossed the "Soo" from Canada, into the upper peninsula of Michigan, and their tracks were seen by several people. A progressive member of the Michigan legislature promptly introduced a bill in that body to protect moose in that State for a number of years, and providing a penalty of $100 for a violation of the law. I do not know whether or not the bill passed, but now comes a despatch from Sault Ste Marie, Mich., stating that both of these animals have been killed by brutal marauders who doubtless would claim to be sportsmen. If the bill referred to did not become a law, more's the pity. It would be a great satisfaction to know that these 2 butchers had been apprehended and fined $100 each for killing these noble animals. It would be a still greater satisfaction to know they had been sent to prison for 10 years.

Don't forget that the New York Zoological Park will be ready to receive tenants such as birds, mammals and reptiles, early in June. I want to establish a RECREATION series of specimens running through all these families and it must be made a monument to this magazine and its readers. Contributions are therefore solicited from friends of RECREATION and I hope the responses may be liberal.

Each contributor will be given personal credit for any specimen sent in, both on the cage label and in the Society's records, and it will be an honor to any man or boy to be thus recorded.

In order to avoid duplication write me before shipping your specimen, giving full information regarding it, and I will get instructions from the Director of the Park.

The Washington legislature has passed a law making the fish commissioner ex-officio State Game Warden. The present incumbent of that office is A. C. Little, of Tacoma. He is a hustler and is doing excellent work in the cause of game and fish propagation and protection. He secured during the last session of the legislature several amendments to the state fish and game laws, which will afford much better protection to the fish and game than heretofore. That state is to be congratulated on having at the head of its fish and game machinery so efficient and so energetic an officer.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The Erie Railway Company has issued an exceedingly interesting and useful book entitled, "Fishing on the Picturesque Erie." It contains a detailed directory of the different waters along the Erie line in which good fishing may be had, and gives acccurate information as to species of fish found in each.

Here are a few samples:

Parker's Glen, Pa. 103 miles from New York. Round trip fare $4.40. Delaware river, Twin lake, Walker lake.

Shohola, Pa. 107 miles from New York. Round trip fare $4.70. Delaware river, Walker lake, Montgomery lake, Washington lake, Highland lake, Shohola brook, Panther brook, Stoney brook, Half Way brook, Beaver brook and Little Mill brook.

Lackawaxen, Pa. 111 miles. Round trip fare $5.00. Delaware river, Lackawaxen river and Mountain lake.

Mast Hope, Pa. 116 miles. Round trip fare, $5.50; Delaware river, Simm's pond, Campfield pond, Mast Hope creek, Grassy Swamp brook, Ten-Mile river.

Narrowsburg, N. Y. 122 miles from New York. Round trip fare $5.45; Delaware river and Ten-Mile river.

Cochecton, N. Y. 131 miles. Round trip fare $5.60; Delaware river, Lake Huntington and Tyler's brook.

The book is full of valuable data and every angler in the East should have it. Write D. I. Roberts, G. P. A. Erie Ry., 21 Courtlandt Street, N. Y., for a copy, mentioning RECREATION.

White flour bread, eaten, will make the eater's skin white. Arsenic, eaten, will do the same. But "my love is a rose in a garden of lilies." White bread may give one the whiteness of the lily, but at the same time may banish the rosetint of health. I went with a friend into a familiar New York restaurant a year ago. There was a new face back of one of the counters, among the waiting girls. "That girl's rosy cheeks tell the story of a new arrival from over the sea." Her sister had served there, and her cheeks, when she first came over, had been as beautifully tinted as the new arrivals, but the bloom had flown, as a frightened bird from its bush.

Travel throughout Ireland and Scotland as I have done ,and you will observe 2 things: First, that the distinguishing characteristic of the young men and young women is their complexion; the tint of rich red blood mounting to the cheeek "as a rose in a garden of lilies," and second, the almost utter absence of white flour. When you come back to America, and note the almost utter absence, comparatively speaking, of wholesomely prepared whole-wheat flour, and the everywhere-abounding presence of the done-to-death white flour, the cause of the sickness and ill-health and increased mortality among our people is immediately apparent.

Such flour as that prepared by the Franklin Mills Co., of Lockport, N. Y., is a priceless blessing to all who are wise enough to profit by it. If any one is determined to be ghastly, let him put the white flour ghastliness on from the outside, and not develop it from the inside at the expense of life-giving red blood.

Hetterman Bros. Co., Louisville, Ky., have lately put out a new brand of cigar which they call the Von Gull. Doggy men will recognize this as the name of a noted pointer (A. K. C. S. B. 43,719), whose field trial and bench winnings extend from Mississippi to Manitoba, and from '95 to '98.

This famous dog is a son of the great Kent Elgin and traces his lineage back through Champion King of Kent and Champion Priam, in an unbroken line to Champion Bang, the greatest producer of field and bench winners the world has ever known; and whose descendants are sought after and given preference in every land where pointers are used.

The cigars are good, as befits the name, and it is eminently proper that sportsmen who know Von Gull, or for that matter all who like to shoot over a good dog, should smoke them.

All sportsmen, who have hunted in Wyoming since the license law was enacted, and who have paid money to game wardens for licenses or permits to hunt, without receiving licenses, are requested to notify this office. It is alleged that moneys have been collected for hunting licenses and no return thereof made to the proper officials, and RECREATION wishes to aid in the investigation now being made.

The passenger department of the U. P. R. R. has lately issued 2 beautiful books. One is entitled "Our New Colonies" and treats of Hawaii and the Philippines. It contains a very handy and practical map showing Europe, North America, China, Japan, Australia, with the routes of the several steamship companies between and consequently including the Hawaiia and the Philippine Islands. This map should be in every family and in every office. The book contains a lot of beautiful reproductions of scenery in these various groups of islands.

The fruits represented as growing in the Hawaiian group are enough to make one's mouth water.

The other book referred to is devoted to descriptions and pictures of points of interest on the U. P. route. These are printed in colors with a lithographic effect which is exceedingly pleasing to the eye. They are well worth saving.

If you will write for these books to J. L. Tomax, Omaha, Neb., mentioning RECREATION, you will thank me for having told you where to get them.

The trend of events is making America every year more and more the westward overland route between Europe and the far Orient, and turning our own stream of trade and traffic more vigorously, running from the East to the Pacific coast. The New York Central is naturally receiving the main body of the new patronage. The wonderful comfort and speed of its trains, the directness of its connections, and its regularity and reliability are the factors that determine this. Nothing so impresses the traveler from abroad as the superiority of our railway travel, and the New York Central is largely entitled to the credit of this good opinion, for that is the transcontinental line they see most of.—Exchange.

The genuine Guyot suspenders are always satisfactory. They are the only hygienic braces ever made. They are the result of a life's devotion of the inventor, Charles Guyot, to what he considered one of the greatest human problems, and which was to practically make the most important portions of the masculine attire keep their position in an easy and comfortable manner. Guyot suspenders indirectly add greatly to the appearance of a well dressed man, for his trousers never become baggy at the knees and always retain their intended graceful lines, if Guyot suspenders are attached.

Numerous arbitrations in the past 16 years have declared the New York Central the only first-class line between New York and Buffalo. No wonder it carries the bulk of the first-class travel. Its trains are fast and luxurious. Its tracks are 4 in number and smooth as a floor. Its equipment is up to date. Its power is superior to any other in the world. You step from the car upon the platform of Grand Central Station in the center of the second city in the world, and on no other line from the West can this be done. Its motto is that of the Empire State—"Excelsior."—The Philistine.

Women golfers have many good words for the Spat and Puttee combined, made by Fox Brothers. In Scotland, where damp chilly weather has prevailed, they have proved the greatest comfort to enthusiastic players and later they are likely to find wide patronage. They are made in dark blue, brown, and black. They are, of course, suggested by the masculine article, only in thinner material of a finer make, and are worn with either boots or shoes, giving a comfortable support to the leg. They are a vast improvement on leggings. —The Queen.

There are a lot of men who never wore garters. They don't know how much more self-satisfied a man feels who does. It is about the same as the man who never ate pie, he don't know what he's missing. To those men who have never tried pie we recommend "The kind that mother made." To those who have never worn garters we say try the "Boston Garter," no other will give half the satisfaction.

R. H. Russell, 3 W. Twenty-ninth Street, N. Y., announces the publication of "Eng-

lish Portraits," a series of drawings on stone by Will Rothenstein. This book will be particularly welcome to those interested in the personalities of some of the most prominent men of the day. The likeness in every case is excellent.

Have you ever felt the necessity of a support for your legs while walking, golfing, riding or bicycling? Fox's Patent Spat-Puttee fills your want. It is indorsed by the medical and military authorities of Europe and is worn and recommended by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain and the continent. It is recognized as the leading article in that line, combining fashion and comfort. It is sold by all first class stores. If you don't find it at the stores write Bale & Manley, Wool Exchange, New York City, mentioning Recreation.

Rutledge, Tenn., Feb. 20, '99.
Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Adrian, Mich.

Gentlemen.—I bought 40 rods of 23 bar 58-inch Page Poultry Fence, and find it better than represented. It cannot be recommended too highly.

Yours respectfully, A. B. Roach.

The U. M. C. Co. has issued a book containing complete rules for trap shooting and hints on how to organize gun clubs. It has a skeleton form of constitution for such clubs. The book will be sent free to any one asking for it and mentioning Recreation.

A CANADIAN FISHING TRIP.

G. A. CONRADI.

A few short years ago the visual contemplation of such a scene was denied to all but a privileged few, by the difficulty of reaching it. To-day you leave Quebec at 8:40 a. m., and reach Lake St. John, nearly 200 miles away toward the North Pole, at 4:50 p. m. You travel too, through some of the wildest scenery that this Northern country can boast of; for mountain fastnesses and primeval forests fill in almost the whole of the intervening country, between the old City of Quebec and the Northern terminus of the railway. The line runs through a country made up of lakes, rivers and mountains, and all the waters of this territory literally swarm with fish.

Arrived at Roberval, the present Northernly terminus of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, on the Westerly shore of Lake St. John, the train pulls up at the Hotel Roberval, where you are made comfortable as long as you may wish to stay.

Our party was composed of 3, with 6 guides, as follows: John Morel, Sr., a guide of 25 years' experience; John Morel, Jr., who speaks good English and is a valuable man in a party; Agnes Morel, Joseph Morel, good canoe men, but who speak very little English; Ferdinand Larouche, the joker and the life of the party, who speaks English and plays the fiddle at balls, and weddings, and last but not least Thomas Gauthie. These are all faithful fellows and the best guides in the Province of Quebec. Their good cooking accounts for my gaining 10 pounds on the trip. No matter how hard it rained, the men were always in the best of spirits and nothing was too much trouble for them. They know every inch of the country and the haunts of game of all kinds.

Bright and early we left the Hotel Roberval, and on reaching the dock where we found our native guides, 3 birch bark canoes, 2 tents, blankets and rations for a 2 weeks trip, we went on board the Undine, steamed across Lake St. John and entered the Ashnapmouchouan river, up which we traveled about 3 miles to St. Felecien, where the water became too shallow. Here we left the Undine and after transferring the outfit, we entered the canoes and started off. Three miles farther up we landed, and took our first meal about 2 o'clock. After dinner we embarked again and about 4:30 reached the first falls, where we camped for the night. After supper we amused the guides, an Indian, and a native farmer by sending up a 15-foot paper balloon. They were surprised and delighted, never having seen one before. The farmer wished us to send up another at his home, ½ mile distant, where a party of friends were visiting him. We did so and they marveled as much as the guides and the Indians.

The next morning we broke camp and after a 12-mile trip stopped for dinner. It rained hard but we were protected against getting wet so we suffered no inconvenience. Six miles farther up we camped for the night. Here we caught a fine lot of ouitouche, or white-mouthed chubs, our first fish. The following day we made 17 miles, to the point where we were to leave the Ashnapmouchouan. En route we saw large numbers of wild ducks. We feasted on cherries and blue berries in endless quantity. In fact the ground was literally covered with them. After leaving the river we ascended a bluff about 50 feet above the river and made a portage of 2 miles across a barren, which the guide said was burned about 45 years ago, when 400 miles of timber was destroyed. Bear are numerous here, but we only saw tracks. On reaching the end of this portage we came to a small lake and while waiting for the guides who had gone back for the balance of the outfit we caught a fine lot of pickerel. We crossed this lake and making another portage reached Twin lakes, where we camped for the night. These 2 lakes are full of pickerel and we caught enough for supper in a short time. They can be caught on fly, troll or live bait.

Crossing Twin lakes we entered Brush river, about 5 miles long, from 8 to 12 feet wide, and with barely enough water to float a loaded canoe. This river is overgrown with brush, which hangs down so low that one is compelled to lie down in the bottom of the canoe while passing. At some places large trees had fallen across the stream and the guides stepped over them, pushing the canoes under the logs. We each heaved a sigh of relief when we reached the end of this stretch, and were able to brush off the myriads of spiders which had fallen on us, and which had almost eaten us up.

After a short portage, we reached another lake about 3 miles long, where more pickerel furnished good sport. Another portage of 1½ miles brought us to Lake Jim, and our destination. This is a beautiful sheet of water, about ¾ of a mile wide and 10 miles long. Here we camped 2 days and enjoyed royal fishing. Ouananiche, wall eyed pike, pickerel and ouitouche abound, and furnish the finest sport on earth. Bear, wild ducks, grouse and rabbits, are also plentiful. We came for ouananiche, and as soon as dinner was over each of us selected a guide and entering the canoes went in quest of this King of all fishes; the Ouananiche, when hooked, shows fight from the first. The very excitement and unrest of his surroundings seems to render inactivity impossible to him, while the physical exertion necessarily employed in his constant struggles with those turbulent waters insures for him the posession of that courage, agility and strength that make him the recognized champion of the finny warriors of Canadian waters. In proportion to his size he can do more tackle smashing than any fish that swims, and when you have finally killed your ouananiche you have secured one of the handsomest as well as one of the gamiest fish of the entire salmon family.

The ouananiche in the lakes are much larger than those caught in swift water. Our largest one weighed 5½ pounds, while I am told that 3 pounds is a good sized one at the grand discharge.

Rabbits were caught by the guides in a manner which was new to me. Bits of looped brass wire were fastened in a runway, without bait, and the following morning we had 3 fine plump rabbits which the guide brought in alive with the wire still around their necks.

Finally we broke camp, paddled down the lake and entered Jim river, which, with the Wassiemska, into which it empties, forms rapids 35 miles long. It gives one a genuine sensation to shoot these rapids and you marvel at the wonderful skill with which the canoemen guide their frail craft through whirling eddies, past rocks visible, and others half submerged, but which they distinguish with unfailing certainty. One false move or the breaking of a paddle would end all, for no one could swim in these waters, nor could assistance be rendered. There are numerous small falls along these rivers where the canoes and outfits must be carried around.

The strength and endurance of the guides is enormous. They shoulder a 100-pound canoe; or with a broad strap passed over the forehead carry 3 bags weighing about 50 pounds each, beside a bundle in one hand. With this load they force their way through brush and bramble, over stumps, fallen trees and roots which caused me to measure my length more than once, although I carried nothing but my rod and cushion. How they manage to see when their head is under the canoe I can't imagine.

We left the Wassiemska where it empties into the Mistassini, 2 miles below the eleventh falls. Here we camped for the night. I found a number of bear skulls which had ben left by Indians, who hunt through this region in winter. They also are enduring but lazy. With a canvas tent and a sheet iron stove they camp out all winter, with the temperature often down to 40 below zero.

From the eleventh to the fifth falls is a distance of 25 miles where we camped and fished, catching several nice ouananiche, but they were smaller than those caught in the lake, although harder to land as they had swift water to fight in.

Continuing on our journey we fished whenever we found a place where they were biting. We finally reached Pointe Bleue where, fortunately, we found the Undine to take us back to Roberval. We were glad to board the steamer, for the trip across the lake, from the mouth of the Mistassini to the point, was very rough. The wind blew a gale and we shipped considerable water, so that most of the time I was sitting on a piece of the lake. We reached Roberval at dusk, delighted with the trip and sorry it was at an end.

SEE AMERICA, THEN EUROPE.

Rochester, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION:

Crossing the ocean is not always a pleasure excursion. It sometimes proves what the old lady called a "pleasure exertion." Foreign travel is not free from unpleasant features, and recent events have not lessened their number. If the patriotic American, in search of needed rest or recreation, will turn to the advantages afforded by his own country, his confidence will not be misplaced.

Our great lakes are veritable "inland seas," and the trip from Buffalo to Duluth, on such boats as the Northland and the Northwest, of the Northern Steamship Company, offers many advantages of an ocean voyage with less risk, discomfort, and expense.

From Duluth we soon reach the "Father of Waters," already a noble river, where the twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, cluster along its banks. Beyond the Mississippi stretch the fertile prairies and great plains of the Dakotas and Montana, to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. It is to the mountains after all that we turn for the greatest inspiration.

No less an authority than John Muir has this to say of The Flathead Reserve in Montana: It is easily and quickly reached by the Great Northern Railroad. Get off the train at Belton station, and in a few minutes you will find yourself in the midst of what you are sure to say is the best care-killing scenery on the continent—beautiful lakes derived straight from glaciers, lofty mountains steeped in lovely nemophila blue skies, and clad with forests and glaciers; mossy, ferny water falls in their hollows, nameless and numberless, and meadowy gardens abounding in the best of everything.

"Lake McDonald, full of brisk trout, is in the heart of this forest, and Avalanche Lake is ten miles above McDonald, at the feet of a group of glacier-laden mountains. Give a month at least to this precious reserve. The time will not be taken from the sum of your life. Instead of shortening, it will indefinitely lengthen it, and make you truly immortal."

This northwestern corner of Montana, and the adjoining Pan-handle of Idaho, contain a greater variety of big game than any similar section within our borders. The mule deer is common, and there are Virginia deer, as well as elk, in certain localities. Moose and caribou are still found in more limited numbers. Antelope on the plains, and the Bighorn and White Goat in the mountains, swell the list, with mountain lions and bears of sufficient variety thrown in to furnish the spice of life. There is no possible danger to the peaceful tourist, however from the latter, for even if hunted only with a camera, they cannot be induced to sit for a picture, but retreat on sight.

The whole region, made accessible by the Great Northern Line, is of the greatest interest to the tourist, whether sportsman or not. Priest Lake, in Northern Idaho, with its blue waters and inviting beach of the cleanest white sand, backed by forest-clad hills rising to meet the loftier mountains, offers every attraction to the lover of nature. Lake Chelan, in Northern Washington, affords one of the most striking examples of grand and beautiful scenery in our land, or any other.

Leave the railroad at Wenatchee where it crosses the Columbia River. Take the steamer "City of Ellensburg." The trip up the river is full of interest, and a few hours brings you to Chelan Falls and the foot of Chelan Lake, which stretches away North and West for 50 or 60 miles to the grand peaks of the Cascades. Though only 1 to 3 miles wide, its remarkable depth, over half a mile, places it among the 3 deepest bodies of fresh water in the world. Its shores change from gentle-sloping grassy hills at the lower end, to the rocky bluffs and cliffs rising abruptly thousands of feet from the water's edge, which mark its upper borders. These cliffs are the favorite resorts of that bold climber the white goat, who may often be seen gazing calmly down from some narrow ledge, or point of rock. Who shall say he does not enjoy the grand view spread out before him?

The mighty current of the Columbia makes our return trip to Wenatchee a short one, and we are soon amid the wonderful scenery of the Cascade Mountains, none the less wonderful that we can view it from a car window. Indeed, the elegantly furnished coaches of the Great Northern are provided with every luxury known to modern travel, and whether it be in sleeper, diner, day coach, or buffet-smoking car, the service is of the best, not omitting that of the tonsorial artist, who shaves you without a slip while rolling along 50 miles an hour. It is perhaps needless to add that road-bed and rolling-stock equal to this test are built and cared for in a way to insure comfortable traveling, and this without a dollar of government aid in land or money.

Let us hope the American globe-trotter, who visits every other land, will soon become better acquainted with his own country. The result will prove beneficial to both.

Chas H. Kingsbury.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

LET US HAVE THE FACTS.

Cumberstone, Md.

Editor RECREATION :

I am glad you intend to ventilate the subject of pure food for the people. No subject is of greater importance; none I think, more appropriate to the columns of a magazine devoted to field and athletic sports. Such sports are worthy of encouragement only on the ground that they tend to the highest development of constitutional vigor; the hygienic beau ideal; *sana mens in sano corpore.* In a very important sense your magazine is a journal of hygiene. You advocate field and athletic sports because of their hygienic value; you advocate pure food supply for the people for the same reason.

It is a shameful fact that the adulteration of medicine and food is practiced to an enormous extent; and that thousands of human lives are lost, and thousands more reduced to hopeless invalidism, annually, from both causes, is a fact which admits of no doubt. As far back as 1866-67, when I was a private student in the Laboratory of the Late Professor John C. Draper, he undertook an investigation of food adulteration in New York, in which work I spent several months helping him; extending the investigation to certain medicines.

We found medicines of leading importance and high cost adulterated to the extent of one-half, and even more than one-half their weight with foreign matter. Meat or even deleterious canned articles of food, confections, milk, and such products as ground roasted coffee we found shamefully and often dangerously adulterated. At that time butchers' meats were all slaughtered at the place of consumption and the microscopic examination of diseased meat had not resulted in anything practical.

Like everything else the control of all leading articles of food supply has been rapidly concentrated in the hands of a few great capitalists, and by a proper system of inspection laws, the responsibility for harmful and dangerous adulterations may be easily fixed. The great packing establishments whose products enter interstate commerce should be compelled to submit their whole process to inspection, which would be greatly facilitated by requiring a license to do business from every such concern.

The Bureau of Animal Industries in the Department of Agriculture could easily take care of the inspection of animal foods. The microscopical and chemical divisions of the department could also do a part of the necessary work. States and municipalities can easily regulate inspections within their own jurisdiction. Army and Navy supplies ought not to be purchased without complete knowledge of the whole process used and source of raw material; with constant and competent testing of samples.

M. G. Ellzey, M. D.

HAVE YOUR BLOOD TESTED.

G. L. CURTIS, M. D., N. Y. CITY.

I want to impress on the minds of sportsmen and the athletes, the necessity of knowing their physical condition before starting on long hunting or fishing trips, or entering the athletic field. Too often the athlete breaks down while in training, or at the finish of a trying contest, and the sportsman is frequently overcome by disease when out of reach of his physician. These misfortunes may in most cases be prevented by having your blood examined and any lurking disease pointed out in time to have it eradicated from the system, or the person warned against certain excesses.

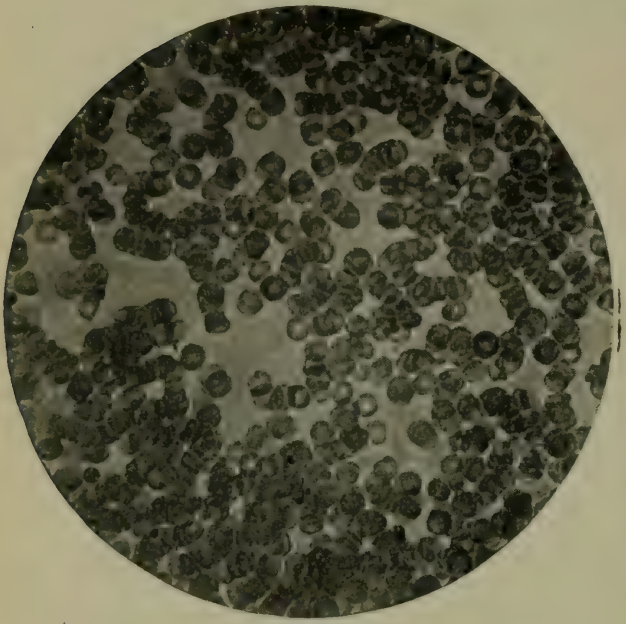
Every one should be glad to be forewarned of an attack of any of the fevers, such as malaria, typhoid or rheumatic; apoplexy, consumption, nervous prostration, etc. These conditions can all be outlined in the blood in time to check their progress.

A sportsman's enjoyment depends largely on his good health, and this on the condition of his blood. All diseases of the body are traceable in the blood, and it is here we look for confirmation of a suspected disease which is without the usual manifestations. It is an acknowledged fact that signs of most diseases are readily seen by a microscopical examination of the blood and when photographed through the microscope an opportunity of prolonged study of the blood is afforded. Thus a diagnosis of obscure disease may be made.

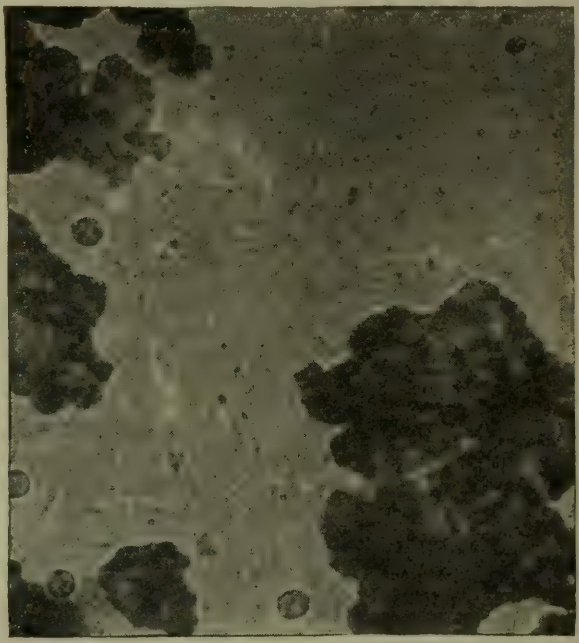
As far back as 1659 Anthausius Kircher claimed that disease was due to living organisms; but it was not until 1772 that Lostorfer claimed to be able to distinguish by a miscroscopical examination of the blood the presence of syphilis and other diseases. Brown-Sequard, Robert L. Watkins and others have so closely applied themselves to research in this special branch of medicine that the germ or some other indication of almost every disease can be found. These specialists have been able to diagnose disease where no external or usual symptom is manifested. This brings the practice of medicine to a fixed science and enables the physician to detect disease within a few days after inoculation.

One can readily understand the advantage of treating a disease at this stage. It requires weeks and months for some of the diseases to develop external manifestations, and a much greater time is required to expel them from the system. For instance the spore of syphilis has been found in the blood 6 days after inoculation, and by immediate treatment, the disease was exterminated within a few weeks. Without the aid of blood examination 40 days are required to determine the disease. Then 1½ years are required in which to effect a cure. This holds good in the treatment of all diseases.

This method of diagnosing disease is equally advantageous in determining when to stop treatment. To illustrate what I have just said I will call your attention to the reproductions of micro-photographs here shown. These photographs were made within a few seconds of the time the blood was drawn. One was taken from a person in good health, the other from one in apparently good health, but where the blood proves the opposite. In the first the blood cells are free and the serum in which they float is clear; while in the other the cells adhere to each other, preventing free movement, and in the serum are found particles of old cells and rheumatic fibrin.



MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF PURE BLOOD.



By permission New York Journal of Hæmatology.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF IMPURE BLOOD.

Washington, Sr.—George, I'm not going to punish you for destroying the tree; I only wanted to say that—

Washington, Jr.—Let's bury the hatchet, pop!—Puck.

OPPOSED TO EXPANSION.

HON. F. W. MONDELL, M. C., FROM WYOMING.

You have kindly asked for my views on the subject of the proposed extension of Yellowstone National Park.

Individual views on this subject necessarily differ, as on other subjects, largely by reason of the point of view, and I should state at the outset that my point of view is that of a citizen of Wyoming, interested in its material growth and prosperity ,and delegated by its people to guard their interests in the lower house of Congress.

The reasons advanced in favor of the extension and enlargement of the National Park, are that this would include a very considerable amount of territory of great scenic beauty, particularly Jackson's Lake, and the adjacent regions, and the Teton range of mountains; second, that such extension is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the large game which finds its summer home within the present boundaries of the park, but which are forced in winter to regions of lower altitude and less snow South of the park for their winter feed.

As to the first, I do not think it warrants the inclusion of the region within the National Park. The park was originally set up to preserve the wonderful geysers, hot springs, and kindred objects from the hand of the vandal, the cupidity of the showman and exhibitor, for the use and benefit of the whole people. No good reason exists, however, for Government guardianship of the scenic beauties of mountain ranges whose majesty can neither be marred nor diminished.

This region is already included within a forest reserve. It is, therefore, withheld from settlement, can not pass into the hands of private individuals, and the forests are being preserved by the National Government from destruction by fire and the woodman's axe. The scenic beauty of the region could not be better protected as a national reserve than is being done at the present time as forest reserves. I think it will scarcely be contended that there is danger of marring the majesty and grandeur of the Tetons unless this lofty and rugged range shall be inclosed with a fence and guarded.

The second and more important reason for the enlargement and extension of the park is the preservation of the large game, and it must be admitted that if a considerable portion of the country South and Southeast of the park could be included within its boundaries, it would make a splendid pasture and preserve for wild game. This region is now practically the only considerable region outside of the National Park, and within the boundaries of the United States, where much large game exists, and the preservation of this game is a matter of importance not only to the residents of this region, but to sportsmen all over the country.

In the Northwestern portion of Wyoming there is a region bounded on the North by the State line, on the East by the Big Horn Mountains, on the West by the present Yellowstone Park Forest Reserve and the Shoshone range, its Southern limit nearly coinciding with the 8th Standard Parallel North, within which there is more fertile irrigable land and water with which to irrigate it, than can be found to-day in any like area in the United States, if not in the world. This region is approximately 100 miles wide by 150 miles long, over 1-3 the size of the State of New York, or twice the area of the State of Massachusetts. A considerable portion of this tract it is true is not valuable or irrigable land, but at a conservative estimate, 10 per cent., or approximately 1,000,000 acres of land within the describe limits can be cheaply irrigated. This region has an elevation of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, is remarkably well sheltered by lofty unbroken ranges, and produces splendid crops of all the usual products of the latitude, and is particularly adapted to the hardier fruits of the temperate regions of the United States. Within its boundaries are hundreds of square miles underlaid with coal, much of it of excellent quality, bordering on the semi-anthracite. At the surface of the East flanks of the Shoshones are ores of copper, lead, zinc, silver and gold, some of which that I have taken assaying hundreds of dollars per ton in values.

At present this vast region has no railway communication with the outside world. Its development depends on the construction of railway lines, which in this region of our country build from the East, Westwardly and Northwesterly. Railway extensions are made with an eye to a coast outlet, or connections with trunk lines farther West, already built. Any barrier to railway construction prevents or delays the development of the regions lying East of such barriers.

In Northwestern Wyoming a barrier against railway extension, is the National Park, extending from the North line of the State Southward 65 miles. It is now proposed to extend that barrier some 50 to 75 miles farther South.

This extension Southward will not only prevent the building of railway lines through the country included within its extended limits, but by covering the only practicable pass for railroads in the region, would leave no route for a railroad across the Western border of the State from the North line thereof South for nearly 200 miles, the most practicable route for railway extension through Northwest Wyoming and Westward toward the coast, being up the Wind river, over the To-go-te Pass, skirting the North end of Jackson lake, thence over the pass of Fall river at the present Southwest border of the park into Idaho.

Imagine a proposition to erect a barrier extending from Harrisburg to Rochester, from Cincinnati to Toledo, or from Chicago to Indianapolis, over which no railway line might ever be constructed or operated, diverting for all time all railway construction and traffic around the Northern or Southern limits of this barrier, and you have a condition which is proposed to bring about in the Northwestern portion of Wyoming. I do not pretend that the region which would be affected is as important as the regions between the points I have used as an illustration, but it is wonderfully rich in its agricultural possibilities, in its coal and mineral deposits, and no man can measure the riches in oils and minerals beneath the surface. This closing of the passes to the railways means, in my opinion, a delay which would retard the growth of the State for many years, and the permanent deflection of at least one great trunk line which would forever disastrously affect the development of the entire State, whose wealth in coal, oil and other minerals, as well as agricultural possibilities is only beginning to be realized.

The advocates of the extension of the park boundaries have seemed to lose sight of the fact that at present travel to the Yellowstone National Park by rail is practically monopolized by one railroad which approaches within a few miles of the Mammoth Hot Springs on the North. The travel to the park at present is not very great, but the interests of the millions who in future will visit that wonder spot demand that we shall not erect further barriers around the park and that we shall not, by numerous extensions of its area to the South and East, forever assure an undisturbed monopoly to one line of railway to that region.

I have never advocated the building of railways within the present boundaries of the National Park. On the contrary, I have opposed such a policy, but I feel it my duty to oppose any further extension of the park boundary which will result in placing the nearest point of approach by railways from the South and East such a distance from the natural wonders of the park that they will be forever unable to compete for business with the line on the North, already built to the present boundary.

Imagine the Yellowstone Park extended East to include the present timber land reserve, and a region extending 25 or 30 miles still farther South, as has been proposed. What would be the effect? The distance from the East boundary of the National Park would then be, to the Yellowstone lake, the first point of interest on a park trip, would be 70 miles, while from the same point to the natural wonders of the park would not be less than 120 miles. From the present terminus on the Northern Pacific railroad to the nearest point of interest in the park, the Mammoth Hot Springs, is 4 miles, and an average distance of less than 25 miles to the points of greatest interest in that region.

The result would be absolute monopoly forever of park travel to the road already in operation.

Another result would be that no trunk line could ever be constructed Northwest through Wyoming, for the only pass would be closed by the National Park. One of 3 lines of railway will develop central and Northwestern Wyoming, and with present conditions under which it is possible to get near enough to the natural wonders in the park to be able to successfully compete for the tourist travel into that region, with a practicable route across the Continental Divide and North of the Teton range open, we may hope in a few years to see one or more of these lines extended and one of the richest regions in the heart of the West developed.

Park extensions East and South would be a crime against future visitors to the National Park, depriving them of the benefits of a new and competing line to the park and an opportunity to view mountain scenery in the Teton and Shoshone region surpassing in rugged grandeur any mountain scenery on the American continent. The weird, fantastic grandeur of the ranges East of the park and the matchless beauty of the pinnacled summits of the Tetons would be forever denied the average tourist and traveler into the park region.

As against these objections to Park extensions, is the argument in favor of the preservation of the American elk, and as between these conflicting interests, I stand on the side of accessibility and development. I am of the opinion, however, that the preservation of the big game in the Yellowstone Park and adjacent regions does not depend upon any extensions of the present boundaries of the park. Wyoming has to-day and has had for many years the most stringent game laws of any State in the Northwest, and except as those laws have been violated by people from other states who have taken advantage of the opportunity to come down through the National Park and slaughter our game and escape over the same route, these laws have been reasonably well enforced. For many years Wyoming alone, of the States adjacent to the National Park, made the killing of buffalo under any circumstances a felony. The new game law recently passed by the State legislature is still more stringent than the law which it amends. If the true sportsmen of America who are interested in the preservation of big game in that region will aid the State authorities in enforcing those laws, there is no reason why elk should not continue to roam the mountains and forests of this great region (already reerved from settlement by being placed within forest reserves) for all time to come. It is entirely practicable to cut the native hay which grows in quantities in the meadows of the National Park and thus furnish winter feed for a considerable portion of the large game which now finds a summer home in the park. The people of Wyoming are anxious to protect the large game within their borders, and they will welcome the assistance of every true sportsman; but they do not consider that this is dependent upon the enlargement of the area of Federal authority in that region. A lively interest in the development of their State, the reasonable and natural desire to participate somewhat in the benefits to be derived from the establishment of the original Park, which lies almost entirely within their boundaries, and a proper regard for the interests of those who may wish to visit that great pleasure ground and view its wonders in time to come, all tend to strengthen their opposition to the proposed Park enlargements.

POSSIBLE SMILES.

Little Gladys' papa is an enthusiastic sportsman, fond of sweets, an admirer of all ladies in general and of the mother of his family in particular. Visiting her aunt the other day, Gladys observed with evident disapproval, that her uncle ate 3 slices of cake while the small girl was allowed but one.

A few minutes later she leaned on her aunt's knees as she sat in the window-seat and watched her uncle creeping, gun in hand, after something he wanted to kill.

She looked at her aunt, half in wonder, half in scorn, and said:

"Auntie, aren't men funny?"

"Why, dear?"

"Oh, because, they are always eating cake, or kissing the women or getting a gun to kill something."

The Boarding House Mistress (suavely)—"When the cook was cleaning this spring chicken today she found an old-fashioned silver 3 cent piece in its crop. Wasn't that strange?"

The Star Boarder—"Oh, no; those 3 cent pieces went out of circulation just 20 years ago, and this bird probably swallowed it when a child."—Judge.

"I wonder what makes so many letters go to the dead letter office?"

"I suppose it's because the addresses are so perfectly killing."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Youngish—"Oh, Bob! What shall I do? Baby is crying because I won't let him pull all the fur off my new muff."

Mrs. Youngish—"Well, that's all right. Give him the cat."—Boston Traveler.

Lives there a boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As on his bed shone morning's light,
"I wisht the school burnt down last night."
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

"See here," said the doctor to his refractory patient, "I've been a physician for 10 years, and I know what treatment your case requires."

"That cuts no ice. I've been an invalid for 30 years, and it's not for the likes of you to tell me to take something I know I don't need."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you mind if I go out into the smoking compartment of the car a few minutes?" he asked.

"You'd better not go just now," she replied, suggestively. "We're coming to a tunnel in a few minutes."—Chicago Post.

"I wish I was a rabbit," said the boy, as he puzzled over his multiplication-table; "because," he added, "I read in the paper that they multiply rapidly."

QUAIL SHOOTING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

E. L. HEDDERLY.

Saturday, October 1st, dawned clear and cool, so I went into the low hills Northwest of town after quails. I knew they were there for I had seen them when out after other game. I took my 12 gauge gun and 30 U. M. C. shells loaded with 38 grains of Dupont smokeless powder. Twenty of them were loaded with 1⅛ ounce No. 8 chilled shot, and the rest with 1⅛ ounce 6. I have better success with shells I load myself than with the factory goods. I have put 350 pellets of No. 8 into a 30 inch circle at 40 yards, penetration ¼ inch of pine; and 250 No. 6, penetration ⅜ inch. I have a peculiar way of loading that I keep to myself; but if any one reader of RECREATION cares to try it, I will tell him what I know about it, if he will write me. Dupont smokeless powder fills the bill perfectly.

The 8 miles was soon covered as the road is a good one, and my wheel runs easily. Leaving my impedimenta at the house of a farmer, I started out, and had just entered an old barley field, when 2 quails rose, both of which I missed.

After marking them down, as they topped the hill, I went on, when another rose, offering the snappiest kind of a snap-shot. The charge of No. 8 was too much for him, however, and he dropped. I went to where he fell, and picked him up. He was 35 yards away and was killed dead. He had 25 or 30 shot in him. That is one trouble with this kind of shooting. At one shot you want a pair of cylinder barrels. The next bird may be 60 yards from you before you get an open shot.

I went a few steps when another bird got up, some 40 yards away; but the left barrel of my gun makes a fair offer for a quail at any distance less than 50 yards, and occasionally will stop them much farther. This one fell at about 45 yards, with a pair of bad wings. I saw her start to run, and made a break for her, but soon saw that I must give her the other barrel. She went into the game bag. It was 15 or 20 minutes before I got another chance, and this was a pair. One rose to the right, the other to the left—a cock and a hen. I killed both, went after the hen, and found her dead. I then went for the other but after hunting nearly half an hour, had to give it up. He must have been only winged, though I found feathers where he struck. If any winged bird can run faster, or hide better than a valley quail, I don't know what it is. You must remember I had no dog, and whatever people tell you about the impossibility of hunting these birds with a dog, if you have a good one, by all means take him. A good retriever is necessary in their pursuit, and you can generally find them in country where a dog can work on them. They don't like prickly pear any better than any other animal or bird, and when hunted a little will lay to a dog very well, though not as well as Bob White. I could have had more shots, and recovered more lost birds if I had had a dog that would trail the birds.

I left the place with regret for I hate to kill or wound any bird or animal, and not get it.

Over the next ridge I started another quail, which fell dead, plunging into a chaparral bush, and remaining suspended on a branch. As I picked him up another one rose, and fell to the left barrel. I got my eyes off him when I reached up to the one hanging in the bush. I went to the place where he fell, and found a few feathers. Half an hour more, and another wounded bird was left on the field. If you get your eyes off the spot where one falls, it is a long hunt, and the chances against your ever finding him.

Going on I started another, and missed the first shot by snapping too quick. He went behind a chaparral. By the time I could get out of line, he was out of range and going like a teal duck. If any upland bird can fly faster than a California quail I would like to see it. Any man who has hunted these quails will agree with me that they fly faster, and are harder to hit than the Bob White. The valley bird seems to be under full speed as soon as he leaves the ground.

Another bird rose as I neared the top of the next ridge, and fell dead a few yards over the top. The feathers flew as from a torn pillow and the bird simply collapsed. I took my eyes off the spot on top of the hill, and never found him. The next hill had a pair of them, which got up about a minute apart, the second one rising as I picked up the first. Both went into the game bag. The next hill I crossed showed up a sage rabbit, who didn't get out of sight quite soon enough to escape. They are good eating, and intermediate in size between a big squirrel and an Eastern cottontail. So far I had killed 8 quail in about a dozen shots, which is better than I usually do.

I lunched and started out about 3 o'clock, mentally patting myself on the back, and had not gone 50 yards, when one rose, made a sharp turn to the left, and straightened out her course, as I shot a foot or 2 behind her. The hill top prevented my getting another shot. Near the top of it another rose, and started over the crest. I was way over him, for he commenced to descend as I pulled the trigger. Another miss. I did not get another shot for an hour. It was now feeding time, so I went onto a barley field. I killed 4 here and, as the sun went down, I started for home.

PURE WHISKEY

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RYE
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FOUR FULL QUARTS,

EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID,

FOR $3.20.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval, in plain boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will refund your $3.20.

For thirty years we have been supplying pure whiskey to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery, No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who propose to sell you whiskey in this way are dealers buying promiscuously and selling again, thus naturally adding a profit which can be saved by buying from us direct. Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of **pure** whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton, or Com'l Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 605 to 611 West Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

We guarantee the above firm will do as it agrees to.—Editor.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS'

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO

"Nehring's" Copying and Enlarging Lens

By which results are obtainable heretofore unknown to the Photographic world. IT CAN BE USED WITH ANY FOLDING CAMERA MADE, fitted with a Rectilinear Lens and a Pneumatic Shutter. No alterations are necessary to your camera and shutter, and its appliance is very simple. At the hundred-foot mark the lens will copy at natural size, while if the bellows is extended farther, it will enlarge in proportion, without the loss of its sharpness and definition.

Price, 4 x 5, $5.00 **5 x 7, $6.00**

Interchangeable Wide Angle Lens can also be used with any Folding Camera

PRICE, 4 x 5, $5.00 **5 x 7, $6.00** **6½ x 8½, $7.00**

Hand Burnisher 6-inch, can be heated over a gas flame or on the stove **$2.00**

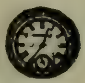

Figure 1.—Showing largest picture of watch obtainable with a Folding Camera and a 7½ inch bellows on a 4 x 5 plate.

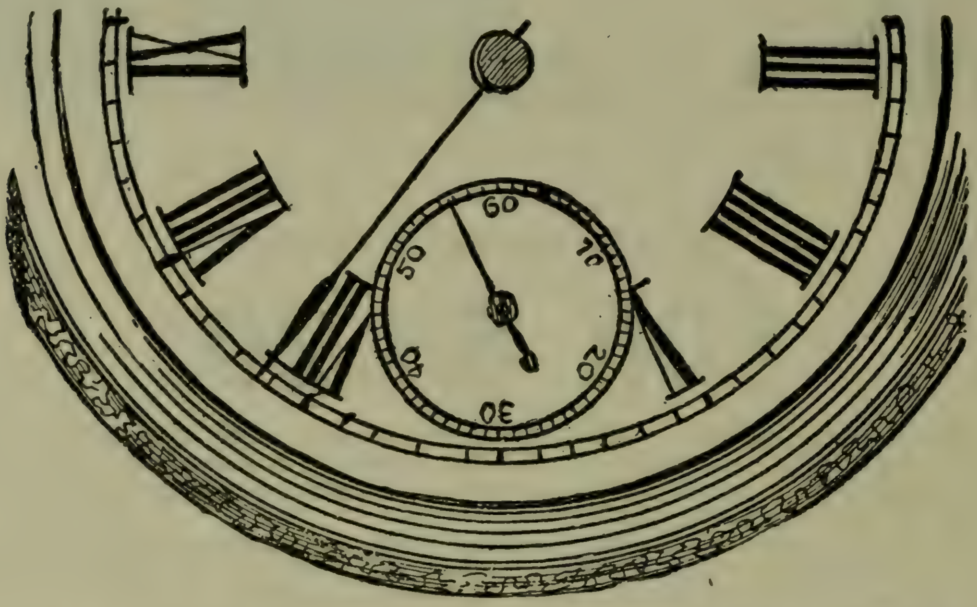

Figure 2.—Showing portion of picture of same subject obtained with the aid of our new copying and enlarging lens with same camera on a 4 x 5 plate (magnification 185 times).

Send for Catalogue of CENTRAL CAMERAS and SPECIALTIES

U. NEHRING, 16 East 42d Street, New York
MANUFACTURING OPTICIAN

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

RECREATION'S FOURTH ANNUAL COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 3 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fourth is now on, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one opened on January 1, '99, and will close September 30, '99.

Following is a list of prizes:

First prize: A Reflex camera, 5x7, made by the Reflex Camera Co., Yonkers, N. Y., with Zeiss anastigmat lens, and listed at $80;

Second prize: A wide angle Wizard camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with double swing, size 6½ x 8½, and listed at $60;

Third prize. A Korona camera, series 2, size 5x7, manufactured by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $27;

Fourth prize: A split bamboo fly rod, listed at $25;

Fifth prize: A lady's or gentleman's hunting case gold watch, listed at $20;

Sixth prize: An Acme Rotary Burnisher, made by the Acme Burnisher Co., Fulton, N. Y., and listed at $12;

Seventh prize: A Bristol steel fishing rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Ct., and listed at $8;

Eighth prize: A Baby Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one gross Eastman Solio paper, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen carbutt plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a year's subscription to RECREATION.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon, or Solio, of each subject, which shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition; not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

Write on back of each print the title thereof; your name and address; name of camera, lens, and plate used; size of stop and time of exposure.

HOW I LEARNED TO MAKE PICTURES.

G. S. P.

RECREATION was sent me for a Christmas present, and now I find I couldn't do without it. The Deacon said, recently, he meant to write the editor and tell him what a lovely woman I am; that when I look RECREATION through and through, read every article, note and advertisement, I actually let him take it long enough to see the pictures.

The only way to improve RECREATION is to give the camera people more show. You have thousands of subscribers intensely interested in camera work. Scarcely a hunting or fishing party goes out in these days that does not take a camera. My little daughter gave me a 4¼ hand camera a year ago Christmas. It was a perfect little gem, with a lens of great accuracy and without a flaw. From the first I did extremely careful, painstaking work. There seemed no alternative. Molly Cotton looked me in the eye and said: "Now, mama, you won't make those horrid barrel-headed horses, and 3 legged babies, will you?" It is difficult to live up to one's own blue china. It is excruciating to try to fulfill the ideals of a child.

That night the Deacon said: "Now, mother, get ready before you make pictures; we don't want any of those rare tobacco-browns with a yard of foreground."

To cap the climax, when I went for my first chemicals the clerk said: "Now, do your best. We are expecting you to beat the rest of these picture-makers."

I went home, feeling that Atlas had shifted his load to my shoulders, and, instead of plunging into photography, as I had intended, I put my materials away, hunted up all the authorities I could find, sent for more, and set myself to learning first principles. Several people had told me they had wasted from 6 to 9 boxes of plates before they got a picture, and I was anxious to save material and make a better record.

I studied hard and when I was sure of my authority, my dark room, my chemicals, and my ability to weigh and measure them with exactitude, I began work. I wasted comparatively no material, and, in a few weeks made negatives that I sold in Chicago and New York for magazine illustrations and for advertisements.

There are 2 secrets about the successful picture. The first is the ability to recognize what will make a picture—or, to arrange material for it. Dozens of amateurs do their work well enough, but fail in ability to compose a picture, or to know what in nature is a picture when they see it. I think the keynote here is always simplicity. If you arrange a picture don't put all you own on one plate. If you work from nature take her in her simplest moods; just the bend of a river; a bit of woodland path or a bird's nest on a bough. Don't, I beg of you, put all your dogs, babies and friends in "to liven it up."

The other secret is absolute exactitude in weights and measurements of chemicals, and in cleanliness. I have spent valuable time wondering what was the matter with the amateur horrors one sees, and found by watching a friend that it was careless compounding and dirty work, such as measuring chemicals "near enough," using the same tray for 2 or 3 different baths, and washing prints in and out of a dozen soup plates in broad daylight. After I watched a few amateurs perform, wonder as to how they spoiled their pictures changed to wonder that they ever got anything recognizable.

I have a better dark room than many artists. It cost 67 cents. It is simply an 8 x 10 bath-room. The 67 cents went to the carpenter who made a light pine shutter to set in the oblong window, with a 9-inch square opening, covered with orange and red paper for light. The shutter is neat and light and when not in use sets back in a closet. I made a chemical cupboard out of a dry goods box; mounted it in an unused corner, painted it to match the frescoing, and hung a black curtain over the front. This holds my brushes, cotton, cloths, trays, etc., each labelled and in its place. Then there is that indispensable adjunct to successful picture making—a never failing supply of running water.

I began with a small camera but it had such a little gem of a lens that it would cut a plate clean to the edges. There is no use in working with a poor camera. If you haven't a clear, sharp lens all your time and material are thrown away. I now have a large, extension front, tripod machine with carrying case and plate holders. By means of kits inside these holders I use 3 sizes of plates. I have the size of each plate plainly laid off on the ground glass, and the parallel and vertical lines are a great help in levelling and focusing for full plate pictures.

I dust the plates and dust the holders when I fill them and again when I take them out. Then I slide the plates in water and wash over and over with absorbent cotton, for 2 reasons; first, to be sure of avoiding pin holes, and second, to wet the emulsion surface of the plate so that the developer will flow evenly over it.

I have a whole stack of half gallon yellow glass trays; one for pure water; one for developer; 2 for print washing; one for gold bath; one for platinum, and one for hypo. I use a gallon metal fixing bath and a triple compound fixer, that I make by the gallon and use over and over for weeks. By washing developer from plates carefully it will last, even months.

There is no rule to develop by. This depends on the "quickness" of the plate, the time of exposure and the strength of developer. Some people learn quickly and with nice discrimination. Others never learn. Wash your negative over and over, in running water, and put in your fixing bath. You can't fix too long. Two or 3 hours, or even over night is all the better. When plates are taken from fixer and have been in running water a good hour, wash with absorbent cotton and flush with water, over and over, till they present a smooth, speckless surface. Then dry where no speck of dust can settle on them. Better shut them up in a cupboard and let them dry slowly than to leave them in the open to accumulate dust.

I use platinum paper. It is expensive and requires discrimination in toning and delicate handling; but when your prints are made you have something to be proud of. It takes longer to print, but makes much finer pictures if printed in the strongest light possible, avoiding direct sun.

There are no short cuts to glory for me. I have tried "self-toning," paper "combined bath," and "platinum single toner." They are all delusions and snares. My only success comes from going through the whole process straight: gold bath, platinum and hypo, in half light, with neatness and dispatch—and gallons of water.

Print platinum paper out of sunlight, very dark. Wash face down in running water, in half light, a good hour, or more. Handle as little as possible, and never let fingers touch face of prints. Occasionally empty tray entirely of water and let it run on fresh. Make the gold-bath of alkaline with soda for purplish black tints, with whites shading to flesh color. Use borax for the greenish blacks that professionals make.

If pictures develop rust spots in platinum bath, keep a small camel's hair brush for that purpose alone. Dip in undiluted platinum solution and touch gently to spots. They will vanish like mist before the sun. My subscription went in too late to get the receipt for platinum solution. Would it be possible to give it again? I could save an embryo fortune in platinum and express charges if I could compound it myself. Natural gas is the deadly enemy of platinum paper. Keep it and your plates in a dark box, in the coolest, dryest place possible, out of the reach of natural gas, or you will have many rust spots to blot out.

A knowledge of the delicate art of retouching is absolutely necessary to the making of fine photographs, and I know of no sure way to acquire it save to go to a professional photographer and take lessons till you learn. As far as possible, photographs should be made with the camera, but there are cases where just a touch or 2 makes you a salable plate, of value, that would otherwise be worthless.

As to selling negatives and pictures, don't be squeamish. When I found how rapidly bills for plates, paper, cards, chemicals, and apparatus could pile up, I registered a vow to make my camera pay its way, but I have not succeeded. I only wanted it to pay for the material I used, so that I could have large latitude in experiments. Still I have come so near it that the Deacon is still interested in my camera and anxious to have me go on. He wouldn't be if it hit him too hard in the pocketbook.

I felt like an egg-sucking dog when I sold the first picture. I shall never forget it. I had an idea it was a disgrace for a woman, comfortably situated, to work and take money for it; but the endless list of expensive materials, not to mention my 5,000 dear friends who suddenly loomed up, and all of whom wanted pictures, drove me to it.

And, after all, it is the middle class, financially, who make the pictures. The millionaires are too lazy and the day workers too busy. As the middle class has no money to burn I consider it all right to make your camera pay for your material. If you are not a millionaire there's no use trying to play you are. I know Strattons by the hundred, but there's only one Winfield Scott in the crowd.

I have a rule to follow in all cases. If I ask anyone to pose for a picture I give him one copy of the picture. If he wants more, he pays for them. If he asks me to make the picture, he pays for all he gets. It may be offensive to some people to sell portraits and piece work. I consider it pure glory to sell negatives for illustrations and advertisements.

A DELICATE TEST FOR HYPO.

This is often required by photographers, whether amateur or professional, when prints are wanted in a hurry, when washing enlargements, and when working with P. O. P. in summer; a prolonged washing not being desirable owing to the deleterious effect semi-warm water has on gelatine.

Of course, when possible, one to 2 hours' washing in running water is the safest test, but under certain circumstances other tests have to be resorted to.

The permanganate and starch-iodide reagents generally employed are far from reliable. Many substances have the power to act on potassium permanganate (whether acid or alkaline) in the same manner as hypo, and some of the chemicals contained in common tap-water are able to effect the reaction on starch-iodide usually attributed to sodium hyposulphite. The following method, well known to analysts though seldom met with in photographic works, is simple, speedy, and effectual.

A 10 per cent. solution of silver nitrate should be prepared with distilled water, and kept in a small dropping bottle, always being careful to wipe the stopper and neck dry after using, or a coating of black sulphide of silver will form, and some is sure to find its way inside, thus rendering the solution useless until filtered.

When any prints or plates are to be tested, pour a little of the solution on a white slab and lifting the suspected prints (or plates) out of the washing tank, allow the drainings from the bottom corner to drop into it. If hypo be present, a white precipitate of silver thiosulphite is formed, which, on standing a short time, or immediately, if heated, turns first brown, and finally floats about in black specks, owing to the formation of silver sulphide. The silver nitrate must always be in excess, as the precipitate is soluble in hypo.

If only a faint yellowing is produced after some time, drying operations may be proceeded with, as practically all the hypo has been eliminated; but if a distinctly brown coloration forms, the prints (or plates) must have a further washing.

Great care should be taken that all articles used are perfectly clean, and that the silver nitrate solution is clear. Then no difficulty should be experienced in using this test, even when hypo exists to the extent of 1 in 50,000. —Photo News.

DEVELOP ACCORDING TO EXPOSURE.

REV. DR. BLAKE, in an English Exchange.

What a happy thing it would be for photographers if the glowing promises of the venders of the patent developers, warranted to cure all defects of exposure and produce for every worker on every occasion a perfectly graded negative, could be realized. Then all the troubles of the dark room, and the printing troubles which follow, would be abolished.

But, alas, it yet remains for such to be discovered, and we are still obliged to inquire how we shall adapt our developer to suit our exposure, whether over, under, or normal in its length.

Let us consider some mistakes in exposure which we may make, the likely result on the negative, how to counteract them and restore the balance as much as possible.

OVER-EXPOSURE.

The result of this, if not counteracted, will be to produce a flat, washed-out negative, and, therefore, our aim must be to increase contrast as much as possible; and as, in the pyro developer, pyro gives contrast, we shall increase the quantity in use above normal. As the alkali, or soda, tends to soften the negative and render development more rapid, we shall decrease it. It will be in less than the normal quantity. We want development to be slow and contrast to be as marked as possible.

A plan which is rather dangerous, in inexperienced hands, is to pour off the developer and let the image continue to grow by the action of the developer left in the film. This will also teach how much developer the plate can absorb and use.

UNDER-EXPOSURE.

This fault, of course, will give hard, chalky black and white negatives. That is to say the contrasts will be too exaggerated and the tone will be spoiled in this direction. As pyro gives contrasts, the quantity to meet this defect must be reduced, and the ammonia or soda increased in quantity. The quicker we develop the less contrast we get; so our object will be to rush out the image with as much haste as possible.

UNKNOWN EXPOSURE.

Here is a difficulty indeed! We have to meet certain conditions and we are ignorant of what they are. How are we to proceed under such circumstances as these? Tentatively, of course. That is, we must make up a developer as normal, having the alkali and bromide close at hand in case of need. Now, if the image begins to appear all over at once we immediately pour off developer, add bromide, and re-apply, washing out the old developer from the plate before we do so. Then we make a new developer to suit an over-exposed plate. If, on the other hand, development is slow—nothing appears, or an image appears most reluctantly—we wash the plate and apply a developer as for under-exposure.

Such developing work, carried on with judgment and on scientific lines, is most interesting, and there is no reason why we should lose a plate when so working.

HOME MADE DEVELOPING TRAYS.

Get a few strips of white pine lumber, say one-half inch thick by one inch wide. Plane smooth, and near lower edge make a groove their entire length, wide enough to admit an ordinary thickness of window glass. Next cut them in lengths for dimensions as required and fasten on a piece of glass in grooves, firmly nailing or screwing frame together. Next, melt some red resin cement and run it along grooves to make all water tight. Then saturate the wood with melted paraffine, by using a heated iron. You will now have a cheap and good tray, having a transparent bottom. This is a great advantage in viewing the progress of development. By making the tray say 2 inches longer than plates you use, you can pour the developer on one end and lifting the tray can flow the liquid readily and easily over your plate. Again I say, however, buy the modern trays at your dealers, if you can afford them.

A GOOD HYPO BOX.

Cut out of one half inch stuff, the strips for a vertical box of dimensions to admit your plates for fixing. Screw the sides and bottom together, first having cut some grooves wide enough to take the plates in the sides of your box when they are dropped in it in a vertical position. Cement and saturate with paraffine; nail small strip across bottom, inside, to keep lower edges of plate from resting on bottom. You can buy the rubber vertical boxes at the dealers, but they are expensive and the above will answer.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to Recreation. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to Recreation and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

You can get a fine Camera by securing a club of subscribers for Recreation.

Tho' ripples toss the moonbeams back
  They mirror deep her splendor,
And in a limpid silvery track
  Another self they send her.
Tho' ripples toss the moonbeams back
  A thoughtless chatter making
Some deeper ones are caught, and so
  A heart begins its aching.
Tho' glances pass twixt eye and eye
  Sometimes a look is treasured,
Illuminated long —but why—
  No one has ever measured.
Tho' ripples toss the moonbeams back
  They mirror deep her splendor.

"It's all in the Lens"

THE KORONA CAMERAS

equipped with

OUR FAMOUS LENSES

and our

New 1899 Model "A" Shutter

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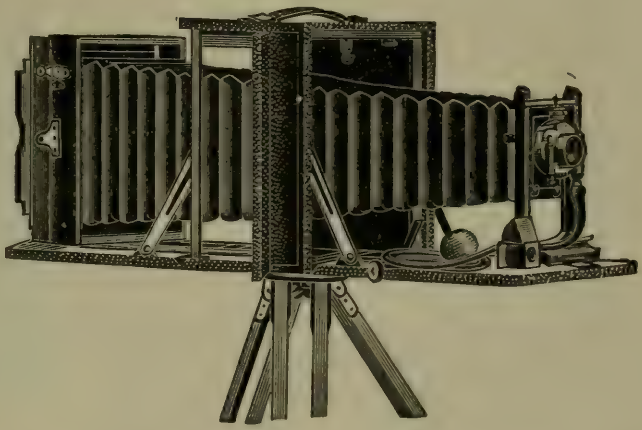

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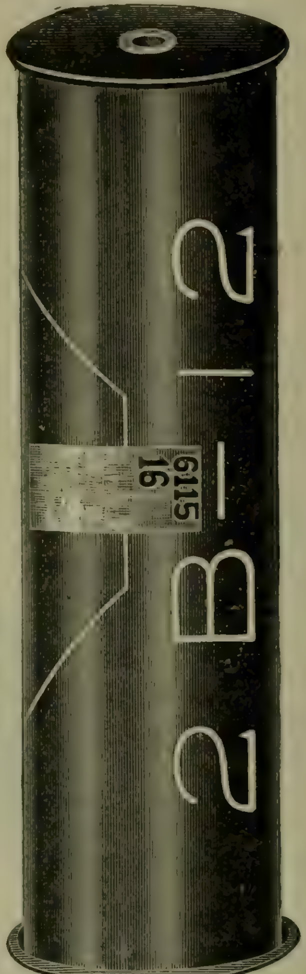

FILM CARTRIDGE.
Actual size for 12 pictures 3½ x 3½ inches.

By the Kodak system of film photography the instrument loads and unloads in broad daylight. The film is put up in cartridge form and is perfectly protected from light by a strip of black paper extending the full length of the film and several inches beyond each end.

To load: simply insert this cartridge in the Kodak; thread up the black paper; close the camera and give the key a few turns, thus bringing the film into position.

The picture taking may then begin. The roll of a dozen exposures being completed, the black paper covers all, and the cartridge can be removed as easily as it was inserted.

Film cartridges weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds and are non-breakable. The 3½ x 3½, for instance, of which the accompanying illustration shows the actual size, weighs but 2 ounces, while an equivalent in glass plates and the necessary holders, would weigh 1 lb. 8 ozs.

Film development is simple and easy; easier than glass plate development.

All Kodaks use Light-Proof Film Cartridges and can be Loaded in Daylight.

Pocket Kodaks for 1½ x 2 pictures, - - - - -	$ 5.00
Folding Pocket Kodaks for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, - - - -	10.00
Folding Pocket Kodaks for 3½ x 3½ pictures, - - - -	15.00
Kodaks for 3½ x 3½ pictures, - - - - -	$ 5.00 to 18.00
Kodaks for 4 x 5 pictures, - - - - - -	12.00 to 25.00
Kodaks for 5 x 7 pictures, - - - - - - -	35.00
Panoram-Kodaks for 3½ x 12 pictures, - - - - -	20.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Kodak Catalogues free of all dealers or by mail. Rochester, N. Y.

the Eastman Kodak.”

Film Quality.

In the face of the united opposition of plate manufacturers and plate camera manufacturers the quality of our film has forced its recognition and use among the best photographers the world over. Convenience alone could never tempt the supporters of the photographic Salons to use film. If the results did not at least equal those obtainable on plates, film would at once be discarded, for convenience is a matter of secondary consideration to the art worker except as it helps him to obtain the desired results.

In the rendering of true color values, in giving strong contrasts without harshness, and detail without flatness our films are unexcelled, while on account of the thin support and black paper backing giving no reflection, film negatives show far less halation than glass plates.

BETTER THAN PLATES.

> "I made an extensive trip through Mexico, taking my 6½ x 8½ camera and a gross of plates, but for hand work I fortunately chose your Bulls-Eye Special Kodak. I secured an invaluable collection of character studies, landscapes and startling cloud effects with the Bulls-Eye on Eastman films and without a color screen. I have nearly 500 negatives and of these *the films are by far the most satisfactory*. It was a surprise to me to find that your films produce isochromatic effects."
>
> OSCAR MAURER,
> San Francisco.
>
> March 20th.

Eastman's Daylight Loading Film Cartridges are Sold the World Over.

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To be Considered by the Sportsman
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ARE
- Compactness
- Durability
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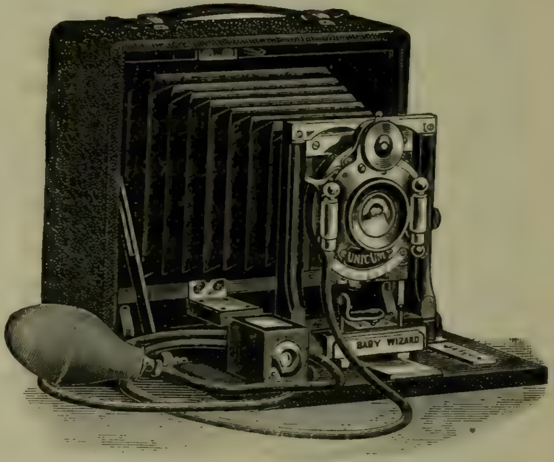

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THE "BOSS DANDY"

Is a King Among Cheap Cameras

Price, $5.00

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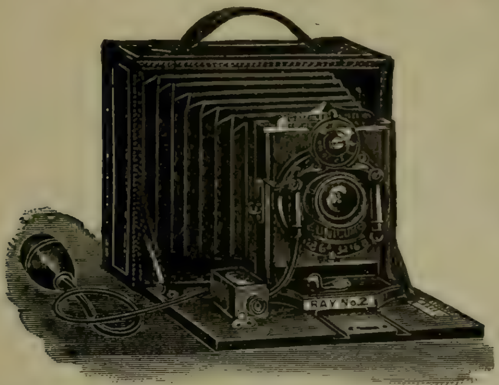

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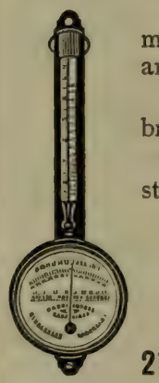

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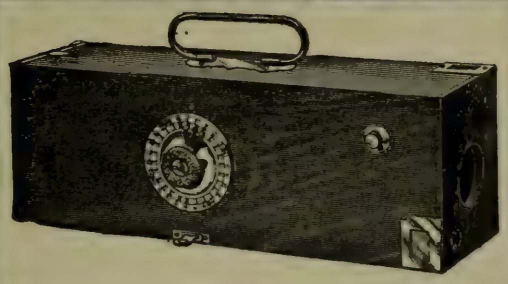

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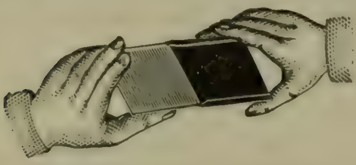

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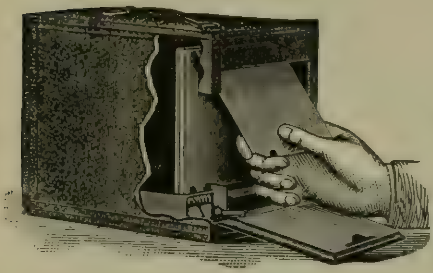

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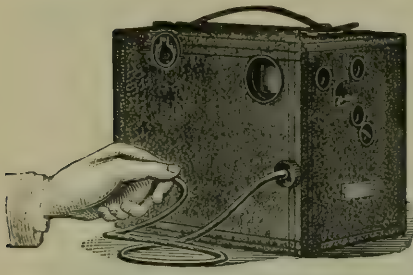

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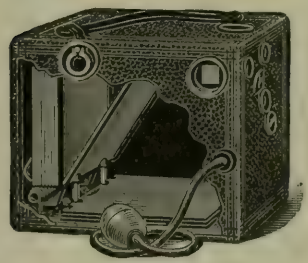

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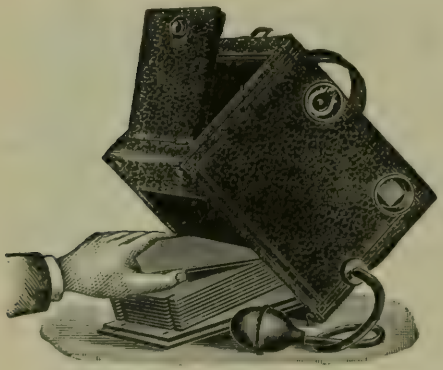

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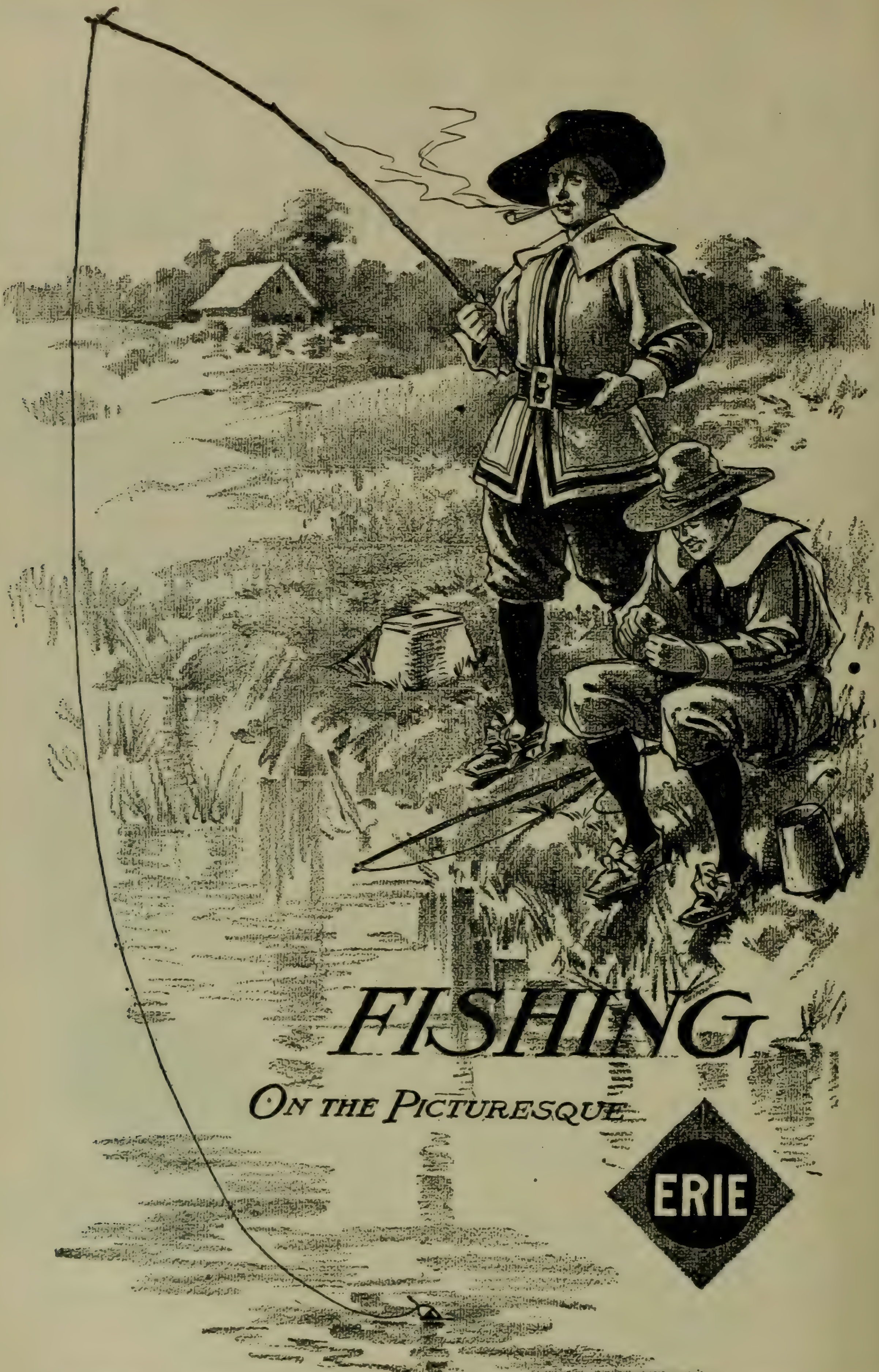
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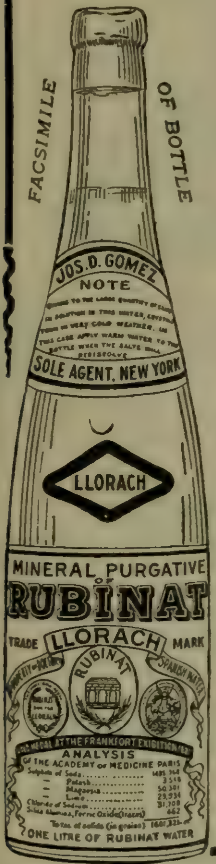

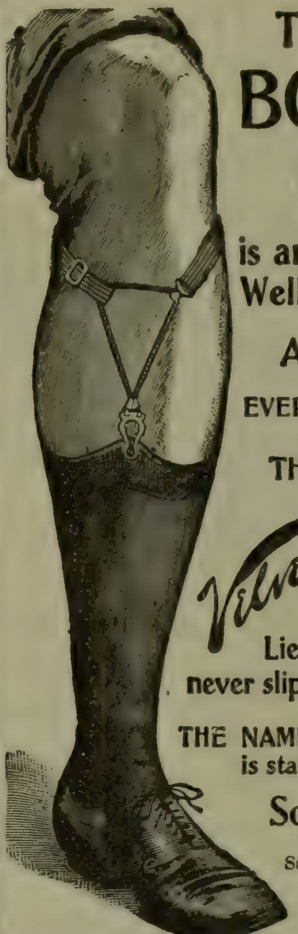

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Want "Ridgeway's Manual."

I collect Rocky mountain bird and mammal skins, and furnish while fresh and soft, for mounting.

Albert R. Beymer, Rocky Ford, Col.

For Sale: An Ithaca hammer gun in perfect condition. Left full choke, right modified; length of barrel, 30 inches. Price $19. Cyrus Wyckoff, Cuba, N. Y.

A teacher in one of the Cleveland public schools said to the class in English composition: "I wish every member of the class would write out a conversation between a grocer and one of his customers, introducing some pathetic incident or reference."

Among the compositions handed in was the following by a sweet little girl:

"'What do you want?' asked the merchant.

"The lady replied: 'A pound of tea.'

"'Green or black?' asked the merchant.

"'I think I'll take black,' said she. 'It's for a funeral.'"—Cleveland Leader.

Dentist: "When did your teeth first begin troubling you?"

Patient: "When I was cutting them."—Jewish Comment.

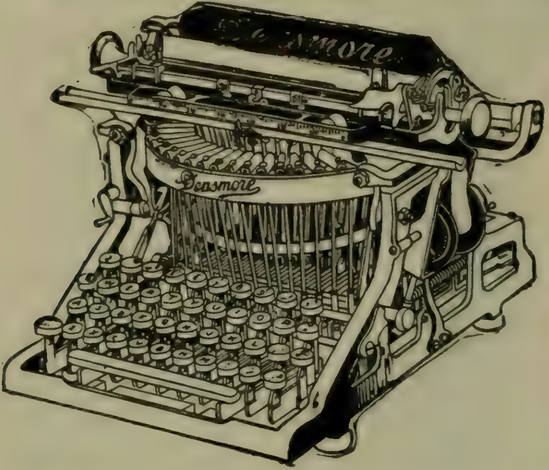
Algernon thought he was on the free list at the house of the revenue officer whose fair daughter had welcomed him so many times before.

But on this occasion 2 watchdogs met him at the foot of the steps and thought it their duty to levy a tear-off.

That was why he custom.

Ah, yes! Life is full of such horrors!—Chicago Tribune.

THE DENSMORE



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1 is really portable.
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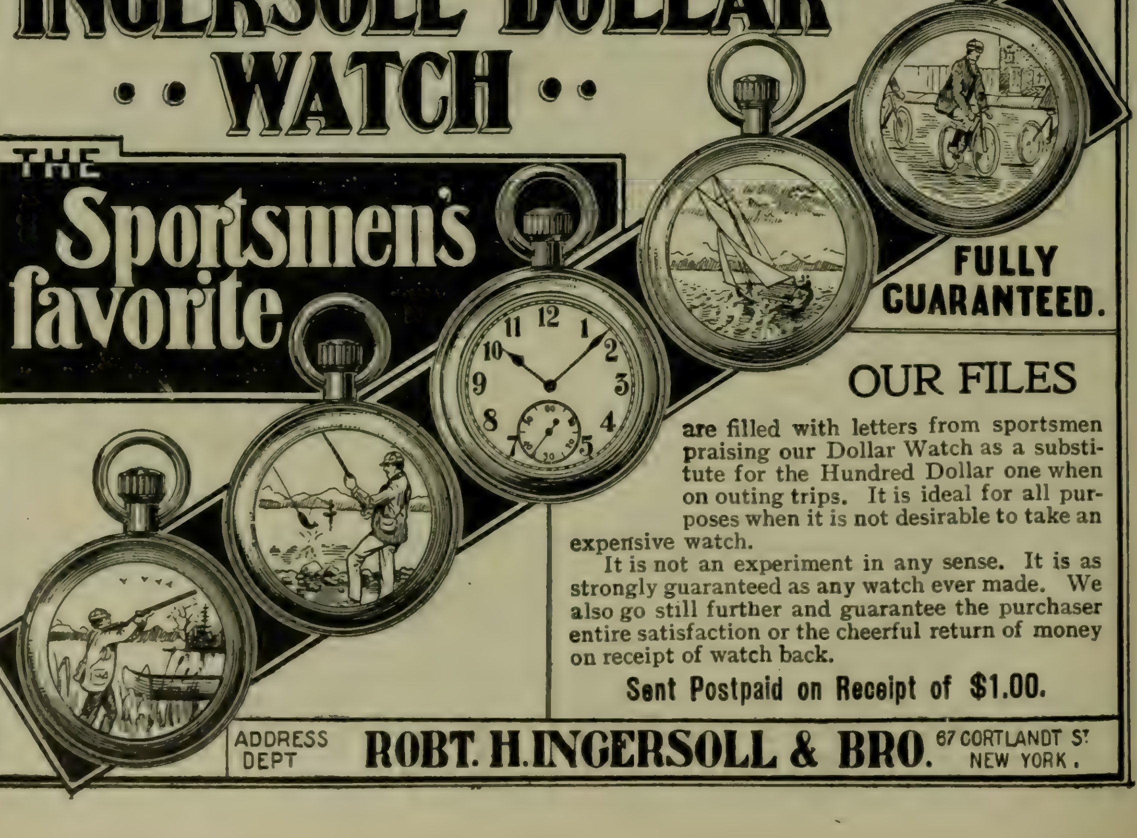
THE Sportsmen's favorite



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OUR FILES

are filled with letters from sportsmen praising our Dollar Watch as a substitute for the Hundred Dollar one when on outing trips. It is ideal for all purposes when it is not desirable to take an expensive watch.

It is not an experiment in any sense. It is as strongly guaranteed as any watch ever made. We also go still further and guarantee the purchaser entire satisfaction or the cheerful return of money on receipt of watch back.

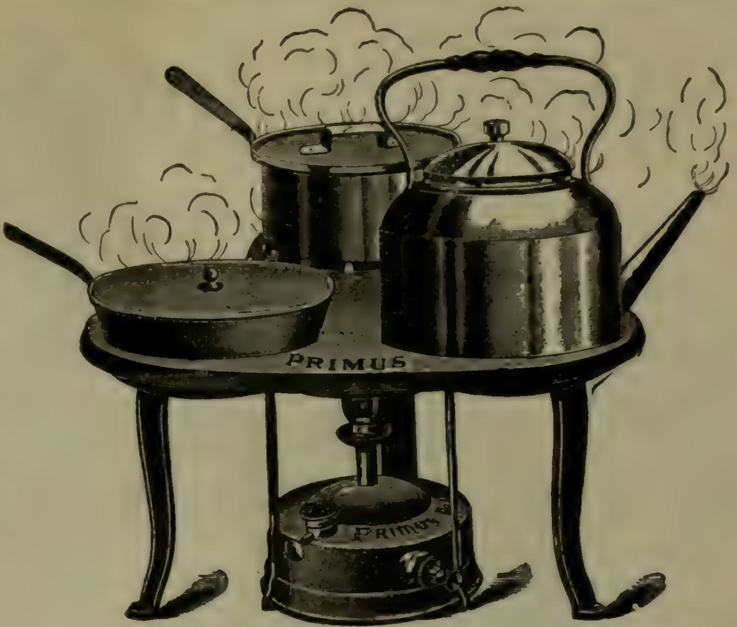
Sent Postpaid on Receipt of $1.00.

ADDRESS DEPT **ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.** 67 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK.

DO YOU EVER
Hunt? Fish? Paddle a Canoe?
Explore? Prospect? Climb Hills
or Sail a Yacht?

If so you have had trouble in starting a fire, or in keeping a fire, especially in bad weather. In cold weather or wet weather, you have wished you could have a fire in your tent to warm you, to dry your clothing and your bedding.

THE PRIMUS OIL STOVE



remedies all such difficulties. It cures all the ills that campers are heir to. It is the one thing needful to make camp life a dream of Elysium.

Wickless	**Blue Flame**
Kerosene-Burning	**Non-explosive**

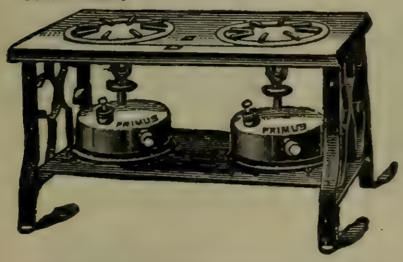
The features which make an oil-burning stove **Perfect**, are **Safety, Simplicity, Efficiency, Economy, Durability, Cleanliness,** all of which are **Perfectly** embodied in the **Primus.**

The **Primus** has no wick, hence its *perfect* combustion.

The **Primus** burns *any grade* kerosene. The flame can be regulated at will.

The **Primus** develops a heat of 2,100° Fahrenheit.

The **Primus** will burn, at its full heat, for **five** *consecutive hours* on a consumption of only *one quart* of kerosene. In other words, **one-fifth** *quart per hour, at a cost of less than one cent.*



DOUBLE STOVE FOR YACHTS

The Primus burns every-day kerosene, without a wick, with a clear, blue, smokeless and sootless flame.

The Primus is Positively Non-Explosive.

The Oil Tank Cannot be Filled While Burning.

The Primus While Burning May be Turned Completely Over Without the Slightest Exposure to Danger.

The Burner Lights Without Smoke. The Flame is Positively Odorless and Sootless.

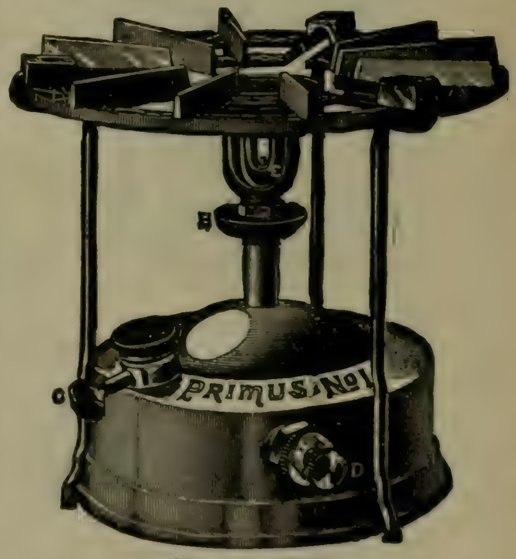
It is by no means probable that any reader of RECREATION will ever give the **Primus** so severe a test as did the celebrated Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, on his famous voyage. His ship, the *Fram*, was equipped with **Primus** stoves, and when he left the ship to make his "dash to the Pole" on sledges, a **Primus** went with him. The following extract from "Farthest North" gives, in the explorer's own words, his estimate of its value:

Vol. II., page 128: "For the heating was used a gas-petroleum lamp known as the **Primus**, in which the heat turns the petroleum into gas before it is consumed. By this means it renders the combustion unusually complete. Numerous experiments made by Professor Torup in his laboratory proved that the cooker in ordinary circumstances yielded 90 to 93 per cent. of the heat which the petroleum consumed should, by combustion, theoretically evolve. A more satisfactory result, I think, it would be impossible to obtain.

"As fuel, my choice fell on petroleum. Alcohol does not by any means generate so much heat in comparison with its weight as petroleum when the latter is entirely consumed as was the case in the lamp used by us. **We took with us rather more than 4 gallons, and this quantity lasted us more than 120 days, enabling us to cook two hot meals a day and melt an abundance of water.**"

An Alaskan prospector, who has used a **Primus** for several months, writes to a friend thus:

"Our '**Primus**' is a gem. A quart of kerosene lasts a week and cooks three meals a day for us. When it rains and is damp and cool we use it in the tent. Having perfect control over the amount of heat it gives out, it is no trouble to care for; no smoke or odor as in other kerosene stoves."



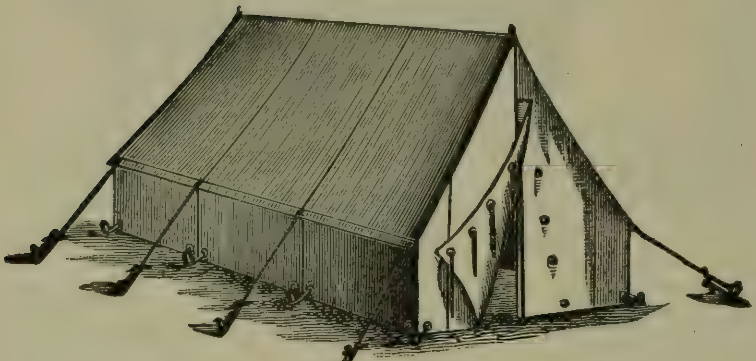
No. 103 STOVE
The type used by Nansen

Write for circulars and full particulars. Mention RECREATION, Address

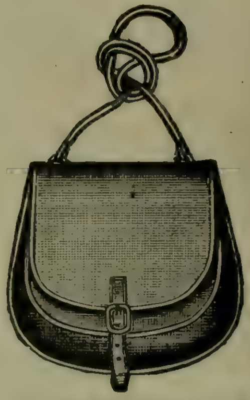
THE PRIMUS COMPANY

197 FULTON STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Articles for Sportsmen and Travelers

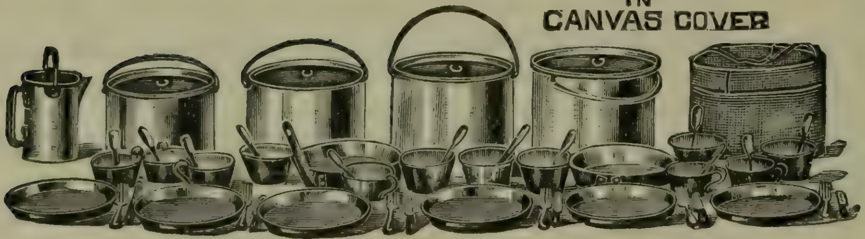


WATERPROOF TENT

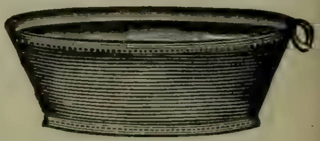


AMMUNITION BAG

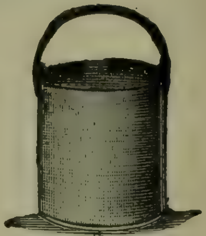
KIT NESTED IN CANVAS COVER



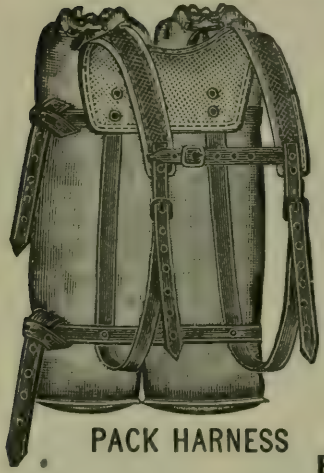
WASH BASIN



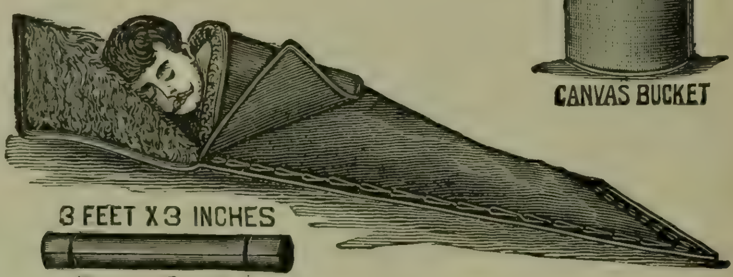
Aluminum Cooking Outfits



CANVAS BUCKET



PACK HARNESS



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KNOOKS DRIED VEGETABLES AND SOUP TABLETS

All kinds of Tents, Sleeping Bags, Clothes Bags, Ground Cloths, Covers, Primus Burners and Utensils, Air Mattresses and Cushions, Hair Camp Mattress, Camp Furniture, Camp Stoves. Any Canvas work done to order. Folding Bakers.

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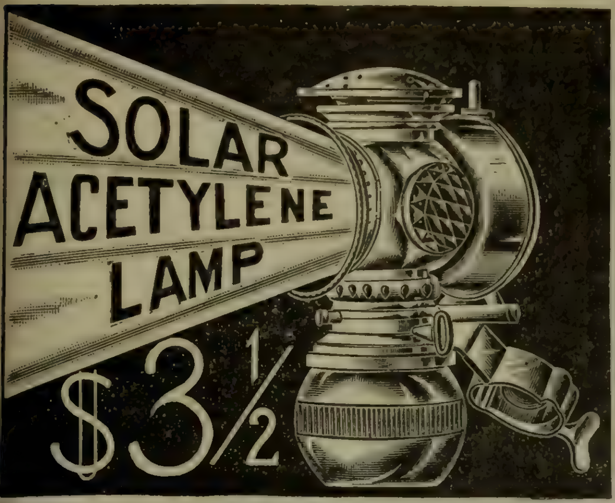

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That salt-shaker is filled with **Pepsalt.**
It cures and prevents indigestion.

PEPSALT is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with ***Pepsalt*** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. ***Pepsalt*** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it. Price 25 cents, postpaid.
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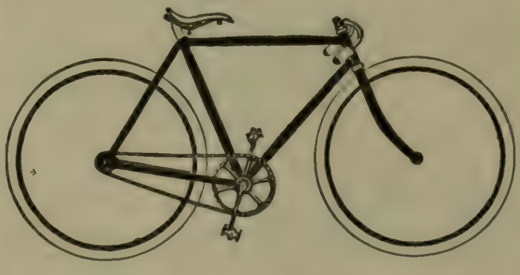
TRIBUNE BICYCLES

For 1899

The best wheels in the world



Write for large new catalogue illustrating our full line of twenty-three models : : :

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BLACK MFG. CO.
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Makers of **Tents, Flags, and Sails**

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Camp
Furniture
AND...
Outfits
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Send 6 cents in stamps for our new 80-page catalogue of Tents, etc., illustrating every style and size from the largest U. S. army tent to the smallest camping tent.

"Dry as a Bone!"

IF YOU HAVE

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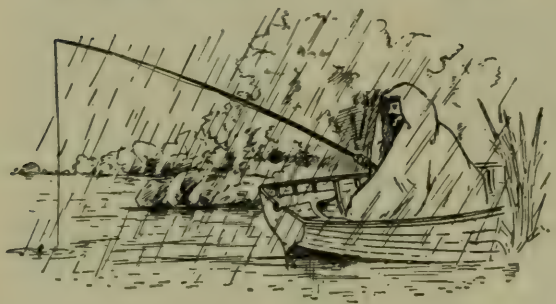

Hunting Coats, Yachtsmen's Suits, Overalls, Hats, Ammunition Bags, Caddy Bags, Knapsacks, Ponchos, Tents, Sleeping Bags, etc., etc.

Waterproof, Windproof, Fireproof, Wear-proof. Double-face Textile. Odorless. Light and Flexible.

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Bronco Pete: "Thar's a war hero comin' in on the next train, stranger, and we're goin' to have a reg'lar kissin'-bee!"

Stranger: "Won't he object?"

Bronco Pete: "Oh! it ain't a he, stranger, it's ole man Peter's darter Sal, wot's bin down in Cuby as a Red Cross nuss!"—Puck.

"There goes one of the hardest worked men in this town."

"How can that be possible? He's rich, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he has 3 married daughters. who work him for the support of their husbands."—Chicago News.

Miss Oldbride's Papa: "I suppose you always avail of your privilege, Mr. Joyner, and kiss the bride."

The Parson: "When it is a privilege—yes!"—Boston Transcript.

"Isn't Belle's husband old enough to be her father?"

"Her father! Why, my dear, he's old enough to be a captain in the United States Navy."—Philadelphia North American.

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

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... AND ...

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The Gorham Co., Silversmiths, have made unusually comprehensive preparations for the Spring Wedding Season; their many new designs in -

Articles for breakfast and tea tables
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The Gorham Co., Silversmiths, having the most complete corps of skilled artists and artisans, trained to the highest efficiency, and the most extensive silversmithing plant of modern construction in the world, under experienced management, are enabled to offer their productions at the most economical prices, consistent with good quality and workmanship.

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GORHAM MFG. CO., SILVERSMITHS

BROADWAY AND NINETEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

Health Soap

Don't let your skin take chances; better use pure, white, clean Wool Soap. Your skin likes it.

Swift and Company, Makers,
Chicago

We have had no little fun over the last subscription of RECREATION I sent you. The man said to a friend of mine he had received 3 or 4 copies regularly and he thought he ought not to take them out of the office. My friend advised him not to think of refusing them, but to read every one sent him. He was a pronounced game hog before my friend sent in the subscription for him, but now I begin to notice a marked change in his views on game laws, and on hunting.

Thomas A. Harrison, Burnet, Tex.

Mr. E. H. Vaughan, Worcester, Mass:

Dear Sir:—I am informed that you recently caught 81 trout in one day. Will you kindly let me know if this report is correct, greatly obliging,

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields, Editor and Manager.

Yes, I did.

E. H. Vaughan.

Well, you should be heartily ashamed of it. ,ED.

Major Blublud (learnedly): "Three-fourths of the human body, Majah, is composed of water.

Major Bluegrass (learnedly): "Dear me! I knew suthin' or other ailed me. That accounts faw the strange taste I have in my mouth when I wake up mornings."—Judge.

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The Club
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
NEW YORK HARTFORD LONDON

From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

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References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor Recreation.

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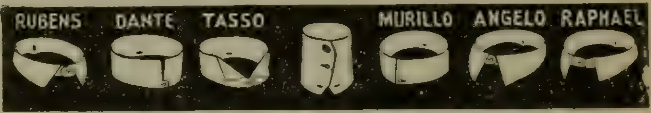

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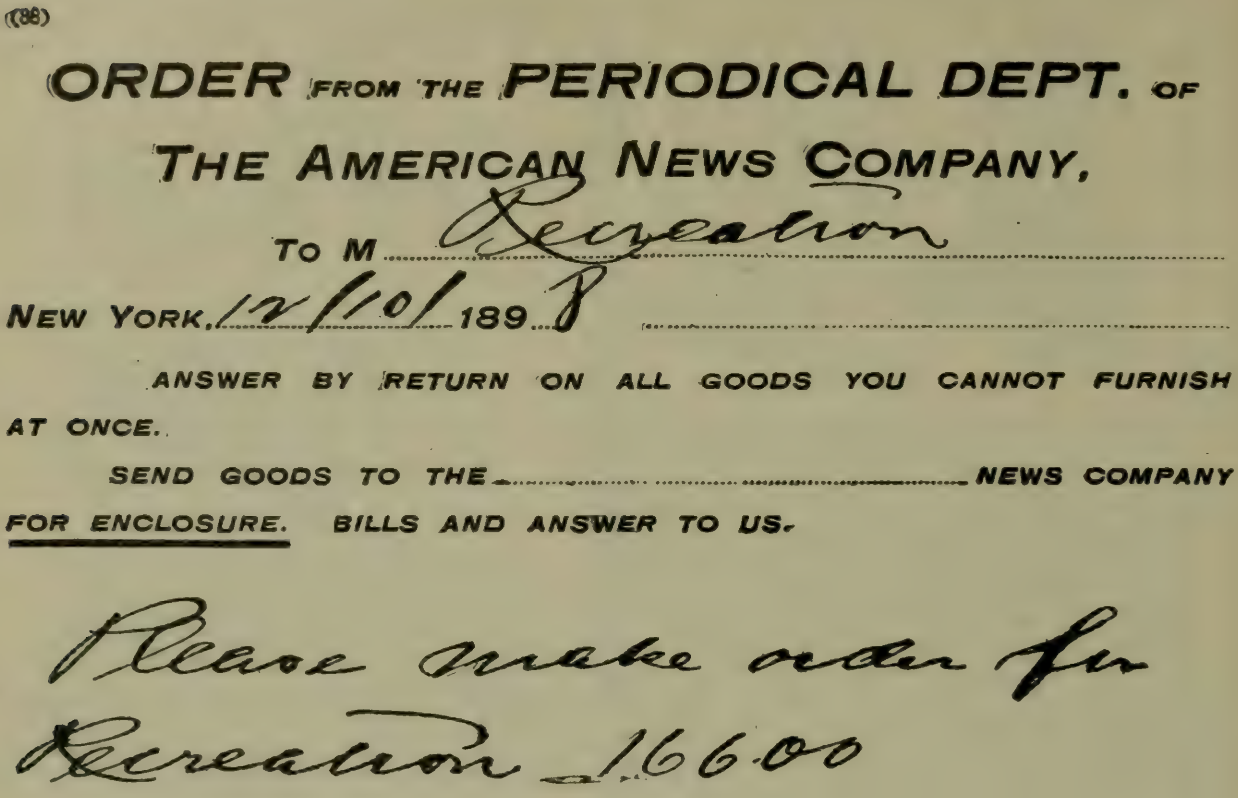

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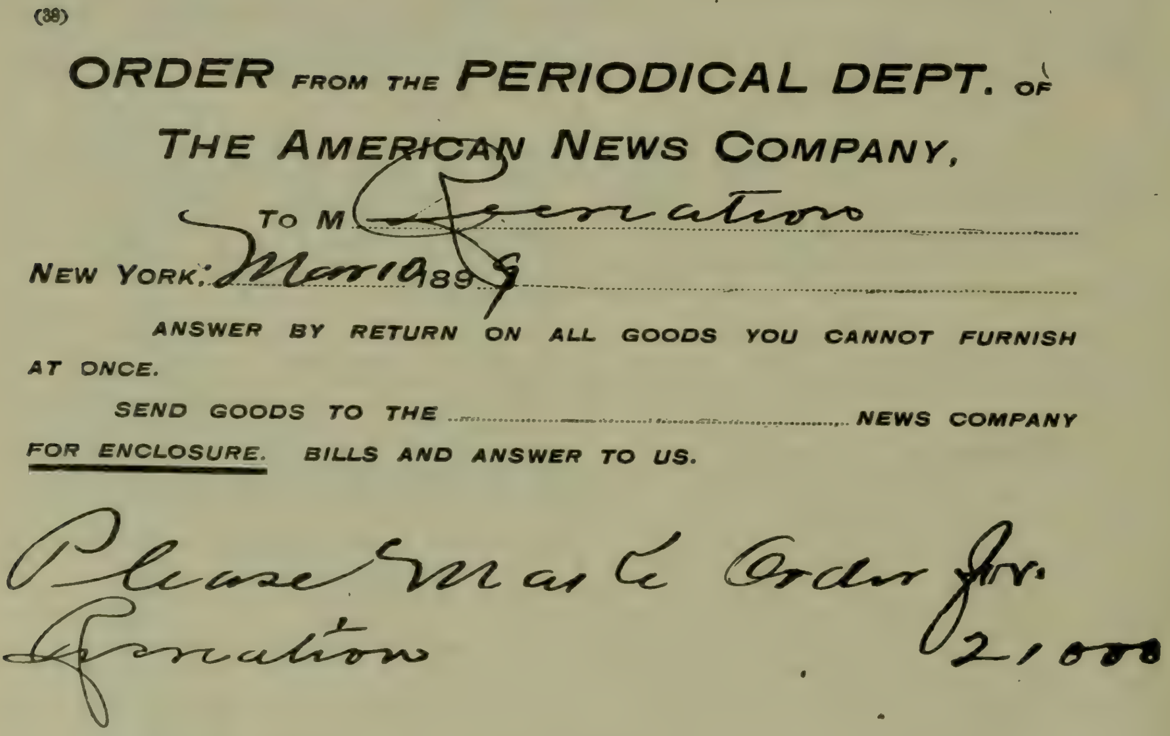

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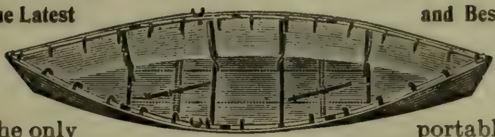

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polished or unpolished; also skulls, with and without horns.

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Palmer Stationary and Marine Gasoline Engines and Launches
Send stamp for Catalog. **Palmer Bros., Mianus, Conn.**

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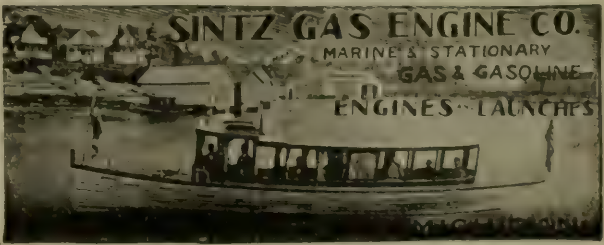

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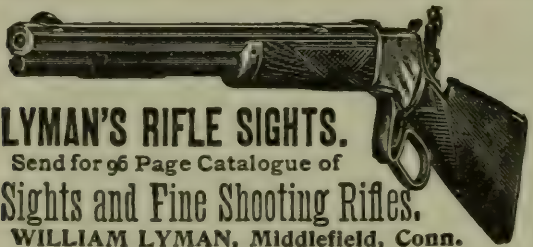

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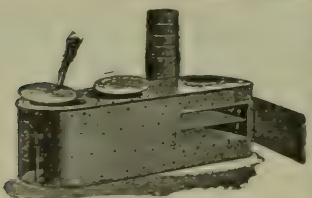

The lightest, most compact, practical camp stove made; either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape, combination cast and sheet steel top, smooth body, heavy lining, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove.

Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

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"Wild Animals I Have Known" is one of the most remarkable books of the day. Publisher's price, $2. The book and RECREATION, one year, $2.

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Yours faithfully, CLAUD HAMILTON.

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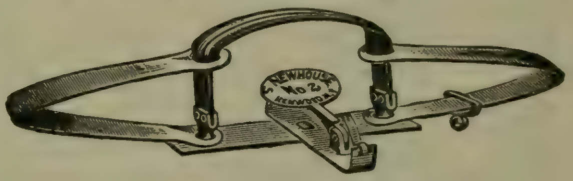

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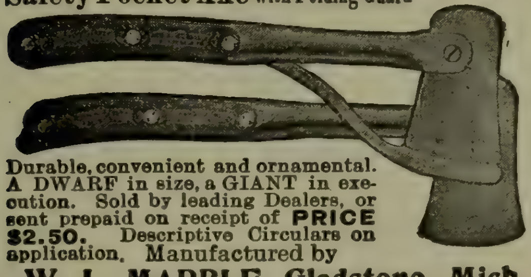

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GUIDE

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ELK DEER BEAR ANTELOPE

Terms reasonable. References furnished.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 2 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 2 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

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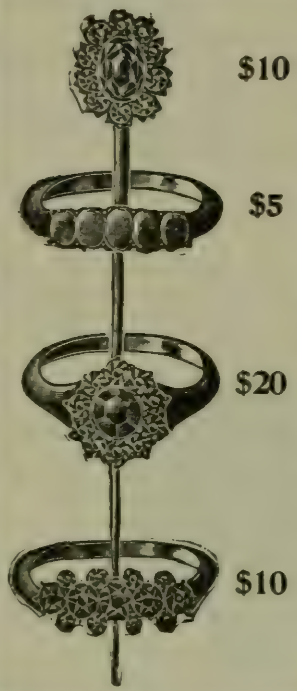
Diamond Importer and Cutter



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DIAMONDS bought of us may be returned, at full price paid, within

One year

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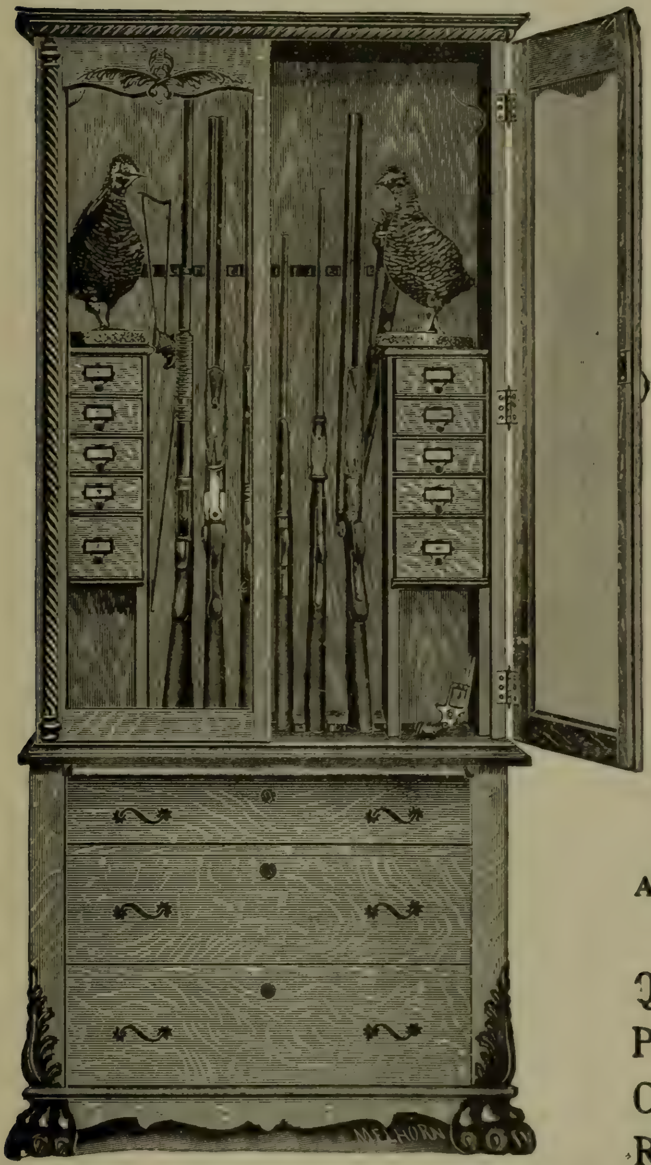
Don't Hide Your Light Under a Bushel...

OUR LATEST



SIZE—82 ins. High; 37 ins. Wide; 16½ ins. D

No. 20—PRICE, $30

Well crated for shipment to all parts of the country. Taxidermist ornaments are not included.

Why not keep your guns and fishing tackle in a first-class Sportsman's Cabinet, where they will show off to good advantage, and are always neat, clean, and handy, as well as ornamental? What more could be desired than to have your shooting irons, ammunition, fishing tackle, etc., all in one cabinet of perfect construction, combined with grace, beauty, and a superb finish? Our new cabinet is a *fine* piece of furniture for any sportsman, and is admired by all.

It is a very substantial affair—will last a lifetime—and can be handed down to the next generation. Almost any sportsman can afford to invest in one of these cabinets at the low price, as there is a great saving in time, ammunition, etc., besides being a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." When you have a little time to take a jaunt, you simply unlock the glass door and take out what you want, without trying your patience rummaging from cellar to garret for various articles you cannot find and finally are compelled to go shopping to replenish. No true sportsman can afford to do without this cabinet.

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A Place for Everything from the Rifle to the Fish-Hook

Quartered Oak Front
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Rifle-Twist Moulding
Double-Thick Glass Doors
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Large Enough for Eight Guns

SIZE OF GLASS, 28x45

WEST END FURNITURE CO., Manufacturers
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

CALIFORNIA.

S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

COLORADO.

F. W. Allen, Dotsero, Eagle Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout, and grouse.
W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, ditto
Charles Allen, Gypsum, "
J. M. Campbell, Buford, "
R. W. McGhee, De Beque, "
W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

GEORGIA.

Sam T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
John Ching, Kilgore, Fremont Co., "
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Staley, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "

MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto
P. E. Young, Sherman Mills, "
Henry Gauthier, Benedicta, "
George Gauthier, Benedicta, "
James, A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, "
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, "

MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.
W. B. Croff, Young America, moose, bear, deer, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, etc.

MONTANA.

E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, ditto
Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, "
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, "
W. A. Hague, Fridley, "
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, "
William Jackson, Browning, "
James Blair, Lakeview, "
George Whitaker, Gardiner, "
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, "
W. Jackson, Browning, "
A. H. McManus, Superior, "
Chas. Marble, Chestnut, "

NEW YORK.

H. M. Tacey, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Eugene M. House, Glendale, ditto
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails, snipe and salt-water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, "
F. P. Latham, Haslin, "

OREGON.

W. H. Bowen, Camas Valley, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
E. L. Howe, Creswell, "

OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

PENNSYLVANIA.

W. W. Wikoff, Sinnamahoning, Cameron Co., deer, grouse and trout.
Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel.

WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep antelope, grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
H. M. Coulter, Lander, "
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, "
Ira Dodge, Cora "
Wm. Wells, Cora, "
A. S. Marshall, Cora, "
F. Allston, Basin, "
N. M. Brown, Ishawood, "
George N. Madison, Jackson, "
J. L. Simpson, Jackson. "
John Tate, Wise P. O., "

CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna P. O., B. C., ditto
Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, trout and salmon.
Geo E. Armstrong, Perth Centre, N. B., moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.

THE proper study of mankind is dogs, and that study should begin as early as possible with you and the *DOG*. For the successful raising of youngsters, we have especially prepared Spratts Patent Puppy Meal, Orphan Food, *ANTI-RICKETS* Tablets and Puppy Vermifuge. With these you can't help raising strong, healthy *DOGS*, and you may laugh at distemper.

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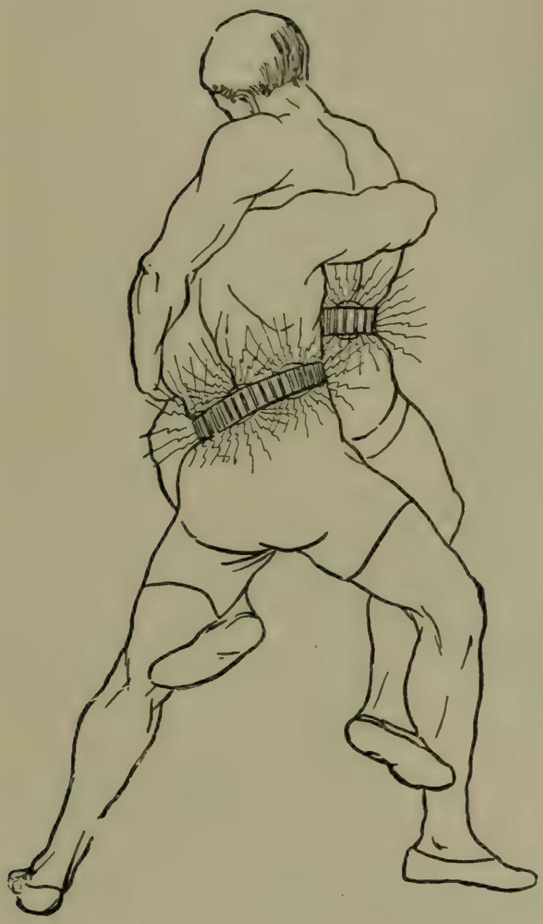
Electricity Is Life



If a man's whole system is in an exceedingly nervous condition it does not by any means follow that he has been for years in the habit of taking insidious poisons with his daily food, which necessitate the swallowing of other poisons to counteract them. Neither, if he is prematurely aged, is it at all likely that a liberal prescription of drugs or quack medicines will renew his youth, like the famous fountain which Ponce de Leon never found. On the contrary, his condition is almost always due to lost vitality, which is not a drug, nor is it susceptible of being treated as a drug.

Vitality, as every man knows, may be drained from the system by indiscretions, excesses and indulgences, which occur at various times, but usually during the period of youth, when a man is surcharged to his fullest capacity with the animal electricity of life. And, once lost, there is no possible way of restoring it except through the medium of a similar electric current.

When we acknowledge the living truth that Electricity is Life and Energy and Nerve Force and Vigor, it is easy to see why it strengthens and builds up a weak, debilitated system.

During the past thirty years I have convinced over 100,000 men that these are facts. They have listened to me and have RECOVERED THEIR MANHOOD solely by means of my treatment. To-day there is not a single man of the entire hundred thousand who is not thoroughly MASTER OF HIMSELF, or who has not every reasonable assurance of LIVING TO REACH EXTREME AGE.

My treatment is the simplest that human experience has been able to devise. I have studied electricity until I know to a fraction the amount of current necessary to produce a beneficial result upon the human system, in a soothing and agreeable manner; for sudden and severe galvanic shocks often do more harm in two minutes to a nervous organization than it can recover from in months. This proper amount of current I store in eighteen little double element cells, which are secured in a comfortable waist belt, the whole weighing but five ounces. You put the belt on at night, take it off in the morning. Soothing, pleasant current through the weakened parts all night long—next day you feel refreshed, restored, a new man.

Consult me at my office, free of charge, or write for free book, "Three Classes of Men," which explains everything you wish to know, answers many questions which cannot be answered through the columns of a paper, and is sent in a plain sealed envelope.

Dr. G. B. SANDEN
826 Broadway
New York City

WE ARE IN OUT OF THE WET, ☙ ARE YOU?

Chainless Converts.....

An able Tradesman Discourses at some length on the Subject.

If there is anyone who can talk bevel gears and chainless bicycles better or more convincingly than J. Elmer Pratt of the Grand Rapids Cycle Company, he has not occurred, at least, not to the knowledge of the *Bicycling World*. Mr. Pratt has an earnest manner that is all his own and while a firm believer himself he rather relies on the words and experiences of others to tell the story, more particularly on the words of those who came to scoff and remain to praise.

❧ ❧ ❧

"When we took up the beveled geared bicycle," said Mr. Pratt a few days since, "I think I was about the only man in our factory who had the slightest faith in it. When our superintendent was instructed to put one together, he did everything in his power to dissuade us; he brought to bear all the stock arguments against that form of gear—the cost and impossibility of its being cut true, the difficulty of making the gears mesh properly and keeping them in line, the unpleasant experience that had attended their use on machinery and so on through the list. But he was told to go ahead and in due time the wheel made its appearance. At first, I was not impressed by it, but the more I rode it the better I liked it and it was not long before the superintendent himself expressed a desire to give it a trial. He did so and soon after he put up a second wheel. This he thought an improvement and wished me to exchange for the old one, but I preferred to try the wheel at its worst and did so. The superintendent used the other one and his remarks soon told me conviction was gradually being forced on him; he began to "hedge" on his previous remarks concerning the wheel's impracticability and is now an out-an-out convert. Next our head repair man began to exhibit interest and in due time he, too, wanted a wheel, and so the infection spread throughout the factory; even our president and our conservative and sure-footed general manager caught it after a while. Our stock keeper was particularly strong against the chainless and when he became "infected" and desired one of the wheels, it was refused him. We told him he was too strongly anti-chainless to do the wheel any good. We knew the refusal would make him the more anxious to get one; and it did. He's riding one now and is as enthusiastic as anyone. A. B. Richmond, one of our stockholders, who is also one of the largest retail dealers in Grand Rapids, and who, as you know, is one of the oldest and best posted men in the business, was another who scoffed mightily at the bevel gear. But after he gave the wheel a fair trial he "came around" and when I tell you that not only is he now riding a full nickeled chainless exclusively—an enameled one would not satisfy him—but that he urged our directors to turn out only $75.00 chainless bicycles for the 1899 season, you may judge how thorough was his conversion and how great his faith in the wheel and its selling capacities. He was willing, mind you, to throw over the chain bicycle entirely, so certain was he of the demand for the chainless at that figure.

"Of course you have found lots of people who told you that the public is not interested in chainless bicycles," continued Mr. Pratt, "I have met them but I know something about that phase of the matter. We have 'sounded' and advertised in a manner calculated to settle the point and I can tell you that the results are quite convincing. The interest is not only keen but wide spread; the heaviest day's mail we ever had—and it was late in the season—related to our bevel-geared Clipper and we have some pretty heavy mails, too. You will find also many people who have ridden the chainless and do not like it. But as a rule they are the ones who have not ridden the wheel long enough to become used to it or whose wheels had not been properly adjusted. Personally, I can recall no one who has ridden a chainless any length of time who would go back to the chain driver. There may be exceptions but they can but prove the rule. I have ridden my wheel some 2000 miles; it was adjusted three times within the first 500 miles; since then it has not been touched and it is an easier runner to-day than it was months ago—that's one good feature of the chainless, usually admitted by all, and it is not a small one, either.

"I have taken hills with ease that gave me trouble before, and time and again have I seen men on chainless mount hills which to them were impossible on the chain wheel, so I am convinced it is the better hill climber; in addition there is a positiveness, a sense of energy well expended, a sense of security, a freedom from dirt and grit and cracking and creaking, and an added ease of running and a charm that is undoubted. In a measure it brings one back to the old high wheel; the sensation is the same. I am not alone in remarking the fact. More than this, let me tell you that not in the gear alone does the chainless's merits lie. In frame and general construction it is a better and a stronger wheel and represents added value to the purchaser. Every manufacturer who has tried it, if he is honest, will tell you that the frame as constructed for chain gearing will not do for the bevel gear. Several have learned this to their cost and sorrow. For a chainless the frame must be and is stronger and everything else about it must be and is proportioned and fitted to a nicety. Work that would pass unquestioned for and on a chain wheel simply cannot be made to serve on the best beveled-geared machine. At $75.00 the chainless is sure to make a great leap towards popularity, and, to my mind, both the trade and the public will be benefited because of it."

GRAND RAPIDS CYCLE CO., (Clipper People) **Mich.**

12 Wellington Square, Chelsea,
London, England.

W. E. Baxter,
Frankfort, Ky., U. S. A.:

Through Messrs. Harrod's Store I received the "Camping Outfit," with which I am more than pleased, and consider it—after a wandering career in the East, Africa, etc., as the *ne plus ultra* of a cooking equipment and mess gear combined—a fact which no other fulfills, and I have tried a great many to my discomfort. Yours faithfully,

Claud Hamilton.

"I reckon," said Senator Sorghum, "I am one of the most unbiased men in Congress. I kin always hear all aspects of a case discussed without any leanings one way or another."

"You mean you are never prejudiced beforehand."

"Certainly. What's the use of being? Both sides generally have money."—Washington Star.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 4 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 4 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.

Educated Filipino: "Yes, sir; it is said there are 7,000 different dialects in use on these islands.

American Soldier (from Connecticut): "Wall, I swan!"

Educated Filipino: "That makes 7,001."—Chicago Tribune.

I am pleased to inform all campers and sportsmen that I have used a Common-Sense Camp Stove, made by D. W. Cree, Griggsville, Ill., for 4 years and find it superior to all other makes. It is light, durable, strong, a good heater and a splendid baker. Alfred J. Delacy, M.D.,
Mayor, Boyne City, Mich.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

Mr. Addlepate: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

Miss Wilkins: "Yes, I know. Still it may interest you to know your hat is all jammed in at the top."—Chicago News.

WHITE LABEL QUEEN OLIVES ARE THE VERY BEST AND FINEST FRUIT. CAREFULLY PACKED.
FORK GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.
NICELLE OLIVE OIL IS MADE OF SELECTED "SOUND" OLIVES, IS ABSOLUTELY PURE, HAS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR.
SEVILLE PACKING CO., NEW YORK.
EXCLUSIVISTS IN OLIVES AND OLIVE PRODUCTS.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

"ANTIPOTON"
THE GREAT DRINK CURE.

ANTIPOTON is a cure for alcoholism that actually cures. It is not a "cure" the success of which depends upon the will-power of the patient.

ANTIPOTON is sufficient in itself to destroy the craving for liquor. It is not a **"CURE"** which depends upon the use of a substitute for alcohol.

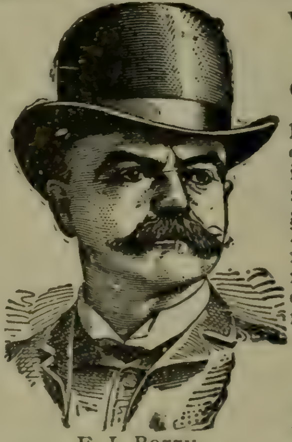
It is a cure that does its work promptly. The treatment does not drag along for an indefinite period.

It does not require the patient to lose a day from work.

ANTIPOTON cures the most desperate cases of Alcoholism.

It is a remedy of purely vegetable origin. Its use leaves no disagreeable after effects.

IT MAY BE TAKEN AT HOME just like ordinary medicine. It is not a "HYPODERMIC" treatment.



F. J. Berry.

What a Prominent Horseman Says About Antipoton:

Chicago, April 18, 1899.

CELSO CHEMICAL CO.:

Gentlemen:—Having seen and known of the merit of your wonderful remedy **Antipoton** effecting cures of the **Drink Habit**, redeeming inebriates from the greatest of evils, Intemperance, having fully investigated your remedy I unhesitatingly recommend **Antipoton** to those who desire to reform and abstain from intemperance.

Very truly yours
F. J. BERRY.

Book on Alcoholism sent free in plain sealed envelope to those who write.

CELSO CHEMICAL CO., 221 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
BRANCHES: Boston, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

Young Tutter: "I've brought you a box of candy."

Miss Pinkerly: "Oh, thanks! I'm so glad you came, Mr. Tutter!"—Puck.

Stranger (in Georgia): "Any profit in raising cattle around here?"

Native: "Naw; the trains run so blame slow we can't git a cow killed nohow."—Judge.

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For S. E. Alaska, Cook's Inlet and the Alaska Peninsula

Moose, Caribou, Mountain Sheep, Mountain Goats, Bear, Deer, Shore Birds and Waterfowl

LIVE WILD ANIMALS. TAXIDERMY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

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References: Lieut. G. T. Emmons, U. S. Navy, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.; Hon. Will D. Jenkins, Sec. of State, Olympia, Wash.; G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

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Ancient Pueblos, Cliff-dwelling Ruins, Mummies and Pottery of the Ancients, Cacti, etc.

Also Photographs of Indians from every tribe in the Southwest. Send for list.

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CAMP KITTIE

On Loon Lake, near Beaver River Station, N. Y., Mohawk & Malone Ry.

Will be rented to hunting and fishing parties, during season, for periods of one week or longer. No guides necessary.

Best Trout and Deer Region in the Adirondacks
Near junction of the famous Red Horse Chain and Beaver River

Will be glad to answer any inquiries regarding this delightful country. Address
H. F. DOWN, Johnstown, N. Y.

A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE

FOR 50 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION

For particulars address this office

Wanted: Partner with $800 or $900 capital to buy ½ interest in hunting privileges of 1,200-acre game preserve in central Pennsylvania. Must be well recommended and of temperate habits. The preserve has been under protection 5 years and is fairly well stocked with deer, turkeys, pheasants, rabbits, etc. Also has mountain trout streams. Address

E. H. Lytle, Martinsburg, Pa.

For Sale: Setter dog 18 months old partly broken on quails; large build; a good disposition, fine retriever from land and water. Frank Thomas, Cairo, Ill.

To Exchange: Two well-bred, unbroken hound puppies, for a shotgun of standard make, or best offer.

Malcolm McMillan,
305 South Street, Springfield, Mo.

ACME

BICYCLES

Direct from the factory to the rider at WHOLESALE PRICES.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS.

If you want to save agent's profits and secure a High Grade Bicycle at

MANUFACTURER'S PRICE,

write for catalogue showing eight beautiful models with complete specifications. GUARANTEE: REPAIRS FREE AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

Acme Cycle Co., Elkhart, Ind.

For Sale or Exchange: One oil light lantern, only used a few times. Has 4 2 3-16″ wicks; an objective with rack and pinion movement; projects a picture 12 x 12 feet and has a movable body. Complete with case and slide carrier, $15 cash. Or will exchange for camera or offers. Original cost $25. A bargain.

Alfred M. Bailey, 53 Elm street, Lynn, Mass.

Wanted to Rent: A log cabin or fishing cottage where there is good fly fishing during August. Prefer New York State or Michigan. Do not care alone for fishing; must be reasonably cool, with pleasant scenery and surroundings. Do not care for company but would like to board nearby. Address

Dr. W. H. Snyder, 912 Jefferson Street, Toledo, O.

For Sale: No. 2 Eastman Kodak, leather case; in good condition. List $30. Sell for $8.

J. A. Miller, Smithton, Ill.

Wanted: Partner with $10,000 to invest in manufacturing plant 5 years old and doing a business of $70,000 a year.

"S. G.," care RECREATION.

1899-35th-1899

Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000

ASSETS

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums,	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	**$25,315,442.46**

LIABILITIES

Reserve, 4 per cent. Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Installment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	**$21,209,625.36**
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	**$4,105,817.10**
Surplus to Stockholders,	**$3,105,817.10**

STATISTICS TO DATE

LIFE DEPARTMENT

Life Insurance in force,	**$97,352,821.00**
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	**16,087,551.00**

Insurance on installment plan at commuted value

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	**1,382,008.95**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**14,532,359.52**

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	**16,260**
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	**324,250**
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	**$ 1,254,500.81**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**22,464,596.75**

Totals

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	**$ 2,636,509.76**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**36,996,956.27**

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

THE BEACON OF HEALTH
FRANKLIN MILLS FLOUR

For the Dyspeptic, the Over-stout, the Constipated, who need no medicine so much as proper food and exercise; for the Brain Worker, the Muscular Worker, for invalids, for well people, for young and old,

FRANKLIN·MILLS·FLOUR

A FINE FLOUR OF THE ENTIRE WHEAT is the most healthful flour made. It contains all the nutriment of the WHOLE wheat berry, not found in ordinary white flour, and none of the indigestible outer husk which makes cheap graham flour an unnatural food. It helps the digestive organs by feeding the nerves governing peristaltic action, is a brain food and muscle builder, makes rich blood, and is prepared in strict accordance with Nature's laws.

In addition, it is the most economical flout made. FREE booklet tells you more about it.

If your grocer does not have it, send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied. Refuse substitutes.

GENUINE MADE ONLY BY THE

FRANKLIN MILLS CO., Lockport, N. Y.

NEW YORK, April 18, 1899.

Mr. W. J. Mozley, Marquette, Wis.:

DEAR SIR: I am informed that on April 13th you killed 111 ducks, on Lake Puckaway. Will you kindly let me know if this report is true, greatly obliging.

ANSWER.

The above is true, only I killed 123, instead of 111. W. J. Mozley.

Another candidate for the hog pen.—EDITOR.

Ella. "Where was it George proposed to you last week?"

Essie: "At a hop."

Ella: "And you accepted him?"

Essie: "At a jump."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

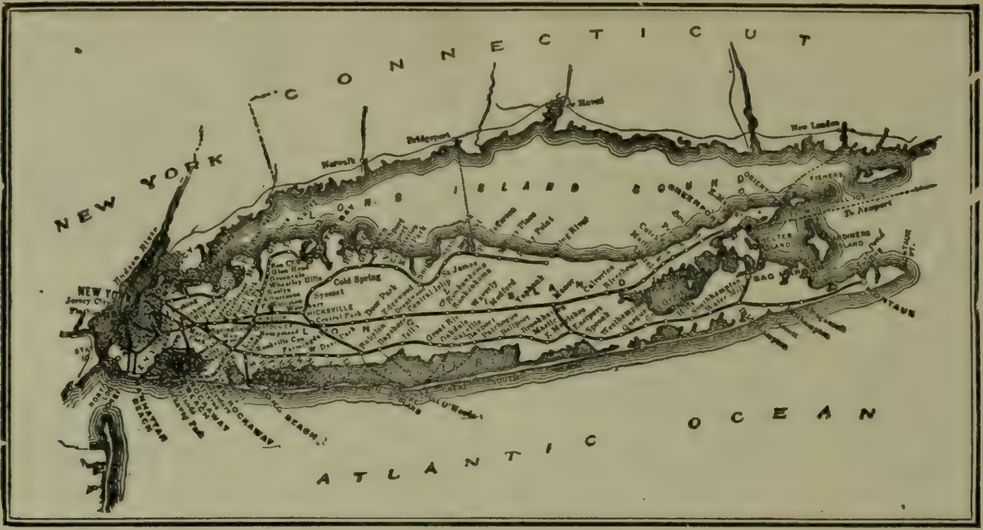
"Never allow it to be said you ever gave a bribe," said the man of high ideals.

"Of course not," replied the painfully practical person. "You don't want to let anybody know about it except the man who got it. And he doesn't dare say anything."—Washington Star.

For Sale: Winchester 22-cal. target rifle. Price $22.

E. J. Barden, 104 Corning Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.

LONG ISLAND IDEAL FOR RECREATION, REST OR RESIDENCES



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The True Sportsman has Perfect Conditions for Every Sport

GOLF, RIDING, DRIVING, CYCLING, YACHTING, HUNTING, FISHING, SURF and STILL-WATER BATHING. Hills, woods and harbors on the Sound shore; Ocean, Bays and Inlets on the Atlantic shore. Increased Train Service, Fast Expresses, Roadbed Dustless-Ballasted and Oil-Sprinkled. New Cars in every branch of the service. The following books will be sent on receipt of stamps to cover postage: LONG ISLAND (descriptive, with illustrations), 6 cents; UNIQUE LONG ISLAND (illustrations from photographs), 5 cents; SUMMER HOMES (with list of hotels and boarding houses), 4 cents; TOURISTS' PARADISE (road map, distances, selections from time-table, etc.), 2 cents.

H. M. SMITH,
Traffic Manager, Long Island City

H. B. FULLERTON,
Spec. Agent, Pass. Dep't., Long Island City

FISHING HUNTING
CAMPING OUT GRAND SCENERY

HEALTH GIVING, NATURAL SPRINGS
PURE, INVIGORATING AIR

ALL FOUND IN

: Idaho :

Spend Your Summer Vacation at one of Idaho's Charming Resorts

SODA SPRINGS
HAILEY (Hailey Hot Springs)
KETCHUM (Guyer Hot Springs)
BOISE CITY
SHOSHONE FALLS (Niagara of the West)

All of which are immediately on the line of the

Oregon : Short : Line : Railroad

THE BEST LINE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

S. W. Eccles
Gen. Traffic Mgr.

D. E. Burley
Gen. Pass. Agt.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

RECREATION THAT RE-CREATES

Take Your Next Vacation in the

New Summerland

COOL, RESTFUL

NOVA SCOTIA

The most popular and direct route is by the

YARMOUTH LINE

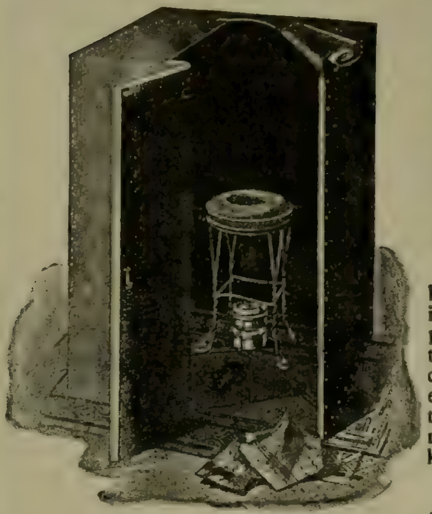
Fast Mail Express Steamers sail from Lewis Wharf, Boston, at 12 noon, every Tuesday and Friday, connecting at Yarmouth by boat and train for all points in the Maritime Provinces.

Additional sailings during the Summer months.

For guide books, descriptive folders and other information, address

H. F. Hammond, Agent
YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO.
(LIMITED)
43 Lewis Wharf, Boston, Mass.

Turkish Baths for 3 Cents.



The best of all bath cabinets is now sold at maker's prices direct to the user. Sold even lower than the inconvenient affairs that are advertised for this service. A tight, double-walled room, rubber coated inside and outside, and fitted with a door. Made so that merely tipping folds it into a 6-inch space. Handsome, convenient and strong.

With this cabinet, Turkish, vapor and medicated baths may be taken at home, exactly the same as in Turkish Bath rooms. The cost is three cents per bath. Nothing else is so effective in keeping the blood pure, preventing sickness, stopping colds and curing most chronic diseases. Nothing else accomplishes perfect cleanliness, or so clears the complexion, so quickly quiets the nervous and rests the tired. The habit of Turkish bathing keeps the mind and body up to the highest vigor.

The Racine Cabinet is guaranteed to be the best one on the market. We sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Sold direct to users at from $5 to $12, express or freight prepaid; alcohol stove, vaporizer and face steaming attachment included. Send today for our handsome illustrated catalogue, and order from that.

RACINE BATH CABINET CO., Box H, Racine, Wis.

A Valuable Investment

140,000 acres of land, all in one tract, for sale very cheap. A perfect Rocky Mountain Ranch, which is also suitable for a game preserve. Consists of beautiful valleys, lofty mountains, abundance of timber, grass, water, and mineral. Title perfect. Situated in the finest climate in the world; fine residence, orchard, racing stables, and irrigated lands; altitude 6,300 feet. Will sell all in one body. There has been more than $2,500,000 in gold taken out of mines adjoining this property, and the mineral developments on this property are very encouraging. There is a probability of it yielding great mineral wealth. Any one desiring full investigation and examination of this property, with a view to purchasing, can obtain full information by addressing,

CHARLES PAYNE,

P. O. Box 913. **Wichita, Kansas.**

HAUNTS IN THE WILD WOODS

AND

GAY PLACES FOR SUMMER OUTINGS

Either or both, can be found along the lines of the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y

in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Northern Michigan, Iowa and the Dakotas.

Among the many delightful Summer Resorts are Delavan, Waukesha, Oconomowoc, Elkhart Lake, Marquette, Madison, Kilbourn, Minocqua, Star Lake, Lakes Okoboji, Spirit Lake, Clear Lake, Big Stone, Frontenac, White Bear and Lake Minnetonka.

In the north woods of Wisconsin, in the forests of Northern Michigan and Minnesota, and in the far stretches of the Dakotas true sportsmen can fish and hunt to their heart's content.

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"Summer Tours," "Fishing and Hunting,"

apply to nearest ticket agent, or address with two cent stamp,

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DELAWARE AND HUDSON R.R.

The most direct line to the best Adirondack and Canadian fishing-grounds

THE LEADING CARRIER OF SUMMER TOURISTS

The Shortest, Quickest, and Best line between

NEW YORK
and
MONTREAL

Send 4 cents postage for illustrated Summer Hotel and Boarding-House list, descriptive of Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Sharon Springs, The Adirondack Mts., etc.

H. G. Young,
2d Vice-President.

J. W. Burdick,
Gen. Passenger Agt.,
Albany, N. Y.

On page 141 of February Recreation there is a note on a hybrid duck, from a Mr. Noxon, of Wellington, Ont. Why I refer to it is that last fall when I was in Winnipeg, Man, a local taxidermist there showed me what he took to be a hybrid between the redhead and bluebill, but it was simply a fine male ring necked duck. When I read the above it "struck me" like a flash that possibly this is one of the same birds as the ring neck is not common in Ontario, especially mature males, and this bird might strike one as being like the above mentioned "hybrid" on account of the fine copper neck coloring.

G. F. Dippie,
Toronto, Can.

Editor Recreation:

I saw the article in your April issue about wild pigeons, and it reminds me of a similar story. A few years ago I met Captain Ennis, of Sandusky, Ohio, who claimed to be a retired captain. He said he had sailed through miles of dead wild pigeons on the great lakes. He said the birds in trying to fly across the lakes in foggy weather, would get bewildered and fly around until exhausted. Then they would drop in the lake and drown.

Z. A. Henochesberg,
West Manchester, O.

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The New Route to the Far-Famed Saguenay,

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ONLY rail route to the delightful summer resorts and fishing grounds north of Quebec and to Lake St. John and Chicoutimi, through

CANADIAN ADIRONDACKS.

Trains connect at Chicoutimi with Saguenay Steamers for Tadousac, Cacouna, Murray Bay and Quebec. A round trip unequalled in America, through matchless forest, mountain, river and lake Scenery, down the majestic Saguenay by daylight and back to the Fortress City, touching at all the beautiful seaside resorts on the Lower St. Lawrence, with their chain of commodious Hotels.

Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, has first-class accommodation for 300 guests, and is run in connection with the Island House at Grand Discharge of Lake St. John, the center of the "Ouananiche" fishing grounds. Daily commuication by the new fast steamer across the lake. The fishing rights of Lake St. John and tributaries are free to guests of the hotels.

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A beautiful illustrated guide book free on application.

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Union Pacific

FOR TOURISTS

It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

Sportsmen will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

For Gun Club Rules, Game Laws, and any information relative to localities for Hunting, or for information in regard to the UNION PACIFIC R. R., call on or address any General or Traveling Agent of this Company.

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Colorado in summer is the most delightful place on earth. Its climate is simply incomparable, while its magnificent mountain scenery is said to excel the Swiss Alps.

There are many attractive resorts in Colorado, some right in the heart of the Rockies and others along the foot hills. Every taste and every purse can be suited. Shall we send you a copy of our beautiful book, "Picturesque Colorado?" Send two-cent stamp to prepay postage to

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The New York Central's books of travel.

These small books are filled with information regarding the resorts of America, best routes, time required for journey and cost thereof.

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YOUR HALL
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Photographs of Live Wild Game

The most beautiful collection of flash-light and daylight photographs of live wild game ever made. : : : : : : : : :

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Recreation's Daylight Series of Wild Game Pictures

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Recreation's Midnight Series of Wild Game Pictures

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Bromide Enlargements from Glass Negatives

12 x 17 inches, $3.50 each
18 x 24 inches, $5.00 each

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Send for catalog with full particulars and reduced cuts of a few of the pictures

Address RECREATION
19 West 24th Street - - New York

You were correctly informed as to my killing 122 ducks; and if you desire any further particulars I will gladly give them.

B. R. Call, Elwood, Ind.

No, thank you. This is plenty. I don't care to know much of a man who slaughters game like that. And in spring, too! I wish your state had a law that would send you to prison for 2 years.—Editor.

For Sale: A 32-40 Marlin rifle with good case, Ideal reloading tools, 20 loaded and 75 empty shells; rifle is accurate, barrel in fine condition.

B. H. Green, 1011 S. Flower Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Is Your Gun Worth *Saving*?

Is Your Time Worth Anything?

The Gun Bore Treatment

WILL SAVE BOTH

It is an absolutely effective and permanent protection against the **Rusting, Pitting** and **Leading** of the bore of Firearms.

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If this interests you, write to the

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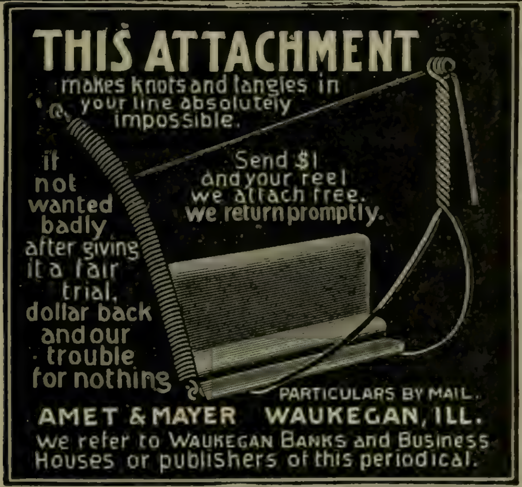


THIS ATTACHMENT makes knots and tangles in your line absolutely impossible.

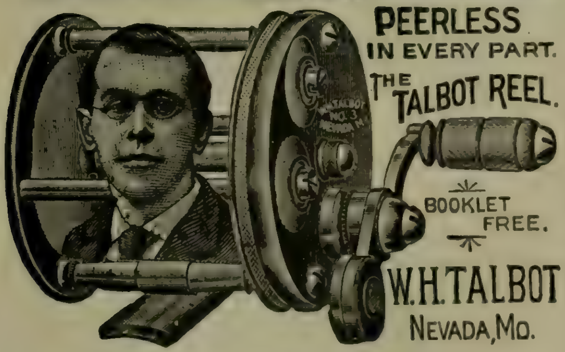
Send $1 and your reel we attach free. we return promptly.

if not wanted badly after giving it a fair trial, dollar back and our trouble for nothing

PARTICULARS BY MAIL.

AMET & MAYER WAUKEGAN, ILL.

we refer to WAUKEGAN BANKS and Business Houses or publishers of this periodical.



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BOOKLET FREE.

W.H.TALBOT

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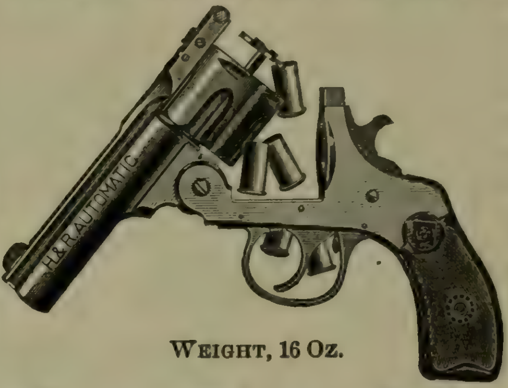
An Entire Novelty

A string improvement on old styles

In asking for booklet mention Recreation.

The ounce of prevention is good, but in case of necessity the H. & R. Automatic



Weight, 16 Oz.

will be found an effective *pound of cure.*

Other styles from 7½ oz. up. Leading dealers can supply you. Catalogue on request.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.,

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Sweeping Victories

With

Peters Cartridges

At the Fifth Annual Sportsmen's Exposition Tournament, at New York, March 2–15, Nine of the Twelve Winners used this Ammunition.

Peters Cartridges, loaded with King's Semi-Smokeless Powder, means the Highest Development of Modern Ammunition

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If we sell you these in all their great variety of patterns, of FIRST QUALITY, at MUCH LOWER PRICES than you have been paying, you will buy of us and say "thank you."

Will you not?

You can get Split Bamboo Rods of us at 75 cents; Flies at 24 cents a dozen; 3-ply Snelled Hooks at 16 cents a dozen; Rifles at $1.75, and Cameras at 50 cents. But we don't make any hurrah about it for that is all they are worth. We don't want you to buy such stuff.

What we do *emphasize* is the fact that we furnish high-grade Sporting Goods at LOW PRICES.

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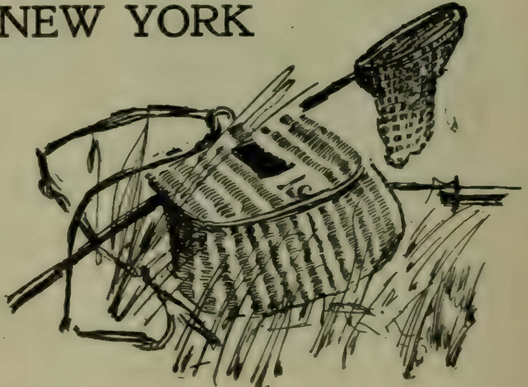
Send now for a sample dozen of our best Trout Flies (with gut helper, turned wings). They will cost you 72 cents.



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Latest Automatic Ejector Hammerless

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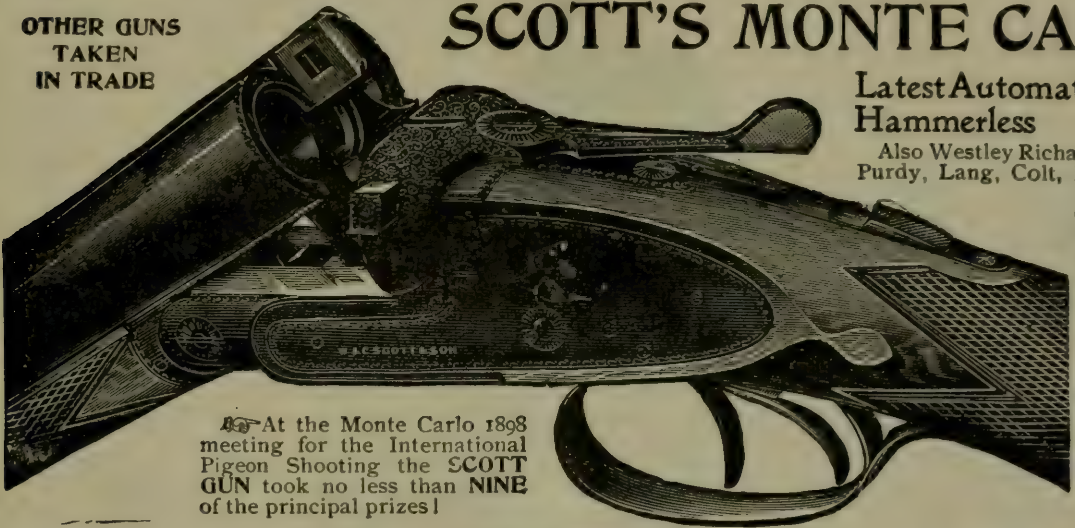

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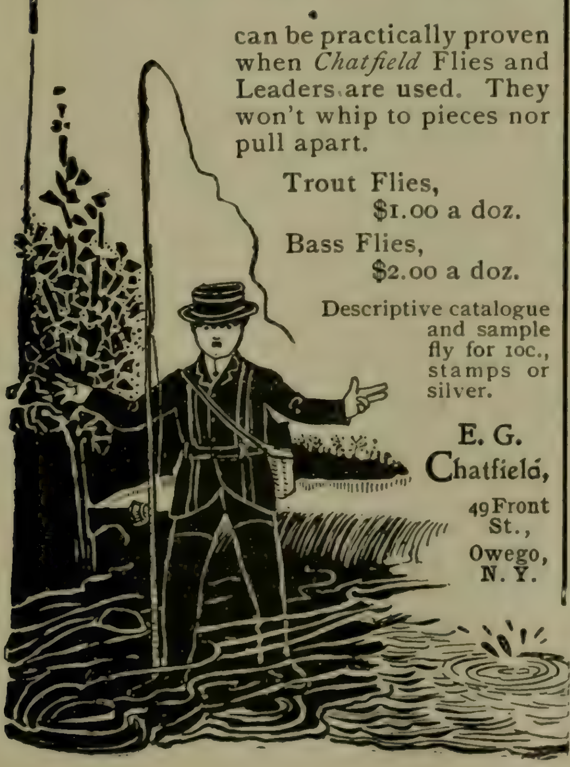

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Trout Flies,
$1.00 a doz.

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$2.00 a doz.

Descriptive catalogue and sample fly for 10c., stamps or silver.

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SMALL PROFITS ∴ QUICK SALES

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15c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, **24** cents	Quality A Flies
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Fly Rods, 10 feet, 6 ounces,
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With Cork Grip
60c.

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Size No. 4, 5½c. per yd.

Put up in 10-yard lengths, connected

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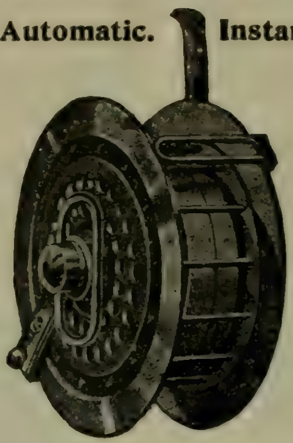
TACKLE catalog free on application.

The Automatic=Combination Reel

Free-Running and Automatic. Instantly Interchangeable



The Reel of '99...

Free=Running—Any kind of cast can be made with it.

Automatic—Winds the line automatically by the action of a spring controlled by the little finger of the hand holding the rod. ("The little finger" still "does it.") Impossible for a fish to get slack line with this Reel, no matter what his maneuvers may be.

Key-Winding—Spring re-wound or tension increased by turning the key on outside of Spool.

The Wonder and Delight of all Anglers.

Send for Catalogue. **Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.** Mention RECREATION.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

No Humps on the BRISTOL Steel Fishing Rod.

No need to tell a fisherman that a rod must be straight to properly cast a line. No need to pity the fisherman with a rod that has a "hump" from the strain of casting or landing—for he can buy a rod, at little cost, which will enable him to throw away the cripple, and forget that he ever tried to get along with crutches.

Let him buy a "BRISTOL."

Our Catalogue tells all about the matter, and much more besides. Free for the asking.

The Horton Manufacturing Co.

Ask for Cat. "R" BRISTOL, CONN., U. S. A.

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* * FOR MANY YEARS THE LAFLIN & RAND POWDER COMPANY HAS MADE BLACK POWDER. THE WORK WAS DONE WELL AND THE OUTPUT KNOWN AS ORANGE POWDER BECAME FAMOUS AMONG SPORTSMEN.

* * THEN THERE CAME A DEMAND FOR SMOKELESS POWDER AND THIS COMPANY ENTERED UPON THE MANUFACTURE OF NITRO COMPOUNDS. AFTER MANY EXPERIMENTS THE NEW POWDER WAS PERFECTED BUT IT WAS NOT SOLD UNTIL FULLY TESTED FOR IT WAS NECESSARY THAT THE HIGH REPUTATION OF THE ORANGE SHOULD BE MAINTAINED BY THE SMOKELESS.

* * NOW THIS POWDER IS DEEMED THE QUICKEST AND CLEANEST MADE. IT IS EASY TO LOAD AND NEVER LOSES ITS STRENGTH. A LETTER TO THE MAKERS WILL BRING ANY INFORMATION DESIRED CONCERNING SMOKELESS POWDER.

LAFLIN & RAND
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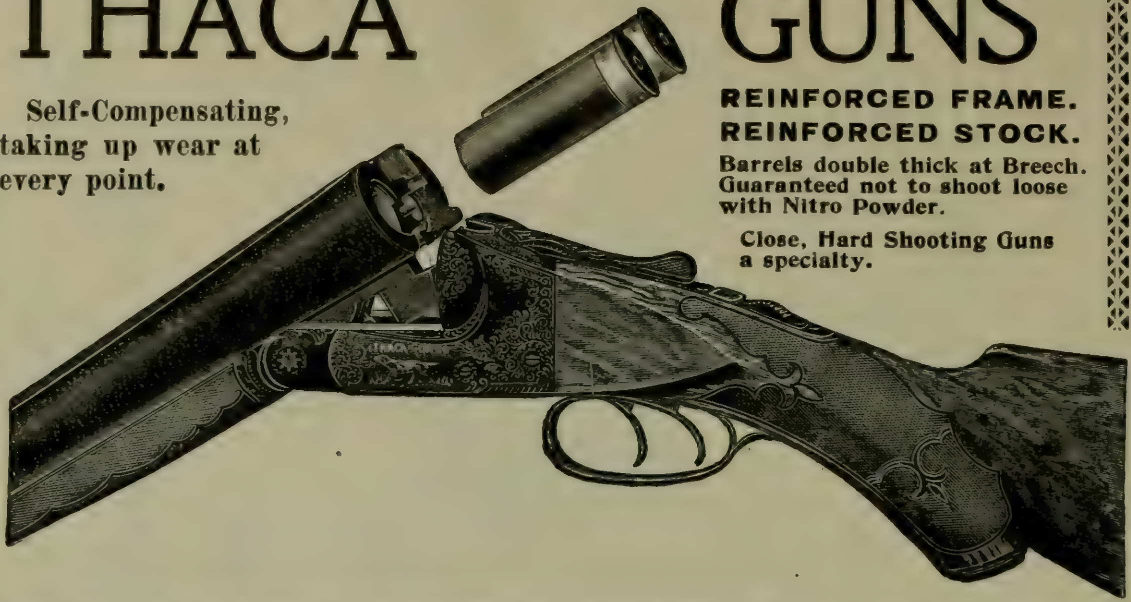

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REINFORCED FRAME.
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Barrels double thick at Breech. Guaranteed not to shoot loose with Nitro Powder.

Close, Hard Shooting Guns a specialty.

Prices reduced, and every Gun warranted in the most positive terms. Send for Circular, and ask for special prices.

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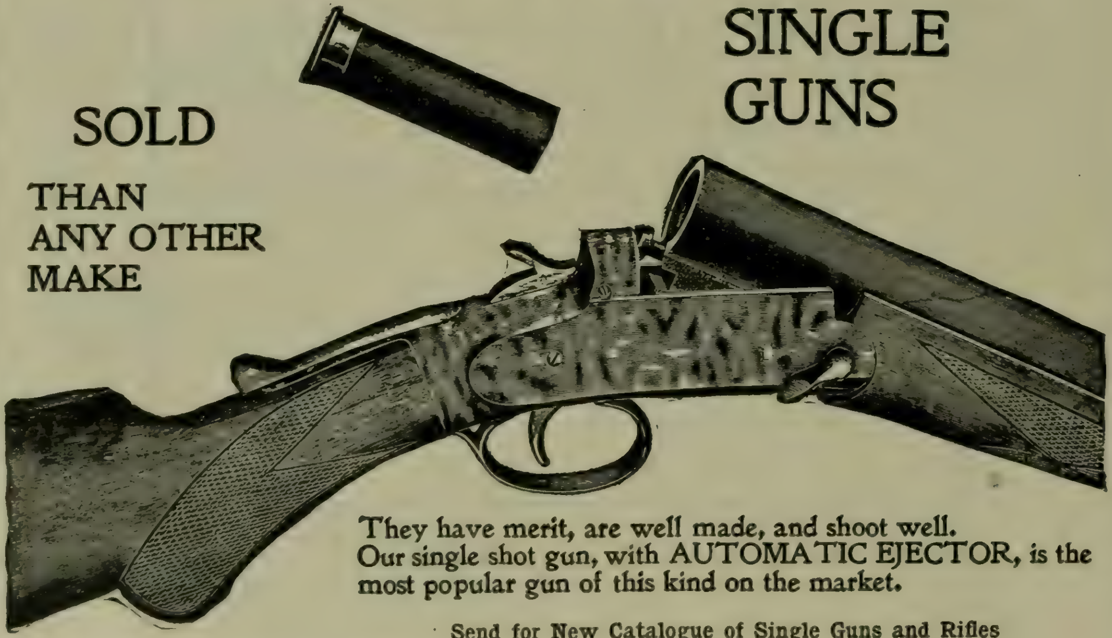
THERE ARE MORE DAVENPORT SINGLE GUNS SOLD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE



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Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

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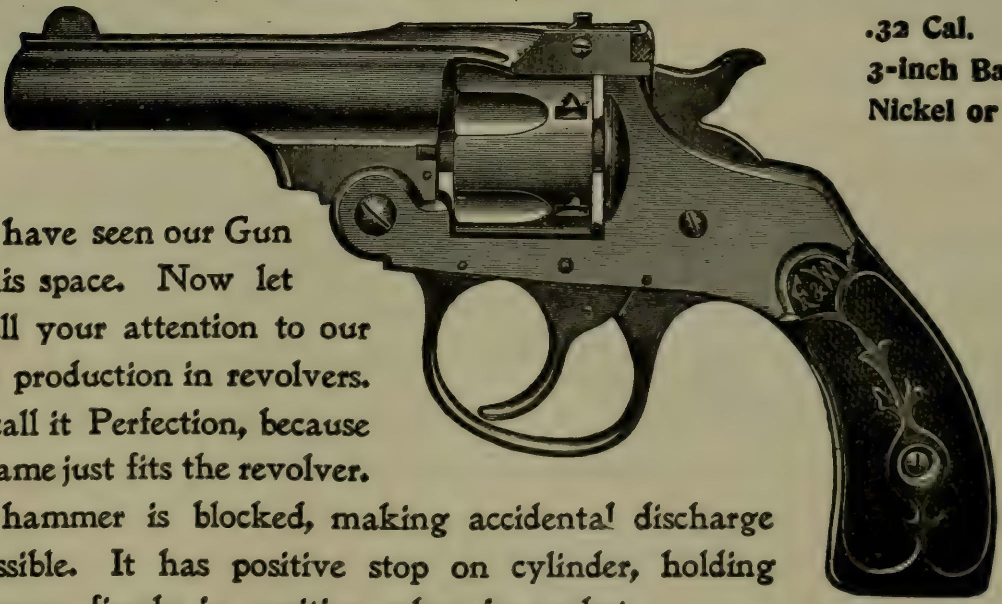


.32 Cal.
3-inch Barrel
Nickel or Blue

You have seen our Gun in this space. Now let us call your attention to our latest production in revolvers. We call it Perfection, because the name just fits the revolver. The hammer is blocked, making accidental discharge impossible. It has positive stop on cylinder, holding the same firmly in position when in pocket. Weight only 12 ozs., and 10 ozs. in bicycle size.

No better pistol at any price. This retails at $4.00.

Forehand Arms Co. WORCESTER MASS.

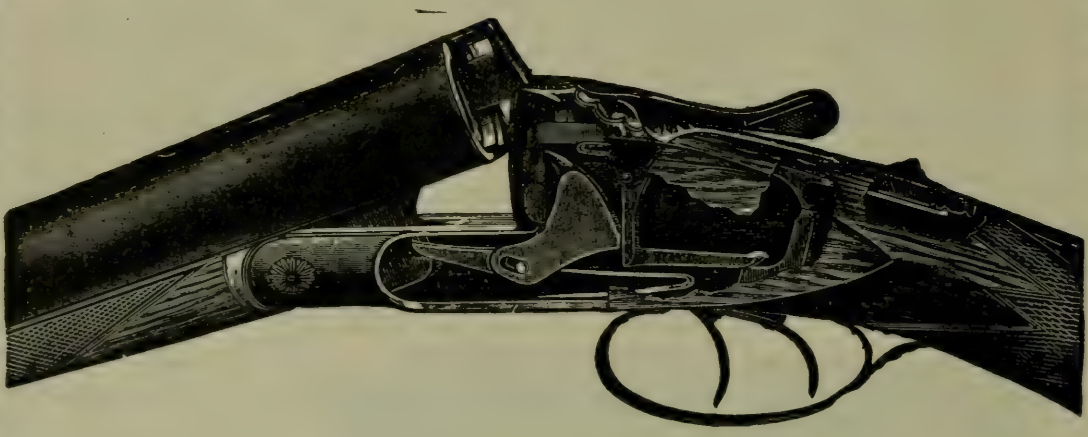
Keep Banging Away!

If you are shooting at the traps and using the

SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS

EJECTOR GUN

you are dropping your birds with great regularity. Buy a Syracuse Gun (made in all grades) and keep banging away. You need never fear anything is going to give out. Just shoot, and, if your gun is pointed right, you will kill your game.



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Is made from the best material and by the most experienced workmen. It is not an experiment. It has gone through all that long ago. There are three good points about the Syracuse Gun: a simple lock, a strong breech, and an ejector that surpasses anything in its line. Take a chance and see for yourself. Write for catalogue.

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"The Old Reliable Parker is Superb"

So says Master GUY GRIGSBY, of Louisville, Ky., the 13 year old boy who on November 24, 1898, won the Kentucky Futurity, killing 49 out of 50 live birds, his 5th falling dead out of bounds.

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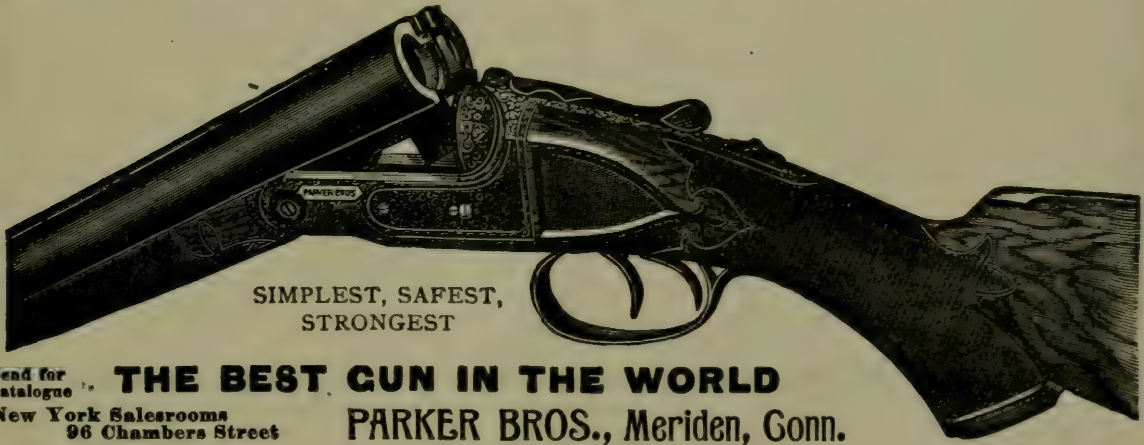

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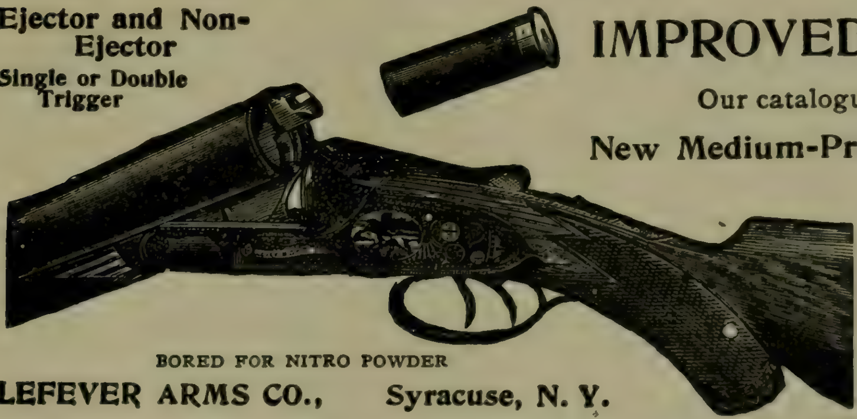

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New Medium-Price Hammerless

This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

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Boarding Ranch in the Bad Lands: A cattle company, having a model ranch on the Little Missouri river, in the midst of the famous Bad Lands of Western Dakota and Eastern Montana, and having ample house room, would take a few boarders for the summer. Good, gentle saddle horses always at the disposal of guests. Terms reasonable. First class references on application. Address:

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Scraggs. "No. Then Ed. is a Knight of the golden fleece, eh?"

A GRAND VICTORY FOR

DUPONT SMOKELESS

AT THE

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP OF 1899.

Hon. Thomas A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., in a field of 262 of the BEST SHOTS in the country, won FIRST PLACE for the SECOND TIME with DUPONT SMOKELESS POWDER.

FOUR of the SIX STRAIGHT SCORES in the same event were made with DUPONT SMOKELESS.

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The greatest number of the 23's used DUPONT SMOKELESS.

The OFFICIAL SCORE shows that of the total number of participants, the MAJORITY preferred DUPONT SMOKELESS.

DUPONT SMOKELESS won MORE MONEY than all the other powders put together.

IT ALWAYS PAYS TO USE THE BEST

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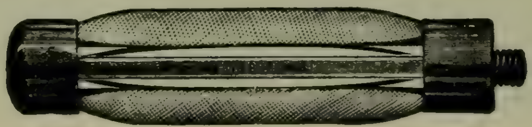

or lose that fine polish the maker gave them if kept clean with a "**TOMLINSON CLEANER.**" It has saved many a barrel from ruin, therefore saved dollars for the owner. It is a neat and inexpensive tool, with brass wire gauze sides (which can be replaced when worn, for 10 cents a pair) that will remove all lead, rust-spots, and foreign matter with such neatness that you will have no more trouble keeping your gun **right.** Our ever-increasing business a proof of its value. All dealers or by mail on receipt of price, **$1.00.** Fits any rod and lasts a lifetime. An extra pair of sides and tool for rag with each. Gauges .8 to .20.

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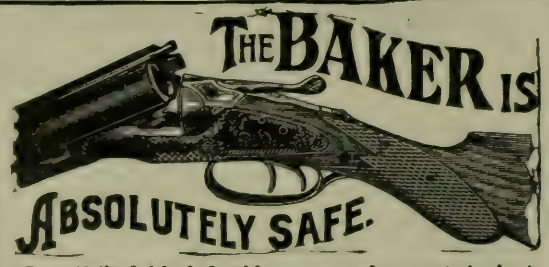

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He sported dogs, duffel and gun,
But always came in empty-handed;
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SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5; or a Korona Camera, Model I-C, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listing at $7.

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NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $6.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listing at $6 or less; or a Yawman and Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle, No. 44, listed at $10; or a Willsie Camera, listed at $10.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Kozy Camera, listed at $10; or a Korona Camera, Model I-A, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $13.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a No. 2 Bullet Camera, listed at $10; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9; or a Bo-Peep B Camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $14.

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TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 4 Bullet Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $15; or an Improved Gramophone (Zonophone), listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 14½x17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a 4x5 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $22.50; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a 5x7 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $27; or a Kamaret, made by Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $16 or less; or a Shattuck Double Hammerless Shot-gun, listing at $25; or a Split Bamboo Fly Rod, or a Split Bamboo Bait Rod, listed at $25.

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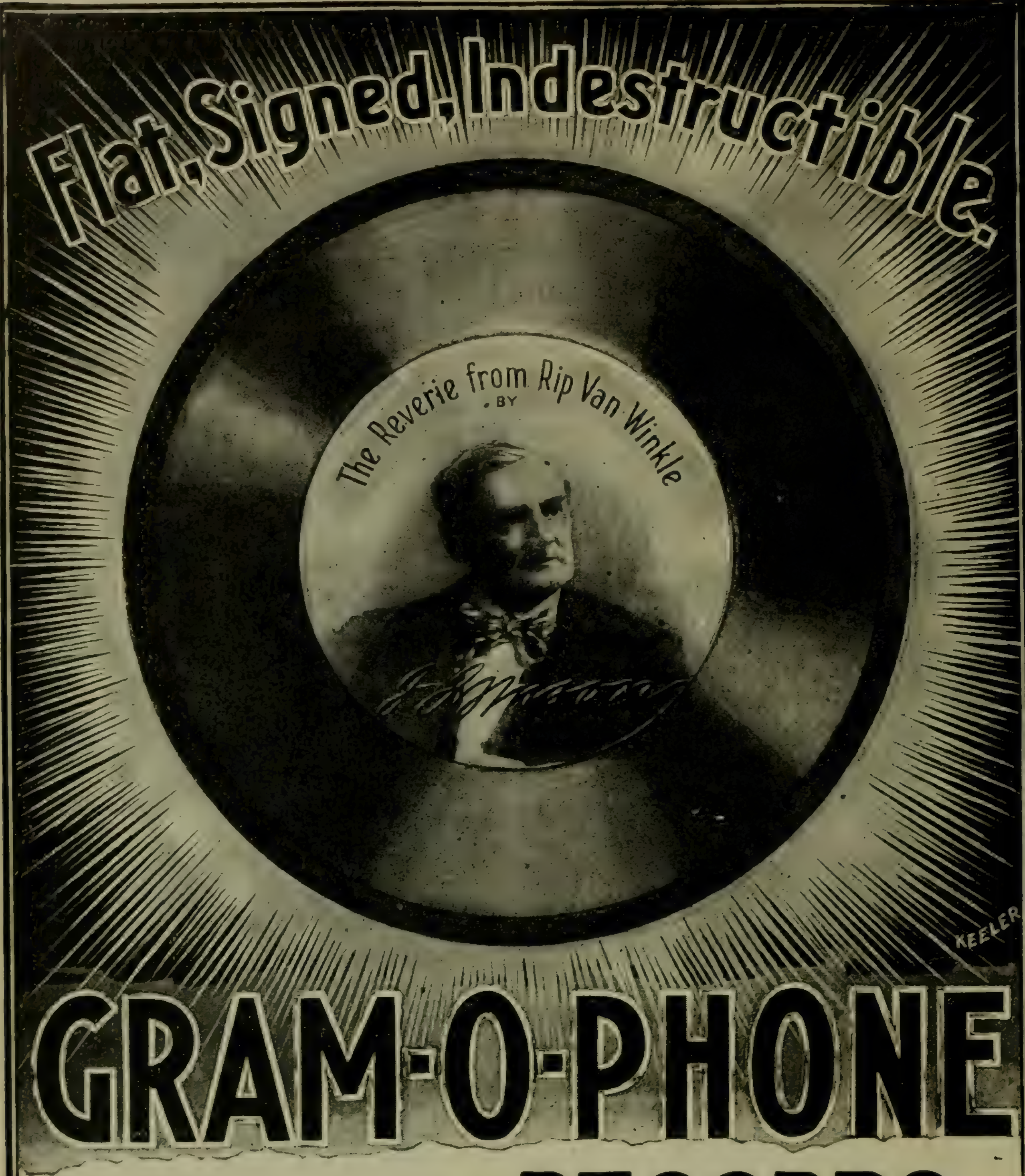
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Interesting FACTS and OFFICIAL data pertaining to the

1899 GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

• • •

Number of full entries,	251	at $25.00	$6275.00
" " post "	11	" 35.00	385.00
" " forfeit "	16	" 10.00	160.00
Total,	278		$6 20 00

of which total number 179 shooters used U. M. C. factory loaded Shells being 64.39% of the entire attendance and drawing $4955.25 of the purse of $6820.00.

THIS is certainly an elegant showing and does not need any further comment. Above speaks for itself as to the quality of the goods used by the winner, the HON. THOMAS A. MARSHALL, of Keithsburg, Ill., who won the handicap for the second time with goods made by the

UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

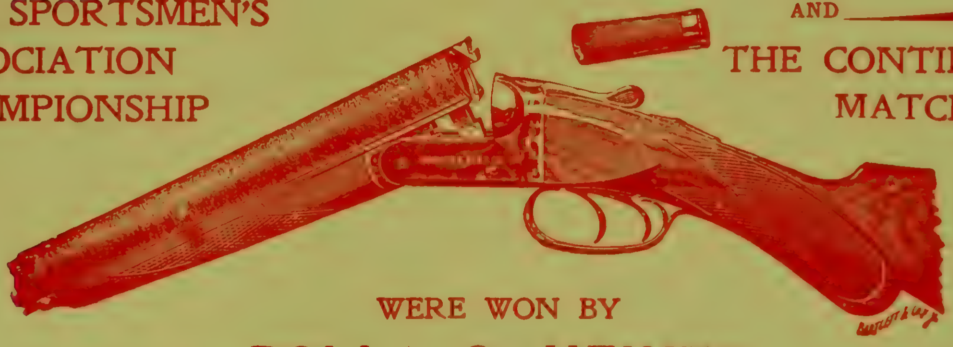
Winners of Handicap, 1893, 94, 95, 97, 98, 99.

Sweeping Victories for Remington Guns

THE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP

AND

THE CONTINUOUS MATCH



WERE WON BY

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Shooting a REMINGTON HAMMERLESS

Third and Fourth Prizes were won respectively by E. D. Fulford and LeRoy B. Woodard, with Remington Guns.

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